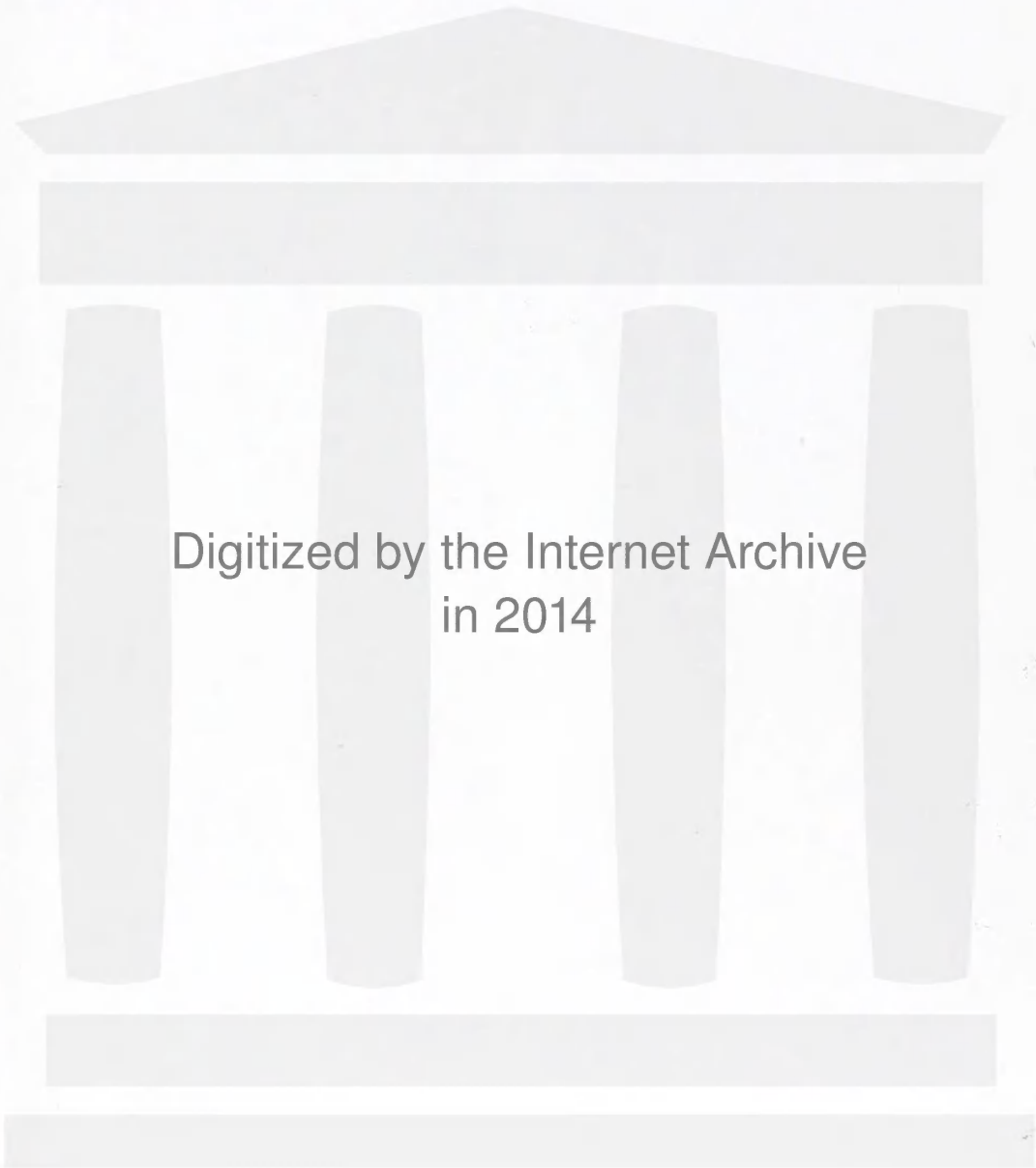


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JULY 1977

LADIES' HOME

Journal®

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New recipes and equipment — plus corn-on-cob ideas

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By British novelist Norah Lofts

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

OUR UNSUNG HEROINE OF THE YEAR

Back in January, when we presented our Women of the Year ballot, we added a tenth category to our usual list, that of Unsung Heroine. We asked readers to nominate their choice for a relatively unknown woman who has achieved outside the public eye—in the home, church, community, etc. Hundreds of such nominations were received and sifted by a group of judges, including our own editors and a representative from our blue-ribbon Women of the Year jury.



OUR WINNER: RITA DABERTIN

But we had to select one winner. And we did so because we felt she represented many of the elements of courage, fortitude and dedication that are found in women's lives today. Her name: Rita Dabertin, of Whiting, Ind., nominated by one of her six children. A modestly confident, young-looking, auburn-haired woman, who today lives in a well-kept, two-story house in an industrial town, Rita Dabertin was suddenly widowed 16 years ago at the age of 37 while pregnant with her sixth child. She hung on through meager years until her youngest was kindergarten age. "When I got down to the last $100 in savings," she told Margaret Hickey, the *Journal's* Public Affairs Editor, "I started to search for work in the neighborhood so I could rush home in an emergency." She got a job at the Union Tank Car Company, then the Union Carbide Company. After a short time, she became a purchasing agent. When that installation closed, she found herself unemployed. In a month, she found a new job, discovered that a woman had a rough time in this particular factory and was suspended. Later, she was reinstated with the support and help of her fellow workers. "I like factory work better than the more traditional jobs for women," she says. Rita now works for the American Oil Co., as a materials handler, and is a member of O.C.A.W.-C.I.O., the union of oil, chemical and atomic workers.

BUT ALWAYS A STRONG HOME LIFE

The most vital part of her nomination lay in her daughter's portrayal of Mrs. Dabertin's strengths as a mother and strong family leader. Though their income was small, she stretched the budget to have books, music, vacation times. Her boys keep a canoe on nearby George Lake, which is how she became involved in ecology. When a local college decided to drain the lake, she worked in a campaign to make the lake a state conservation project—and won. Along with her heavy schedule, Rita Dabertin attends prayer meetings and often attends an early daily mass at St. John's Church, where her daughter, now finishing a master's degree in speech therapy, was recently married. One son has already been graduated from college, two more are in college and two more in high school.

Rita Dabertin, as one of the 21.7% of American women who serve as head of household, is not a celebrity. But she has coped, and succeeded. To Rita Dabertin, whom we are sending a check for $500, our heartiest congratulations on being the Unsung Heroine of the Year.

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JULY 1977

LADIES' HOME **Journal**®

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up sugar
cups water
gs, slightly beaten
up Bacardi® light rum
2 cups Cool Whip® Non-Dairy Whipped Topping, thawed
1 baked 9-inch crumb crust, cooled

Mix pudding, gelatin and sugar in a saucepan. Stir in ½ cup water and eggs; blend well. Add remaining water. Stir over medium heat until mixture comes to *full* boil. Remove from heat; stir in rum. Chill about 1½ hours. (To hasten chilling, place bowl of filling mixture in larger bowl of ice and water; stir until mixture is cold.) Blend topping into chilled mixture. Spoon into crust. Chill until firm, about 2 hours. Garnish with additional whipped topping, lime or lemon slices, grated lime or lemon peel, or graham cracker crumbs.

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What's happening?

By Gene Shalit

Gene talks with Diane Keaton, endearing star of "Annie Hall." Plus—good news of family movies.



"MORE VISUAL THAN VERBAL"

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's romantic comedy—is a rousing hit, and I so cherish Diane Keaton's endearing performance in the title role that I make a bee line (or in her case a wasp line) to a prearranged sofa for a chat. Diane is not your everyday declarative sentence speaker. Her sentences do not always end, they drift off, like mist, and rarely come to a . . .

This vague manner makes her elusive: I strain to listen, eager for a word, an interviewer with a butterfly net, trying delicately to catch a meaning before it wafts away. She sits, uncertain. *Diane, you seem so shy, how could you have picked a profession that requires you up front?*

"It does seem odd, doesn't it?"

Why then?

"I remember when I was about five years old I sang to the moon. It was a way of getting attention from my mother and father because they were always really thrilled whenever I would do any of this kind of thing and it always seemed to be the only thing I could do."

Do you think of yourself as nonverbal?

"Yes, pretty much. I'm more instinctive than verbal, more visual. I've gotten a little bit better at expressing myself through words, but I'm no great shakes."

Do you have confidence?

"I'm very afraid."

Of what?

"Of life."

What about being alone and having a relationship with men?

"Ideally I would like to have my privacy but also to be with somebody."

How do you arrange that?

"Separate rooms, you know, where you can go and do your work. I need to be by myself. But I love to share time with somebody I trust and like and care for. I like the idea of being with one person for a lifetime but I don't know if I can do that, I have no history of it."

I dip into the research file and pluck these words from Elliott Gould: "Diane Keaton is very intelligent and sensitive and sexy. The really funny thing about Diane is that here she is the girl from Orange County, California, from a Puritan-Methodist background, and yet she has this funny, abstract mind, some chemical in her that makes her original and funny. She's like an Amish groupie."

She looks beyond me, somewhere over my shoulder. "That's very good, what do I say about that?"

If you weren't an actress what would you be?

"I was a hatcheck girl for a while."

Did you do well?

"Fair."

Do critics get on your nerves?

"I think I'm a little too panicky about it to be able to . . . I dwell so much on it if somebody says something negative. It doesn't really help me because I'm taking it too seriously, it's like I'm losing my sense of humor about the thing, you know, so naturally I'm very frightened about criticism. In a certain sense the worst time is prior to the opening of the movie because you're so tense about whether people will like you or not, which is, of course, too bad for me, because it would be very nice if I had a better attitude about it, if I had a stronger

(continued on page 20)

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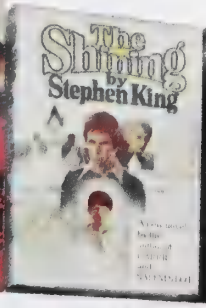
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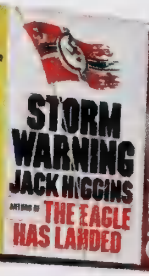
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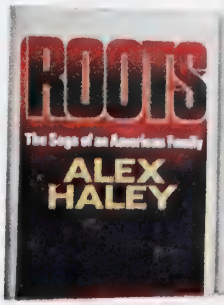
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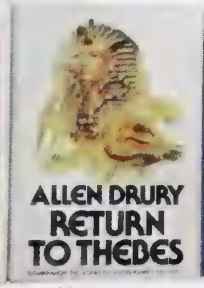
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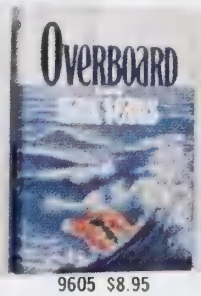
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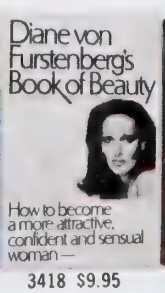
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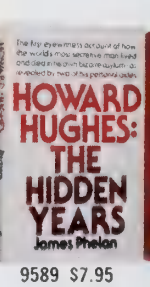
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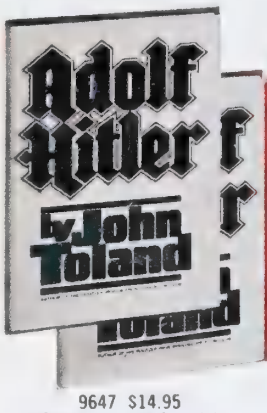
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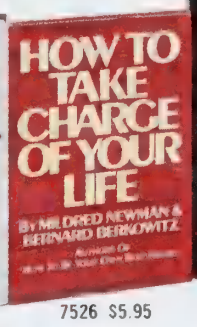


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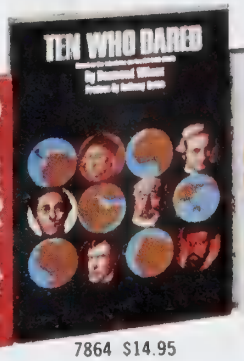


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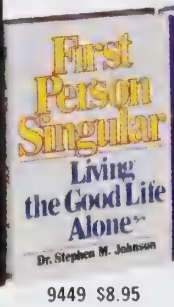


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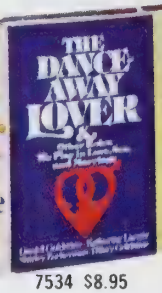


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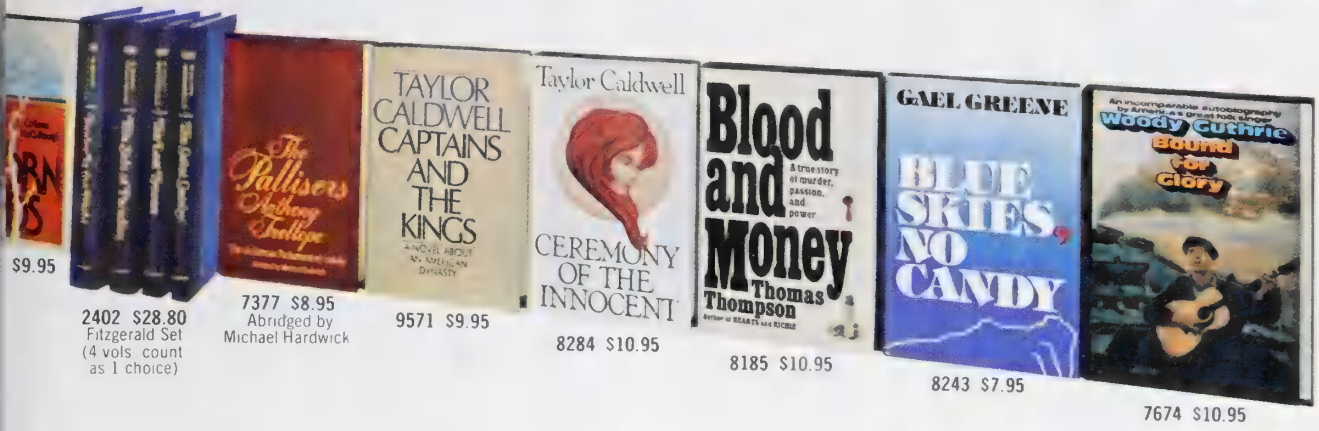
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What's happening

continued from page 12

feeling of myself and could look at the things that other people say about me but I don't agree with."

I put my tape recorder and butterfly net into my little case and we rise and say thank you to each other and depart but please take my word for it, Diane Keaton is marvelous in *Annie Hall*. You'll just have to believe me.

LOOKING UP

Want a *good* thriller? Try *Man on the Roof*. What makes it gripping is that the man on the roof has a machine gun; that the roof is in downtown Stockholm overlooking sidewalks flowing with people; that the man on the roof is crazed with hatred for police; that the police are fallible human beings; that it is vividly acted by a cast of unfamiliar faces; and that the director, Bo Widerberg, has paid such careful attention to the tiny details that make up everyday life. *Man on the Roof* begins with the murder of a police inspector in his hospital bed. Who did it? And what sort of man was the victim? The police must find the killer of their colleague, even though it is soon clear that their colleague—the victim—was reprehensible. If violence turns you away, you may want to skip it. But it *is* a credible vision of one aspect of urban reality, so if you are not yet sated with the viciousness of the world, you'll find *Man on the Roof* worth looking up.

NO WEAK END

If you were lured to last year's punk picture called *Two-Minute Warning* don't assume that *all* death-threat movies with super bowl themes are bombs. This year's, *Black Sunday*, is a thriller that peaks over the Super Bowl—but it transcends the trivial diversions of football. *Black Sunday* is a political thriller, the story of a band of Arab-guided terrorists who plot to slaughter 80,000 Americans during the big game. Their design is deciphered by two Israeli secret agents cooperating with the FBI. The Arab brains are stacked behind the glamorous facade of Marthe Keller. The key Israeli agent is Robert Shaw. By pitting these two, director John Frankenheimer has whipped up a frenetic thriller. There are plenty of gaps in the plot, but the gaps are filled over by the superior cast, especially by the technical wizard, Bruce Dern, chillingly effective as the sinister, sick and sad American hero. But ultimately, it is Shaw who is the picture's most commanding presence in a plot that never fades. *Black Sunday* does not have a weak end.

FUNNY BUT GROSS

How about escaping to a world of bizarre wackiness? Yes? Jump at *Jabberwocky*, a jocular jape set in medieval England. The star is Michael Palin, best known for the Monty Python show on Public Broadcasting. This character is a poor sap, a born loser, a plodder in love with a girl who weighs about 300 pounds and eats raw potatoes like apples. He sets off to seek his fortune and asks this Ms. Fortune to wait for him. Off he goes to the walled city—a medieval town of castles, clutter and sewage thrown out of the window. The townspeople are in turmoil because of a horrifying beast—the Jabberwocky—whose favorite food is assorted citizens. The slapstick scenes ooze with blood and gore, and there are gags about strangulation, defecation, altercation, malformation, urination, amputation, stagnation and expiration. It is college humor gone berserk—jokes so far out that you need binoculars. So if you go to *Jabberwocky*, go knowing in advance that you're in for boisterous British bathroom humor. Yes, I often laughed, but from now on whenever I hear about England's gross national product I'll know what *gross* means.

HIGH HOPES

There have been so few fine films for young people that it is doubly sad when talented people who want to make a hit with children strike out. I had such high hopes for *Raggedy Ann and Andy*, a full-length animated movie. The songs are by Joe Roposo, whose work for Sesame Street has been popular, and much of the animation is expertly done. The principal problem is with the weak story and dialogue. Most of the voices are inappropriate and the orchestrations are thin. There are a few nice characters: Raggedy Ann and Andy themselves, a teeny-weeny king who gets bigger only when he laughs, and the Camel with the Wrinkly Knees. Many parents may grow impatient with all of this, but wee tots may say Whee!

SERIOUS PLODDING

If you want to see *quality* animation (and leave the tots at home), see *Wizards* an animated feature with considerable visual sock. Ralph Bashki is a master of animation—he made *Fritz the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic* and *Coonskin*. Now, in *Wizards*, his imagination reveals a world of gnomes, fairies, elves, magicians, good folks, wicked folks and, of course, wizards. Bashki's animation is often marvelous. But the plot plods through platitudes and we're smothered by the too obvious moral of the tale, namely that evil is bad. It's a shame that Bashki's visual power and ingenuity have been spilled on so weak a story. Even so, the *look* of the thing is so artful and various that every adult interested in animation must be drawn to *Wizards*.

WHO CARES?

America has often been blessed with invigorating, iconoclastic newspapers that started locally and grew to national stature. Unfortunately, this phenomenon occurred to Joan Micklin Silver, who previously afflicted us with *Hester Street*. Now she has dug a pothole in Boylston Street by inventing an underground newspaper in Boston and burying it completely. Her movie is called *Between the Lines*, made barely bearable by a few gifted performers who overcome the deplorable script by Fred Barron, the arch teurish photography and Mrs. Silver's wonder-what-I-should-do-now direction. There is a whiff of a plot—will the paper be sold out to a rich know-nothing owner who'll sell out the staff?—but who cares.

ENERGY LOADED

Robert Lipsyte is such a splendid journalist that when I saw he was the author of the movie called *Shining Star* I knew that whatever the *dramatic* impact of the film, I would learn something about the world of rock music and the record business. I wasn't disappointed. *Shining Star* does give us a ton of information and a chilling view of how rock records are produced: how stars are made out of so-called singers with voices that would embarrass a shower. They're created by gimmick technology, brilliant sound engineers and first-rate, back-up musicians whose names never get on the label. The story is good, too—a smaller scale *A Star Is Born*, and far more believable. The hero is a record producer—the man who can almost literally make the music and he is played with steely economy by Harvey Keitel, the kind of powerfully controlled performance we expect from this exceptional actor. When organized crime stealthily takes over the record company, Keitel is forced to produce records featuring a no-talent singing family (and I mean no talent—the father is Bert Parks). The girl in the group, Cynthia Bostick (a good actress), does have a reasonable voice to go with her conniving mind. She falls for Keitel knowing that his recording skills can manipulate her to stardom. All of this hurtles to an ending with a surprise switch: it's so unexpected that the movie will be ruined for you if you come in after it's started, so see it from the

(continued on page

CHINS ON A WINDOW

By Barbara Kunz Loots

The rain tells a long story
and wet winds sigh
As we lean on our chins at the window,
the cats and I.
Their eyes flash with the light
from the rolling sky.
And their little thunder
rumbles a lullaby.

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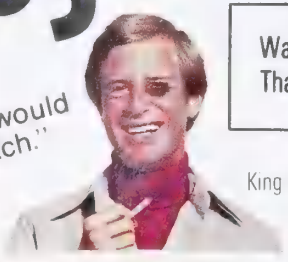
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Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Friends and relatives were ruining their marriage—until Chad and Lillian learned how and where to draw the line.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit, educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Winifred Gahm.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

LILLIAN SPEAKS

"It was way past midnight last Monday night when two neighbors called, each threatening to phone the police," said 28-year-old Lillian, a tall, attractive redhead who was 15 months into a second marriage and the mother of a 10-year-old daughter by a short-lived first marriage. "My husband Chad and his gang, led by his sister's foul-mouthed husband, Horace, were drinking in the garage and yelling obscenities that could be heard a mile.

"Well, I pulled on a dress and marched to the garage. Dozens of empty beer cans and piles of cigarette butts littered the floor. Chad, who for medical reasons is supposed to keep his drinking to an absolute minimum and not smoke at all, had just lit a cigarette and was opening another six pack. His face was pale and tired; he plainly needed to be in bed.

"I told that bunch of freeloaders they had worn out their welcome. I ordered them to leave at once. Chad was so appalled he dropped the six pack and just stared. Horace was furious at being put down by a mere woman and showered a stream of filthy, chauvinistic remarks on me. Then he led the gang to their cars, shouting that Chad was married to a blankety-blank female who needed a good beating to show her who was boss. Chad didn't say a word in my defense and slept in the garage that night.

"Chad's sister Madge is a stenographer for the insurance company where I'm chief accountant. It was Madge who introduced me to Chad. I consider her my closest friend and that's why I've tried so hard to put up with Horace. Before I could explain the garage incident, Madge gave me the cold shoulder at the office the next morning. She didn't give me a chance to explain or apologize—but I still think I was right.

"At nine o'clock that night, Chad wandered in, bleary-eyed and unsteady on his feet. He reeked of tobacco smoke but swore he hadn't been smoking. It turned out that he and his father, an unemployed alcoholic, had stopped by the small apartment Madge and Horace rent—Chad and I own our beautiful home. Chad said his father would never visit us again unless I got off my high horse and made up with Horace.

"I was both angry and hurt. Chad and I have been very good to his father. We had paid his rent the month before, which is far more than he could expect from Madge and Horace, whose finances are in wretched shape. Yet Pop and Madge were against me.

"I asked Chad whether he thought I should apologize, but as usual he evaded the issue. He mumbled that the decision was up to me, but then he said he loved me more than anybody in the world and that everything was okay. We made love, and it was marvelous.

"By Friday, life was almost normal again. But that evening, one of the guys phoned and asked for Chad. I knew why instantly. Last year Madge and Horace borrowed money to invest in a wreck of a house, 120 miles outside the city. On weekends the guys were helping to fix it up.

"I was strongly tempted to say Chad was busy and hang up; I was glad I didn't. While I stood beside the phone, Chad explained that he couldn't join the gang that weekend or any other weekend in the near future. He said he had important family commitments.

"When I went to bed, he was happily at work in the game room. But in the middle of the night, I suddenly awoke and missed him. I found he had sneaked out while I was asleep.

"Though Chad has always been evasive about his gang, this was the first time he had deliberately deceived me. I don't know how to cope with trickery, dishonesty and disloyalty in someone I love. I was brought up to believe in honesty. After my dad walked out on us when I was only five years old, Mama had to support me and two younger sisters. We were reared in an atmosphere of discipline, devotion and, above all, trust. It wasn't Mama's fault that I married at seventeen and divorced at eighteen with a baby girl to support by myself.

"At that point I came to my senses and justified my mother's training with self-discipline, self-denial and hard work. I went to college at night and held a full-time job by day. Eventually, I qualified as an accountant, and then saved enough to invest in a condominium and hire a live-in housekeeper.

"I was proud of myself, my accomplishments and my independence. Occasionally, I *(continued)*

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

wondered whether Janie missed having a father, but I didn't expect to marry again. I hardly realized I was lonely until I met Chad.

"Chad gave me laughter and joy, qualities I had forgotten existed. We swam, we sailed, we scuba-dived. He proposed on our third date and I would have accepted like a shot, but he was deeply in debt so we had to wait. After he finally cleared up his debts—I helped him figure out a sensible budget—we were married.

"I sold my condominium and used the profits for a large down payment on the house we picked out together. Actually, the place was Chad's choice; he was charmed by the garage workshop. He told me that he wanted to work on our home in the evenings until it was perfect. I believed him. I soon learned that Chad had no intention of staying home like a loving husband. In no time at all he was spending two or three nights a week with his gang—wives uninvited.

"In my single days, I had plenty of self-confidence. Now I've lost it. I feel as if I'm turning into a jealous, meantempered person. I'm sorry if I separate Chad from his family and friends. But unless he chooses me over that gang of his, unless he puts me in first place, I'd rather be single again."

CHAD SPEAKS

"I feel like a guy caught in the middle of a full-scale war," said 31-year-old Chad, a muscular, but slightly overweight man with thick, short, pale hair. "Lillian pulls me in one direction, my gang and my folks in another—and both sides think that they are one hundred percent right.

"Personally, I stand with Lillian because I love her, but I wish she had been more tactful the night she threw my buddies out. It's true they were rowdy. But they had just installed a sprinkler system for the lawn, and the beer party was a celebration. Now everybody is sore at me.

"My younger sister Madge is married to a little squirt who likes to talk big. Madge outweighs Horace by thirty pounds, but he gives the orders and shoves her around. I lived with them while I was a bachelor, and it was Madge who introduced me to Lillian.

"The first time I saw Lily I wanted her for my wife and I proposed as soon as I got up the nerve. Lily knew I was up to my ears in debt, just like Madge and Horace and my poor old Pop. She turned down my proposal, but with her help I climbed out of debt.

"Lily bought a fine home for us, the best I've ever lived in. She made the down payment and then immediately named me the joint owner. I was tickled pink by her generosity. But Horace told me I should have been full owner since I was the man and head of the house. I should have told him to mind his own business, but instead I foolishly kept my mouth shut.

"Lily wrote out a detailed list of home improvements, and I fully intended to start at the top and work my way down. I like to keep busy. But to tell the truth, I would have preferred to write my own list and set my own pace.

"I'm a maintenance superintendent in a factory. If I had a college degree, I would classify as an engineer—and I don't need any supervision from my wife or anybody else. In fact, I'm the only all-around skilled workman in my gang. Consequently, I didn't feel free to cut loose from all our projects just because I got married.

"Anyhow, Horace made me see my position in that light. Mainly because of him, I've kept on running around with the guys when at times I would rather have stayed home with Lily. Whenever I'm with my brother-in-law, I give in to him—even though later on I wish I hadn't.

"The other night I had no desire to sneak out and make a hair-brained, 100-mile trip over bad roads on a foggy night. At a filling station I started to phone Lily, but I got such a ribbing from Horace and the others that I didn't call. All the guys seem to think I'm tied to my wife's apron strings, and in some respects I guess it's true. At times Lily can be very domineering. She nags and picks on me about things, and the guys never do.

"The doctors say I should cut down on beer and lose weight—unless I want to wind up with a heart attack, like Pop. But nobody ever said I ought to quit smoking completely—except Lillian, who won't allow tobacco in the house. It's no wonder my friends kid me; I don't feel like a man when I have to smoke on the sly."

THE COUNSELOR SPEAKS

"In Lillian's single days, she managed a household and an arduous job with considerable success," the counselor said. "In the process, she learned to do things her way—and enjoyed it. Lillian did not realize that she was wary of men in general, and suspicious of masculine intentions and motives—quite likely the result of her father's desertion and her walkaway first husband.

"Her mistrustfulness and urge to dominate were obvious in the courtship. Very few young women who were in love with a man and ready to accept his proposal would insist that the marriage be postponed for two years while the prospective bridegroom worked his way out of debt. Some men would have taken to their heels at such an ultimatum. It is significant that Chad was grateful, not resentful for Lillian's budgetary assistance.

"Chad already was being manipulated by his brother-in-law to an outrageous extent. During his bachelor days, Chad developed the habit of meekly following along with Horace and the gang at the expense of his own preferences, and continued the habit after his marriage to Lillian.

"With Chad's marriage, the gang was threatened not only with the loss of an amiable companion, but also the services of a skilled workman. At Horace's instigation, the guys jeered Chad for being henpecked. They accused Lillian of being bossy and snobbish because she wanted her husband to herself, regarded them as time-wasters—and frankly said so—and because she was a successful businesswoman. Indeed, Lillian earned more than Horace—an unforgivable offense in his eyes.

"Chad wilted under the scornful comments of his buddies. He lacked the courage to stand up and express his own wishes and convictions, to defend either Lillian or himself. To silence Horace and the gang, he stayed out later than he wanted, drank more than he liked, and deliberately refrained from telephoning his plans to Lillian, deepening their problems.

"Her healthy ego, strengthened by her career, suffered from his unexplained absences and neglect. She laid down too many rules, making homelife unattractive.

"When Chad acknowledged that his primary responsibility was to his wife and stepdaughter, he agreed to loosen the ties to his bachelor existence. Every day after work, Chad had been dropping by his sister's apartment, where he and Horace (and frequently Pop) relaxed with a beer. At my advice, he gave up this practice, driving straight home instead, and in this simple manner solved much of his problem. Almost before he knew it, he was free of the gang and their demands. He had more time for the home life he had secretely relished all along.

"It was up to Lillian to control her bossiness, as she admitted. She quickly disciplined herself to do so. Nowadays Chad sets his own beer and cigaret limits without interference from Lillian. He still works hard on the house, but as a rule he selects his own tasks. Much of his energy is expended on college studies, and he hopes to graduate as an engineer.

"The family feud has run its course; the in-laws get together now for an occasional social evening. Although both Chad and Lillian are very busy, they now enjoy the company of recently acquired *mutual* friends." **E**

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Give your kids Crest.

Because if you want them to fight cavities, you ought to give them a toothpaste that does.

Crest has proved it fights cavities in a lot of tests under a lot of conditions — in fluoridated water areas, with little kids and big kids, with kids who also get fluoride topical treatments. In test after test, Crest with fluoride proved it reduced cavities.

And Crest has been accepted by the American Dental Association.

So get your kids to have regular checkups, watch treats and brush after meals with Crest.

And you can be sure they'll have a fighting chance.



"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional

Kent Golden

New Kent Golden Lights 100's Only 10 mg tar.

Taste so good you won't believe they're lower in tar than all these 100's:



19 MG TAR	18 MG TAR	12 MG TAR	18 MG TAR	11 MG TAR	19 MG TAR	18 MG TAR	18 MG TAR	16 MG TAR
					1.4 MG NIC	1.3 MG NIC	MG NIC	MG NIC

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of All Brands Sold [illegible] tar, 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976. Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol: 10 mg. tar, 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Meth[illegible]


Lights 100's!
Low Tar & Nicotine Famous Micronite® Filter
KENT
Golden Lights
Menthol 100s
10 Mgs. Tar, 0.9 Mgs. Nicotine
KENT Golden Lights Menthol 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine Famous Micronite® Filter
KENT
Golden Lights
Deluxe 100s
10 Mgs. Tar, 0.9 Mgs. Nicotine
KENT Golden Lights Deluxe 100s

HOW TO FEEL MORE ALIVE AT 5:00



Some days I used to feel really dragged out by five o'clock.

You probably know the feeling because you've had it yourself. And usually just when you were planning something really nice for the evening.



Then I found out about Vivarin.

Just one Vivarin tablet perks me up, makes me feel more alive.

You see Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

So for those times when five o'clock rolls around and you want to feel more lively, ready to enjoy the rest of the day, try Vivarin.

It really works.



Read label for directions

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

A patient's protection against prying eyes.... New Pill warning for women 30 and over, etc.

IMPERILED PRIVACY. The use of computers to keep health records is making confidential information about all of us far too accessible. Information is leaking from computerized files to the police, to insurance companies and to government agencies that pay for health care. Some of this information—on abortions, for example, or treatment of VD, alcoholism, addiction and mental illness—can be very damaging to a person, says a new U.S. Commerce Department study. Alarmingly, the report finds that much personal data in the computer banks is inaccurate. Yet few people are aware of these dossiers—and procedures to allow them to inspect and correct their records are almost nonexistent.

Eliminating health data banks appears impractical. More and more doctors and hospitals are using them—and finding them useful—in providing health care. The banks already are necessary for processing medical bills and insurance claims, and for catching insurance cheats—doctors and patients who raise the cost of everyone's medical care. Thus, data banks must be made more secure and must be run with greater concern for personal privacy. What can each of us do?

Political scientist Alan F. Westin, Ph.D., of Columbia University, says: resist—and, if possible, refuse to sign—releases that would open your personal health records to outsiders. When you buy insurance, seek work or apply for a license, he explains, you may be asked to sign a form authorizing the release of *all* your health records. Say that you will not sign, Westin suggests, unless the authorization is narrowed to stipulate the release of only those records that specifically relate to the insurance you wish to buy, or the employment or license you seek. The beauty parlor license board, for example, need not know you've had an abortion.

When asked to sign a release, Westin adds, use the opportunity to demand to see the medical or hospital records to which you are granting access. "If you don't know what's in your record, how can you give informed consent to its release? No one should sign a release unless he or she has had an opportunity to know what's in the medical file!"

DOUBLE JEOPARDY. The federal government has warned women over 40 not to use the Pill because it appears to enhance greatly their risk of death from heart disease. Now an analyst at the non-profit Population Council in New York has re-analyzed the data upon which this warning is based. He finds that the added risk for the most part is due not to the Pill alone, but to a combination of the Pill and cigarette smoking. A woman aged 40-44 who does not smoke, and who does not use the Pill, has only seven chances in 100,000 of dying of heart disease, says sociologist Anrudh Jain, Ph.D. But, he says, her risk is 12 times greater—about 83 chances of dying per 100,000 women—if she uses the Pill and smokes heavily (more than 15 cigarettes per day). The combined risk is *much* higher than the risk of either the Pill or smoking alone—for unknown reasons. Between age 30 and 40, the risk is less severe.

OOPS! The name of the inventor of a new poison ivy treatment was inadvertently misspelled in the April *Journal*. It is David P. Borris, Ph.D., of the University of Mississippi.

End

Find the $25,000 executive without life insurance.



She's the working woman. And she needs life insurance as much as anyone else in the picture.

If you're single, life insurance is a solid, sensible way to get ready for the future. Because The Equitable's whole life insurance plans give guaranteed cash values that you can borrow against. For a house. For retirement. For emergencies.

And if you're married, you also need life insurance to protect your contribution to your family's income and lifestyle.

The Equitable has a booklet for you that talks life insurance. Woman to woman. It's filled with quotes from a recent panel discussion. And it could answer some of your questions about life insurance.

It's free. And it's important you read it.

Because you need life insurance as much as a man

EQUITABLE

It's time you figured out how much your life is worth.

L2

To: Corporate Relations Department
The Equitable Life Assurance Society
1285 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019

Please send me a free copy of *Life Insurance "Women Speak their Minds."*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, New York, N.Y.

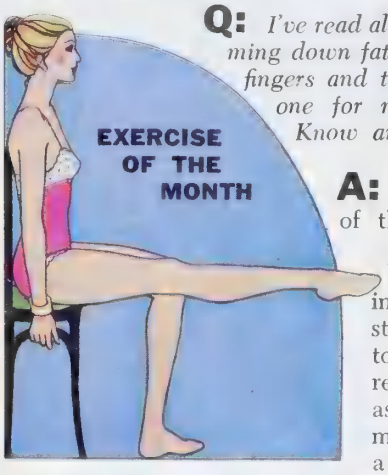


Beauty Journal

July—there's no better time to look your best—beaching, camping or just lolling around.

ROUGHING IT

The call of the wild. The thrill of the backwoods—blazing new trails, backpacking across precipices, camping among the chipmunks. But what do you do when you crawl out of the pup tent and your hair looks like a grizzly bear's? Here are a few field tips on how to cope for a night or two away from civilization. *Hair in the Open Air.* Combine shampoo and conditioner (saves carrying one bottle) or buy one that is both. • Before setting out, shape up your hair to top condition. You'll have a good head start. • Try wrapping gauze around your brush to blot oils out of hair. • If washing your hair means a cool pool or icy shower, warm a bottle of water in the sun. • No water for washing? Be prepared with a few cotton squares for scarfing. *Showing Skin.* #1—not to forget—insect repellent to banish all chiggers and buggers. Replenish every few hours in the hea (perspiration washes it away). • Bring a superfatted soap (holding down mois ture loss) or a cleansing cream for smooth washups. • Pack a sunscreen with PABA—to prevent all-day rays from getting you. Or, for mountain peaking, apply a high-altitude sun cream. • Be super-safe from the sun. Wear a hat, maybe cotton gloves, a coverup lip cream. *Fleet Feet.* • Grip the ground with sneakers (not slippery sandals). • Bring flip flops for communal showers. • Back at the cot—dust on talcum powder, check for blisters. *Beauty-in-the-Rough.* Keep make up on the natural side. No heavy mascara or shadows. • Tot a non-glass mirror. • Pick wild flowers to pin in your hair



Q: *I've read all about exercises for slimming down fat legs and arms, even fat fingers and toes—but I've never seen one for my problem, fat knees. Know any?—J.J., Clayton, Mo.*

A: Yes, if it's the soft sides of the knees you're talking about, those muscles can be tightened this way: sit in a chair, extend one leg straight forward, pointing toe. Hold to the count of 6; repeat with other leg. Do as often as possible; minimum 5 times each, twice a day.

MIDSUMMER DO'S AND DON'TS

Picture yourself taking a siesta break on the hottest days—swaying in a hammock, a tall, cool tumbler of lemonade in hand. Think about these summer pastimes. . . . *Do* consider lunching on strawberries, blueberries or whatever fresh fruits of the season. It's a way to indulge, to splurge without spoiling your figure (under 100 calories for a big bowl-size portion). . . . *Don't* skimp on liquids. Your body will need lots more during this month, especially if you're exercising or playing sports. . . . Assuming you've been very careful about not sunburning your face, *don't* overlook the delicate chest area that soaks up the sun like a magnet. You know how wrinkled (crepe-like) or leathery that V-space can get. *Do* use a sunblock on the "V" from this moment on—until you hang up your swim suit. . . . *Don't* think the beach is just there to lie on. Walking in the sand is one of the all-time great exercises for toning and firming legs (particularly the calves and ankles). *Do* stand up and get striding. Your legs will love you for it. . . . And those feet. *Don't* be timid about a bright polish to color your toenails. They shouldn't look nude. The snap of a high-power red will make everywhere you step more dazzling.

Border by Julia Noonan. Drawings by Thea Kliros.

PICK-UP STICKS

Beauty-in-a-stick makes extra sense for summer. Whatever th choice—it means no spilling, no leaking, no heavy-to-carr bottles or jars. Here, our pick of the sticks. • Fat wooden pen cils to sketch lines of color on cheeks, smudge in. A rea beauty, Café Rose. Esteé Lauder Cheek Crayons, $5 each • Neat and narrow—automatic pencil with a soft point t draw a precise lid line. Nice: Dusky Blue. Revlon Color U Sticks for eyes, $2.50. • Lipstick-sized perfume stick with heady, musky scent. Bird-of-Paradise Perfume Demistik b Avon, $2. • Out, spot. Away, circles. Handy coverup stick i fair or medium. Aziza. $2.25. • Great for travel, a super-ric night cream in a stick to soften and moisturize face and/c body. Alexandra de Markoff, $12.

LIFT FOR LIFE

Q: *A few weeks ago, I had my eyes "lifted" and feel wo derful (like a* new me*) without those droopy lids. Can yo give me any suggestions on how to enhance my pretty ne eyes and even out my skin tone, yet still maintain a natur look?—R.S., San Diego, Ca.*

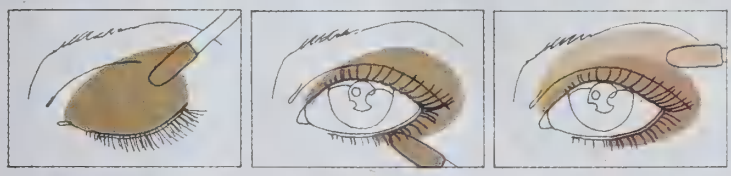


A: As your surgeon probab advised, cosmetics shouldn't b used until incisions are total healed. Wait for his go-ahea Once healed, you might want hide the scar until it fades. Eve then, extreme care should be ta en not to "pull" the eyelids. W talked to Georgette Klinger, we known skin specialist, who su gested these tips. • Hold one finger on the corner of the e to prevent any stretching (see illustration). With other han dab liquid foundation over scar. Pat lightly. • Apply ey shadow under brow bone, over foundation, for softest effe • If you can, stall off tweezing brows for a month or s • And be sure to stay out of the direct sun for several mont (if not for life).



AZIZA DEMONSTRATES NEW SHADOW WITH SEALER. YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO TOUCH IT UP.

low you can go from morning
dtime without even a
e in your mirror and new
Shadow with Sealer will still
resh. That's because this
ıal shadow is creaseproof,
geproof, fadeproof, and
proof, too.
ou see, some other shadows
lowskin oils to creep through
ase,and muss your shadow.
ziża Shadow with Sealer
ins a special complex of
dients which gently seals
to help prevent surface oils
creeping through.
o you get to look your best
y, without touch-ups.
ınd the new dripless sponge
lets you glide on just enough
th, soft, satiny color with
:t control.



1. Stroke Cocoa over the entire lid area, rising slightly above the crease and out toward the temple in an oblong shape that turns up at the end like the tail on a fish.

2. Now with the custom-designed contour tip, continue the Cocoa down, around and under lower lashes as liner. Stop at the mid-point of the eye.

3. Stroke Honey Lustre over the brow bone and out toward the temple as a highlight. Blend edges with your finger. (For a beautiful, all-day look, finish with a sweep of Aziza Mascara with Sealer.)

We make these flawless, new, shadows in 10 scrumptious creme and frosted shades. Whichever you choose, it can be easily removed whenever you're ready. Just use Aziza Non-Oily Remover Lotion, Aziza Eye Makeup Remover Pads, or your facial cleanser.

If you have any questions about eye makeup, write for our free book, "Aziza Demonstrates All About Eyes." Simply send 25¢ for postage and handling to Aziza, Dept 736, 33 Benedict Place, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Because Aziza knows all about eyes.



Aziza by
Prince Matchabelli.



A BRIDGE TO THE PAST

A Movie Quiz


1.


2.

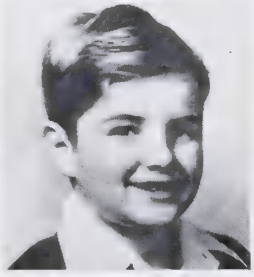

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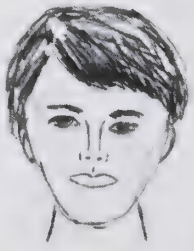

4.


5.


6.


7.


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9. A self-portrait


10.


11.

Under those helmets and berets in the new movie *A Bridge Too Far* (based on Cornelius Ryan's best-selling book) are a remarkable number of instantly-recognizable faces—in fact, as you can see below, at least 11 of the best-looking, most talented men in movies today. A cast listing of their names reads like a Who's Who of Hollywood headliners. And each actor was alive when real soldiers from Britain, the U.S., Poland and Germany were shaping the movie roles. *A Bridge Too Far* is based on Operation Market Garden, that all-out, ultimately futile Allied paratrooper assault designed to defeat Nazi Germany by the end of 1944. Though most of the stars can't remember what *they* were doing 33 years ago while this battle raged, all (well, almost all!) have pictures of themselves from that era. Can you match the boy of '44 above, with the man of '77 below? Take this quiz and see.


A. Dick Bogarde


B. Anthony Hopkins


C. Robert Redford


D. Elliott Gould


E. Sean Connery


F. Hardy Kruger


G. Gene Hackman


H. Michael Caine


I. Laurence Olivier


J. James Caan


K. Ryan O'Neal

Answers: 1. G; 2. A; 3. B; 4. K; 5. H; 6. I; 7. D; 8. J; 9. E; 10. C; 11. F.

Staying drier is nicer with a little Tickle.™



Make yourself happy with a little Tickle.



15¢ OFF
on new Tickle anti-perspirant.

...ide ball: Its
...fast and smooth.
...And Unscented.

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A BRIDGE TO THE PAST

A Movie Quiz


1.


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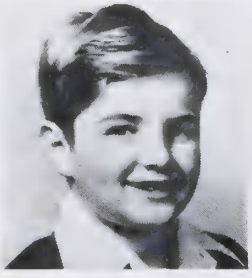

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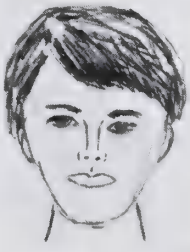

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Staying drier is nicer with a little Tickle.™



Want an anti-perspirant that's really new and different?

Tickle® is the first roll-on with a big wide ball: Its surface is just about 4 times the size of most others. To go on fast and smooth.

Tickle comes in 4 fresh fragrances: Citrus. Herbal. Floral. And Unscented.

Tickle has a quick-drying formula.

And, of course, Tickle really works: It'll help keep you dry all day.

Make yourself happy with a little Tickle.™

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Benson&Hedges 100's

I never saw it happen.

that's the break



Regular and Menthol

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determine
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

rette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

The working woman

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

How do people find jobs?

Most job seekers apply directly to the employer and find this method the most successful job-hunting technique, reports the Bureau of Census. However, more men than women use either this method or ask friends for job referrals. Women tend to use newspaper want ads and private employment agencies, methods which are more effective for them than for men. On the average, women find jobs more quickly than men. Women may favor employment agencies, but a University of Maryland study found that the agencies often discriminate against women: All of the women applying to 39 different employment agencies were asked to take typing tests; 82 percent of the jobs offered to women were clerical while 90 percent of the jobs offered to men were managerial.

Another study, conducted by sociologist Richard Levinson of Emory University, found that male applicants seeking traditionally female jobs—such as waitress or receptionist—had a harder time getting in the door than female applicants seeking male jobs, such as garage attendants or management trainees. (This may be a result of employers having to satisfy affirmative action requirements to hire women and minorities.) But Levinson discovered that the male applicants weren't just rejected and left to wonder about their employability. Instead, they were often advised by employers to apply for more prestigious, higher-paying (and traditionally male) positions.

Housewife's ulcer?

Employed women experience less stress than either housewives or unemployed women, says Dr. Rachelle Warren of the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations. Her studies also indicate that unemployment is more stressful for women than for men. Warren attributes this to lack of support from women's co-workers, unions and spouses.

Our kids are doing fine

Whether their mothers stayed home or went to work, there was no discernible difference in the health and school performance of 2,200 children, age 7 to 11, studied by the Foundation for Child Development. In a related study, Dr. Jerome Kagan of Harvard found that children in day-care situations do not differ in skills, emotional or social adjustment or independence from children raised at home. In the case of poorly educated and culturally deprived families, children actually develop better in day care than at home. The shortage of child-care centers makes this discussion frustrating and futile, but it is *(continued on page 50)*

Is there a man in your kitchen?

Husbands of non-employed women spend six minutes per day on meal preparation, reports the American Home Economics Association, while men married to job-holding wives spend 12 minutes in the kitchen.

In her book, *Sex Discrimination and the Division of Labor*, Estelle James says evidence indicates "a 25 percent drop in time spent on household activities when a woman takes an outside job. Some of the housewife's services simply disappear. Others are replaced by substitutes—prepared foods, commercial housecleaners, nurseries.

Labor Department: dogs outrank kids

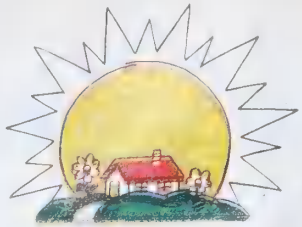
The Dictionary of Occupational Titles (DOT), published by the U.S. Labor Department, rates dog trainer higher than foster mother. DOT's list of 21,741 job titles and tasks is used by private industry and government to determine salary and, in some cases, to attract federal funds for training programs. When a group called Women in Wisconsin Apprenticeship sought federal money to train day-care teachers, they found that the DOT gave "kindergartener" the lowest skill code, which entitled the job to only one month of federal funding. WWA also found that most jobs requiring mothering and homemaking skills were classified in DOT as custodial or menial—and these also happen to be jobs generally held by women.

Who's come a long way, baby?

Women work nearly nine days to gross the same earnings men gross in five days, reports the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor. In 1955, men earned 56 percent more than women who worked full-time; today men earn 75 percent more. Looking at the discrepancy from another angle, women with four years of college have lower incomes than men who finished 8th grade! We still have a long way to go.

Double-standard, Harvard style

Should the wife of a rising executive go to parties with dull people who may advance her husband's career? "Yes," said 70 percent of 1,500 Harvard Business Review subscribers surveyed. But, when the rising executive is a woman, only 15 percent of those sampled felt the husband should endure boring parties for her career.



Sears Settler's Trail Collection Sunshine for sale

Right now, almost all of Sears Settler's Trail Collection is on sale.* And what a collection. Cheerful, durable Country American furnishings and accessories, all at sunshine prices.

So come to Sears and save on sunshine for your home. Keep these next ten pages as your own handy guide to Sears Settler's Trail Collection.

The sale's on now at most Sears larger stores. Come follow the trail to sunshine.

*If an item is not described as reduced or a special purchase, it's at its regular price. A special purchase, though not reduced, is an exceptional value.



Spread sunshine wall-to-wall with Soft Reflections carpeting



Sale $7.97 Square Yard
reg. $11.99 sq. yd.

Save over $4.00 on every square yard. Soft Reflections. So soft to the touch and so shimmery, it spreads sunshine across any floor. So durable. Its deep, 100% nylon pile is heat-set to retain resiliency. So many colors. Sixteen in all. On sale from June 26 through July 23, 1977 at most Sears larger stores.

Rocker $29.95 **Special purchase,** all hardwood, two pieces, easy-to-assemble, carry-home, no delivery, quantities limited.



A garden of furniture makes your living room bloom

Sale Sofa $299 reg. $399.95

Save $100 on the big sofa. Plump seat cushions. Deep, tufted back and arm pillows for extra comfort. Kiln-dried, sturdy, wood frame. Cheerful, practical 100% rayon floral upholstery. On sale from June 26 through July 23, 1977 at most Sears larger stores.

Save on Settler's Trail Living Room Furniture:

Floral sofa	reg. $399.95	Sale $299.00
Floral sofa bed (not shown)	reg. $519.95	Sale $399.00
Floral chair	reg. $229.95	Sale $179.00
Floral ottoman	reg. $ 89.95	Sale $ 69.00
Solid color recliner	reg. $249.95	Sale $199.00
Cocktail Table	reg. $139.95	Sale $119.00
Magazine End Table	reg. $139.95	Sale $119.00
Drawer End Table	reg. $149.95	Sale $129.00
Spice Box End Table	reg. $149.95	Sale $129.00

Save on Settler's Trail Carpeting:

Soft Reflections (per sq. yd.)	reg. $11.99	Sale $7.97

Sears Settler's Trail Lamps:

White Federalist table lamp	$29.99

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Only at **Sears**

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Settler's Trail

Sunny bedrooms for sunshine kids





Rocker

$29.95

Special purchase, all hardwood, two pieces, easy-to-assemble, carry-home, no delivery, quantities limited.

Save on Sears Settler's Trail Bedroom Furniture:*

Crew's Quarters bed	reg. $459.95	Sale $379.00
Canopy bed (twin size)	reg. $129.90	Sale $ 99.88
Mate's bed	reg. $189.95	Sale $139.00
Four-drawer chest	reg. $109.95	Sale $ 89.88
Single dresser	reg. $109.95	Sale $ 84.88
Desk	reg. $109.95	Sale $ 84.88
Large hutch	reg. $109.95	Sale $ 84.88
Sweater/Lingerie chest	reg. $109.95	Sale $ 84.88

*Select hardwoods with plastic laminate tops, hard-board sides and backs, fiberboard drawer fronts on white color. Mirrors shown have simulated wood frames.

Save on Sears Settler's Trail Tubular Braided Rugs:

Gettysburg tubular braided rugs	reg. $ 99.99 (8½-ft. x 11½-ft. size)	Sale $ 69.99

Sears Settler's Trail Lamps:

White Federalist accent lamp	$19.99
White Federalist chain lamp	$29.99

At most Sears larger stores from June 26 through July 23, 1977. Bedding and accessories not included.



Sale
$379
reg. $459.95

Save $80.00 on Sears Crew's Quarters bed. Make his or her room as tightly organized as a ship with the bed that's an instant bedroom. All hardwood construction.

With all the space and the dollars you save, buy one or more of the fleet of matching pieces you see on these two pages. Almost all are available in maple or white color. Beds, too. **Many matching pieces are now on sale for only $84.88 each.**

Sale
$99.88
twin size
reg. $129.90

Save $30.00 on Sears canopy bed. The canopy frame is included. Full size is also on sale. Choose from a huge selection of matching pieces—all the ones you see on these two pages. They all come in white or maple color. **Many matching pieces are now on sale for only $84.88 each.**

Sale
$139
reg. $189.95

Save $50.00 on Sears Mate's bed. Buy two and bunk them. Extra drawers are available for rooms that allow access from both sides of bed. Choose maple or white color. In white, this bed and all its matching pieces make a very pretty, space-saving room for girls. **Many matching pieces are now on sale for only $84.88 each.**



y at Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977

Settler's Trail

Sears Country Mixables Collection
Country sunbeams for your bedrooms



Save on Sears Country Mixables Collection:

Bouffant bedspread twin size	reg. $21.99	Sale $14.99
Bouffant bedspread full size	reg. $24.99	Sale $14.99
Canopy twin size	reg. $17.99	Sale $14.99
Canopy full size	reg. $19.99	Sale $14.99
Priscilla curtains	reg. $16.99	Sale $14.99
Priscilla curtains	reg. $18.99	Sale $14.99
Pillow sham standard size	reg. $ 6.99	Sale $ 6.49
Percale sheets twin size	reg. $ 4.99	Sale $ 3.99
Percale sheets full size	reg. $ 5.99	Sale $ 4.99
Comforter twin size	reg. $21.99	Sale $16.99
Comforter full size	reg. $24.99	Sale $19.99
Bed ruffle twin size	reg. $ 9.99	Sale $ 8.99
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Table lamp	reg. $29.99	Sale $24.99

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Sale $4.99 full size percale reg. $5.99

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Settler's Trail

Toughcord® bedspreads let the sun shine in

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Save $3.00 to $6.00. Choose from many bright, crisp colors. Easy-care, Perma-Prest® fabric. Called Toughcord because they are Sears most durable ribcord spreads. Matching draperies also on sale for $11.99 in single width, sill length size. Regularly $12.99 to $13.99.

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Muslin sheets as pretty as percales. Wake up to the same perky pattern in avocado green or lemon yellow. All three colors are also available in matching solid colors and white for the same low price. All Perma-Prest® muslins of 50% cotton, 50% polyester. Comparable values on all other sizes. Queen size only $5.99. Matching reversible comforters now just $16.99 for twin size. On sale from June 26 through July 23, 1977 at most Sears larger stores.



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Match your whole bathroom to Matchmate towels. They come in all these matching colors and patterns. Thirsty terry loops on both sides for maximum absorbancy and drying power. And every color is matched to Matchmates shower curtains, window curtains, bath rugs and carpeting. All are on sale from June 26 through July 23, 1977 at most Sears larger stores.

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Double shower curtain	reg. $ 9.99	Sale $ 7.49

Other available sizes also on sale.

Settler's Trail

Only at Sears

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The working woman

continued from page 39

interviewed in connection with the six full-time mothers, each with at least one pre-school child, would look for work if a good day-care center were available.

Generation gap

Of 460 children (ages 6 to 12) interviewed in connection with the General Mills American Family Report, 77 percent felt "mothers should go to work if they want." At the same time, 63 percent said, "It's the mother's job, not the father's, to cook and clean." But for themselves, 65 percent of the young girls want to be whatever they want to be and 33 percent want to "earn a lot of money." Only 23 percent say they want to be mothers.

Blue collar bias

Non-professional women who filed sex discrimination complaints under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act were twice as successful as professional or managerial women. The study sponsored by the Center for Research on Women in Higher Education, examined every sex discrimination case brought under Title VII since 1972.

Another myth bites the dust

The fact that more wives work is often blamed for the increased divorce rate. On the contrary, reports sociologist Elwood Carloson. His study found the sharpest rise in broken marriages were among younger women who did not have jobs outside the home.



To know us is to love us

Women are more likely to be advanced in their careers by a manager who is relatively young and who has himself worked for a woman supervisor, according to a study conducted by Joann S. Lublin of *The Wall Street Journal*. This study parallels other findings where male teachers who had never worked under a female principal protested vigorously at the prospect but adjusted quickly when the situation was inevitable. What's more, the men registered overwhelmingly positive assessments of the women principals after working for them for a short time.

Great aspirations (female)

Of incoming college students, more than one woman in six is planning a career in the male-dominated fields of law, medicine, business and engineering. Business is the most popular.

Where are the working Mommies?

About half of the children in America have mothers who are full-time homemakers, and half have mothers who work outside the home. The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics also reports that, as of March 1976, 6.4 million children under six had working mothers. Given these statistics, why do children's books show so few employed mothers? Buford Steffire's survey of first- through sixth-grade primers found only 19 percent of the female adults were employed outside the home, while in real life nearly 50 percent are wage-earners. The books' female characters are most frequently librarians and nurses and 33 out of every 100 are teachers. In reality, only six out of 100 women are teachers.

(continued on page 1

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MERIT

Kings & 100's

HEADLINERS



"Olivia Walton" opens up about the big changes in her life—and TV show. By Judy Stone

MICHAEL LEARNED: A WOMAN IN PASSAGE

Michael Learned was striding back and forth across a stage in San Francisco this spring, cursing the audience in words that would make a stevedore blush. Her long, tight, gray slit skirt would part occasionally to reveal sexy, black-and-red lace panties. Even blasé San Franciscans—who weren't, after all, expecting Mama Walton—were startled. The Michael Learned they remembered appreciatively from her five years in the American Conservatory Theater was the brilliantly shrewd, contemporary Portia, Chekhov's smoldering Masha, the fiercely sophisticated Amanda of *Private Lives*. This play, *Miss Margarida's Way*, was something else, and it was all Michael Learned's. For two nerve-wracking hours, almost entirely alone on stage as a maniacally intimidating teacher, she bludgeoned the audience, sitting there in lieu of eighth-graders. She bullied them, insulted them, wrote obscenities on the blackboard and elaborated on her thesis that life is a pain in the neck. Except she did not say neck.

Although that thought had indeed occurred to Michael Learned herself, she was at first taken aback by the raunchier language. She was not so much worried about her Walton "image" as she was concerned that some people might attend expecting a drawing-room comedy and be shocked or hurt. Mainly, she was challenged by the risk of pulling off the harangue and reluctant to reveal the "bullying" side of her own nature. (Ellen Burstyn will do the role on Broadway this year.)

The reviewers loved Learned. Wrote one: "Physically and emotionally, there is almost a madwoman's range in her performance, and that grips us: but even more valuable are the touches of incisive, controlled and undeniably human qualities she shows, too. She can unsettle us with her contemptuous obscenities; she can also, recollecting her childhood, show us a lost soul behind her angry cry: 'Do you understand me?' "

At 38, Michael Learned is losing her own anger, beginning to understand herself and exultantly declares that she is happier than she has ever been. Not euphorically happy, but quietly. With a settled acceptance of all her feelings, both the pleasure and the pain. It is a time *(continued on page 165)*

GREGORY PECK REMEMBERS

By Molly Haskell

There was a time in our lives when my mother and I could agree on only one thing: we both loved Gregory Peck. On every other subject we held diametrically opposed opinions: on what constituted an acceptable definition of order in my 13-year-old-girl's bedroom; on what restrictions should be applied to my newly-blossoming social life; and on how I should divide my time among television, telephone and studies. But on whether or not Gregory Peck, whom Mother and I had seen together in *Roman Holiday*, was the tallest and handsomest and gentlest and most gorgeous man on earth there was no dispute.

Coming as he did between the Golden Oldies (Grant, Astaire, Cooper, etc.) and a new generation of stars, Peck was the only male idol for whom we experienced overlapping crushes. Naturally, even in this rare entente were the seeds of further conflict.

"Gee," I may have said when I came home from a movie one afternoon, "that Paul Newman is really neat."

"You can have Paul Newman," Mother would say. "I'll take my darling Gregory Peck."

"He's not *your* darling Gregory Peck," I would say, infuriated. "I didn't say I liked Paul Newman *better* than Gregory Peck. I just like him, *too!*"

"Hm-mmmm," Mother would murmur, drawing out the negative emphatically and shaking her head. With this maddening tactic she would both terminate the discussion and imply that I, with my own fickle words, had quite obviously disqualified myself as contender for the title of One Who Loves Gregory Peck Most. (You can imagine, then, with what degree of sweet revenge I was to call her a few weeks ago to announce that I was about to fly to California to meet and interview Gregory Peck himself.)

Still, though I've now met him in the flesh, Mother *did* see him first. She was lucky *(continued on page 142)*



A gentleman star talks about the death of his son . . . and the challenge of portraying General MacArthur (right).

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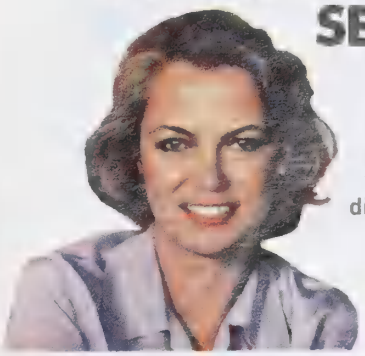
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LOUISE FLETCHER IN SEARCH OF HERSELF



How an Oscar-winning actress struggled to be "Miss Perfect"—only to discover that "perfection" has its flaws.
By Elizabeth Kaye

A few months ago, Louise Fletcher received a telephone message from Gregory Peck. She does not know Peck, has never met him. The call, obviously, was a trick, some friend's idea of a joke. She did what seemed sensible: she ignored the message. A few days later there was another call from Gregory Peck. Curious about who was playing this game and why, she dialed the number. "Hello, Louise," said a deep voice—Gregory Peck.

Which is to say that what has happened to Louise Fletcher's life is still so new that there are times when she herself does not believe it. It is not out of the question, after all, for an Oscar winner to be called by another star and be asked, as Peck asked her, to work for his favorite charity. Nor is it unusual, when she calls the studio commissary, for a star to be asked what table she would like. Louise, happily, does not have preferences about tables. Clearly any one with legs and chairs would do. The preferences she does have are strong ones. But they are about other things.

One's immediate impression is that there is something powerful about her, which is, perhaps, an odd, contradictory thing to say about a woman who looks like a cross between Alice in Wonderland and a lady in a detergent commercial. One carries in one's mind two pictures of Louise: a stern-faced Nurse Ratched in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and a chic and beaming Oscar winner. The woman at the Burbank Studio lot, on this too sunny California morning, is neither. The best descriptive word for Louise, at 42, would be earthy —a word one would not especially expect to use for a woman raised in the South in the '30s and '40s, a woman whose inevitable *(continued on page 58)*

NICK NOLTE SURFACES

TV's "Poor Man" strikes it rich underwater in "The Deep." Will he be the male answer to Farrah Fawcett Majors?
By Lenore Hershey

He has been compared to Robert Redford, but the media torrent already gushes à la the Farrah faucet. Nick Nolte's the 1977 male sex stereotype; bobcat body, deep sea-blue eyes, tangled yellow hair. Already, the legend has its undertow. He's booked for major movies, wanted everywhere, but reports of rude public ruckuses and irreverent binges also surface. He calls his long-time Minnesota farm girl friend "the old lady," but he was (or was not?) also involved with Jacqueline Bisset, his leading woman in *The Deep*, the first film he has made since coming into stardom as the black sheep brother Tom Jordache in TV's *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

It is on the Bermuda set of *The Deep* that I meet Nick Nolte for the first time. We are near the world's largest underwater set, a 130-foot-long tank carved out of solid coral and filled with a million gallons of sea water every 12 hours. It has been built especially for Peter Yates' version of Nathaniel Benchley's best-seller, the novelist's first book since *Jaws*. I have been escorted through the technical splendors of the set, have even been persuaded to jump in (with a faceplate; not scuba tanks) and watch a scene being shot at the bottom. Now I am sitting in the hot press shack, watching Nolte clown with the diving crew, obviously avoiding me and the long-scheduled interview. He gives my press escort a hard time. In his rugged, sullen way, Nick Nolte is obviously saying no to our meeting.

I am about to give up. Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable didn't behave like this. Even Redford, that tower of reticence, has been cordial. Who *(continued on page 57)*



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Cheryl Tomlen

"Bored and very little self-confidence. That's how I would describe myself two years ago. Then I started selling Avon and everything changed.

I began to feel involved, challenged. A new life opened up for me and I came out of my shell. I discovered I had lots more energy around my children. And my husband Jim and I had many new things to share and talk about.

Going into the cosmetics business was a turning point in other ways. I had just moved to a new neighborhood and didn't know a soul. Avon helped me make friends. Also, having money of my own opened the way for me to enroll in art school—something I'd only *thought*

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AVON

NICK NOLTE

continued

eeds this new breed of gritty, profane, ontemptuous leading man?

Then he walks over. The shoulders re even huskier close-up. The face has haracter; the catlike eyes appraise. Nick Nolte is obviously exhausted. The tories of how hard he has been working the underwater scenes have not been xaggerated. In spite of myself, I mur- nur something about how boring it must e to go through all this press junk, over nd over again.

"It *is*." The eyes warm up, the body elaxes and he stretches out in a chair. There are just so many times you can o through the same stories."

So I put down my notes and we talk, bout books, plays, movies, acting. He iscusses playwright William Inge, hom he knew, and the possibility of oing a remake of Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*. He is also a John Steinbeck an and says some interesting things bout *Cannery Row*, which he'd like to ee as a TV series some day. I mention edford, whom he admires but has not et met, and we slide into a discussion f the star syndrome—and the power of he spotlight to corrupt. (Later, I find e has spoken to other reporters about he dangers of losing his perspective nd losing sight of the craft of acting; e obviously fears super-success.)

Perceptible intelligence

Somewhere in the process, the reality Nick Nolte comes through—the maha boy who at 36 is in the throes making it big. The physicality and fiance hide a perceptible intelligence. may be the gray-haired editor of a man's magazine, but the rapport ilds—and I am willing to accept the esence beside me on his own terms. ot just a media creation. An actor. A ur. Especially if he doesn't self- struct.

The pressures will be great. He's al- ady working in a new film about Viet- m veterans, *The Dog Soldiers* (for hich he's shaved off his moustache), n he moves on to *Six Weeks*, where ck Nolte will play against Tatum Neal in the role of a cancer-stricken ild. He himself will have the role of a iator.

Eventually, we come back to discuss- g his adventures on location for *The ep*, in which Nick won tremendous miration from the crew by not only rning how to dive, but also how to while wearing a mask covering his e and with tons of water inhibiting body movements. He prides himself t *The Deep* is more than an action , that it's a showcase for the relation- ps among characters played by Robert aw, Jacqueline Bisset, Lou Gossett and himself. (He almost turned down *The Deep*, but they rewrote the main part of David for him, making the character more of an outdoor-type man, and he took it.)

I ask him about his private life. At first I am confused by his constant references to his "old lady." Square that I am, I think he's talking about his mother, but it turns out to be Karen Ecklund, with whom he's lived for six years on a six-acre rural estate 50 miles from Los Angeles. Also present: a huge menage of dogs, horses, chickens and old cars. (There was an earlier five-year marriage, which he chooses not to discuss.) His real "old lady," his mother, of whom he spoke with warmth, runs an antique shop in Phoenix, Arizona.

No effete namby pamby

Nick Nolte is no effete namby-pamby. After graduating from Westside High in Omaha, he won a series of football scholarships and insists that one Arizona college kicked him out after he was caught in the girls' dorm. At Pasadena City College, he met an actor named Bryan Byrne, who somehow convinced him to try the stage instead of the gridiron. From then on, Nolte says, "I've been committed. And when you're committed, you work at it, and you discipline yourself. When you're not committed and don't give a damn, that's a different story."

Football was the first commitment. Following in his father's footsteps, Nick Nolte became the heart-and-soul jock, a football player always involved with winning and losing. After his conversion to acting, at 21, this too became the overwhelming drive. He did theater all over—in small repertory companies, earning $75 to $125 a week, as compared with his six-figure income of today. He even had an off-Broadway fling, in the Cafe la Mama workshop. Eventually, he headed for Los Angeles, and television, first in small parts, and then on to *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

What kind of future?

What does the future hold for Nick Nolte? Some say his rebellious, often raunchy behavior will tone down as he learns to live with his new success. Undoubtedly, *The Deep* will produce choruses of "oohs" and "ahs" from females of all ages—and more interminable "press junk" for him to face. If he can keep his head . . . and his commitment to his craft . . . he will be more than just another pretty face. He will be an actor and a genuine star. I hope he makes it. I hope *he* hopes he'll make it. **End**

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* * *

Perhaps the sudden realization that you looked older than you realized has prompted you to plan an overall, self-improvement program, complete with diet, exercise and time set aside for intensive grooming. When you're exercising, giving yourself a manicure or while you're figuring out your calorie count for the day, is a good time for an extra application of Oil of Olay.®

LOUISE FLETCHER

continued from page 54

model for the right kind of woman was that lady-like great lady in *Gone With the Wind*, Miss Melanie.

Louise's quality suggests great strength. It gives the appearance of a woman who is "together." "Seeming together has always been my thing," she says. "I've been practicing that one for years." That she had said "seeming" was something I thought about later that day when I watched her work in one of the final scenes of *The Heretic*, the film sequel to *The Exorcist*. The stage had been pumped full of smoke. A ruined house lay collapsed behind her. Louise, playing the role of a psychiatrist, had to cry at the exact right moment, and remain weeping as the camera closed in on her. It was a complicated, highly technical shot. There was take after take after take. "What we're doing," the producer explained, as Louise stood there still crying through one of the interminable pauses, "is waiting for the smoke to clear." And, as Louise wept, I felt in her a pain she is able to summon and maintain with such intensity it suggests something that is not always the case with celebrities: that there is much more here than meets the eye. Something, the realness of these tears suggests, is happening in this woman. And it is.

Her life a story

She will never play a character with a life more interesting than her own. It is somewhat hard to believe, after all, a story about a woman who is not only a Southern minister's daughter, but also the child of totally deaf parents, a girl who leaves home to become an actress, becomes one, marries, has two children, then abandons her career—only to return to it 12 years later—and, with her second role, win an Academy Award. And the story continues: this woman, heretofore known to her friends as the perfect wife and mother, decides (with her husband) that a separation is necessary, that to realize themselves fully they must—for a time at least—leave one another. Still, while the facts are unique, the story has a theme in common with the lives of many women of her time—possibly yours—and certainly mine. Namely, that in the course of her life she had learned many things that she would be forced to unlearn later in order to achieve survival.

The house in Birmingham, Alabama, where Louise, her parents, older brother and two younger sisters lived is still occupied by her parents. The sun still comes in the leaded windows and shines on the antique furniture, on the many pieces of china hand-painted by her mother, and on her mother's paintings

(continued on page 134)



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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

Margaret Trudeau's own story

Canada's controversial First Lady speaks out about herself and her marriage. By Robin Leach



EDITORS' NOTE: At press time, the fate of Margaret and Pierre Trudeau's marriage is still in doubt. Were he not Prime Minister of Canada, their problems would have remained private. But because they have become public, and because Margaret Trudeau's stormy struggle for individuality reflects some of the overall tensions affecting women today, we believe readers will be interested in her interpretations of her six-year marriage "to a man and not the institution of Prime Minister."

Ten years ago, Margaret Sinclair, 18, vacationed with her family at the exotic Club Med in Tahiti. While swimming she met a future prime minister and her future husband. She says of that meeting, "I saw a sexy figure with sleepy eyes and he asked me to sit with him. We talked about Plato, revolution,



With sons Justin (left), Michel and Sacha: "I'd love to have a little girl."

logic and the mystical English poet, Robert Blake. I was captivated by this man, but there was no romantic interest on my part. We talked for four hours, and that night I was in pain from the worst sunburn of my life. My mother told me that I had been dallying with Canada's Justice Minister, Pierre Trudeau—and I hadn't even realized it! My reaction was 'yuk'—I wasn't too keen on politicians. My father had been Minister of Fisheries in the 1950's, and I was uncomfortable in the world of politics. There was no romance then, although we continued to see each other at the club until the end of vacation."

Trudeau returned to one end of Canada—the capital city of Ottawa—and Margaret returned to the other to finish her studies in political science and sociology at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, British Columbia. Afterward, she toured Morocco and, as she describes it, "blossomed in the generation of flower children."

In the spring of 1968, Trudeau campaigned for prime minister and while in Vancouver received a kiss from Margaret, who had wondered if he would remember her from their week at Club Med.

Trudeau hadn't forgotten.

The bachelor politician, who had dated Barbra Streisand and other celebrities, started a secret courtship of Margaret. They spent Christmas 1969 with his mother in Ottawa. The following Easter he stayed with her parents in Vancouver. By August 1970, they were secretly engaged. In March 1971, they were married in a small, private ceremony at Vancouver's St. Stephens Church. Margaret baked her own three-tiered wedding cake, made her wedding dress and picked daisies from her yard for the bridal bouquet.

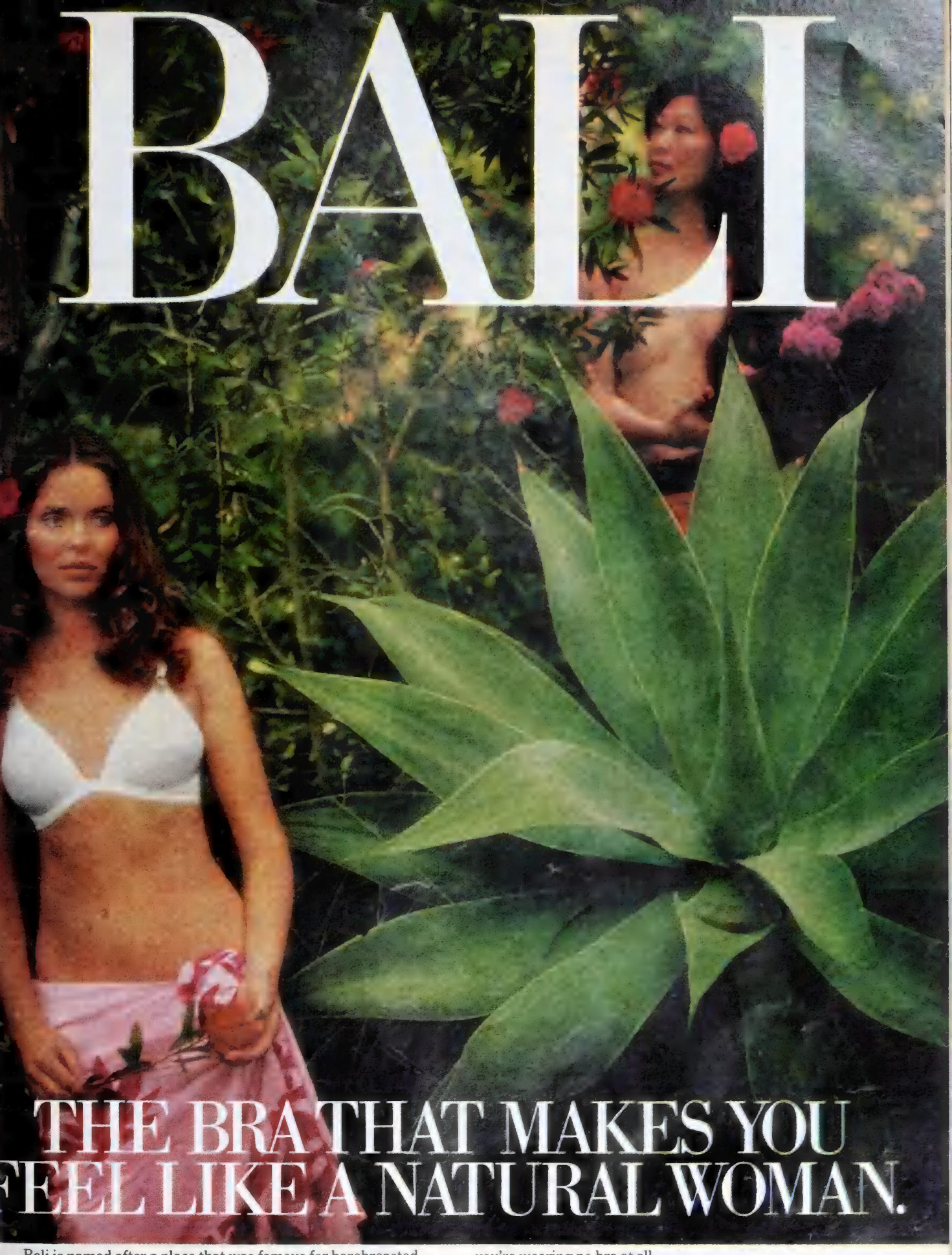
Margaret says of her romance: "Pierre is so sensitive and understanding. When I met him again in Vancouver, I saw in him what he'd seen in me. People think we are the odd couple, and if opposites attract, we're the perfect illustration of the rule. I'm spontaneous and impulsive; Pierre is the opposite—reasoned, thoughtful, very, very disciplined and rational. There's no problem because of the difference in age (Trudeau, 57, is nearly 30 years older than his 28-year-old wife), because he's fitter and younger than men half his age.

"I was always thought of as a black sheep because I constantly rebelled against authority. Pierre never told me what I should do or who I should be. I liked that, and I respected his desire for absolute privacy between us. He respected the things I stood for as a person—being an individual and being free. I love Pierre more than any person I have ever loved in my life."

"But I was completely unprepared for moving into the prime minister's home after our marriage," she says. "It was a total catastrophe in terms of my own identity. I'd never had servants at home and I didn't even know if they'd be my friends or not. I wanted to serve them instead of letting them serve me. Also, there was so much sudden interest in me and I just wasn't ready for it. I'd prepared myself for marriage to Pierre Trudeau, but I didn't prepare myself for marriage to the prime minister. He *(continued)*



Calf-length at the White House: "President Carter didn't frown at it."



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Bali

Margaret Trudeau

continued

helped me through a lot of it because it was so frightening. He's a beautiful man and not your average prime minister. He likes to wear jeans as much as I do."

Life for the Trudeaus revolved around the official government residence at 24 Sussex Drive in Ottawa. The 60-year-old stone mansion originally was owned by a rich lumber baron. To make it more personal, Margaret furnished one wing of her second floor quarters with a small kitchen to make her own tea and snacks for visitors.

The three Trudeau children—Justin, 5, Sacha, 3 (both born on Christmas Day), and Michel, 1—have their own playroom in a soundproof basement of the house. Their father works above them in a study on the ground floor.

Despite the lavish surroundings of the 20-room, three-story house, Mrs. Trudeau says, "I felt a prisoner. I couldn't really go anywhere by myself. Two Royal Canadian Mounted Police were always there. I wanted to walk for once without hearing four footsteps in formation fifty feet behind my every move. I envied my friends who could drive their own cars and pick up their kids from school.

"My whole life became formal and set. Between politics and business, I had only ninety minutes alone with my husband after dinner. Even when we went to bed at night, two guards were outside on the patio. They could have stood at the foot of the bed if any closer."

The Trudeaus retreated from the public eye to a wooded country home on Harrington Lake in Ottawa. The government-owned residence has only one guest house and that's separated from family quarters. The couple seems to enjoy the privacy of their retreat and once back-packed through a secluded area to find the perfect spot to build their own hideaway home.

But the two things the Trudeaus say that they value a great deal—freedom and privacy—are often denied them. Margaret remembers one day they claimed for themselves during an official visit to Japan: "Pierre and I were able to go for a walk all by ourselves in the woods. We were just two lovers, alone in the world. It was like a first date all over again. We held hands, ran and jumped, threw ourselves into each other's arms. Even when we walked back to where we were staying, Pierre took off his shirt and we wrapped our arms about each other's waists. Some Canadian cameramen spotted him bare-chested and he just walked right up to the camera without a care in the world. He gave one of his rare impromptu interviews and afterwards a lot of people said they'd seen the real Pierre Trudeau. We were as nature ourselves right in the middle of nature."

Both Trudeaus are natural enthusiasts. Pierre, a non-smoker and non-drinker, uses the indoor pool every day for a nude swim with the children. Margaret breast-fed all three boys ("It's the greatest gift a mother can give to her child"), strains her own baby food and forbids the use of white sugar. She's fond of simple pleasures, like making her children's clothes, and would prefer to do her own housework, which is an impossibility in an official government residence. Pierre splits child-care duties with her, chopping up fresh fruit for the children's breakfast, sometimes even changing diapers for their youngest son.

In the first years of her marriage, Margaret Trudeau protected her family life from public view. She never gave interviews and avoided most political events. Then, in November 1974, Pierre launched his re-election bid and Margaret decided to join the campaign.

"I could have stayed out of his campaign and remained a private person," she says, "and I would have if I didn't think it could have really helped him. I knew him so well as a warm human being, and I didn't think the image-makers really understood what kind of man was offering himself to run the country. I felt that perhaps by being at his side I would round out the hard edges. I'm private, but, boy, he's so shy and so private that it's very hard for him to let people know how much he cares inside. I was so happy that it worked so well, but afterward I was completely let down."

Birthday in hospital

Two months after Trudeau's election victory, Margaret spent her 26th birthday in a private rest area of Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. "I was very, very frightened when I actually went to the hospital, because we're all afraid to say we need help," she says. "There is an unwarranted social stigma around psychiatric help and I never thought I would need it. I was afraid that something else would be taken away from me, but I was completely wrong because I just received help.

"I had reached a crisis stage in my life. After the election, I found myself very thoughtful about what I as a human being could do. I didn't want to just be caught up in the role of a politician's wife. I wanted to have a chance to think about things and be away from the strains of politics, household and children. In part, it was a reaction to tender feelings that had been scraped raw. At the same time, I was going through what obstetricians call post-natal depression. Every woman goes through it after she gives birth and feels the responsibility of another life. The psychiatrist told me that *(continued)*

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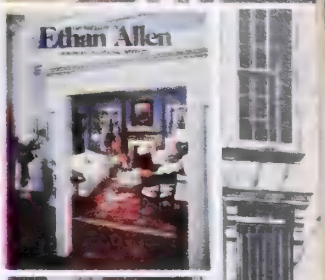
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Margaret Trudeau

continued

there was nothing to worry about as far as my emotional health was concerned. After ten days of complete peace and quiet, one of the Mounties simply drove me home in a squad car. I knew all along it wasn't a nervous or mental breakdown."

Once out of the hospital, Margaret won her husband's backing to be self-expressive. A $3,000 gift of cameras, lenses and light meters from Jordan's King Hussein propelled her into photography. As she pursued her interest, she gained more personal freedom and was allowed to travel without security escorts. "I won the right to be Mrs. Margaret Trudeau," she says, "taking ordinary planes, ordinary taxis and doing ordinary things."

However, Mrs. Margaret Trudeau soon caught criticism from the press. During an official Latin American tour last year, she broke protocol on several occasions: proposing an unscheduled toast in Mexico, wearing a Liberal Party T-shirt at a public rally in Cuba and insisting that she be allowed to talk to people on the street in Venezuela. Back home, she responded to critics by saying, "Protocol turns people into robots and I'm going to be more than just a rose in my husband's lapel."

In February 1977, her respect for protocol was again questioned when she appeared at a formal White House dinner given by President and Mrs. Carter wearing a calf-length dress. She later explained, "President Carter didn't frown at it and Pierre had picked out the dress to start with—not me."

After the hemline incident, "I made a decision to retire from public life and go to work," she says. "Pierre gave me one hundred percent support in finding a job. At Christmas I'd given him a collection of photographs that I'd been quietly taking. He thought they were fantastic and told me, 'You have something to say—go say it.' He just asked that I didn't make headlines.

"It's not set down anywhere that a prime minister's wife has to run a country," she adds. "That's why I slowly withdrew from official functions. I'd been given power and influence that I never wanted and didn't know how to use anyway. I took a leave of absence for good behavior—not knowing how long it would be until I was ready to go back to the official role. All I want is to be useful, doing something that's good. Many people still don't understand my search for freedom. But many women have sent me wonderful letters of support for the decisions I've made. I just had enough of being public property. But I will definitely continue my interest and support of Canada's National Ballet and mental health programs." (Margaret wants to work with Rosalynn Carter on joint U.S.-Canadian health projects.)

One of Margaret's first photography shootings was at a Rolling Stones appearance in Toronto. Headlines disapproved of her work with the rock group. Margaret says, "The controversy started because my trip began on our sixth wedding anniversary. I've never been one to celebrate anniversaries, and the private luncheon Pierre and I had planned was canceled because of some unexpected meeting—so I took off. The scandal tabloids tried to make a romance out of me and the musicians. It was vile innuendo and suggestion—absolutely distasteful. Apparently women aren't even allowed to talk with a man without the level being interpreted as sexual. I have men friends and Pierre sometimes takes out women friends, but we've drawn the line at anything else. I have never had a romantic involvement with anyone other than him, and he has never felt threatened by vicious rumors of alleged extra-marital affairs. I have been faithful to my husband."

Not unusual

Following the Rolling Stones controversy, Margaret announced that she planned to work part-time in New York City and would commute back and forth to Ottawa. "A lot of people can't go along with the idea of me working, but there's nothing wrong with a woman getting out of her home and doing something totally for herself," she says. "I'm not unusual. Many young mothers today seek jobs once their children get close to two-years-old. I'm doing the same, freely, as a modern woman. Even if there were no household help around, I'd share babysitting chores with a friend or young mother who also wanted the occasional break like me.

"Pierre never had any expectations of me always being at his side. I didn't have any expectations of him to always be at mine. It's still possible to love your husband and also go to work. I don't believe I have to be a 24-hour, round-the-clock wife and mother. I have beautiful children who have grown up in love and security. I've made the children and my husband as comfortable as I could when we decided that I could go out and have an alternative lifestyle. He's around with them when I'm off working and I'm with them when he's busy. They haven't been abandoned. The children are really excited about my photography. They understand there's a real life outside of our front door, and I want them to. I think we've become closer because I'm away working for a few days. I really believe I can be a wife, a woman, a mother and a creative person." She adds: "People thought that I'd actually run away to New York because I was pregnant and wanted an abortion. It's not true. If I had been pregnant I would have had the baby. Pregnancy is such a wonderful thing, and someday I'd love to have a little girl to go with my three sons."

In the wake of criticism, the Trudeaus (both Roman Catholics) have agreed to a three-month trial separation. She says, "we needed some time and space apart in our marriage in order to breathe again and to learn how to give again. I can't go that far ahead to think about what's going to happen.

"I feel that I've had tremendous growing opportunities in the last six years. The only—not regret—but concern is that when I married (at age 22) I was not a finished, complete person. I was still growing and I hope I'll continue to grow and have strong principles and opinions of my own. I've done my best to try and do my public role graciously and with dignity, but I still am young and feel that I don't have to go along with a lot of old-fashioned ideas. I insist on being free, but I'll still be faithful to those I love. I do respect Pierre and my children. I'm not going to hurt them or humiliate them.

"I realize if I'd just stuck to my horseriding and skiing, my actions would not have touched the political establishment. Regrettably, I became a political freak because people couldn't relate to me and can't accept my candor. But I know my greatest asset is my wide-open eyes and my greatest liability is my innocent faith in the goodness of others.

"At 28, I'm full of life and peaking in terms of my own energies. It has never been easy to be a politician's wife—living in a goldfish bowl under constant public examination. At this point in my life, I had to make a stand for myself and my interest in working and doing something positive. I'm not going to let his job press me down into the ground.

"Our six years together have been great, and I hope I stay married. I also hope that Pierre isn't pressured to choose between me and his commitment to his country. I know how loyal he is to Canada and how dedicated he is to his office. *I* live for the day when he's not prime minister—just Pierre Trudeau. I'd fall in love with him all over again—and we'd win each other back." **End**

ARGUMENT BETWEEN SIBLINGS

By Jonellen Heckler

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QUEEN ELIZABETH AT 51

Once upon a time, she was a fairy-tale princess. Today she is celebrating her 25th year as a beloved queen. An appreciation by a well-known British novelist.

By Norah Lofts



The English—and possibly they are not alone in this—like their Queens Regnant to be either touchingly young and pretty, or very old and presumably wise. Elizabeth I and Victoria had qualified on both scores; Mary I, Mary II and Anne had not. Elizabeth II came to the throne when she was 26 and pretty, as portraits show. That was an advantage. Another was that she had been trained to the job—quite the most trying one in the world; a job no rational person would envy; a rubber stamp to be applied to other people's decisions, and the everlasting demand for the rubber stamp to be perfect. She is Queen of England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, titular head of many countries that once formed an Empire, but she has no more say in how things should be run than the woman who makes her bed—far less if there is a Bed-Makers' Union and this Bed-Maker is a fully paid up member. The Queen must go, regally clad, to each opening of Parliament and make what is called the Queen's Speech, a concoction of sentiments that vary according to which party is in power; she must receive, with every courtesy, people who are boring, even repellent. The wonder is, as Dr. Johnson said of a dog dancing, that it is done at all.

But done it is, because from the time when she was ten years old, duty was impressed upon her by her parents, George VI and Elizabeth, and by her grandmother, Queen Mary. And, for the next 16 years, she had before her her father's example and—but at a different level—her mother's.

It is said that at the age of ten, in that momentous year 1936, she saw an American divorcee, Wallis Warfield Simpson (later to become known as the Duchess of Windsor) at a reception and asked, "Who is she?" Someone could have said, "She is the woman who will put the crown of England on your head and the burden of being a monarch on your shoulders."

Three years later, Princess Elizabeth, hardly out of childhood herself, made a broadcast to all the children of Britain whom the war had made evacuees. Nobody who heard it will ever forget it. Somebody handy with words put the speech together, but *she* delivered it perfectly, in a clear, natural, girlish voice, and with sincerity.

The Queen of England was an obvious target for unkind observers and one remembers—with rage—how, soon after she became Queen, odious people were criticizing her diction. She was shy to begin with; it was an inherited trait; her grandmother Queen Mary was shy, so was her father George VI, and criticism merely inflames the condition. If the Queen, required to make even the briefest formal speech, clutches a bit of paper and seems to read from it, the critics are to blame; that bit of paper is defensive. The Queen is incapable of producing that straight, untroubled look, which is her mother's trademark. She looks at the dogs, at the children, or whatever thing is on exhibit.

She was fortunate in finding, quite early, a man she could love, and who would make an acceptable Prince Consort. It is often overlooked that Philip Mountbatten, when he decided to take on British nationality, sacrificed certain rights to the throne of Greece—not of much value at the time—and to the throne of Denmark, which were. He was therefore in a stronger position than Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, had ever been, and a further advantage was that since Elizabeth was not yet a reigning monarch, he was able to propose to her, having gained her father's consent. His British citizenship cost him £10, plus two shillings and sixpence to a Commissioner of Oaths.

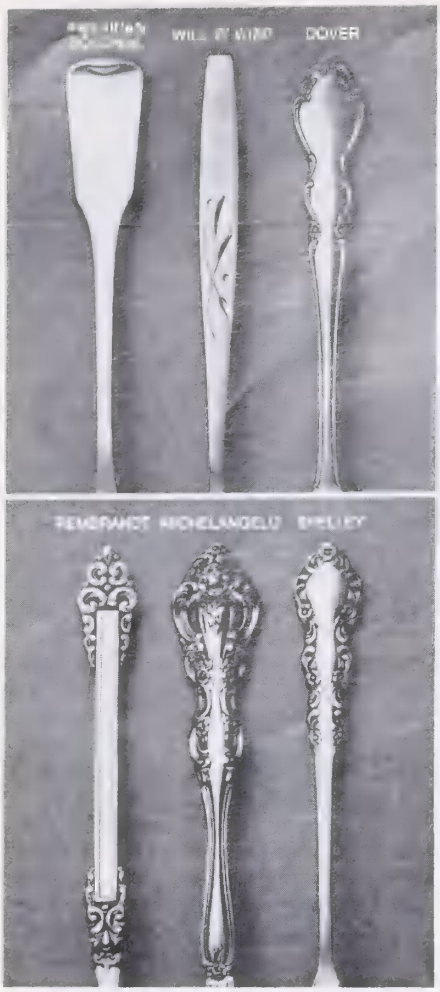
It is impossible not to suspect that Prince Albert's ghost walked in the corridors of Prince Philip's mind and had influence on some of his attitudes. He need not have bothered; seldom have two men been more unlike; Philip was popular from the start and has gone on to prove that he is a person in his own right; faced with a crowd he has as much confidence as his mother-in-law. He has wit. Royal speeches may often be pre-prepared, but nobody except the speaker can control the timing and the intonation; in that art Philip is a past master and there is also that pungent astringency that must be his own since it could have no other origin. One is always happily certain that had his destiny led otherwhere, he would have been a success—like Elizabeth Tudor, who once said that turned out of England in her petticoat she would be able to make a living.

And surely the finest compliment that Prince Philip could ever receive is that his son, Charles, Prince of Wales, imitates him—not consciously but intuitively.

George VI helped. In 1947, on the day before the wedding, he bestowed a number of titles on his prospective son-in-law; only one of them, Duke of Edinburgh, came into general use.

The match was popular with the people, thousands of whom spent the night on the pavements—despite the wedding day being on November 20—in order to get a good view of the procession. The Princess was calm enough to refuse the sustaining drink offered to her by the King, and afterwards he wrote to her, "you were so calm and composed *(continued)*

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QUEEN ELIZABETH

continued

during the service and said your words with such conviction that I knew everything was all right." He had picked out the three qualities that were to go with his daughter along the years: calmness, composure and conviction.

Although the wedding was properly ceremonious, it was not without its share of gaiety. One does not usually associate Elizabeth's grandmother, Queen Mary, with the light quip, but when she saw the tablecloth, woven by Gandhi, amongst the plethora of wedding presents, she said that he had sent Elizabeth a loincloth!

A favorite corgi accompanied the couple on their honeymoon. (One thinks of the Empress Josephine's dog, actually on the bridal bed, removed by the great Napoleon, and biting back! One thinks of Queen Victoria, ending one of the most momentous days of her life by bathing her favorite dog.)

By May of the following year, the Princess was pregnant, but, disciplined still, she went to open the Anglo-French Exhibition in Paris; and as any woman who has ever had a baby knows, the first three months are the worst.

(Recently, as a tribute to her 50th birthday, a popular magazine interviewed five other working women who would be 50 at roughly the same time. Every one of them agreed that Elizabeth did a good job; and not one of them would have wished to change places with her, the main reason being the lack of privacy, of always being on show.) Of her pregnancy, she said that she might read about it in the papers before she really knew herself.

Later that summer, symptoms of the King's illness made themselves apparent, but it was decided to keep the truth from the Princess until after the baby was born. Prince Charles missed arriving as a first wedding anniversary present by a mere six days. It has been said that the present royal family prefer to think of their Stuart rather than their Tudor ancestry—though both are closely connected. If this is fact, the choice of the Stuart name Charles is understandable as a gesture, yet puzzling in a woman superstitious enough as never to sit down 13 at a table, for among the Stuarts, neither Charles I nor Charles II had a happy story. Still, the Prince has three other names. (His full Christian name is Charles Philip Arthur George.)

Laying the foundation of her reputation as a good family woman, the Princess nursed her baby for a few months, then handed him over to expert hands. Up came the critics again! Why not rear her own child? The answer was obvious. When her baby was four months old her father had his first operation for lung cancer and some of his duties fell to his daughter; only accredited witches can be in two places at the same time.

The year 1949 brought her what were probably the happiest and most carefree days since childhood. The Duke of Edinburgh resumed active service in the Navy and was stationed at Malta, and like many another naval wife, the Princess leased a house there and in between necessary official visits to England—always scrupulously made—lived for a little while an almost private life free of the ever-present press and the TV cameras.

It would be so easy to make a diary of it; the Canadian tour; the King's second operation; his brave show of being well again—a day's shooting with the Duke of Edinburgh on New Year's Day 1952; his seeing his daughter and her husband off on their African tour, that tour which was to end at a place made for tourists, a hotel built into a tree of a size only possible in the tropics.

Philip breaks news

News flew fast, even in 1952; somebody told the Duke of Edinburgh that the King was dead, and Philip broke the news to Elizabeth.

Wearing the black that makes a necessary if unobtrusive part of all royal luggage, the Queen flew home and walked down the steps of the aircraft alone to meet her ministers—and into the glare of publicity and criticism.

She wasn't trendy enough; she was compared unfavorably with her sister Margaret Rose, and with Jacqueline Kennedy. She refused to send her children—she had two more after Anne—to public schools. (She refused to make even the false token gesture of those so-called left-wingers who send their children to a public school for one term or two and then move them to an exclusive boarding school like Eton.)

She isn't this; she didn't that. What she is and what she has done is too often overlooked. No names, no lectures, but the people who stand up in public and ask what purpose does she—and the monarchial system she represents—serve; and does the ordinary taxpayer get his money's worth, should take another look. What she gives is a permanent center that no president or prime minister—or their wives—could possibly provide; she may have no power to change things, but she must be kept informed of all government procedure and is therefore a living repository of yesterday's information, which can be drawn upon by "new boys" who come to office today. She really does *read* the contents of those dispatch boxes that have only two keys, one held by the relevant minister and one by her, and

(continued on page 126)

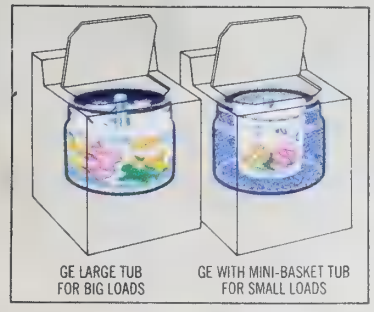
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

"Having a terrible time. Wish I weren't here." Dr. Rubin talks about how you can overcome the vacation blues and learn to enjoy yourself more.

"Why are vacations such bummers? I always look forward to them and I'm always disappointed." "I come home early every time—and to tell you the truth, I'm always glad it's over."

Many people feel this way. Vacations, which are supposed to be fun-filled days, often turn out to be vaguely depressing or unsatisfying. Is there any remedy for the sufferer of "vacation blues?" What causes this gap between our hopes and realities?

One reason for our discontent is that we are a nation of "workaholics," addicted to the goals of labor, achievement and visible productivity. But this work ethic can get in the way of the less tangible goal of pleasure, making it difficult for us to enjoy our leisure. If we are work-addicted, "lazying around" can make us tense, anxious, guilty, even depressed. Some addicts dilute their vacation withdrawal symptoms by a variety of interesting tactics: phoning the office from a vacation hotel, turning their "play" into "work" by assigning goals to it (I'm exercising, or I'm getting to know the children better, or I'm improving my marriage), or even bringing work along with them on vacation.

Some people will rationalize the need for a vacation by waiting until they desperately need one—when they are physically and emotionally exhausted, or gravely ill, for example. Others handle their guilt self-destructively by drinking or gambling excessively on holidays, getting sick or having an accident, or picking a fight with a spouse. All these behavior patterns represent an attempt to assuage guilt.

Another reason for an inability to enjoy vacations is that we are brainwashed into believing that leisure time and vacation activity is our reward for hard work. We're *supposed* to enjoy this reward, and if we don't, we feel anxious: What's the matter with us? The best way to avoid this seeming conflict, we decide, is to avoid or deny the problem.

Yet, if we're to change and grow and learn to enjoy ourselves more, it's important to recognize that we have difficulty with leisure time. A large part of the solution to any problem lies in an honest recognition that it exists. This awareness may lead to a change in our behavior, and that prospect is frightening. But the risk is worth taking. What specific steps might help the victim of vacation blues?

1. Examine and reassess past vacations and determine if you've suffered from vacation blues.

2. If you are a victim, it's necessary to develop a compassionate rather than a harsh view of yourself. Don't vilify yourself, no matter how your vacations turn out. Do what you can. Take a chance. Be grateful for small changes in the form of pleasurable moments.

3. Try not to set up disastrous traps. Don't wait until you're sick, tired or about to be divorced, for example, before taking off. Do not go on vacation with "friends" who will use you poorly (to solve their problems, to exploit you for various services, etc.).

4. Have reasonable expectations rather than impossible ones that will invariably lead to disappointment. You're taking a vacation, not a trip to paradise. A vacation will not necessarily make you a new person or salvage a troubled marriage. It will, however, give you a beneficial change of scene.

5. Take short vacations if long ones make you homesick, especially when you first begin to solve the problem. *But* do not expect to unwind fully unless you take off enough time. This means at least three or four days to get used to a change of pace and activity.

6. Go ahead and call the office or home if that makes you more comfortable.

7. If you feel a loss of identity while on vacation, either stay at home, close to home or at a place similar to home. Do not impose a foreign language or an exotic locale on yourself if you're already in the middle of an identity crisis.

8. Leave the kids home if you can. If this creates too much anxiety, take them along—don't fight it. But separation is usually good for you and for them. You need the relief and renewal. They need separation to grow up.

9. Choose the vacation place and activity with care, based on past experience, appetites and feelings. You are entitled to be with people, at a place you like and doing what and with whom you like. This can be learned from past history, though there's nothing wrong with trying new experiences.

10. Forget such maxims as "Hard work deserves a rest." Remember: A vacation has nothing at all to do with "just desserts" and has everything to do with how you feel. If you want it, that is reason enough to do it. With practice, this kind of compassionate behavior with one's self gets easier. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections in a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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ter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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Working cats

By Karen Larson

Not all cats are house pets who spend their days lounging in sunny windows. Some, like these four, work for their room and board—and love every minute of it.



The one-cat reception committee at the Feline Inn, a cat hotel in Chicago, is Luv, a 12-year-old seal point Siamese. From her corner on the front counter, Luv greets guests and helps sell her favorite food—dried fish. ("If Luv loves it, your cat will, too!") "She rules the roost," says owner Peg O'Boyle—and rightly so; Luv had about 60 kittens before she was spayed. Her favorite holiday: Thanksgiving, when the whole "family" shares a turkey stuffed with dry cat food moistened in chicken broth.



Delicately-boned, curly-coated Opus, a seven-year-old Rex cat, models for her owner, animal illustrator Marj Estes, in Richardson, Tex. Opus, short for d'Este Opus of Rachel, takes after her mother, who posed for this pastel-on-velour portrait commissioned last year by a cat magazine. Like her mother, Opus is a Grand Champion; she won 1971-72 Best of Breed title. When blue-eyed Opus isn't striking poses or winning shows, she's watching her weight or curling up in a warm spot for a beauty rest. At night, she sleeps under Marj's arm.



Florence Chadwick, a 14-year-old American Shorthair, works the late shift in a New York veterinarian's office. After 9 P.M., when the human nurses leave, Flo (named after the Channel swimmer because her swaying walk resembles swimming) offers companionship to the patients. During the day, Flo sees that every cat receives a cat-shaped card "signed" by Flo. Nurse Renee Nitzberg, Flo's secretary, handles the actual writing, but Flo scans the incoming mail (last Christmas she received 300 cards and letters). Special messages—including Valentines—from as far away as London are tacked on Flo's very own bulletin board behind her flowered pillow.

Sixteen-year-old Peter, an American Shorthair, is the rodent control officer at the Newcomb-Macklin picture framing company in Chicago. Prized and pampered, Peter is the only employee that gets to sleep on the job—on soft-toweled baskets, desk mail bins or oriental rugs. When bored, Peter plays with a drawer full of stuffed toys, or wanders through the building via cat-size openings specially cut in the doors. At night, he relaxes in the lighted windows among the framed paintings, waiting for two neighboring poodles to peer in during their evening stroll. Of course, no life is perfect, and on weekends Peter's serenity often is spoiled by the noisy parades that start outside the office and send him fleeing to the back for quiet.



Upper left, clockwise: Ralph Pabst/Camera 5; Lynn Lennon; Ralph Pabst/Camera 5; Carole Wilbourn.



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2-01

By Geraldine Carro



Mothering

WHAT KIND OF PARENT ARE YOU?

Recently, a big national polling organization* set out to study how we're raising our children today. After preliminary samplings, they decided that, for the purposes of analysis, they could break us down fairly neatly into two groups—the "new breeds" and the "traditionalists."

As a parent, you may wonder which label the pollsters would have assigned to you had you been one of the 2,102 people with children under age 13 they questioned. The test below will provide a good clue. Of the following statements abstracted from the survey, commissioned by General Mills, check only those that most closely correspond to your own views.

- ☐ 1. Parents should sacrifice to give their kids the best.
- ☐ 2. Saving money is not an important value to you.
- ☐ 3. You're concerned that your child be outstanding.
- ☐ 4. Boys and girls should be raised alike.
- ☐ 5. The most important characteristics in a child are, in order: • good manners • responsibleness • good sense and judgment • respect for elders.
- ☐ 6. In contrast to question 5, you believe the most important characteristics in a child are, in order: • good sense and judgment • responsibleness • good manners • independence.
- ☐ 7. It's up to the man to be the main family provider.
- ☐ 8. The offspring who should go to college are the ones who are the best students, regardless of sex.
- ☐ 9. People who want no children are basically selfish.
- ☐ 10. It's okay for parents to have a pal-like relationship with their children.



Now for an interpretation of responses: If you tended to check more even-numbered statements, according to survey criteria, you're new breed, along with 43% of other parents. If the reverse is true, and you generally checked the odd-numbered statements, you're a traditionalist, along with a 57% majority.

In summing up their report entitled, "Raising Children in a Changing Society," the pollsters observed that new breed parents are more "self-oriented" than "child-oriented." Better educated and richer than the traditionalists as a group, they place less importance on marriage, religion and saving money. They believe in equal rights for parents and children, are less strict and believe that boys and girls should be raised alike.

In comparison, traditionalists feel marriage, religion, saving money and hard work are still very important; they are both stricter with their children and more willing to make sacrifices for them.

The traditionalists, however, have changed, too. While they believe that boys and girls should be raised differently, this attitude is breaking down in practice. And while they value marriage highly, they don't believe unhappily married parents should stay together for the children's sake.

*Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc.

PRESCHOOLERS AND READING: What role, if any, should parents play?

(Part I of a two-part series)

"It's an 'A'!" screeched the two-and-a-half-year-old as the animated letter gyrated across the Sesame Street sky.

Never before, it would seem, have so many children received so much information at such an early age. By the time they're ready for kindergarten, today's TV-educated youngsters are often old friends with the alphabet and the Space Age lingo of launching pads and rockets.

To some it seems incongruous to keep these super sophisticates down in the sandbox. This view, along with the failure of many children to learn to read properly once they start school, has created pressure to introduce them to academic subjects, especially reading, at an earlier age.

Should nursery schools begin to look like first grade? Are children ready to read at the tender age of, say two, as one recent book proposes? Moreover, should parents try to teach them? Professional opinion is divided.

Hitting the low end of the age spectrum, Canadian writer Sidney Ledson's book *Teach Your Child to Read in 60 Days** tells how parents can teach toddlers and preschoolers. In the book, Ledson describes the way he instructed his two daughters, then aged 2½ and 4, in phonics, teaching them to sound out a total of 186 words in 60 days. Taking a cue from the behavior modification school, Ledson offered his girls rewards such as raisins, cornflakes and oranges for correctly performing the reading games he devised.



Many experts take exception to Ledson's proposal:

Dr. Priscilla Lynch, education consultant to Scholastic Magazines, objects to training normal children like laboratory animals.

Noted reading specialist, Professor Dolores Durkin of the University of Illinois, thinks many children are ready to read before school age. However, she thinks parents should avoid acting as teachers; the impetus to learn to read should come from the children.

Early education specialist Dorothy Cohen of Banks Street College in New York, is skeptical about the rush to read. She says, "There are so many more important things young children have to learn."

Part II: Parents can lay the groundwork for reading.

*Published by W.W. Norton & Co., New York: 1975. $7.95.

CLOSED CARS: Summer Safety Hazard for Small Children

It's a balmy summer day and the baby is asleep in the back seat of the car. For a parent who has a quick errand to perform, it may be tempting to lock the doors, open the windows a little and leave the child. Baltimore pediatrician Kenneth Roberts warns that leaving small children in a closed car can cause injury and even death. When a 19-month-old girl died of heat stress after her mother had left her in a locked car for an hour, Dr. Roberts experimented on a breezy, 83° day, with a parked car whose windows were slightly rolled down. In 15 minutes the mercury soared to 110° F.; in 45 minutes it reached a sweltering 130° F. The car acted like a radiant oven.

MAILBOX

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my soap.

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Kay Bruner



The above sentences are excerpts taken from hidden camera interviews of Kay Bruner. At that time, we asked her to bathe pictures of herself, like the ones above, in her favorite soap and Zest.® We also asked her to try Zest at home. She found out Zest made her feel cleaner than her soap.

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TELLING ALL

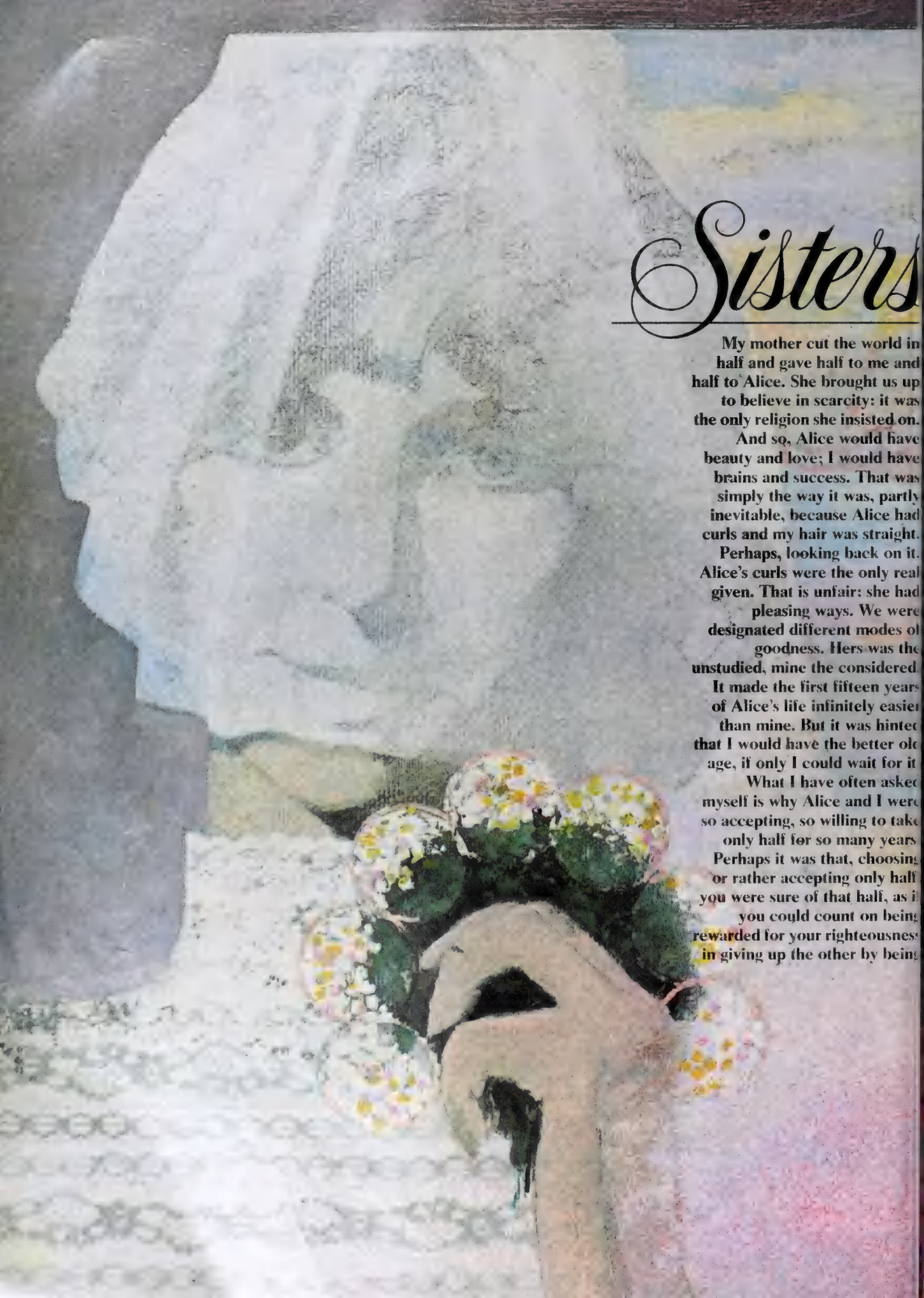
Confession may be good for the soul, but it can be bad for a marriage, a friendship—even for you. A vital warning about the dangers of the "new openness."

BY HARRIET LA BARRE. Once upon a time, in the uptight, Victorian days of Freud's Vienna, when total reserve was admired, a woman would rather shoot herself than expose her personal problems—sexual, marital, intimate. Better to put on a lying, falsely smiling face, women felt, than to reveal deeper emotional feelings, even to their husbands! Nobody, unless agonizing on Freud's own couch, admitted to a sexual fantasy—and, tortured by guilt or not, people hid their infidelities and other venalities. Right through the 1950's and 60's, our hearts were still weighed down with unshared confidences and repressed true feelings between friend and friend, lover and lover, husband and wife.

Now, however, we tell . . . and tell. The 1970's is a spill-all-the-beans decade. Neck-deep in psychotherapy and group encounters ("Disclose!" . . . "Reveal yourself!" . . . "Communicate!"), we tell all. The encounter movement, designed to get us to expose our genuine emotions and exchange honest feelings, has some people indiscriminately (and with some awful results) confiding and confessing whole basketfuls of emotional feelings and problems to acquaintances, friends, husband or wife. Susceptible to pop psychology, yearning for the promised closeness and intimacy, we may fall into the trap of across-the-board "telling all"—and end by telling too much. Often to the wrong person.

Yet what woman hasn't suspected that telling too much can be perilous? Or, as one psychiatrist says, "Too much self-exposure is unattractive and dangerous—within marriage or with friends. Discriminating exposure is wiser." Yet how are we to judge? Exactly where do we draw the line, button our lip, keep our own counsel?

Let's consider one aspect of marriage. Self-exposure within marriage has been widely encouraged. So it's not surprising that many of us have swallowed the belief that the more we tell our husband, the more intimate our relationship will become, until we are a veritable Héloise and Abélard. A just-married friend of mine, Marilyn, who is 28, brags that she's even told her husband about her premarital affairs. "I hated to do it, but I *did* it!" she says *(continued on page 128)*



Sisters

My mother cut the world in
half and gave half to me and
half to Alice. She brought us up
to believe in scarcity: it was
the only religion she insisted on.
And so, Alice would have
beauty and love; I would have
brains and success. That was
simply the way it was, partly
inevitable, because Alice had
curls and my hair was straight.
Perhaps, looking back on it,
Alice's curls were the only real
given. That is unfair: she had
pleasing ways. We were
designated different modes of
goodness. Hers was the
unstudied, mine the considered.
It made the first fifteen years
of Alice's life infinitely easier
than mine. But it was hinted
that I would have the better old
age, if only I could wait for it.
What I have often asked
myself is why Alice and I were
so accepting, so willing to take
only half for so many years.
Perhaps it was that, choosing
or rather accepting only half,
you were sure of that half, as if
you could count on being
rewarded for your righteousness
in giving up the other by being



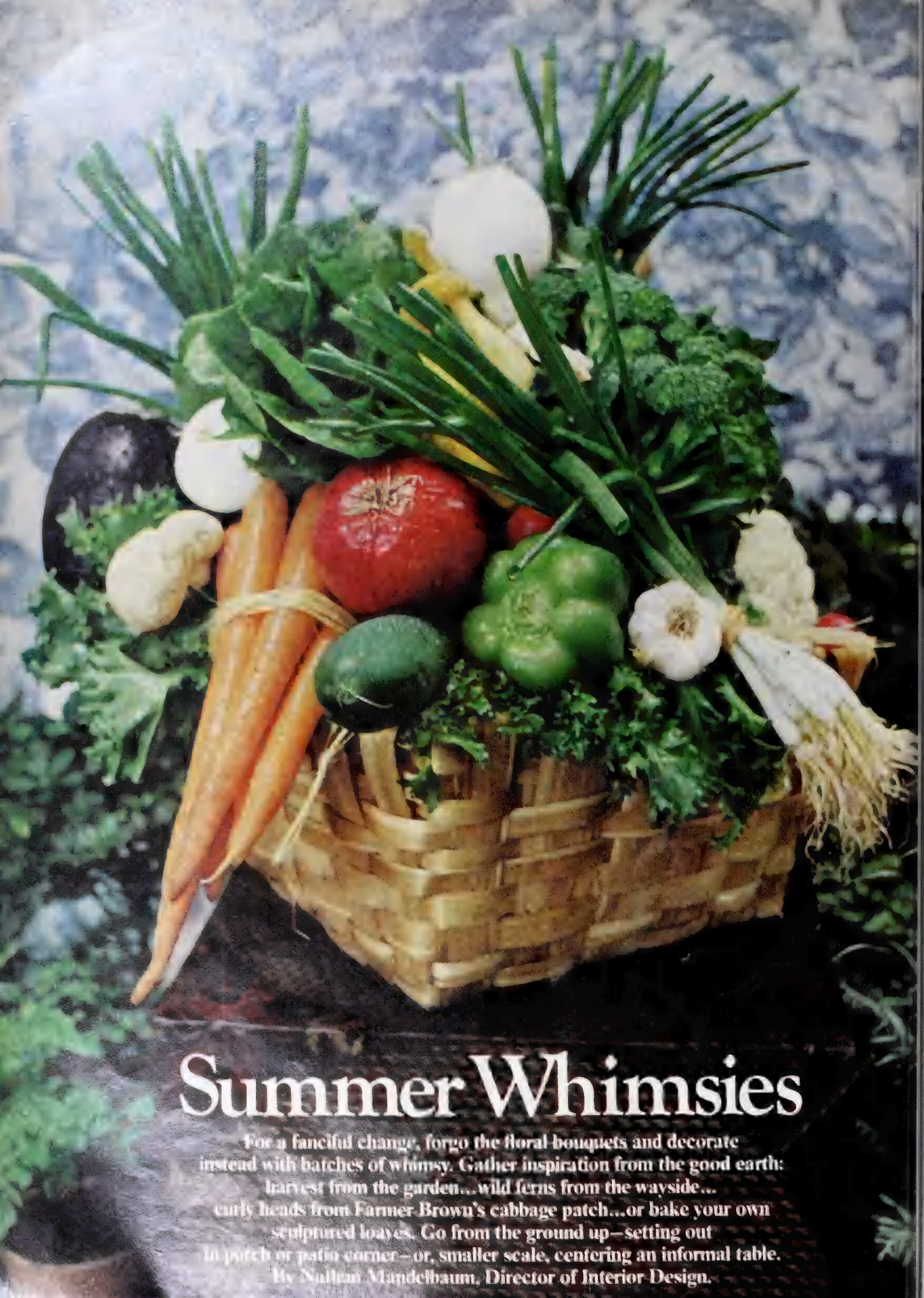
Jne was brilliant, the other eautiful. For the heart that nvied, there was a surprise at he end of the road.
short story by Mary Gordon

aranteed what you had been ven. The question arises: as it gift or choice? An nposition, like a grant of land om the king, or a decision: all I eat cornflakes, shall I eat mburgers?

Believing in invincible greed we did, as we had been taught do, we believed in the evil choice. For if one could oose, one would, of course, oose everything. Leaving thing for the other. Only a iverse of monsters could ow of such a possibility: edom to eat in the land of nine. We believed ourselves be spared the ugly spectacle fighting each other over icken bones at the end of the rld. For our mother was en to the danger: starvation s just around the corner: one could afford to be rich. o we divided everything. n our parents. She got ther, I got father. I got both of grandparents, who were pressed by my patience and thoughtfulness; she got the nger cousins, who were

ntinued on page 150)

ration by Robert Heindel



Summer Whimsies

For a fanciful change, forgo the floral bouquets and decorate instead with batches of whimsy. Gather inspiration from the good earth: harvest from the garden...wild ferns from the wayside... curly heads from Farmer Brown's cabbage patch...or bake your own sculptured loaves. Go from the ground up—setting out in porch or patio corner—or, smaller scale, centering an informal table. By Sullivan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Farmer's fancy, opposite page. The beauty of garden-fresh vegetables . . . they can be arranged for a lush display one night, become salad on the morrow. These are banked and tied with natural ropy cord in a sturdy go-to-market basket. Look for the pick of the crop—choosing a variety of textures and shapes. The satin-y gleam of eggplants, fringes of scallions and corn silks, ruffles of parsley and chicory, fingers of carrots and so on.



Surprise visitor, left, or, Who's been nibbling in the cabbage patch? Have some fun with a ceramic bunny (Brer Rabbit, perhaps?)—setting the stage in an overturned hutch of wicker hampers. Try for hybrid cabbages with frilly leaves or, the ordinary tightly furled heads will work, too. *Below:* A baker's dozen and then some are stacked piggy-back in a perky wooden llama. A whole make-believe zoo of planters (curly-horned ram with ferns, also shown) come plainly made of unvarnished, unstained pine. Buy or bake the daily breads—yard-long breadsticks, twists, stars, braids—of rye, whole wheat, whatever. For smaller tabletop ideas: pile rolls, pretzels, sesame sticks, etc. Surround with a dense jungle of greenery.

Shopping information on page 119.

Photographs by Fred Lyon at the Greenery, San Francisco.

Peaceable Kingdom, below, nestles forest ferns, wildwood mosses and ever-searching ivy in a barnyard of terra-cotta creatures. House a snooty piglet, pastoral lamb and other gentle farm animals in a rustic chicken coop made of stripped twigs. The mix of patterns—from the lacy greens to the tree-like architecture—give an imaginative look to any space you can spare. Search for quirks of the eye—to create a happy paradise.





FEEL FIT

Easy exercises to look/live better

At last—a shape-up plan where you don't huff-and-puff, tense-and-tire, but instead, slim-and-trim with a series of almost effortless movements called body rhythms. These techniques, a selection of which is on these four pages, are fully explained in a new book called *Body Rhythms* by Manya Khan (Russian-born dancer, physical therapist, fitness expert). Her philosophy is simple. She believes a strong spine ("the lifeline of the body") is the key to a state of well-being. Feels "correct breathing is...a lost art." Her naturally healthful 10-day-to-forever program teaches you to stretch/breathe/relax. Follow the basics here—demonstrated by very limber Khan instructor, Kathy Cunningham.
By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.



Double Leg Stretch

1 *Lying flat on back, keep knees straight, feet together. Flex both feet.*



2 *Breathe in and bring both legs straight up to vertical (right angle) position. Take care to hold feet together and in a parallel line with your body*



3 *Bounce back and forth three times from hip joints (toward your head). Keep legs together (see larger picture, left). Single leg movements can stretch the spine unevenly. Breathe out and slowly lower legs to starting position. Relax. Repeat 5 times.*

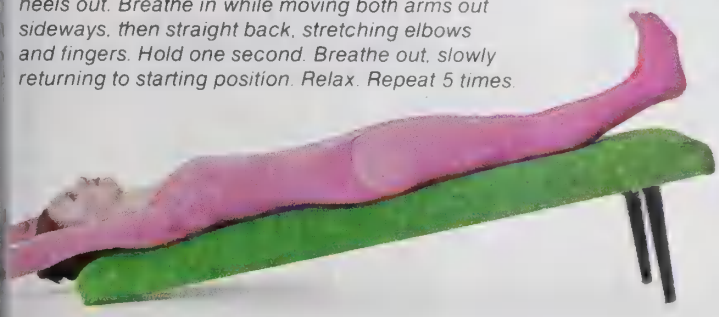


Full Body Stretch

Start by lying flat on slantboard, hands at sides. Flex toes, keep knees straight.



Flex both feet, pulling toes toward head, pushing heels out. Breathe in while moving both arms out sideways, then straight back, stretching elbows and fingers. Hold one second. Breathe out, slowly returning to starting position. Relax. Repeat 5 times.





A slantboard is not essential for these exercises, but does speed up circulation. You can substitute—use a 3-inch-thick floor mat, blankets doubled over, or a firm mattress. Also, you can buy a slantboard (Sears, under $20) or make one (directions in the book). But never work out on a hard floor (bad for the spine).

Photographs by Joel Baldwin. Leotards and tights by Capezio Ballet Makers.

Copyright © 1977 by Manya Khan. Excerpted from MANYA KHAN BODY RHYTHMS, by permission of the publisher, E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Double Knee Stretch

1 *From starting position (previous page), breathe in, bend both knees, place feet flat on slantboard.*

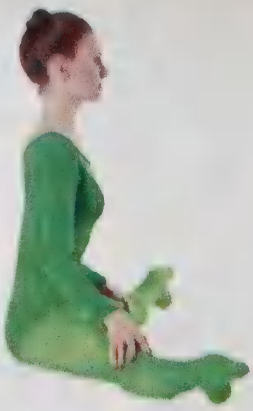


2 *Breathe out, bringing both knees into chest. Bounce knees back and forth 3 times, toward chest from hip joints. Breathe in, stretching legs straight up (see Double Leg Stretch, # 2 previous page). Flex feet; bring both legs slowly down while breathing out. Relax. Repeat 5 times.*

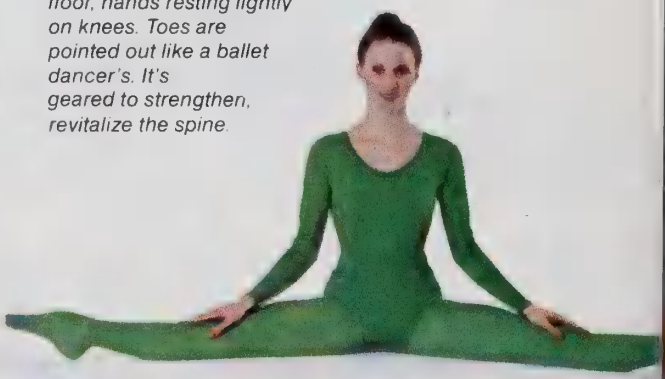


Torso Bends

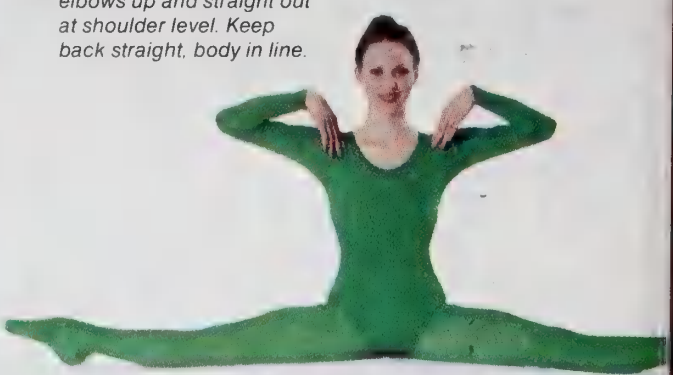
1 *Sit on floor, spine as straight as possible, shoulders relaxed, legs stretched wide apart.*



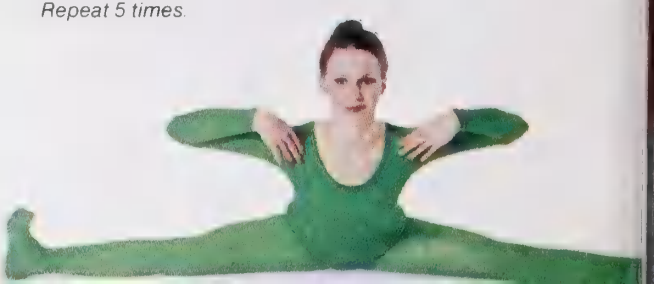
2 *This is a front view of the first position. Note: both knees straight on floor, hands resting lightly on knees. Toes are pointed out like a ballet dancer's. It's geared to strengthen, revitalize the spine.*



3 *Breathe in as you lightly place your fingers on shoulders, raising elbows up and straight out at shoulder level. Keep back straight, body in line.*



4 *Flex your feet. Breathe out. Moving from hip joints, stretch torso forward and down as far as you can. Bounce up and down 3 times. Breathe in; return to start; breathe out. Repeat 5 times.*



Torso Stretch

Stand erect; feet about 10" apart. Clasp hands behind back. Inhale. Stretch arms back and up. Hold 3 seconds. Exhale



2 *Breathe in. Bend torso forward from hip. Stretch arms up, too. Hold back straight, abdomen pulled in. Breathe out. Bounce 3 times; breathe in; return upright; breathe out. Repeat 5 times.*

Double Leg Extension

1 *Start in half-sitting position. Knees straight, heels flat on floor, toes pointed. Place palms down, fingers pointing toward body.*



2 *Breathe in, bending both knees toward chest. Hold head up; pull abdomen in.*

3 *Breathe out, stretching both legs straight up. Knees in line, toes pointed (see larger picture, left). Keep buttocks firm. This is especially good for toning up abdomen, legs, thighs.*

4 *Breathe in, flexing both feet. Breathe out (easily, rhythmically) bringing both legs slowly down to starting position. Relax. Repeat 5 times.*





"This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss! . . ." Very special nightgown (or charming sundress), three tiers of old-fashioned eyelet. By Parisian Maid; polyester/cotton, $50.

". . . most lily-white of hue . .". Prim little nightdress, in wispy-thin batiste with innocent crochet yoke, beading and ruffle trim. By Formfit Rogers; polyester/cotton, $24.



"Lull'd in these flowers . . ." Upper: demure but sexy camisole ($24); lace-edged shorts ($20). By Fernando Sanchez; Dacron/cotton.

"Goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! . . ." Lower: beguiling long gown with deep lacy plunge. New cotton-like fabric flows with the curves of the body. By Olga; nylon tricot, $25.

SWEET SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAMS

"Come our lovely lady nigh, So good night, with lullaby." Lyrics from Shakespeare best describe the sentiments of this year's sweet sleep-dressing. The four here are delicately adorned with embroidery, eyelet or lace . . . pure and fresh in no-care fabrics . . . and cool as a summer eve's breeze. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

Photographs by Charles William Bush; hairstyles and makeup, Don Morand.
Shopping information on page 119



PICNIC IN A POCKET

Pick-a-pack-of-pocket-breads for picnic basket or lunchtime break. Called pita (or peetah, Syrian, Near Eastern), each hollowed round is a single loaf that's slit open to hold a choice of fillings. Snugly. Without leaking. Perfectly portable. Shown, left to right. Back row: sausage and peppers; bologna/Swiss cheese. Center: Chinese pork; fake falafel; egg and sardine. Front: franks and beans; ratatouille. Recipes, including one for homemade bread (for pita's sake!), page 120.

Photograph by Rick Souvigny


CALIFORNIA
CHABLIS

Barbecue '77

Five masters of grillmanship work new wonders with America's top cookout foods.

Barbecuetime U.S.A.: a summer phenomenon where grills light up all over the land for good food and good times. In the backyard of the *Journal*, a certain spark in the air has called one and all to join in the fun of outdoor cooking. From left to right:

Getting Ribbed

Managing Editor John Stevens pokes around (trying to dog-nap?) while the spareribs sizzle. Very innocent: the sweet and pungent sauce is plumped with baby food plums.

Operation S.W.A.T.

"What's Happening" editor-writer-reviewer Gene Shalit, stands ready to fend off all perpetrators from his perfectly-grilled fan of franks and healthy (vegetable-wheat germ-beefed) hamburgers.

Chicken-Go-Round

Executive Editor Dick Kaplan cries "Fowl!" as he keeps his birds-in-hand (or rather, on-the-spit) ever so tenderly basted with wine, lemon and rosemary.

Lurking Turkey

Art Director Don Adamec (seemingly friendly) won't fork over this crowd-pleaser—a splendid whole turkey grilled to a savory golden brown.

Hot Steak-Out

Western Sales Manager Bob Thomas (his back to the antics) takes to the tongs for strip steaks with an herb-butter sauce. These grilling-can-be-thrilling recipes and others, page 107.

Photograph by Ken Regan / Camera 5



A backyard basic—light enough to be portable. Kelly "Big Boy" model 2401; price ranges from $16 to $20.

Cooking with gas—clean and easy. Charmglow model 3000 on a patio base; $234. Electronic ignition; $31.

Journal Men on the Grill



A roll-around, spin-around outdoor barbecue—Structo Wagon Grill #7511; about $46.

Big, round, enamel hall smoke cooks as well as grills—Weber "The Statesman" kettle, #730; about $90.

The compact Japanese hibachi, Char-Broil, #CB-1020, by W. C. Bradley Co., resting here on a wooden table. About $36.





SWEET CORN OF SUMMER

Nothing says summer faster than golden ears of country-fresh corn.

It's July—when the corn is as high as a you-know-what's eye. Everyone's favorite way of eating this in-season treat is the simplest—plunged into a pot of water, slathered with butter and crunched right off the cob. But there are other delicious ways of serving the amazing maize—in relishes, chowders, breads, succotash and more. Here, clockwise: deep-fried corn kernel fritters; tomato cups of corn salad; south-of-the-border stew with corn, pork, bananas, sweet potato. Corn...corny... corniest recipes, page 94.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz

SWEET CORN OF SUMMER

continued

CORN FRITTERS
pictured on page 92

How long has it been since you've had fresh corn fritters? Great for breakfast or as a go-along-with at dinner.

5 to 6 ears of corn (3 cups of kernels)
1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
Pinch cayenne pepper (optional)
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup milk
Salad oil for deep frying
Maple syrup or confectioners' sugar

Remove the husks and silks from corn; rinse. Remove kernels from the cob by cutting with a sharp knife. Measure kernels to equal 3 cups. In medium bowl, combine flour, baking powder, salt and cayenne pepper. Combine eggs and milk with corn. Add to dry ingredients and stir just until flour is moistened. In electric deep-fat fryer, heat 1 inch of salad oil to 375°F. (Or, in large saucepan, heat salad oil to 375°F. on deep fat thermometer.) Drop batter by tablespoonfuls into hot oil. Fry a few at a time, until golden brown, about 3 minutes. Remove fritters with slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. Serve with maple syrup or confectioners' sugar. Makes about 36 fritters. About 50 calories each.

CORN SALAD STUFFED TOMATO
pictured on page 92

Don't overcook the corn; it should be crunchy.

Salad
3 to 4 ears of corn (2 cups of kernels)
4 tomatoes
¼ cup diced radishes
¼ cup diced green onions
Dressing
⅓ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 small garlic clove, crushed
½ teaspoon basil

Remove the husk and silk from corn; rinse. Remove kernels from the cob by cutting off with sharp knife. Measure kernels to equal 2 cups. In small saucepan, boil 1 cup water. Add corn, return to boiling and simmer 2 to 3 minutes or until still slightly crunchy. Drain and cool. Cut tops off tomatoes. Carefully scoop out pulp and seeds to form shell; invert to drain. (Reserve pulp for use in soups or sauces.)

In medium bowl, combine corn, radishes and green onions. In small bowl, combine ingredients for dressing; beat lightly with whisk or fork. Pour over corn mixture and toss gently. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled.

To serve, spoon corn mixture into tomato shells, mounding slightly. Makes 4 servings. About 270 calories per serving.

CORN-PORK STEW
pictured on page 92

A delicious entrée with a definite Latin-American influence.

2 pounds boneless lean pork, cut into 1 inch cubes
¼ cup flour
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup chopped onions
2 garlic cloves, crushed
4 cups chicken broth
1 can (16 oz.) whole tomatoes, undrained
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 bay leaves
1 pound zucchini, cut into 1-inch slices
3 ears of corn, cut into 1-inch slices
2 green bananas, cut into 1-inch slices
1 can (16 or 18 oz.) sweet potatoes, drained, cut into 1½-inch pieces

Coat meat with flour and set aside. 5-quart Dutch oven, heat oil. Add po and brown quickly on all sides, turni frequently. With slotted spoon, remo meat to a dish; set aside. To remaini drippings in pan, add onions and garl sauté over medium heat for about minutes, until tender. Pour in bro Heat to boiling over high heat, scrapi any brown bits clinging to the bott and sides of the pan. Return meat pan. Add tomatoes and seasonings. F duce heat to low; cover and simmer 1 hour or until meat is tender. A zucchini. Simmer for 10 minutes. A corn and cook 5 minutes. Add banan and sweet potatoes and cook until th are heated through, about 5 minut Remove bay leaves. Skim off any f Serve immediately. Makes 6 servin About 660 calories per serving.

ARKANSAS DOWN-HOME FRIED CORN
pictured on page 94

Our food editor's cousin Beryl Brew of Murfreesboro, Ark., has been maki this for years. We at LHJ concur th it's best with bacon grease.

3 to 4 ears of corn (2 cups of kernels)
3 tablespoons bacon grease, butter or margarine
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons water

Place corn on end. With sharp kni cut off outer portion of corn kerne Place in medium bowl. Scrape off maining kernels and liquid into sa bowl. Set aside. In medium skillet, h bacon grease or butter. Add corn, sug salt and water. Fry over medium he 5 to 7 minutes, stirring frequently. Se hot. Makes 2 cups or 4 servings, abo 170 calories per serving.

CORN SHISH KABOBS
pictured on page 94

Cook on barbecue grill or under t broiler.

Marinade
½ cup red wine
⅓ cup salad oil
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 garlic clove, crushed
1½ pounds sirloin steak, cut into 1-inch cubes
4 ears of corn, cut into 1-inch slices
2 red peppers, cut in chunks
2 green peppers, cut in chunks

In medium bowl, combine all ingre ents for marinade; mix well. Add m to marinade and toss until well coat Cover and refrigerate at least 2 ho or longer, turning meat occasionally.

(continued on page 1



Clockwise: Arkansas Down-Home Fried Corn, Corn Relish and Corn Shish Kabobs.

lunt's Prima Salsa.®
lt's thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Boston's Mr. Joseph D'Amelio tell us, "Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu* Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.



Joseph D'Amelio
4 Prince Street
Boston, Mass.

RETOUCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



U—See how the regular Ragu ghetti Sauce begins to come igh the strainer in a matter of a econds.

rademark of Ragu Foods, Inc

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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Available in Three Flavors: Regular, With Mushrooms, and Meat Flavored.

ENJOY JULY—IT'S A FRUITY MONTH

A is for apricots. Look for plump, firm ones with an innocent blush that yields to light pressure. B's are the berries. Blueberries need no peeling or pitting. Seek uniform size with silvery bloom. Raspberries and blackberries: find free of stems; not bruised or moldy. Currants (red, white, black) should be firm and ripe for preserving (or they don't jell as well). For C, we have cantaloupes. Inspect for no trace of stem, thick netting over a golden hue. Sniff for musky aroma. Listen for slight rattling of seeds (sign of maturity). On to P. Peaches that look good, taste good. Steer clear of hard greenies. Plums come in 2,000 varieties but 2 basic types: European (small, blue-purple) or Japanese (larger, juicier). Soft is okay. The big W—a good, ripe watermelon has a yellowish underbelly, an even shape. If cut, check for dark seeds, no white streaking.

KITCHEN REMEDIES

Just a reminder of the miracle workers—cosmetics and cleansers—right in your own kitchen. ■ That trusty old pal, baking soda. By now, many people have a box sitting in the fridge, deodorizing. But remember to stir it every week to expose new surfaces. Also, for cabin-by-the-sea living, baking soda works hard to quell mildew. The gentle abrasive is terrific for scouring a barbecue grill—and for squelching a fat fire. ■ Making a stuffed avocado for lunch? Rub the slippery skin over your hands for a smoothing moisturizer. ■ Flushed with sunburn (or a crying jag)? Be cool-as-a-cucumber by setting slices of same over your skin or eyes. Wait a few minutes, splash with lemon-juiced-up water. ● After a spicy supper, sweeten your breath. Drop mint, rosemary or anise seed in hot water (10 minutes), stir, strain and rinse.

JULY CAKE



Star of any Fourth of July party. According to package directions, prepare 1 (18.5 to 19 oz.) yellow cake mix and bake in 13x9-inch pan. Cool 15 to 20 minutes; remove from pan onto cake rack. When cool invert onto plate, whip 1½ cups heavy cream until *soft* peaks form. Add 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract; beat until *stiff* peaks form. Spread all but ¾ cup cream over sides and top of cake. Arrange 1½ to 2 pints sliced strawberries in overlapping rows. With remaining whipped cream and star tip, pipe a 6-inch star outline in center. Fill with 1 cup blueberries. Refrigerate until serving up to 2 hours. Serves 18.

FAN-TASTIC

Some people don't like the refrigerator chill of air conditioning—preferring instead the cool breezes wafting from a fan. Here, some of the newest things blowing in the wind. ■ Sleekly modern, a white plastic fan with clear green blades, steel grilling. Speeds: high, medium, slumber low. From Sears; 12", $32; 16", $44. ● Great for the office, a noiseless desk fan to cool your face but not blow your papers. White or brown. Braun, $22. ■ Neat little box, just one foot square. Portable, has a plastic grill. 3 speeds. Breeze Box by Edison, $25. ■ Those tropical heat wavers—ceiling fans are back in motion. Cool by circulating air. To look for: the longer the blade, the greater volume of air gets moved. Low energy users. Some come with a light socket and globe. Prices range from around $60 way up to $300.

Illustration by David Palladini

How to eat well and keep it simple.

You love cooking for your family. But tonight take it a little easy.
Reach for KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Dinner.
The cheese sauce is rich and hardy. Only about 11¢ a serving,
but nobody ever thinks you're skimping. You'll feel good
about putting dinner on the table.



Kraft Dinners.

The good cook's way
to make ends meet.

KRAFT

BACH'S LUNCH

PICNIC SEASON IS HERE! CELEBRATE WITH THIS COOKBOOK CLASSIC.

July in any part of the States means, among other things, the height of picnic season. In Cleveland, Ohio, some of the best-laid picnics we've seen are spread on the beautifully landscaped grounds of Blossom Music Festival, summer home of the world-renowned Cleveland Orchestra. Chances are that ingredients of these picnics—simple or deluxe—derive from the best-selling community cookbook, *Bach's Lunch,* published by the Junior Committee of the Cleveland Orchestra. First published in 1971 and now in its sixth printing, *(continued)*



Al fresco at Blossom Music Festival, summer home of the Cleveland Orchestra. Menu: Icy Lemon Soup, Salade Niçoise, Peas Pizzicato and Brownies for Thin People Only. Picnickers, all from the Orchestra's Junior Committee: front—Margo Harwood (left), Helen Greenleaf (right). In the background: D.D. Klaus, Suzanne Ruf, Cinny Eppes.

Photographs by Al Satterwhite/Camera 5



T DOESN'T ADD UP.

It looks luscious. Tastes
:n better. Yet when you
ınt up the calories, this
v salad recipe from Dole
; fewer than you might
ɔect.

Start with a medium-
: Dole banana, fresh and
amy. Add watermelon
ıs from a slice 10" by 1". A
-cup of sliced ripe peaches.
e tempting Kiwi fruit. (If not
ilable, substitute ½ cup
en grapes.) Arrange on fresh
uce. Only 306 calories so far.



Next whip up our new Pink Cloud dressing in your blender: ½ cup low fat plain yogurt, ½ cup low fat strawberry yogurt, 1½ teaspoons fresh lemon juice, and a dash of salt. Blend till smooth. Only 20 calories in two tablespoons of dressing. Or 326 in the entire salad. Go ahead, indulge yourself.

For a new banana recipe booklet, send your name, address, zip code to: Patricia Collier, Dept. BI, Castle & Cooke Foods, P.O. Box 7758, San Francisco, CA 94119.

The Dole Banana.
As a snack, it's a natural.

CASTLE & COOKE INC

PICNIC, PATIO OR PORCH, THIS IS FOOD THAT TASTES BEST OUTDOORS.

Lunch is a delightful collection of over 200 recipes, from appetizers (gathered under the subtitle "Preludes") to desserts (collectively called "Suites"). Sampling the book and meeting the women of the Junior Committee is the substance of this month's installment of our Community Cookbook series.

Just as the orchestra and its loyal following leave downtown Cleveland for the summer, we, too, set out for the bucolic sunny slopes surrounding the music shed at Blossom. There had been a rock concert the night before, and the great sweep of the shingled, shell-like roof seemed mired in debris. But as we spread our picnic cloth and assembled food, the cleanup was done with miraculous efficiency by the grounds' staff. The star of this picnic was a many-splendored Salade Niçoise, something we'd never thought of as picnic fare until the women of the Committee opened their picnic basket and showed us how easy it was to arrange all the separately wrapped elements in a beautiful pinwheel on a giant platter—green beans and potatoes in their oil and vinegar dressing, tomatoes, purple onions, hard-cooked eggs, tuna, anchovies, olives and pimientos. Icy Lemon Soup came out of a thermos, Peas Pizzicato—tiny peas, green onions and bacon in a sour cream dressing, and "Brownies for Thin People Only." A colorful, delicious and hearty prelude to a symphony concert or *alfresco* celebration anywhere.





Top, on the patio: lamb shish kabob and grilled dessert kabobs with tabbouleh salad. Below: on the porch for cold Shrimp Quiche, Green Beans in Country Picnic Dressing and Melt in Your Mouth Blueberry Cake. Everyone here is from the Cleveland Orchestra Junior Committee.

Lunch is subtitled "Picnic and Patio Classics," and it was to the latter we turned for a kabob spectacular. Debbie Blossom was our hostess and the tables had been handsomely decorated by members of the committee, one of the many extra-food dividends of a trip like this. Traditional lamb shish kabob was featured, along with more unusual dessert kabobs of mixed fruit and of jam-and-coconut-dipped bits of angel food cake. Tabbouleh, a near-Eastern salad of cracked wheat in mint and parsley dressing, was also on the menu and is now a favorite in our *Journal* repertoire.

Our third menu could go to picnic or patio, or in our case, porch—the great open veranda of Robin Ottmann, all set about with white wicker. Cold Shrimp Quiche led the way, accompanied by Green Beans in Country Dressing—a dressing that can travel safely to any outdoor situation. Blueberry cake squares finished off things nicely.

All proceeds from book sales go to the Orchestra, with particular emphasis on building young audiences. A series of so-called key concerts has been particularly successful with children from five to nine—in it, the kids are given classroom background about the music, a chance to meet orchestra members and their instruments just before concert time, and then a sophisticated concert of brief but fully symphonic selections. A project we can all support.

As you can tell, outdoor eating in Cleveland is not your usual hot dog and potato chip sort of thing. With *Bach's Lunch* in hand, imagination and flair are the order of the day. To order your copy, see coupon below; to sample some recipes, turn the page.—JOHN STEVENS

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

Bach's Lunch contains over 200 recipes for picnic and patio classics. The 146 pages also give helpful tips for more successful outdoor dining. To order your copy, send $4, plus 50¢ postage and handling to:

Bach's Lunch
Severance Hall
Dept. LHJ
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

Make checks payable to The Junior Committee. Ohio residents add 22¢ sales tax.

The same old thing will never taste the same again.



Who'd expect mmm! from
an easy sauce?
ou'll get used to it, when you
with Hunt's Tomato Herb
ce. Italian herbs, onion, garlic
Romano cheese make it rich
zesty.
u add the meat and mush-
ns and serve up Spaghetti
ady to a chorus of oohs
ahhs.
r a whole new way to love
old chicken, plain old vege-
s, or the same old meatloaf,
ur other Hunt's Creative
es.
mato Sauce Special has
en vegetables like onion,
y, tomato and green pepper.
ato Sauce with Tomato Bits
ig bits of tomato for extra
flavor.
th Hunt's Creative Sauces,



there are so many possibilities
you may never serve the same
thing twice.

And the same old thing will never be the same again.

Hunt's Spaghetti Already

1 pound lean ground beef
2 cans (15 ounces each) Hunt's Tomato Herb Sauce
¼ pound mushrooms, sliced
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
12 ounces spaghetti, cooked and drained
Parmesan cheese

In large skillet, lightly brown meat. Add Tomato Herb Sauce, mushrooms, salt and pepper. Bring to boil; simmer 5 minutes. Turn hot spaghetti onto serving platter. Pour sauce on top. Sprinkle with cheese.

Makes 6 servings.

Hunt's Creative Sauces

A whole new way to look at the same old thing.

BACH'S LUNCH

continued

ICY LEMON SOUP
pictured on page 98

Take in a thermos on a picnic.

2 cans (10¾ oz. each) condensed cream of chicken soup, undiluted
2 cups milk or light cream
2 tablespoons water
4 teaspoons curry powder (or more to taste)
¾ cup lemon juice (about 3 lemons)
Lemon slices, for garnish
Salt to taste

Into blender container, place soup, milk or cream, water and curry powder. Cover and blend at high speed for one minute. Chill for several hours. At the last possible minute before serving, stir lemon juice into the soup. Serve very cold garnished with thin slices of lemon. Makes 4 servings. About 210 calories per serving.—*Mrs. Michael E.A. Ward*

SALADE NICOISE
pictured on page 98

One of our favorite summer entrées.

½ cup olive or salad oil
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1 garlic clove, pressed
2 cups green beans, fresh, frozen or canned
3 new potatoes, cooked, peeled and diced (1½ cups)
1 red or green sweet pepper, cut into julienne strips
3 sweet pickled yellow banana peppers, cut into julienne strips
8 anchovy fillets, drained and chopped
1 small red onion, sliced in rings
1 can (6½ or 7 oz.) tuna, drained
12 small tomatoes, halved
12 ripe pitted olives
3 hard-cooked eggs, quartered

In a jar with tight-fitting lid, place first 6 ingredients. Cover and shake. Let stand to let flavors blend. Cook fresh or frozen green beans until barely tender; drain. Drizzle a few drops of dressing over potatoes while warm. Chill all ingredients. At serving time, toss beans, potatoes, peppers, anchovies and onions with about half of the dressing. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place tuna in center of platter; spoon potato mixture around tuna. Garnish with tomatoes, olives and eggs. Serve with remaining dressing. Makes 6 servings. About 380 calories per serving.—*Thomas Augustus Charles Leonce, Victor Francois Du Bois De Villiers De Broglie*

PEAS PIZZICATO
pictured on page 98

Simple—and simply delicious.

2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen baby peas, thawed
1 cup sour cream
2 green onions, chopped
6 bacon slices, cooked and crumbled
½ teaspoon salt
Freshly ground pepper

Thaw peas, drain (do not cook) and toss with remaining ingredients. Makes 8 servings. About 135 calories per serving.—*Mrs. Gerald R. Doser*

BROWNIES "FOR THIN PEOPLE ONLY"
pictured on page 98

These won't last long—especially if there are chocolate lovers at your house.

4 eggs
2 cups sugar
1 cup butter or margarine
4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
1 cup all-purpose flour, sifted
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour an 12x8-inch baking pan; set aside.

Beat eggs and sugar together until thick and light and sugar is dissolved. Melt butter and chocolate together; cool slightly. Add to egg mixture; beat until well mixed. Mix in flour. Add chocolate chips. Spread evenly into baking pan. Bake for 35 to 45 minutes. (If using a glass pan, bake in a 325°F. oven.) While warm, cut into 24 pieces. About 340 calories each.—*Mrs. Stephen M. Gage*

COLD SHRIMP QUICHE
pictured on page 100

Nice for a first course or as a luncheon entrée.

1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell
2 tablespoons minced green onions
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ pound cooked shrimp, chopped
1½ teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste
2 tablespoons white wine or vermouth
3 eggs
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
1 tablespoon tomato paste
¼ cup Swiss cheese, grated

Preheat oven to 375°F. Bake pie shell for 10 minutes; cool slightly.

In medium skillet, cook onions in butter or margarine until soft. Add shrimp, salt and pepper. Cook over low heat 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add wine and heat to boiling; remove fro heat. In medium bowl, beat eggs wi cream and tomato paste. Add shrim mixture. Pour into partially baked pa try shell. Sprinkle cheese on top. Ba for 30 minutes or until puffed. Serve room temperature. Makes 6 serving About 480 calories per serving.—*M Robert Small*

SHISH KABOB SCHEHERAZADE
pictured on page 100

We found Mrs. Nahra's explanation the word "shish kabob" fascinating (s recipe).

2 pounds lean lamb, cubed
4 small onions, quartered
8 mushrooms
1 green pepper, cut in squares
1 small eggplant, cubed
Tomatoes (optional)
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon thyme
Freshly ground pepper

Combine all ingredients and marina at least one hour, preferably overnig in refrigerator. Place on skewers, alt nating lamb and vegetables. Grill inches over hot coals about 15 minut turning frequently. ("Shish" is the A bic word for skewer, and "kabob" is word for meat. Shish kabob is a st of cooking developed on the battlefi by hungry soldiers gathered around open fire.) Makes 4 servings. Ab 535 calories per serving.—*Mrs. Jos Nahra*

TABBOULEH (Mint and Parsley Salad
pictured on page 100

It's a lot of work to chop all these ve tables, but worth it for an unusual sa

1 cup bulgur or finely cracked wheat
1½ cups chopped parsley (2 or 3 bunches)
½ cup minced fresh mint leaves
3 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 cucumber, peeled and chopped (optional)

(contin



"What do you recommend? We're on a diet, a budget and in a hurry."



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Lipton brings a great new flavor to a grand old traditio

How do you make the Great American Barbecue even greater? Simple. Try these zesty, new Lipton recipes.

But be careful. That delectable Lipton aroma may turn your backyard into the most popular spot in the neighborhood.

Oniony Barbecue Glaze

(Pictured Above)
1 envelope Lipton Onion soup mix
1 jar (12 oz.) peach or apricot preserves
¾ cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons vinegar

In small bowl, combine soup mix, preserves, chili sauce, and vinegar. Makes about 2½ cups.

Use as a glaze on spareribs, chops, kabobs, steaks, burgers, and chicken. Brush on during last half of cooking.

Special Stuffed Burgers

1 envelope Lipton Onion or Onion-Mushroom soup mix
1½ pounds ground beef
½ cup water
6 slices American cheese, quartered
6 slices bacon

In large bowl, combine soup mix, ground beef, and water. Make 12 patties. Arrange cheese on 6 patties; top with remaining patties and seal edges tightly. Wrap sides with bacon and secure with wooden toothpicks.

Grill or broil until done. Makes 6 servings.

Souper Summer Salads

1 envelope Lipton Onion soup mix
1 cup (8 oz.) sour cream
¼ cup vinegar
Salt and pepper to taste
Milk
6 cups thinly sliced cooked potatoes or elbow macaroni
Suggested Salad Makings*

In large bowl, blend soup mix, sour cream, vinegar, salt, pepper and ½ to ¾ cup milk (depending on desired consistency). Add potatoes and Suggested Salad Makings and toss until coated; chill. Makes about 6 cups.

*Suggested Salad Makings—add any combination of: thinly sliced celery, chopped hard-cooked egg green pepper, tomato. Or try you own favorite salad ingredients.

Lipton Onion, Onion-Mushro or Beef Flavor Mushroom. In th boxes with the blue band.



The soups you cook wi From Lipton.

BACH'S LUNCH

continued

to 3 green onions, chopped
cup olive oil
cup fresh lemon juice
lt and pepper
ttuce leaves, tomato and green
pepper for garnish

often bulgur by soaking 1 hour in
ough cold water to cover. Drain well,
essing out excess water. In large bowl,
mbine bulgur and remaining ingre-
ents; toss until well coated. To serve,
oon into lettuce-lined bowl. Garnish
th tomato and green pepper. Makes
servings. About 350 calories per
rving.—*Mrs. Joseph Nahra*

GRILLED DESSERT KABOBS
pictured on page 100

uit Kabobs

cup honey
cup orange juice
pears, sliced
pineapple, cut into cubes (2 pounds)
nectarines, sliced
plums, sliced

small bowl, combine honey and
ange juice. On six 8- to 10-inch wood-
skewers, thread fruits alternately.
ush with orange juice mixture. Grill
er medium coals, 4 inches from heat,
rning frequently until bubbly. Makes
servings. About 170 calories per
rving.

ke Squares

cup seedless red raspberry jam
pound angel food cake, cut into
1½-inch squares (3 cups cubes)
cup flaked coconut

small saucepan, melt raspberry jam.
eanwhile, thread cake onto six 4-inch
ewers and spoon jam over cake. Roll
coconut. Grill over medium coals, 4
ches from heat, turning frequently
til coconut is toasted. Makes 6 serv-
gs. About 360 calories per serving.
The Committee

BILL'S FATAL PUNCH

e forgot to ask Bill just how fatal!

ottle (⅘) brandy (inexpensive brandy
is fine or sweet white wine)
ottle (⅘) gin or vodka
ottle (26 oz.) champagne or spar-
kling wine or club soda
ans frozen lemonade, limeade or
grapefruit juice concentrate, thawed
cup lemon juice
nt leaves, for garnish
raschino cherries, for garnish
rays ice cubes
ottles (28 oz. each) club soda or
ginger ale, chilled

a large bowl, mix together the first
ingredients. Add remaining ingredi-
s (the substitutes also work very
ely). Add ice and soda just before
ving. More juice, ice and soda can
added to taste. Makes 30 servings.
out 135 calories per serving.—*Mrs.*
uglas B. Rose

GREEN BEANS WITH COUNTRY PICNIC DRESSING
pictured on page 100

Broccoli, celery or carrot sticks may be used in place of the beans.

1 pound fresh green beans (or 3 packages [10 oz. each] frozen green beans)
6 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons white vinegar
¼ teaspoon coriander
¼ teaspoon summer savory
⅛ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
1 small onion, halved
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup light cream
3 hard-cooked eggs

Wash and trim beans; remove strings, if any. In large saucepan, heat several quarts of salted water to a rolling boil. Add beans a handful at a time (keep water boiling). Reduce heat and cook, uncovered, for 8 to 10 minutes or until tender-crisp. Drain at once, plunge into cold water to stop the cooking. Drain thoroughly. Cover, refrigerate.

To prepare dressing, place remaining ingredients (except eggs) in a blender container. Cover and blend until mixture is smooth. Cover and refrigerate. To prepare the garnish, separate the cooked whites and yolks and force each through a sieve. Store in separate covered containers. Take the dressing, in an insulated covered jar, to the picnic and pour over beans when ready to serve. Sprinkle with egg whites and yolks. Makes 6 servings. About 260 calories per serving.—*Rudolph Stanish*

MELT IN YOUR MOUTH BLUEBERRY CAKE
pictured on page 100

Light, delicate—it really does melt in your mouth.

½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups plus 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
⅓ cup milk
1½ cups fresh blueberries

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease an 8-inch square pan; set aside. Cream butter or margarine and ¾ cup sugar. Add salt and vanilla. Add egg yolks, beat until creamy. Combine 1½ cups flour and baking powder; add alternately with milk to egg yolk mixture. Beat egg whites until soft, adding ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time and beat until stiff. Coat berries with one tablespoon flour and add to batter. Fold in egg whites. Pour into prepared pan. Sprinkle top with remaining tablespoon sugar. Bake for 50 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 8 servings. About 340 calories per serving.—*Mrs. James E. Sampliner* **End**

What's happening

continued from page 12

ginning. Not that it is a movie that will change the world or your life; but it *is* a small, well-made movie loaded with energy, earnest performances, lots of information and a straight-ahead story.

HYPNOSIS AND CHAOS

Audrey Rose is a 12-year-old girl whose name is Ivy Templeton, unless she was killed in a car crash when she was five-years-old in which case her name is Audrey Rose, and since the movie is called *Audrey Rose*, you can see where Frank de Fellita stands. Or trips. Mr. de Fellita is the writer who must take responsibility: his book, *Audrey Rose*, landed on the best-seller lists. His movie, *Audrey Rose*, lands flat on her face. This is a story of reincarnation. A well-to-do young husband and wife with a cheerful 12-year-old daughter named Ivy are told by a mysterious stranger that *their* daughter is really his daughter, Audrey Rose, who was killed when she was five. This stranger kidnaps the girl, saying her soul belongs to him. The case lands in court, where the judge orders medical tests. The girl is reduced to hypnosis and the movie is reduced to chaos. **End**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Airport '77 may interest those who care to see how the Navy rescues people who live in airplanes under water. This takes 15 minutes: the rest is endless.

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new movie, is more than his best film; it is an event. What a treat! Diane Keaton is marvelous; Allen a genius.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from Disney, takes a madcap look at a mother-daughter relationship. What a pleasure *good* Disney can be.

Islands in the Stream stars George C. Scott as a Hemingway-like character. In part, the movie has a gentleness rarely seen in films today.

The Late Show is a neat mystery-comedy starring Lily Tomlin and Art Carney. Tension, tenderness, humor and plenty of plot.

The Littlest Horse Thieves is a dandy film from Disney and it's *really* a good one for the kids—and you. Alastair Sim and all the children are first-rate.

Nasty Habits is a sleazy Watergate satire involving nuns. Witless, wooden and wanting.

Network, as in TV, is ridiculous with author Paddy Chayefsky hitting as many as six typewriters at once. A satiric stew.

Rocky is one of my favorite movies of the year, a movie to make you feel good all over. It's about people you'll *care* about.

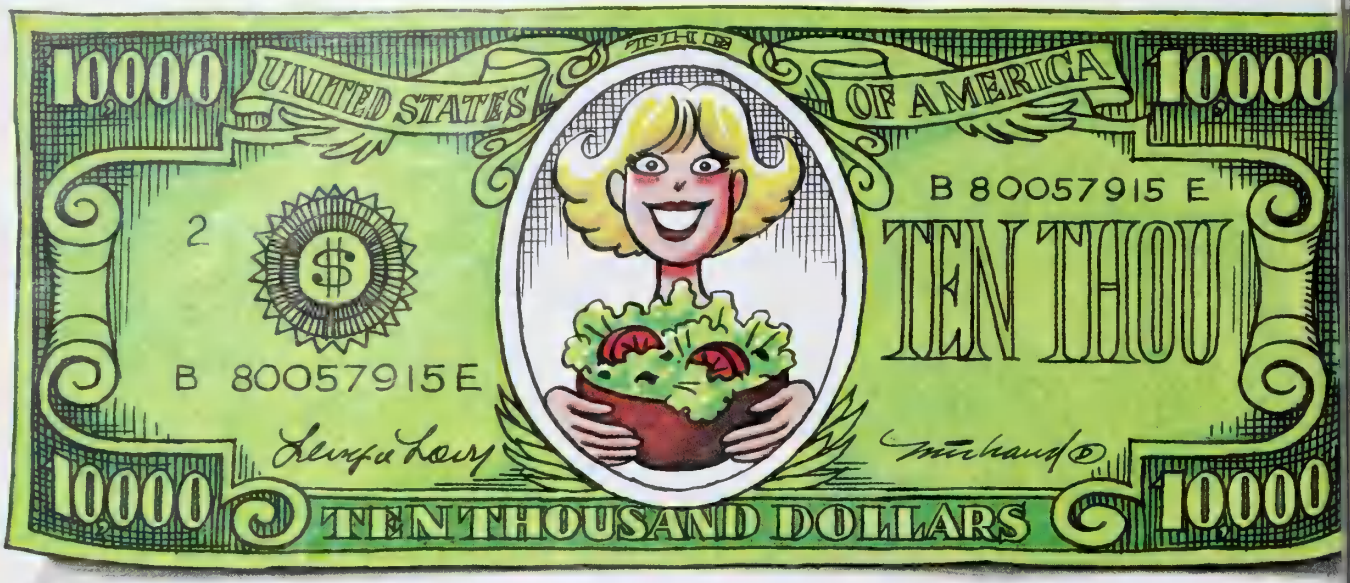
Slap Shot stars Paul Newman and is one of the filthiest-mouthed movies I've seen.

Small Change is an utterly charming children's story from François Truffaut.

Three Women is a beautiful and profound movie from Robert Altman. Extraordinary performances, dialogue and photography. A stunning film to see, to be enveloped by and to remember.

Welcome to L.A. is an unwelcome minor league *Nashville*, with all characters groping through a world of rock music and rocky marriages.

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SIDE-DISH SALAD – salad served with the main entree.
MAIN-DISH SALAD – salad served as the entree.
DESSERT SALAD – salad served at the end of the meal.

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10¢

10¢

Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.

THE PRIZES The $10,000 Grand Prize Winner wil selected from *all* recipes received. In addition, the lowing prizes will be awarded in each of the four ca gories. 1 First Prize of $3,000. 2 Second Prizes $1,000 each. 3 Third Prizes of $250 each. 30 Fou Prizes of Leonard's elegant Italian Crystal and Sil plate 5-Piece Salad Server Set (#350/51). A tota 145 prizes!

THE RULES 1. Send us your favorite original sa recipe (enough to serve 4 to 8), along with your nai address and zip code, typed or printed on an 8½" x piece of paper. All entries must show ingredients in order used and include Wesson Oil as one of the ing dients. Also include an explanation of how the sala prepared, assembled and garnished, and the categ in which your recipe is to be entered.

2. Each entry must be mailed separately, with the ca gory of your recipe clearly marked in the lower le hand corner of the envelope.

3. With each entry, send one label from any size Wes Oil (for gallon size, write the number which appears lower left-hand corner of label, on a 3" x 5" piece paper). Mail entry to: Wesson "Salad of the Year" C test, P.O. Box 9222, St. Paul, MN 55192. Entries m be postmarked by September 30, 1977, and recei by October 7, 1977.

4. Judging will be conducted by Spotts Internatio an independent judging organization, whose decisio are final. Entries will be judged for taste 40%, appe ance and appetite appeal 20%, originality 20%, e of preparation 20%. Finalists are required to sign affidavit of release. One prize per person.

5. Contest void where prohibited by law. All taxes the responsibility of the winners.

6. All recipes become the property of Hunt-Wess Foods, Inc. Submission of recipes constitutes perm sion to edit, modify, adapt, publish and use name a likeness of winners in advertising or promotions.

7. Contest open to residents of the United States. E ployees and families of Hunt-Wesson Foods, In Norton Simon, Inc., its subsidiaries, agencies and af iated companies are not eligible. For winners' list, se a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Salad of t Year" Winners, P.O. Box 9125, St. Paul, MN 55191.

Remember...with each entry, send one label from a size Wesson Oil to: Wesson "Salad of the Year" Conte P.O. Box 9222, St. Paul, MN 55192. Entries must postmarked by September 30, 1977, and received October 7, 1977. To remove label from glass bottle, so in warm water for one hour.

Barbecue '77

continued from page 91

PLUM GOOD SPARERIBS
pictured on page 90

Baby or junior food plums provide the base for this sweet and pungent sauce.

4 to 8 pounds pork spareribs, cracked ..
Sauce
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup chopped onions
4 jars (4¾ oz. each) strained plums with tapioca
½ cup light brown sugar
½ cup lemon juice
¼ cup soy sauce
¼ cup chili sauce
1 teaspoon ground ginger
¾ teaspoon dry mustard
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 drops bottled red pepper sauce

Preheat oven to 325°F. Place spareribs in large roasting pan; cover with foil. Roast for one hour. Remove ribs from pan; drain well. Or, place spareribs in large saucepot and cover with water. Cover and heat to boiling; simmer for 30 to 45 minutes. Drain. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. To heat, place spareribs on grill or under broiler. Cook 5 minutes on each side* WITHOUT *the sauce.)*

For sauce: In medium saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Add onions and sauté until tender, stirring occasionally. Add remaining ingredients and stir until well mixed. Simmer, uncovered for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Makes 4½ cups; 310 calories per cup.

To barbecue: Prepare grill for barbecuing. Place ribs on grill about 6 inches from coals. Grill ribs, brushing with sauce and turning frequently about 10 to 15 minutes. Be careful to keep sauce from burning.

To broil: Prepare spareribs as above. Place on broiler pan. Brush ribs frequently with sauce. Broil about 4 inches from heat, 8 to 10 minutes a side.

To serve: Cut ribs into 2- or 3-rib portions. Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 610 calories per 8 servings; 610 calories per 10 servings.

BARBECUED FRANKFURTERS
pictured on page 90

1 package (16 oz.) frankfurters

Prepare grill for barbecuing. Grill frankfurters 3 inches from medium coals for 6 to 8 minutes, turning occasionally. Makes 10 frankfurters, 140 calories each.

LOIS'S HEALTHY HAMBURGERS
pictured on page 90

A specialty of Lois Timnick, now with the Los Angeles Times. *Great way for the kids to get their vegetables.*

1 pound ground beef
¼ cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup grated carrot
¼ cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup wheat germ
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg

In medium bowl, mix all ingredients. Shape into five patties. Cook as desired. (See below.) Makes 5 burgers; 290 calories each.

To grill: place rack 3 inches from coals. Grill over medium-high coals for 4 to 5 minutes on each side for rare, 5 to 7 for medium and 8 to 10 for well-done. Turn only once.

To broil: place on broiling pan 3 to 4 inches from heat. Broil using same time as for grilling.

ROSEMARY BARBECUED CHICKEN
Pictured on page 91

One of the most succulent ways to prepare barbecued chicken we've met.

Sauce
1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup salad oil
1 cup white wine
1 tablespoon salt
2 teaspoons grated lemon peel
2 teaspoons crushed rosemary
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
2 (2 lbs. each) whole broiler-fryer chickens*

For sauce: melt butter in a small saucepan. Add remaining ingredients except chicken and simmer 2 minutes. Reserve 1 cup sauce.

For rotisserie: arrange charcoal for indirect heat for rotisserie; ignite charcoal briquettes. Place drip pan in front of coals. Rinse chickens; pat dry with paper towels. Brush chicken cavities with sauce. Tie legs together with string; tie wings to breasts. Attach chickens to spit rod; rotate rod in your hand to make sure it is well balanced. When charcoal is ready, attach rod to motor; turn on. Roast for about 1½ hours basting every 10 minutes with sauce.

To serve: remove chickens from rod; discard strings. Serve remaining sauce over chickens. Season to taste. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 890 calories each for 6 servings; 665 calories for 8.

*If you do not have a rotisserie, use 2 broiler-fryer chickens, quartered. Prepare grill for barbecuing. Prepare sauce. Grill chicken quarters 4 inches from medium coals, basting frequently with sauce and turning occasionally for 40 to 50 minutes or until fork-tender.

BARBECUED TURKEY
pictured on page 91

10 to 12 lb. frozen ready-to-cook turkey, thawed
½ cup melted butter or margarine, or salad oil

In barbecue kettle with cover, ignite the charcoal briquettes. Let the fire burn, uncovered, about 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, remove giblets from turkey; set aside for another use. Rinse turkey with water and pat dry with paper towels. Truss neck skin to back; tie legs together. Bend wings under back of bird so they are flat and help balance the turkey. Insert meat thermometer into thick portion of thigh, making sure it does not touch bone. Arrange coals in indirect method. Place large pan between coals to catch drippings. Put grid in place.

Place turkey, breast-side up, on grill over pan. Brush with melted butter or salad oil. Cover grill (make sure vents are open). Cook 2 to 2½ hours, brushing occasionally with melted butter, margarine or oil. Cook until meat thermometer reaches 185°F. and leg bone

(continued on page 119)

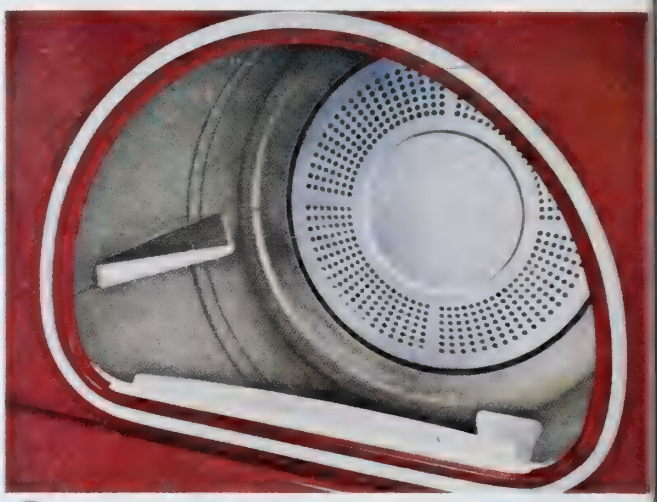


BARBECUE ACCESSORIES

Avid barbecuers all have favorite accessories. We've been known to move coals around with an old broomstick handle. However, if you're really into barbecuing, you'll probably want a few tools to help make your endeavors a bit easier. Here are some suggestions. Leaning on Brinkmann Corporation's electric "Smoke 'n Pit" model #2205, $99.95, is Easy-Way grill basket $4.49, great for hamburgers. Right rear, to keep things warm, Easy-Way extension warmer, $6.99. Inside, a Kenberry barbecue turner, $1.98. Other accessories in semicircle from left, include rib rack and corn roast, $4.99, and grill brush, $2.49, both by Easy-Way. Skewers, $3.99; fork, $1.98; rake, $1.98; tongs, $1.98; brush, $1.98, all by Kenberry. Easy-Way "Char - Lighter", $10.99.

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Bounce makes clothes really soft.
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*Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising.

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For your summer reading pleasure, here are choice excerpts from five of the hottest best-sellers by today's most widely-read writers.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

BEST-SELLER SAMPLER

The Camera Never Blinks....Dan Rather with Mickey Herskowitz
Haywire.....Brooke Hayward
The Rich Are Different.....Susan Howatch
Full Disclosure.....William Safire
Falconer.....John Cheever

THE CAMERA NEVER BLINKS

BY DAN RATHER WITH MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

Dan Rather, CBS correspondent and co-editor of "60 Minutes," has written a fascinating account of his adventures as a highly successful TV journalist. Here, he remembers an erstwhile antagonist, Richard Nixon.



Whatever feelings I had about Richard Nixon as a person were shaded by the fact that I never knew him very well and didn't know anyone who did. The overriding impression I had was of a man who had been wounded. It was in his eyes. Yet the few times I was ever near him and got past the protective armor of the presidency, I can say truthfully that I did not feel uncomfortable.

In January, 1972, I sat across from him in the Oval Office, in a rare one-on-one interview televised for one hour live over CBS. He told me later that he had been surprised when the network assigned me to ask the questions, but said he had not objected. He imposed only one condition, that he be permitted to open the telecast.

The time went by in track shoes. The interview was intense but he came off being well prepared. The very last question, though, seemed to throw him. It had to do with the women's movement and the use of Ms. as a salutation on White House correspondence. An attempt on my part to end the interview on a light note, the question was asked with a smile. He fumbled a bit and never quite addressed the question.

The moment the lights went off and the telecast was over, he said, "I didn't understand that last question and I know I didn't handle it well." He didn't say that in an uptight way. As a matter of fact, he reached over from his chair and placed his hand on my arm. If anything, the gesture was a lament.

In my view, an interesting cameo. I had not seen Richard Nixon that way very often. I explained to him very quickly what I had intended by the question. In an almost classic hand-to-the-forehead gesture, Nixon said, "Ah, of course. Well, that was the one question in the whole show we didn't anticipate. We should have been prepared for it." No one on his staff had raised the subject of women's lib. At the time Gloria Steinem was at her apex and *Ms.* magazine was just starting, but in retrospect it was not the sort of subject Nixon would have made a point of following.

When we had finished he rose and said, "I wish we could do that part over again." Then he smiled and added, "But that's the way it is with live television, isn't it?"

In no hurry, he moved around the room, posed for pictures and shook hands with every person there. He made a point of seeking out first Jimmy Wall, the only black technician on the floor. He chatted easily with everyone. One expects a politician to do so, but we already knew that small talk was not a Nixon strength. This night he did it very well. As he circled the room, I asked him finally if there had been any particular reason why he had insisted on opening the telecast.

He said, "Well, you were a guest in my home, and I felt that it was a bit more appropriate for the host to speak first." He was very gracious. There was no one near him, not even Haldeman.

And finally after 23 minutes on the clock—I checked it—he said goodnight. Rather jauntily, I thought. And one didn't often have reason to describe him as doing much of anything "jauntily." He walked out of the office, through the paneled glass double doors, over the marks on the floor made by Ike's old golf shoes and across the back portico. No one was around him, not to his left or his right. The nearest Secret Service agent stood 20 or 30 paces behind him. My eyes followed Nixon most of the way. He glanced to his right in the direction of the lighted Washington Monument, and beyond to the Jefferson Memorial. Then he turned sharply to his left and began whistling. I could hear him softly through the open glass doors as he walked along the porch, past the magnolia tree that Andrew Jackson planted,

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Illustrations by Roland DesCombes

and disappeared into the mansion.

I had never heard him whistle. I came away from that night thinking, if this two-hundred-million-dollar public relations operation that they have mounted here didn't prevent people from seeing that side of Richard Nixon, he would be vastly better off. So would we all.

Six months later, on June 17, 1972, a team of seven men broke into the offices of the Democratic National Committee in a high-rise complex called The Watergate. The telephones had been wiretapped. The White House press secretary, Ron Ziegler, dismissed the break-in as "a third-rate burglary attempt. This is something that should not fall into the political process." **End**

HAYWIRE

BY BROOKE HAYWARD

The daughter of producer Leland Hayward and actress Margaret Sullavan tells the story of her extraordinary show business family: the aura of glamour and extreme privilege, the destroyed marriages, mental breakdowns, tragic deaths.



I never saw my mother sign an autograph.

In December, 1943, when I was six, Bridget, Bill and I left Los Angeles on the Super Chief for our first trip to New York. It was wartime, before easy commercial air travel. In the next few years, we came to know all the porters on the Santa Fe Railroad very well.

Mother had just opened in *The Voice of the Turtle*, the first play she had agreed to do in seven years. Bridget, Bill and I hadn't seen her since she had gone East for rehearsals in late September. We had never been separated from her; we had some hazy knowledge that she was a movie star but we didn't know what that was, although once when I was four, and considered old enough, Father had taken me to the set of *Cry Havoc*, and I'd been frightened by parachutes and dead bodies hanging from the trees, and concluded that Mother had an exciting, occasional job.

While dressing for dinner one night a week before she was due to leave Los Angeles for rehearsals, she had found Father unconscious on the bathroom floor. An ambulance had come to the house and taken him to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where, we were told the next morning, he had almost died from internal hemorrhaging. Exploratory surgery was performed for bleeding ulcers, but none was discovered, nor was any cause for what had happened. By the time Bridget and I were allowed to go to the hospital to see him. Mother had left for New York in a state of frenzy, unable to change rehearsal dates.

Our expectations about the hospital were shaped by Father's many bedtime readings of *Madeline* having her appendix out. Father was eating custard, which Bridget regarded suspiciously; he informed us that Dave Chasen, not the doctor, had saved his life by squeezing ten pounds of raw sirloin, daily, into one large glass of blood and sending it over from his restaurant (in spite of the fact that it was wartime and even Chasen's supplies were rationed). He also announced, scornfully, that the doctor had ordered him to quit smoking, drinking and working so hard —an impossible combination. During his stay in the hospital, Father, out of boredom, grew a dashing mustache. He came home for Halloween and after a few weeks went to New York for Mother's opening. We were left with our nurse, Miss Mullens, and our tutor, Miss Brown.

Miss Brown was asked to take the three of us to New York for Christmas. She was a young, serious, dark-haired woman with glasses, and handwriting that we admired and tried to emulate. Miss Brown had become an honorary member of our family. She made it unnecessary for us to go to school, entirely to Mother's satisfaction. Mother had paid a dutiful visit to my kindergarten class at Brentwood Town and Country the previous year and, sitting discreetly in the rear, had become chagrined when she discovered that the class was learning to count with lima beans and that the teacher's control of English grammar had lapsed, unforgivably, as she had admonished us not to play tag and "those kind of games" in the classroom. Bill was still too young to go to school, but Mother, theorizing that the entire California school system was inadequate, took Bridget and me out the next day and we never returned. After that, Miss Brown came to our house every morning at nine o'clock, and sat with us at the long dining-room table where we learned to read and write and do arithmetic until noon. Miss Brown banished the standard reading primers from our education; instead, we cut our teeth on the most beautiful books she and Mother could find, such as *Tanglewood Tales* and *Sinbad, the Sailor*, which were illustrated by Edmund Dulac, and on Father's choice, Eugene Field's *Poems of Childhood*, which was illustrated by Maxfield Parrish and contained some of Father's favorite poems. Father never tired of reading us "The Dinkey-Bird" (goes singing in the amfalula tree), "The Duel" (the gingham dog and the calico cat), "The Fly-Away Horse" (oh, a wonderful horse is the Fly-Away Horse), and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" (one night, sailed off in a wooden shoe—sailed on a river of crystal light . . .). My entire concept of what the world looked like and what life promised was shaped by the sensuous textures and sinuous lines of Dulac's fantasies, the exotic blues and purples and thick-lipped, heavy-lidded sentinels of slender youths that populated Maxfield Parrish's visions. Bridget and I learned to read quickly and voraciously.

The Super Chief was a beautiful train. It had a parlor car with a huge curved sun window at the far end and lots of card tables with waiters in white jackets hovering nearby. Bridget and I appropriated the upper berths in our compartment: it was a very good way to travel. We liked the nights best when the train became pure sound and motion and we lay on our berths staring out through little curtained windows at the invisible black countryside.

In Chicago we changed to the Twentieth Century Limited. During the layover in Chicago, we were whisked off by Mother's younger brother Sonny, who had started a law practice there. He gave us our first bath in three days and lunch at the Pump Room.

We fell in love with New York City at once. It was a city of firsts for us. When we got off the train, our very first snow was falling. Mother and Father took us on their laps in a horse-drawn carriage through Central Park and we stuck out our tongues, laughing, and caught snowflakes; we felt them tingle and dissolve. There was a pair of turtle doves in a huge white cage in the apartment at the Hotel Pierre, and *The Turtle*'s author-director and producer, respectively, John Van Druten and Delly (Alfred de Liagre), waiting for us with an enormous bowl of our first caviar. Mother ecstatically spooned it onto slivers of toast and then into our mouths and we obediently reveled in it, rolling it around our mouths and popping the tiny eggs like salty grapes against our palates, even asking for more. Mother was like the Pied Piper of Hamelin: we would willingly have followed her anywhere

and a great deal of our pleasure must have derived from hers.

She took us to the Central Park Zoo our second morning, and in the afternoon to her real passion, the Bronx Zoo, thereby setting a pattern that never varied in the cities we visited over the years: a prompt, mandatory visit with the animals. She would spend hours talking to the keepers in the monkey house of any zoo in any city of any country she happened to be in, submerging herself in all available data pertaining to chimpanzees. Mother had long schemed about adopting a baby chimpanzee into our family. With that end in mind, when I was three and Bridget a year old (before Bill had been born and perhaps despairing that he ever would be), she had Roger Edens and Father bring us out to the M-G-M zoo in the back lot one afternoon after our naps. We were all dressed up in our coats and very excited, especially when we caught sight of Mother at a distance in an elegant black dress with a white picture hat, and a young chimpanzee cradled in each arm. We all rushed toward one another, but when Bridget, who got to her first, reached up to hug her, the two chimps let go of Mother's neck and attacked Bridget with a vengeance.

She had to be taken off, screaming and covered with tooth marks, to the hospital to be bandaged. This incident put a crimp in Mother's adoption plans, much to Father's relief. (The only animals Father could tolerate were seals, preferably seal acts at circuses observed from a safe distance, although occasionally we could wheedle him into accompanying us to the Central Park Zoo if we arranged it for feeding time.)

We went for the first time to the Museum of Natural History, where I shivered at the sight of the huge blue whale floating over my head in the main hall and the vast rooms inhabited by dinosaur skeletons, the first fleshless bones I'd ever seen. While we were standing with noses pressed against the glass behind which lay a tawny African landscape with its appropriate spiral-horned eland and tufted gnu (shot and donated by Grandfather Hayward), a young, black woman tapped Mother gently on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, Miss Sullavan, can I have your autograph?"

Mother mumbled something and shook her head. We clutched possessively at her coat, amazed that a stranger would know our mother's name. The young woman repeated her question a little more plaintively.

Mother drew herself up and regarded the intruder with a cold eye. "I beg your pardon," she said crisply, "but I think you have the wrong person. I am not Miss Sullavan."

The stranger was now as confused as we. "*Margaret* Sullavan," she said, thrusting forth a piece of paper and pencil, but Mother was already moving away.

"Come along,children," she said, "and we'll have a quick look at the mummies, which you will love."

"But, Mother," we exploded on the way down the marble stairs, "*aren't* you Margaret Sullavan?"

"Yes, that is my professional name," she answered, but before she could say anything else, we pounced on her with glee, clamoring all together, "But then you've told a lie, Mother. Why did you tell such a terrible lie to such a nice lady? You don't let us tell lies! She looked so sad when you said that—why didn't you want her to know who you are?"

Mother sighed and waited for us to stop. "You see," she said patiently and with slow emphasis on every word, so that she would never have to say it again, and she never did, "there are a lot of people in the world who think if they get the signature—autograph, it's called—of someone who is famous down on a piece of paper—sometimes even *collect* these signatures in books—that that will somehow make them more important. Well, I feel sorry for them because they think they can have some part of *me* by having me write my name for them, but that doesn't mean I approve of it, and besides, I certainly don't want to be famous or looked at when I walk down the street or take you children to a museum." Here she gathered us up in her arms as we were about to come to the mummies and spoke with such intensity that we felt swept up and purified by some glorious hurricane: "I think people who try to intrude on other people's privacy or personal life in any way—and you children are my personal life—I think those people are rude and silly. Now, look—look!" she exclaimed, her eyes widening with excitement and her low, magical voice stretching until it seemed it might snap and carry us with it, so that we sighted down her outstretched hand, with its crimson enameled nails glistening like Fabergé charms, at the room that danced before us and at the gold-inscribed sarcophagi tilted so that we could see their stained linen-wrapped contents. **End**

THE RICH ARE DIFFERENT

BY SUSAN HOWATCH

The story of Dinah Slade, a young Englishwoman, whose life becomes intertwined with the fate of a great American banking family. Susan Howatch wrote *Cashelmara* and *Penmaric*. Here, a highly improbable meeting. . . .



LONDON, 1922

I was in London when I first heard of Dinah Slade. She was broke and looking for a millionaire, while I was rich and looking for a mistress. From the start we were deeply compatible.

I had two efficient aides-de-camp who protected me from the continual onslaught of beggars and Bolsheviks, and I might never have known of Dinah's efforts to see me if I had not decided to ignore breakfast that morning in order to leave early for the office. Having completed my report I was anxious to attend to the firm's affairs, and as I went to the library, where my aides were inspecting the mail, I was already planning how I could sidestep a commitment to lend five million dollars to prop up a moribund steel plant in south Wales.

The library door was open. As I crossed the hall I heard Peterson exclaim, "It's that girl again!" and saw him pluck a letter from an unwrapped parcel.

"What girl?" I inquired of him as I strolled into the library.

"There's no need for you to concern yourself with this, sir," said my other chief aide, O'Reilly. "I'll take care of it."

"Take care of what?" I demanded, recklessly involving myself in the problem, and glanced a second time at the parcel. Amidst the wrapping paper was a rectangle of carved ivory, and as I lifted this exquisite cover I saw that someone who knew my tastes had sent me a small but unmistakably genuine book of hours.

Medieval manuscripts seldom fail to elicit an enthusiastic response from me. My mouth waters, my pulse races and my mind, seizing the chance to escape from the twentieth century, dives back into the remote past. As I picked up that

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book of hours the bloody dawn of the twentieth century fell away from me, and I was gazing at the high noon of European civilization when Jean, Duc de Berri, had preferred the arts of intellectual accomplishment to the traditional arts of war.

My curiosity overwhelmed me. Returning abruptly to the twentieth century, I demanded to know the name of my benefactor.

"Oh, the book's not a gift, sir," said Peterson. "She says it's a loan."

"And who," I said, mentally allocating a suitable sum for the purchase, "is she?"

"A girl called Dinah Slade, Mr. Van Zale," said O'Reilly. "Should you wish for further information, I have a file—"

O'Reilly always had a file. I interrupted: "Not now. I want to go to Milk Street. Peterson, order the car to the door, will you? You can tell me about Miss Slade on the way to the city, O'Reilly."

We went outside. It was a clear May day, cool but brilliant with sunshine. I sank back with distaste upon the leather upholstery of the Rolls-Royce. "Miss Slade," I reminded O'Reilly as I took some papers from the attaché case.

O'Reilly snapped into action.

"Miss Slade, is a twenty-one-year-old English girl of good social standing—"

"What the devil does that mean?"

"I don't understand the English class system too well, sir, but I'm told she's what they call 'landed gentry.' Upper-class but no title." O'Reilly cleared his throat. "She was educated at a girls' boarding school in Gloucestershire and at Cambridge University—"

"Was she indeed!"

"—before having to quit last year after her father's death. The father died in debt and there's wrangle going on over the estate. She's after money, sir, of course," said O'Reilly bored. "I've been sending her letters to Miss Phelps for the 'Charities Refused' file."

"How many letters has she written?"

"This morning's would be the fourth."

"I want to see them. When we reach the office call Miss Phelps and have her send them over," I said, flicking through the papers in my hands and eying the declining figures of the British steel industry for the black months of 1921. Then, with a discipline born of long practice, I forgot Miss Slade and once again began to consider how Great Britain could most profitably reorganize her capital investment.

At half past ten, just after I had sampled some undrinkable coffee and embarked on my correspondence, Dinah Slade's letters arrived. I was roaming around the room as I dictated to my secretaries.

O'Reilly interrupted me. "Miss Slade's letters, Mr. Van Zale." To my secretaries' profound relief I stopped.

Dinah Slade had written in a firm, spare hand:

> Dear Mr. Van Zale,
> I am in a highly unusual situation and consider it absolutely imperative that I obtain the advice of a discriminating and sophisticated man such as yourself, so please could you help me by sparing me a few minutes of your time?

Turning to her second letter, I found that the mystery was unveiled further.

> Dear Mr. Van Zale,
> I am writing to you as I know you appreciate the past and have a connoisseur's eye for medieval beauty. I have the most beautiful house in England, small but exquisite like a miniature by Fouquet, and I would like you to see it. You owe it to yourself not to miss such an esthetic experience.

I sat down at my desk and read the third letter.

> Dear Mr. Van Zale,
> Because of an English law, which discriminates against females, I am about to lose my home. You should see it before it's lost. If you can't come to Norfolk at least let me see you for a minute in London so that I can paint the house for you in words.

To me, the most interesting aspect of this correspondence was not that Miss Slade never asked for money—though this was noteworthy enough in any appeal to me for help. I was intrigued because the letters were obviously part of a carefully planned campaign. Even though they had been mailed on different dates I suspected all the letters had been written on the same day and constructed, like a detective story, to leak information at a calculated pace. Acknowledging my curiosity with reluctance, I embarked on the final letter.

> Dear Mr. Van Zale,
> What a pity you're so zealously protected from the world! But I don't think your secretaries would dare throw away the Mallingham Hours, a book that has been in the hands of my family for over four hundred years. After reading in the *Times* that you recently acquired a medieval manuscript at Christie's I thought you might enjoy the opportunity to examine this perfect example of fifteenth-century art. I must make it clear that it is not for sale, but you may keep it for one week, at the end of which I should be delighted to collect the manuscript in person
>
> Yours sincerely . . .

The address prefacing all four letters was "Mallingham Hall, Mallingham, Norfolk."

"Return the Mallingham Hours to Miss Slade, please," I said to Miss Phelps. I had already decided reluctantly not to make Miss Slade an offer for the manuscript, for fear she would interpret my gesture as a sign of interest in her. "The covering letter should read: 'Dear Miss Slade: Thank you for the opportunity you have given me to see this exceptionally fine manuscript, but I would not dream of asking you to come up from Norfolk to collect it. Accordingly, I am returning the manuscript to you by special messenger. Wishing you all the best in your endeavors, I remain, et cetera et cetera.' "

Miss Phelps's small mouth pursed in approval. I felt depressed and wondered glumly how I had managed to surround myself with prudes.

On the morning of the fifteenth of May at eleven o'clock, Peterson entered my room at the office and waited silently for me to conclude a telephone conversation. "Yes, Peterson?"

"Excuse me, sir, but there's a young guy outside who says he comes from an outfit called Fortnum and Mason. It seems they're some kind of food joint—"

"Yes, yes, yes." I was getting my decimal points wrong. "One moment please," I said into the telephone, and added curtly to Peterson, "I've ordered nothing from Fortnum's. Send the man away."

Peterson turned obediently to find O'Reilly blocking the doorway.

"It's Miss Slade again, sir," O'Reilly said with his most insufferable neutral expression. "She's sent you a hamper and the delivery boy flatly refuses to go until he's delivered the hamper to you personally. I would have sent for the police to remove him but thought I should seek your permission before taking any step that might result in adverse publicity for the firm."

"For God's sake!" It had been a trying morning. Peterson had beaten me again at tennis and I was being interrupted in the middle of an important conversation. "I'm so sorry," I said in my most charming voice to the telephone, "but may I call you back in five minutes? A matter of vital urgency—cable from New York. . . . Thank you so much." I hung up with a crash and prepared to make mincemeat of my aides. "What the devil do you two mean by taking up my time with trivialities?" I blazed. "Your job's to save my time, O'Reilly, not to waste it! And I employ you to make decisions about my safety, Peterson, not to come shilly-shallying in here because you can't make up your mind about some goddamned gift from Fortnum and Mason! Have the boy bring the hamper in! We all know Miss Slade's not an assassin! I only hope she's had the good sense to order me a decent bottle of brandy, although God knows only your asinine behavior could drive me to drink hard liquor at eleven o'clock in the morning!"

They slunk away. I scribbled crossly on my note pad and rearranged some decimal points. Finally Peterson returned with a young man who was pushing a large wicker hamper on a porter's handcart.

'Mr. Van Zale?" he said nervously in upper-class English accent. I raised eyebrows. Despite his overalls this s no ordinary delivery boy. Had unployment really reached such a pitch t boys fresh from public school were iged to seek employment as delivery rs? I thought not.

'Bring it in," I said, watching him, d leave it by the fireplace."

'Yes, sir." The hamper was pulled efully into position and eased from handcart.

)'Reilly produced a tip.

Gosh, thanks a lot!" said the boy discerted, and he hung around as if he re unsure what to do next.

A spark of amusement flared within "Is there something else you have to " I inquired, strolling toward him.

No, sir. At least . . . would you like to open the hamper for you?"

Why not? Let's see what Miss Slade's t me!"

Sir—" O'Reilly and Peterson were ally horrified, but I silenced them n a wave of my hand.

If there's a bomb in that hamper," I pleasantly, "our young friend here be blown to pieces with us. How g have you known Miss Slade?" I ed to the boy.

Never met her in my life, sir," deed the boy, blushing furiously as he raised the lid. He was quite the worst liar I had ever encountered.

Inside the hamper was a quantity of green paper strands, and nestling in this simulated grass was a jar of caviar and a bottle of Veuve Pommery 1915.

"Delightful!" I exclaimed. "Miss Slade has excellent taste!"

The grass stirred, and as the boy leaped forward to remove the caviar and champagne the strands began to rise with the steadiness of a loaf of bread baking in the oven.

"Watch out!" yelped Peterson, reaching for his pistol.

"Don't shoot!" squeaked the youth, his eyes round with fright as he saw Peterson's holster.

As I lounged amused against the mantel, it was left to O'Reilly to demonstrate his usual efficiency by darting forward to whip away the paper.

"Ouch!" said a voice inside the hamper. "My foot's gone to sleep."

She stood up gingerly, steadying herself by gripping the wicker sides, and peered at me through a strand of hair.

"Are you Paul Van Zale?" she demanded incredulously.

"Yes," I said. "Don't I look the part?" Then unable to resist a smile I added, "Miss Dinah Slade, I presume," and held out my hand to help her from the hamper.

End

FULL DISCLOSURE

BY WILLIAM SAFIRE

A fast-paced political novel about a blind U.S. president. Author Safire former Nixon speech writer. Here, resident Sven cson faces his st crucial test since being ded: a hostile s conference.



t his 11 A.M. briefing, after Smitty oped his announcement that the ident would hold a press conference, irst question was, "Will he wear dark ses?"

Of course," Smitty snapped.

Any limitation on subjects?"

None. The President is hopeful questions on his health will be d in the first ten minutes so that will be able to move on to many ers of domestic and foreign policy."

s he aware of the talk among some Cabinet members that he should step aside?"

"Which Cabinet member and what did he say?" Smitty wasn't having any of those phony probes. "You know I don't react to unattributed dope stories."

"Can he tell light fom dark, or does he just see black?"

"Beats me," said the press secretary. "Ask him yourself, Wednesday night."

Smitty cut the briefing short, which meant the TV nets would have to use his statement about the press conference as their leading news clip that night. Also, he did not want to face one question sure to come up if he hung around: "Does this mean the President is unable to give a speech?" Ericson could not give a speech because he could not read one. To ad-lib a half-hour talk, live, would be an enormous strain; taping it in short takes was out of the question, if the primary purpose of the television appearance was to show the President able to deal with reality.

Smitty worked over the briefing book in his office with Marilee for a couple of hours, then walked downstairs to the President's living quarters. As he went into the Lincoln Sitting Room, the briefing officer from the Defense Department was leaving; that was good.

"I told them you'd wear dark glasses," he said to the President, "maybe you'd better get used to wearing them."

Ericson felt in his smoking jacket pocket for the glasses and drew them on. Smitty thought Ericson seemed depressed, or at least was not trying to seem cheerful.

"We're going to have a rough time writing the lead we want on this one, Smitty." That was Rule One of press conferences: Always go into them with your news lead in mind, or else you'd get trapped into providing them with a lead of their own making. Your lead was good news; the media's lead was bad news, badgered out of you or the result of a slip or a trap. Smitty was not going to fall into the President's downcast state; The Man had to be up for this appearance.

"Got any good news about your eyes? If there was any way of getting the word 'improved' in your answer, that would play."

"They're the same," Ericson said soberly.

"All you see is black."

"No, I wouldn't say that." The President motioned to the window. "I can make out that there's a window over there with a blob of light, and I can vaguely tell when shapes are moving around."

"You mean you're not totally blind?"

"The eye doctor and the lawyers say I am totally blind. Being able to tell light from dark doesn't mean you're not blind."

"Hold on a minute. Have you always been able to tell light from dark, since you woke up from the ambush?"

"Sure, I—well, now, let me think. Last week," he said finally, "it was all pretty black. Dark colors, really. In the past few days, there's been some improvement. Nothing dramatic, but I would have to say it's encouraging."

"That's our lead. 'An improvement.' The opthawhatsisname will back that up?"

"You bet he will," Ericson said determinedly, "and so will Fowler. I'll discuss it with them later today."

"Some of the questioning is liable to get pretty personal," Smitty warned. "Like how you brush your teeth—"

"Jesus!" Ericson covered his lips with his hands, as he did when furious. Smitty waited. "That's a bitch," the President said finally. "That particular one hap-

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pens to be a bitch." He tried to compose himself. "You get into the bathroom," he said in a rush of words, "and you knock over the glass with the toothbrush in it. Then you feel around the broken glass on the floor to pick up your toothbrush. Then you take up the toothpaste and you wonder if it's the toothpaste or the shampoo in the tube. Then you try to squeeze the goddamn toothpaste, if that's what it is, onto the tiny little area that is the end of the toothbrush, and you miss and it falls in the sink. And so you do it again, squeezing the paste into your palm, and picking it up with the brush. If there is ever a time you feel so—so helpless—it's when you try to do a silly little automatic thing like brushing your teeth."

Smitty didn't know what to say, but he remembered some of the therapist's advice, so he toughed it out. "You're making me cry, Mr. President. Now when a reporter who wants to see you come apart at the seams asks you how you brush your teeth in the morning, what's your answer?"

Ericson took a deep breath and replied sweetly: "It's surprisingly difficult at first, Mr. Smith, but after a while you get the hang of it and do a better job than ever before. See?" He grimaced toothily.

"They'll want to know about the validity of laws signed when you can't see what you're signing."

"That concerned me, too," said Ericson, still using his stagey press conference voice. "But thanks to the splendid cooperation of the legislative and judicial branches of government, I think we've worked out a method that will fully satisfy the law." He resumed his normal speaking voice. "Cartwright says that it's all set. Whenever I sign a bill, it will be countersigned by the Secretary of State, the Speaker of the House and a federal judge, under a statement swearing they were present when the bill was read to me. We'll get somebody with standing to start a lawsuit the first time we do it, take it up to the Supreme Court. The Solicitor General—a good lawyer, no politics—says they'll rule on it right away, and it's in the bag." Smitty noted that the President had snapped back quickly from his emotional moment.

"The press may come at you pretty hard, Mr. President."

"You think they have a legitimate grudge, don't you? You think I deserve a few shots for cutting them off right after the ambush."

Smitty was wary. "What makes you say that, Mr. President?"

"Easy. When you're on their side, you call them 'the press.' When you're on my side, you call them 'the media.' "

"Do I do that?" Smitty hated to be so transparent. He recalled how the White House in the early seventies changed the nomenclature from "press conference" to "news conference" to shift the emphasis from the press to the news the president would generate. "Anyway, you're better off with a press secretary than a media secretary."

"I guess so," said the President, and Smitty knew he thought the opposite was true.

THE TELEVISION SET

The televiewing arrangement in the press secretary's office is a four-screen affair, taking up most of one wall, playing four networks simultaneously, with the sound speakers controlled from the viewer's chair. During press conferences, the regular viewer is absent and his office is left empty but all four speakers remain on. In the East Room, accompanied by his deputy, the press secretary stands on the platform facing the 400 reporters jammed in on little gold chairs.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States." The sound of the military aide's voice could be heard on all four speakers. All four screens showed the press rising as the President walked down the middle aisle toward the podium.

Unaccompanied, walking briskly, the President took 18 steps straight ahead, paused, took one more, made a half-left turn, took five steps to the step leading to the platform, made a half-right. Still alone, he aimed the back of his wrist at the floor. All four speakers began murmuring variations of "President Ericson is using his sonar watch to determine the location of the steps." He walked up the two steps, made a right turn, walked four steps forward, reached to his right and touched the rostrum. He held the wooden stand firmly with both hands, then struck a familiar Ericson pose, leaning on it with one elbow, long legs crossed in back, one toe on the ground. He broke out in a broad smile and the standing press corps broke out in enthusiastic applause.

"Please be seated," he said as usual, and as usual pointed down to the senior wire service correspondent in the center front row. "Sir, you're entitled to one soft ball," she said. "Here it is: How do you feel?"

The President shook his head and said, "There's always one question you haven't prepared for." Laughter. Then, soberly, the image on the four screens said: "Physically, I feel well. The bumps and bruises are pretty much healed. Emotionally, I've begun to adjust to the shock—and it is a shock—of not being able to see. I have to absorb information through my ears rather than my eyes, and that takes a little getting used to. But I'll manage.

"When you ask how I feel, I have to tell you how bad I feel about the tragedy of two other men. Of General Secretary Kolkov, that brave man who dragged his wounded body over to me and who saved my life as he gave up his own. A
of Harry Bok, of the U.S. Secret Serv
who absorbed shrapnel that was inte
ed for me. I spoke to Harry in a hosp
in Yalta earlier today, and to his surg
after the operation, and the outlool
not good—his legs may be paralyzed.
when I think about General Secret
Kolkov, and about Harry Bok, somel
I just don't feel sorry for myself."

"Mr. President, what's the latest
the condition of your eyesight?"

The man in dark glasses on the
dium turned slightly in the directio
the voice and replied: "I may have s
cautious good news on that. When I
regained consciousness, I couldn't s
thing—just black, with some dark col
In the past week or so, I've begun t
able to make out the difference betw
light and dark—for example, I can s
strong source of lights over there, wh
the television lighting is always set
Now that's no guarantee that my e
are on the mend. But it makes me h
ful. I'd put it this way: At the mom
I'm officially blind—let's use the h
word, blind—but my sight seems to
improving."

"Don't you think it would be in
best interests of national security, si
you stepped aside under the provisi
of the Twenty-fifth Amendment u
such time as you were fully capable
discharging your duties?"

"No," said the President. He said n
ing more, and there was a pause.

"To follow up—with all respect
your courage, sir, don't you think
your blindness calls into question y
capacity to serve?"

"No. A lot of people thought I coul
handle this job when I could see."
half-joke did not get a response.

"Could you tell us how you know w
you're signing?"

The President went through the
cedure of countersignatures at s
length, praising Speaker Frelingheu
and hoping for an early Supreme C
test.

"Sir, do you think the Vice-Presi
would make a good Acting Preside
do you have confidence in him?"

Nettled, the President took off
glasses for a moment; the screens
stantly showed an intense close-up of
eyes, which looked like normal eyes.
put the glasses back on.

"I have every confidence in the V
President. As I said when I chose h
if I were to die in office or become
abled, he could be expected to carry
But I'm not dead and I'm not disable
The pool camera picked up some of
disturbed expressions of the repor
and flashed them on the screen.
press secretary was looking at the fl

"There are some fairly important n
ters going on in the country and
world," said the President. "If yo
prepared to ask questions on other s

s, I'll take them now."
The next questioner, a gray-haired
tleman from the *Christian Science*
nitor, said in his well-known voice:
e don't tell you what your answers
uld be, Mr. President, and I don't
nk you ought to tell us what our ques-
is should be. My question is: What
our definition of the phrase 'ability
discharge the duties of his office'?
ond—"
One at a time," snapped the Presi-
t. "If you want a legal definition,
sure the Attorney General can draw
up. But as I understand it, the Presi-
t is the one who is elected by the
ple and trusted by them to decide on
ability or disability, and I've made
decision. Next?"
Second," the same voice continued,
l you ever consider stepping aside as
option, or did you rule it out auto-
ically from the first?"
It's not in my philosophy to ignore
ess, Mr. Harley, or to seek a cure in
tending it does not exist. I thought
ut it as an option and rejected it and
's behind me. Let's look ahead."
he President reached for a glass of
water on a table next to the lectern.
he camera closed in, his hand moved
inches from the corner of the green
table along the edge, then 12 inches
ward the center of the table, closing
fidently on the glass. Extreme close-
of the glass of water moving to the
sident's mouth, being returned to the
ll table. Ericson's hand released the
s,, and moved back, but his sonar
ch caught the green felt cloth, pulled
ack and the glass crashed to the floor.
camera remained in the silence on
broken glass.
It's the little things that get you
n," the President cracked. "Next
stion?" Mundane domestic questions
minated the next ten minutes of the
ference, with Ericson handling them
somewhat shaken way, but holding
wers to ninety seconds and finishing
with a memorized summarizing tag
. After the "Thank you, Mr. Presi-
t" from the wire service reporter, the
ens showed a sudden glare and then
kening; an old-fashioned flash bulb
gone off at the President and caused
action in the sensitive lens.
That came from over there," the
sident pointed, half off-microphone.
d I pass your test?" The sound picked
some of the edge of bitterness in his
e as he felt for the step with his foot,
ked down the two steps off the plat-
n, and made his way—accompanied
the press secretary and two Secret
vice agents—through the crowd and
of the East Room.
he sounds of the four-screen set in-
mingled: "After a good start, the
sident's performance in this crucial
s conference went downhill . . ."
. granted the tension he was under,
his mood seemed almost mercurial, from the gracious and witty man we've known to a waspish and somewhat embittered man that we have not seen before . . ." ". . . though frankly I cannot blame him for showing a little temper when a photographer broke the rules of the press conference to shoot a flash bulb in his face. The President interpreted that as an insulting test of his truthfulness, after having said that he could tell light from dark, but frankly, don't you think the way he indeed passed the test worked out to be a net plus? . . ." ". . . fact remains that from an atmosphere of sympathy, an atmosphere of hostility soon developed, whosever fault it was . . ."

An hour later, when a secretary turned off the lights and the sets in the room, the murmuring ceased and the pictures converged into four white dots, which vanished into a blank. **End**

FALCONER

BY JOHN CHEEVER

A novel—both fantastic and real—about an upper-middle-class man and the inner storms that propel him into drugs, crime, prison and liberation. Here, the hero reconstructs a memory of lost love.



"Oh, my darling," he wrote, with no pause at all and to a girl he had lived with for two months when Marcia had abdicated and moved to Carmel. "Last night, watching a comedy on TV, I saw a woman touch a man with familiarity—a light touch on the shoulder—and I lay on my bed and cried. No one saw me. Prisoners, of course, suffer a loss of identity, but this light touch gave me a terrifying insight into the depth of my alienation. Excepting myself there is truly no one here with whom I can speak. Excepting myself there is nothing I can touch that is warm, human and responsive. My reason, with its great claims to strength, light and usefulness, is totally crippled without the warmth of sentiment. An obscene nothing is forced onto me. I do not love, I am unloved, and I can only remember the raptness of love faintly, faintly. If I close my eyes and try to pray I will fall into the torpor of solitude. I will try to remember.

"In remembering, my darling, I will try to avoid mentioning specific places or clothes or feats of mutual understanding. I can remember coming back to the Danieli on the Lido after a great day on the beach when we both had been solicited by practically everybody. It was at that hour when the terrible, the uniquely terrible band began to play terrible, terrible tangos and the beauties of the evening, the girls and boys in their handmade clothes, had begun to emerge. I can remember this but I don't choose to. The landscapes that come to my mind are unpleasantly close to what one finds on greeting cards—the snowbound farmhouse is recurrent—but I would like to settle for something inconclusive. It is late in the day. We have spent the day on a beach. I can tell because we are burned from the sun and there is sand in my shoes. A taxi—some hired livery—has brought us to a provincial railroad station, an isolated place, and left us there. The station is locked and there is no town, no farmhouse, no sign of life around the place excepting a stray dog. When I look at the timetable nailed to the station house I realize that we are in Italy although I don't know where. I've chosen this memory because there are few specifics. We have either missed the train or there is no train or the train is late. I don't remember. I can't even remember laughter or a kiss or putting my arm around your shoulder as we sat on a hard bench in an empty provincial railroad station in some country where English was not spoken. The light was going, but going, as it so often does, with a fanfare. All I really remember is a sense of your company and a sense of physical contentment.

"I suppose I am dealing with romantic and erotic things, but I think I am dealing with much more. What I remember, tonight in this cell, is waiting in some living room for you to finish dressing. I hear the sound from the bedroom of you closing a drawer. I hear the sound of your heels—the floor, the carpet, the tile of the bathroom—as you go there to flush the toilet. Then I hear the sound of your heels again—a little swifter now—as you open and close another drawer and then come toward the door of the room where I wait, bringing with you the pleasures

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of the evening and the night and the life we have together. And I can remember wishing for dinner in an upstairs bedroom while you did the last thing before putting dinner on the table, while I heard you touch a china serving dish with a pot. That is what I remember.

"And I remember when we first met, and I am today and will be forever astonished at the perspicacity with which a man can, in a glimpse, judge the scope and beauty of a woman's memory, her tastes in color, food, climate and language, the precise clinical dimensions of her visceral, cranial and reproductive tracts, the condition of her teeth, hair, skin, toenails, eyesight and bronchial tree, that he can, in a second, exalted by the diagnostics of love, seize on the fact that she is meant for him or that they are meant for one another. I am speaking of a glimpse and the image seems to be transitory, although this is not so much romantic as it is practical since I am thinking of a stranger, seen by a stranger. There will be stairs, turnings, gangplanks, elevators, seaports, airports, someplace between somewhere and somewhere else and where I first saw you wearing blue and reaching for a passport or a cigarette. Then I pursued you across the street, across the country and around the world, absolutely and rightly informed of the fact that we belonged in one another's arms as we did.

"You are not the most beautiful woman I have ever known, but four of the great beauties I have known died by their own hand and while this does not mean that all the great beauties I have known have killed themselves, four is a number to consider. I may be trying to explain the fact that while your beauty is not great, it is very practical. You have no nostalgia. I think nostalgia a primary female characteristic and you have it not at all. You have a marked lack of sentimental profoundness, but you have a brightness, a quality of light, that I have never seen equaled. Everyone knows this, everyone sees this, everyone responds. I can't imagine this being eclipsed. Your physical coordination in athletics can be very depressing. You have to throw me a tennis game and you can even beat me at horseshoes, but what I remember is that you were never aggressive. I remember fishing with you in Ireland. Remember? We stayed in that beautiful manor with an international crowd including several German barons with monocles. Maids with caps served tea. Remember? My gillie was sick that day and we went up the stream alone—it was called the Dillon—to a bend where there was a little sign that said you couldn't take more than one salmon a day out of the pool. Above the bend in the stream there was a hill and on the hill there was a ruined castle with a big tree sticking out of the highest tower and in the ruin of the great hall swarms and swarms of bumblebees taking the nectar out of a vine that was covered with white flowers. We didn't go into the manor hall because we didn't want to get stung, but I remember walking away from the castle and smelling the heavy scent of the white flowers and the loud, loud noise the bees made—it was like the drone of some old-fashioned engine with a leather traveling belt—and it reached all the way down the hill to the edge of the stream and I remember looking at the greenness of the hills and your brightness and the romantic ruin and hearing the drone of the bees and tying my leader and thanking God that this hadn't happened to me earlier in life because it would have been the end. I mean I would have become one of those jugheads who sit around cafés with faraway looks in their eyes because they have heard the music of the spheres. So I placed my line, knowing all the time that with your coordination you could place a line much better than I, while you sat on the banks with your hands folded in your lap as if you wished you had brought your embroidery although you can't, so far as I know, sew on a button. So then I hooked and landed a big salmon and then there was a thunderstorm and we got soaked and then we stripped and swam in the stream, which was warmer than the rain, and then they served the salmon that night at the manor with a lemon in its mouth but what I intended to say is that you weren't aggressive and as I recall we never quarreled. I remember once looking at you in some hotel room and thinking that if I love her so absolutely we must quarrel and if I didn't dare to quarrel perhaps I didn't dare to love. But I loved you and we didn't quarrel and I can't ever remember our quarreling, never, never, not even when I was about to shoot all my guns and you took your tongue out of my mouth and said that I still hadn't told you whether you should wear a long dress or a short dress to the Pinhams' birthday party. Never.

"And I remember some mountainous place in winter on the eve of a holiday where thousands of people had gathered to ski and where thousands more were expected on the late planes and trains. And I remember ski places, those overheated rooms and the books that people leave behind them and the galvanic excitement of the physicalness. We were in bed then, when there was, around midnight, a sudden rise in temperature. The thawing snow on the roof made a dripping sound—a water torture for the innkeeper and killjoy music for everyone else. So in the morning it was very warm by whatever standards or measures used in whatever country it was. The snow was sticky enough for snowballs and I formed one and fired it at a tree, hitting or missing I don't remember, but beyond the snowball we saw the warm blue sky and the sn melting everywhere. But it would colder on the mountains whose wh slopes and summits surrounded us. took the funicular up, but even on t summit the snow was warm, the day w disastrous, spiritually, financially, were the prisoners of our environm although if we had enough money could have flown to some other, col part of the world. Even on the sumr of the mountain the snow was sticky, day was like spring, and I skied h naked, but the wet trails were perilo swift in the shade, retarded in the s and in lower altitudes there was an in of water in every declivity. Then about 11 the wind changed and I h to get back into my underwear, my sh whatever else I had, and just as sudd ly the trails turned to ice and one by c the rangers put up the CLOSED signs seven languages at the beginnings of t trails and there was first the rumor a then the fact that the Italian prime m ister had been killed taking a last r down the Glokenschuss. Then no o was coming up the lift, there was a li waiting to descend, and while the lov trails were still not frozen and were n gotiable that day, that holiday, that c max of the year was ruined. But th exactly as the sun reached the zeni snow began to fall. It was a very hea and beautiful snow that, like some jux position of gravity, seemed to set t mountain range free of the planet. drank some coffee or schnapps in a h —waited 20 minutes or half an hou and then there was perfect cover on t lower trails and after an hour there w perfect cover everywhere, perhaps fc inches that fanned like spume when turned, a gift, an epiphany, an una countable improvement on our maste of those snow-buried slopes and fal Then we went up and down, up a down, our strength inexhaustible, c turns snug and accomplished. The cli cians would say that we were skii down every slope of our lives back the instant of our birth; and men of go will and common sense would claim th we were skiing in every possible dire tion toward some understanding of t triumph of our beginnings and our en So when you ski you walk on beach you swim, you sail, you carry the g ceries up the steps to a lighted hou you drop your pants on a large anaton cal incongruity, you kiss a rose. We ski that day—those slopes were unlighte until the valley telephoned the sumn to close the lifts and then, reestablishi our terrestrial equilibrium as one do after a long sail, a hockey game—tightrope artists must—we swagger into the bar, where our cups and ever thing else was brimming. I can remei ber this and I can remember the sailbo race too, but it is getting dark here no too dark for me to write anymore." En

"Mommy, what did you do to my hipp'lotamus?

He smells beautiful."



Beautiful. The things you do to your family's clothes when you use Downy.® Like rinsing in an April Fresh smell. And Downy softness. And helping to rinse out that annoying static cling.

No wonder Downy-rinsed clothes have earned a lot of mothers beautiful compliments.



The April Fresh smell of Downy.
It's a noticeable improvement.



In 1906 Benjamin Glazer wanted to marry a woman with a little fire. He found one, and on his wedding night, he put the fire c

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smok

Fashions: Calvin Klein

16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



This is why we make bologna the way we do.

Oscar Mayer

SWEET CORN OF SUMMER

continued

water for 15 minutes. (Start to count processing time as soon as water in canner begins to boil.) After processing, remove jars and place upright, several inches apart, on wire racks to cool. After jars have cooled, label and date. Makes 5 pints. Store at room temperature. About 55 calories per ¼ cup.

SUCCOTASH
pictured on this page

Chives add zest to this long-time favorite of many people.

5 to 6 ears of corn (3 cups of kernels)
2 cups water
1 package (10 oz.) frozen baby lima beans (1½ cups)
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped chives

Remove the husks and silk from corn; rinse. Remove kernels from the cob by cutting with a sharp knife. Measure kernels to equal 3 cups.

In medium saucepan, heat water to boiling. Add corn and lima beans, cover and cook until tender, about 5 minutes; drain. Add butter or margarine, seasonings and chives; heat until butter is melted. Makes 4½ cups or 6 servings; 180 calories per serving.



CORN CHOWDER
pictured on this page

Hearty Corn Chowder hits the spot anytime.

6 to 8 ears of corn (4 cups of kernels)
6 bacon slices, diced
1 cup chopped onions
¼ cup all-purpose flour
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup water
2 cups cubed potatoes
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Remove the husks and silk from corn; rinse and drain. Remove kernels from the cob by cutting with a sharp knife. Measure kernels to equal 4 cups.

In 3-quart saucepan, cook bacon until crisp. Remove bacon with slotted spoon; drain on paper towel. Discard all but 1 tablespoon bacon drippings. Add onions and sauté until tender, about 5 minutes. Gradually stir in flour. Pour in chicken broth and water, stirring constantly until blended. Add corn, bacon, potatoes and seasonings. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat to low and simmer covered, for 15 to 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add milk and continue cooking until heated through. Top with butter or margarine. Serve immediately. Makes 10 cups or 8 servings. About 220 calories per serving.

To cook corn: Remove husks and silk from corn; rinse. Heat a large saucepot of water to boiling over high heat. Add corn and cover. Return water to boil; cook 3 to 5 minutes. Serve immediately with selection of butters.

FLAVORED BUTTERS
pictured on this page

Three tasty ways to butter up piping hot ears of corn.

CHIVE BUTTER
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 tablespoons chopped chives (or green onions)
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

In small bowl, combine ingredients. Use immediately or cover and refrigerate. Serve on corn-on-the-cob. Makes about ½ cup. About 100 calories per tablespoon.

DILL BUTTER
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 teaspoon dill weed
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

In small bowl, combine ingredients. Use immediately or cover and refrigerate. Serve on corn-on-the-cob. Makes about ½ cup. About 100 calories per tablespoon.

CHILI LIME BUTTER
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 tablespoon lime juice
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 teaspoon salt

In small bowl, stir butter. Add juice, a teaspoon at a time, stirring well mixed. Stir in remaining ingredients. Use immediately or cover and refrigerate. Serve on corn-on-the-Makes ½ cup. About 105 calories tablespoon.



BAKED HORSERADISH CORN

Slap these on the barbecue grill a with your meat. Superb!

6 ears of corn, in husks
½ cup butter or margarine
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, drained
1 teaspoon salt

Peel back husks, but do not remove. move silk from corn. Combine but parsley, horseradish and salt. Spr evenly on corn. Replace the husk secure with small piece of foil.

To bake: Preheat oven to 375°F. pare corn as above. Bake for 25 to minutes. Makes 6 servings. About calories each.

To grill: Prepare corn as above. C over medium-hot coals for 10 minu turning occasionally.



Clockwise: Corn Chowder, Succotash and a selection of three butters: Dill, Chili Lime and Chive.



Now. Only 1 mg tar.

This is more than just low 'tar.' This is ultra-low 'tar.'
This is Now, a cigarette with only 1 mg 'tar.' If you want to be sure
you're getting ultra-low 'tar,' count all the way down to Now's number 1.

The ultra-low tar cigarette.

ning: The Surgeon General Has Determined Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", .1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '78.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

continued from page 68

since her mind is clear and logical and her memory good, it is advisable—Harold Wilson said so—that anyone, before subjecting himself to an official interview with her, should do his homework. And one prerogative is still hers—only she can dissolve Parliament and can, if necessary, use delaying tactics that give time for second thoughts and the dying down of hysteria.

It is an unflattering comparison, but she could be said to be that invaluable silent partner who, if he does not exist, must be invented. He does not appear in the board room, is no longer an executive, but he must be consulted. The last reigning monarch to enjoy complete executive power was Elizabeth Tudor; the last un-royal person to wield it was Cromwell. Parliament took over inch by inch and eventually handed over the real power to the people. It sounds clumsy and absurd but the monarchy works after a fashion; works in fact better than any system so far devised, and that may well be because in the eye of the whirlwind is this center of calm.

As to the cost of it, which one member of Parliament questions, what the Queen takes from public money only just pays for the public state she must keep up—not for her own glorification, but in order to flatter the egos of people, many—not all—of very obscure origins. Bring on the horses; the carriages; open the State Apartments at Buckingham Palace, at Windsor; entertain 1,000, 2,000 people at a garden party. That member of Parliament should do his homework and remember that costs rise at all levels. It must also be borne in mind that the present royal family are economically aware and, when not on show, live comparatively simple lives. The Queen's great-grandfather, Edward VII, who spent a decade of his life in the twentieth century, did not call a dinner a dinner unless it had at least seven courses; his great-granddaughter can make do with three, or two; and if short of staff, can cook herself.

Children benefit

How Edward VII would shudder to see his hunting fields at Sandringham full of black currants, to be sold commercially. Thousands of children benefit from the end-product of this enterprise, so palatable, so rich in Vitamin C. What would Henry VIII think of mushroom sheds at Hampton Court, making regular supplies for the vegetable stands of Covent Garden—or Nine Elms as one must now say?

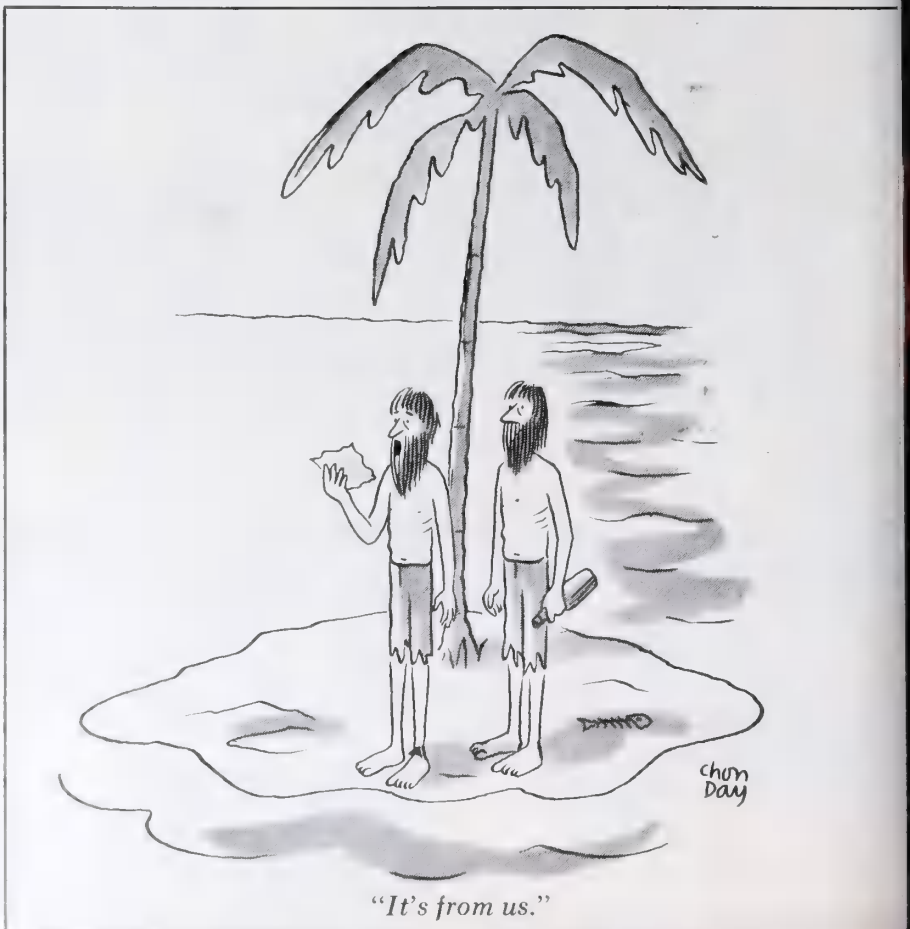
The Queen's attitude towards Sandringham is symbolic. Edward VII bought it and called it his home in the country, but like many places of the same vintage it was too big and too expensive in upkeep and in staffing to make a home in the late twentieth century, even for a monarch. The Queen considered reducing its size, improving its amenities, and then made a typical decision. Nearby, in that same bit of windswept countryside, there was another house, small, low-ceilinged; once a rectory, then a doctor's residence and lately nobody's house. That she bought and restored and made into a family home. Sandringham, which had made tentative attempts to earn its living by admitting visitors to the garden and selling a few pot plants and souvenirs at the gates, will soon be open to the public and will certainly earn its keep, for it will be the first *royal* residence open to all—Hampton Court and Windsor are both State-owned.

So much for purely mundane stuff; the Queen of Great Britain, much as some people would like to cut her down to size and call her "the tweedy mother of four," still has the mystique of monarchy about her. Something that other countries, either by ill-fortune lost or by bad policy discarded, but still yearn for. Why else should German newspapers, within twenty-four hours of her first visit there, print: "Since yesterday Germany has a Queen; her name is Elizabeth"? Why does she matter to so many people who have either never known or have cast off monarchial rul

In the beginning, ages away, t monarch was regarded as the one cl est in touch with the supernatu world; later he became the best warri and then the best diplomat. It m sound somewhat ridiculous now speak of the Lord's anointed; but the is still something in it.

Great Britain has seen many mo archs, not all of them good, not all them wise, but all royal and since 10 all with some claim to be "of the bloo as the French put it. There was, h tween 1649 and 1660, a time wh there was no king and ambitious m jostled for power, as must happen wh no one person has an unquestioned p ority. But even Cromwell stopped sh at the steps of that empty throne; a when he died, and people were aski "What next?" it was one of Cromwel own men who came up with the answe "restore the monarchy"—revert to t indisputable right. And there is som thing stabilizing about it; the Que may prefer simple things and a simp life, be happier in a mackintosh a thick shoes walking her dogs in t country than parading in mink in tow but given the occasion, there is nev any question of who goes first; she alo has been anointed and crowned. Th may sound archaic, but the test of a system must be—does it work? T Queen is living proof that it does. Lo may she reign!

En



"It's from us."



Brush on the Kraft barbecue sauce,
and brush on real cookout flavor.
Lively, spicy, rich and tangy.
The kind you're really hungry for.

KRAFT

Mmm, Yeah!

The working woman

continued from page 50

BULLETIN BOARD

• *Management Woman*, 115 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022—executive search firm that helps find women for top jobs paying up to $100,000 per year. (Contact Anne Hyde or Janet Jones)

• *Information & Counseling Service for Women*, 301 Crown St., Box 5557, New Haven, Conn. 06520—career development programs, job co-op to help employers meet affirmative action goals, group counseling to help women of all ages. (Contact: Cynthia S. Pincus)

• *Women's Inc.*, 15 Spinning Wheel Rd., Hinsdale, Ill. 60521—helps Chicago-area people and businesses recruit women for mid to upper management consulting, human development.

• *Choices!*, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001—career development/job enrichment workshops for women that are usually financed by companies for the benefit of their employees. (Contact: Adele Ribolow)

• *WOW Work Center*, c/o Wider Opportunities for Women, 1649 K St., Washington, D.C. 20006—charges membership fee of $40 for two months or $50 for three. Fee entitles a woman to weekly job-seekers information and support groups, use of career planning resource collection to develop job leads and job referral service.

• *Corporate Board Resource*, c/o Catalyst, 14 East 60 St., New York, N.Y. 10022—an elite "talent scout" service (costing $1,000 per year) that provides firms with qualified women to sit on boards of directors, or serve as speakers, advisors, consultants or top management. (Contact: Felice Schwartz)

• *Les Dames d'Escoffier*, Rm. 412, 220 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017—the first women's gastronomic society formed by female professionals and expert amateurs in the fields of food and wine. Goals include the education of young women for gastronomic professions, scholarship support for women chefs and employment of women chefs in the world's great restaurants and hotels. (Contact: Carol Brock)

• *Majority Money*, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019—an assocation of women seeking financial autonomy and a support network for women managers and entrepreneurs. Presents lectures, workshops, access to expert advisors and subscription to monthly newsletter. Membership $40; newsletter alone, $15.

• *Women Enterprises*, 1545 Tremont Place, Denver, Colo. 80202—job training, career guidance, self-enhancement skills and assistance for beginning small businesses. (Contact: Gloria F. Colbert)

End

TELLING ALL

continued from page 77

triumphantly. She thinks it is more honest, she thinks she is offering more of herself to him. I mention this to New York psychiatrist Walter A. Stewart, M.D., who responds wryly that you can offer plenty of yourself to your husband without forcing yourself to scrape the bottom of the barrel. But the real danger, Dr. Stewart adds, lies elsewhere:

"This current tell-everything trend in marriage has a peculiar unisex quality, a sense of *merging* . . . the feeling that 'We have no secrets, nothing is hidden, I want you to know anything that swims through my mind so we'll be really close.' It is like those two-people fun sweaters they make, with one neck, as though you're Siamese twins." The merging detracts from sexual attraction, Dr. Stewart believes. "And it isn't true intimacy. True intimacy isn't two people climbing inside each other. It is two separate people touching."

It seems a paradox. By keeping things back, by *not* disclosing ourselves too much, we may become more intimate. Dr. Stewart again: "By being selective, by sharing only what is worth sharing, we approach intimacy."

The sociologist George Simmel wrote that when we fear we're not giving our marriage partner enough, we go overboard and give *too much*—with the result that a paralyzing boredom sets in. Without some discretion, a marriage (or a love affair) "lapses into a trivial habituation without charm." Which brings to mind the more laconic words of Voltaire, "The secret of being a bore is to tell everything."

Yet Simmel goes much deeper: Lovers or married couples, by revealing too much, risk depleting their entire treasure-chest of what Simmel terms their latent psychological possessions, and "have a good chance of coming to face one another with empty hands."

We all have our own personal mystery. One begins to think of the sociologist as poet when Simmel, reflecting on the importance of discretion, says that it is when we offer to the loved one some portion of ourself in the form of indistinctness and unclarity, that we maintain our attractiveness at a high level. One thinks of the fascination of the never-quite-revealed Kathy in *Wuthering Heights*, or of how Durrell, in *The Alexandria Quartet*, arouses our curiosity about Justine, who one moment is partially disclosed, the next moment obscured. In *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Sarah Woodruff leaves us with an impression not of deliberate mystery, but of personal privacy. One might almost call it personal dignity. Dignity, of course, doesn't sleep in the same bed as total self-exposure.

Women—and men, too—may e
have a vital *need* for personal priva
An ideal sphere, reflected Simmel,
rounds every human being, and whe
is penetrated, one's personality valu
destroyed. Dr. Paul C. Cozby, psyc
ogist at California State Univers
says of this concept, "Self-concealme
not lying or misrepresenting oneself,
maintaining a private area of the s
may have functional significance in
ing a person a sense of 'individualit
Given that possibility, when a wo
exposes too much, mightn't she well
her own *saboteuse*, the Trojan h
that brings down her own interior c

Another aspect of privacy in marri
involves the choice of confessing an
fidelity to one's mate. No half-measu
here—you tell it or you keep your sec
The wisest thing a woman can do,
Dr. Leah Schaefer, New York psyc
therapist and author of *Women
Sex*, is to ask herself: Why do I *re*
want to confess this infidelity? Hidd
unpretty motives, dangerous to a m
riage, may be lurking beneath a se
ingly virtuous, make-a-clean-breast
it decision. One woman really want
confess her four-month love affair to
husband because she is angry at h
she wants to hurt him. She may e
feel that her infidelity is *his* fault: "
what you made me do! There's so
thing you're not giving me!"

Another woman, feeling guilty ab
her infidelity, wants to shift the bur
of responsibility onto her husband:
did this awful thing; now it's in y
hands." A marvelous relief! "But
have to think," says Dr. Schaefer,
that really being fair to him?"

A third woman, terribly asham
wants to humiliate herself, to be p
ished; she feels she deserves it.
another feels exactly the oppos
"There is luxury in self-reproac
Oscar Wilde said. "When we blame c
selves, we feel no one else has a righ
blame us." One psychiatrist describe
more prevalent and convoluted moti
"Sometimes, when we confess to an
discretion, we're tacitly giving the ot
person license to do the same thin
so *we* can indulge ourself once again

Whom do you tell?

Tempted to confess, we had
better think to *whom* am I telling t
Can George (or Bill or Stanley or Di
handle this confession—or will he
devastated by it? We are, after all, m
vulnerable to those we love. And if
confession would be too hurtful, are
being selfish and cruel by telling?

We also must consider the co
quences and the possible hazards. C
husband feels he can't forgive the
fidelity, and the marriage breaks up
case in point: A married friend, c
science-stricken over a much-regret
infidelity, tells me: "I'll go *(continu*

Do the Chicken.
With Olives and Avocado.



It's easy when you have plenty of cool, golden-green Avocados and glistening black ripe olives on hand. Just slice California Avocados into crescents and California Olives into wedges. Then do the chicken salad that has people dancing for joy.

Chicken Salad Habañera

1½ cups boned, cooked chicken, in thin strips
1 cup California ripe olives, sliced in wedges
1 California Avocado, cut into crescents
⅓ cup green pepper strips
¼ cup red onion, finely chopped
2-3 Tbsps. pimiento, thin strips
4 cups lettuce, shredded

Dressing

⅓ cup salad oil
¼ cup red wine vinegar
¼ cup lemon juice
1 Tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
⅛-¼ tsp. fresh garlic, minced

Combine ingredients; hold aside Avocado. Cover and chill. Combine dressing ingredients in a jar and shake well. Refrigerate. Just before serving add avocados, shake dressing, pour over salad. Toss lightly; serve on bed of shredded lettuce. (Serves 4)

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TELLING ALL

continued

crazy! I can't live with this guilt! I'm going to tell Howard tonight." I think of Howard, and I know immediately that maybe another husband might cope with such news, but not Howard. Alas, I was right. End of a marriage.

Another hazard: Confessing to an indiscretion can sometimes shut us off from the other person. As Dr. Schaefer explains it: "It can cut you off by changing the relationship." Consider, for instance, one woman who truly loves her husband. Two years ago this summer, while she and the children were at the shore, she had a brief, week-long interlude with another man—something that, as she describes it, "just happened." Now she has a compulsion to tell her husband, and she does. He promptly becomes upset. He doesn't trust her anymore. He tortures himself by thinking: All the time she was saying one thing these past two years, maybe she was really thinking about that summer. Says Dr. Schaefer: "He reexamines everything. It ruins things between them. He might think: 'How could she? I'll get even with her, I'll have an affair'—even if he doesn't really want to."

A fascinating point to consider: When one person has committed an offense against another, and both are conscious of it, it is, in the view of George Simmel, destructive to their relationship. But, he suggested, it can very useful to them if the guilty o alone knows of the fault. "For t causes in the person a consideratene a delicacy, a secret wish to make up f it, a yieldingness and selflessness, no of which would occur to one who h a completely untroubled conscienc How very possible—likely, even.

But what if we feel a desperate, tolerable, guilty need to confess? In th case, if a woman senses that her revel tion would hurt her husband too ter bly, that it would spoil their relationsh —would for any reason be unwise—it worth her thinking: Why not go alo to a marriage counselor, or have a o time consultation with a psychiatri Or a member of the clergy? Such peo listen—without imperiling our relati ships. It is a one-way street. It is rath like unburdening yourself to a strang on a train or plane, a person you'll nev see again. We have no intimate relati ship with that stranger. He or she tak no part in our life. There are none the humiliations, recriminations a risks inherent in confessing to a pers we love and with whom we have a de emotional involvement.

Question of judgment

The question of judgment, of kno ing how much to tell and to whe comes up with children, too. A mothe revelation, "Barbara, you're adopte is open, honest information that c child can handle, another cannot.

"You have to know what that part ular child can accept, what you're t ing them, and *why* you're telling it them," Dr. Schaefer explains. In t case of one couple getting a divorce, angry father told his innocent, vuln able, 13-year-old daughter some u pleasant facts about her mother—t sordid reasons for the divorce. He tr loves his daughter, and he thinks, vir ously, that he is simply being mode and open with her. But "Love *me* m than your mother!" was his real, u happy reason for imparting the ugly formation—and the child, unable tolerate the information, has a nerv breakdown.

Why am I really telling this? And whom? applies of course to our soc and business lives as well. It is c thing when we need advice from a tru worthy friend, or want to share son thing pleasurable, to brag a little, hear our friend reassure us that we marvelous, or comfort us that we're least okay. But here, too, there must limits. A woman new to a midwest suburb felt lonely and insecure amo so many unfamiliar faces. Longing make friends, she went overboard, c fiding information about her husban business affairs, and even some bett kept-hidden details about the rat nasty divorce from his *(continu*

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TELLING ALL

continued

former wife. It was a close-knit, gossipy neighborhood, and within days, you could hear the fluttering of pigeons coming home to roost.

Why am I telling this? . . . And to whom? Many of us are unwittingly given to what psychologists call manipulative confidences. "I never buy stationery, I always bring that stuff home from the office—paper clips, envelopes, everything," I overhear a woman lunching in a coffee shop tell a fellow office worker. As Dr. Stewart explains this "openness," what she is really saying is: You can do it, too; I wish you would, I'd feel less guilty. We try to influence, we subtly plant an idea, hoping to take the onus off ourselves. Paper clips. Cheating on one's income tax (a dangerous revelation), sexual indiscretions.

Back to the office for a moment, and the hazardous luxury of telling too much to fellow workers. "I felt so sorry for Nancy, with all her troubles, a woman executive says of her secretary. "that I got to hating to ask her to do anything for me! You'll think I'm terrible, but I finally just had to have her transferred to another department. She despises her new job." What is more usual, is that when we begin confiding in an office situation, it opens a Pandora's box. Everybody starts confiding, and it detracts from running the business. Another obvious danger: Office politics change, relationships change, Tuesday's friends are Wednesday's competitors, or worse, enemies—and God help the person who's exposed her private life!

Ironically, to our embarrassment, boredom, and/or irritation, we are often forced to listen to others confiding in us. "I felt she was stripping naked in front of me," a woman says of a new neighbor who'd confided intimate details about sexual problems in her marriage. "Actually, I felt kind of *insulted*." Another woman complains that a 21-year-old girl in her car pool subjects the other five riders to a daily account of her intimate personal problems with the man in her life. An excessively open-*open* woman I met at a party told me within ten minutes that she always hated her father. "Really?" I murmured, not quite sure what I was supposed to do with this bit of information. Later, I realized an important point: If a good friend, who is private by nature, were for some reason to divulge these feelings to me about her father, I would feel flattered, privileged. But if a brand-new neighbor nails me in a corner and tells me her very personal nightmare, I do *not* feel privileged. I feel faintly put-upon.

It can be alarming, too, when an aggressively "open" person turns the tables and bluntly asks a personal question. A well-organized businesswoman friend says she gets hopelessly rattled by such direct personal questions. "I handle it all wrong!" she says. "I give them a direct answer, then I get furious at myself for being intimidated." I hear one woman accuse another with "Oh, you're so *secretive!*" when she didn't answer a personal question.

"The tyranny of openness" is the term two psychologists, Dalmas A. Taylor of the University of Utah and Irwin Altman of the University of Maryland, use to describe this current trend, and there is a frightening possibility that, if we ride this particular horse too hard, we won't have any freedom left to have our own private thoughts—because everyone will expect and *demand* full disclosure of us.

Mysterious knowledge

Not that we could ever really turn ourselves inside out. "A woman of thirty has more arcana than a chief of state," wrote Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish philosopher. *Arcana:* mysterious knowledge, known only to the initiate. And so we have, all the thousands of brilliantly-colored fish swimming around in the depths of our mind, the myriad components that make us the unique complex person we've evolved into through all our growing-up years. The only way to give anyone the best of our interior possessions is by using our judgment and discretion—and by being sensitive to the other person. Our personal privacy is, in a phrase reminiscent of Virginia Woolf's, a room of our own. We alone have the right to decide when to open the door, and to whom, and when to keep it closed. **End**

How America Lives

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Brand D	13	0.9
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Brand M	8	0.5
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LOUISE FLETCHER

continued from page 58

of landscapes and animals and flowers. It is a large house, and Louise remembers it as having been virtually silent. "For many intents and purposes," she says, "I grew up deaf. We didn't use our voices at all, we talked to our parents without a voice. We read lips." Interestingly, when she went home recently to be with her mother who had undergone surgery, Louise noticed something that somehow had eluded her before. "The house is full of clocks, and they all tick and tock at different times. The thing that struck me was the sound of those clocks, a sound I grew up with but never heard. And I was aware of the loneliness of that sound."

Until the years when Louise studied piano, the unheard clocks were the house's only sound. Much later, her parents got a television set, but, oddly, while the picture is perfect, the audio doesn't work and never has. "It's as if the television knows," Louise smiles. And, in this silent house, Robert and Estelle Fletcher taught Louise to have a dream—taught her that she, her brother and sisters could accomplish anything. "My father had become an Episcopalian minister to the deaf. He did a tremendous job, traveling all over the state, preaching to different congregations. Today, 35 people are doing what he did alone. He would say, 'Look at me and how life worked out for me. If I can do this, being half blind and totally deaf, think what you, with every faculty, can do.' And I bought it totally. I still do." And thus, in this house, many years later, her parents sat in front of their soundless television set and watched Louise thank them with her hands for teaching her to have a dream, watched as she accepted the Academy Award and told them in sign language that they were watching her dream come true.

Had to be trusted

"By the time we were three or four, we children were very adult people," says Louise, "because we realized that our parents could not communicate and what that meant for us. They are one step removed from reality, and don't conceptualize the same way we do. We had to be trusted totally, and we were. We made up all our own rules. Generally speaking, when children create their own rules they are far stricter with themselves than their parents would be. So even when I was little I was grown-up.

"Not to make it totally grim," she went on, "I did have a grandmother with whom I spent the summers, and she made up for all the rules I didn't have during the year. If I wasn't at the table when the clock struck twelve, I didn't get to eat. I loved it. I was delighted there was somebody to say no."

So, from the beginning, Louise was an obedient, good girl. The fact that she was forced to be her own parent is another matter, and one that must have caused resentment and anger. "It did," she says, "but at the time I was unaware of those feelings." In fact, she was almost 40 before those emotions surfaced.

She has a long, long string of happy memories. Remembrances of people who came to the house, and of one woman in particular who arrived wearing a dreadful hat that Louise and her sister joked about in front of her assuming, wrongly, that the woman was deaf, as most visitors there were. Memories of ordering ruffled organdy dresses to wear to dances, and of being given flowers to wear "like a goiter" in her hair, although this last memory is tinged somewhat with pain, since her parents could not go to dances, and she was uncomfortable about having experiences they couldn't have. "I felt guilty about my parents' deafness," she recalls. "My brother, sisters and I used to fantasize about becoming doctors and curing people who were deaf. Of course, our parents' case was hopeless. They have total nerve deafness. There is no cure. So I was never very comfortable telling my mother details of evenings like that. My parents didn't demand we tell them everything. I was never faced with constant questions and answers. But I was careful, too careful, about what I told them. My brother, sisters and I had a bond to protect these two people, a bond that was like a rope tied around us all."

The protection took a logical form. Each night, when the family gathered around the dinner table, and the four children acted out the day's events for their parents, they would meticulously omit any unhappy or unpleasant thing. "It gave my parents a completely distorted view of reality," Louise says. "Now my brother, sisters and I have stopped doing it, but you can imagine what a shock it was for them to find out everything was not always wonderful, to find out I was not Miss Perfect. And the price of it was very high for me," she continues, "because I not only pretended everything was all right, I came to feel it *had* to be." And so, never verbalizing her feelings, she grew up, quite literally, without a language for them; she did not have the words to communicate any emotion that would not be appropriate in a musical comedy. Eventually, years of leaving those feelings unexpressed made her automatically push them down, negate them, as if it just seemed pointless to have a negative feeling or emotion if you could do nothing about it. Finally, she could experience only what was pleasant. "I was able to feel in love when I met my future husband," she says, "but a few years earlier, when my grandmother died, as much as I loved her I couldn't feel the loss at all. I had no pain about it."

She describes her thinking in those days as "duty, guilt and I owe it to them," and these three tenets were powerfully reinforced each year when she went to collect her scholarship money from the Archbishop of Alabama. "He was a huge man who looked, I thought, like God. And as I would leave he would put these enormous arms around me and say in a booming voice, 'Remember who you are and what you represent,' and for years those words just vibrated in my head. This year," she smiles, "my father took me to see where the Archbishop is buried, and I saw that those words that I had tried to live up to and had haunted me for years, are engraved on his tombstone. He had said them to everybody.

A sleepwalker

Her early youth was influenced by necessities caused by World War II. "It was a strange time," she recalls, "because we were especially poor then, but living in a huge house. Finally, we took in boarders." They were spinster ladies and to use Louise's term "hearing people"—people who were not deaf. "I was very hung up with playing the piano all the time. I would play one piece over and over until I got it right. I loved it and never felt guilty about it because my parents would sit with me, and put their hands on the keyboard and feel the vibrations. Also, it was visual, and I could share that with them. But when these women came, they would complain if I played too loudly. I resented it terribly." There were, however, some advantages to living with hearing people. "One of the women helped me with my speech class," Louise remembers. "What she had to do," and here she pauses, looking for the right word. When she finds it, the way she says it is emphatic and touching. "What she had to do was *listen*, because she was an adult and I wasn't, and I wanted an adult to listen to me. One night," she continues, "the woman was out. I had a speech to give the next day and it must have been on my mind when I went to bed. In those days I was a sleepwalker, and in the middle of the night, I sleepwalked into her room and scared her to death. All the boarders left shortly after that."

The sleepwalking was to continue through her early adolescence, and, interestingly, when I ask what she thinks it meant, despite the fact that she defines her youth as essentially happy, she answers, "Getting up and getting out of there."

She planned to do this by becoming an actress. Acting things out had been, after all, her way of communicating with her parents, it had always been her means of self-expression. And, always, the movies were her relief from the unreal reality she had *(continued*

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LOUISE FLETCHER

continued

created. She loved them passionately, and for the exact opposite reason most people do. For her they were not an escape from reality; they were an infusion of the real feelings of life. At the movies she did not have to maintain her "happy face." She could cry and feel sorrow. "I loved watching real people have real emotions," she says.

"When I was about eleven," she recalls, "I saw *Lady in the Dark*, and it changed my life. It was about a woman who wore manly clothes and was tough on the outside, but who inside was soft, feminine, a completely different kind of woman. I watched it in a trance. I didn't go to the bathroom or get a bag of popcorn. I just sat there until the theater closed down. And I realized, for the first time in my life, that you could seem like one thing and be something else.

"The breakaway from home was easy," she recalls, "because my parents expected me to go. I don't know how to explain it except to say that they wanted their children to have more. And their distance from the hearing world turned out to be my salvation, because they didn't have the same sense of role definition that most people did—they were not interfered with by any kind of reality. They believed in the impossible, and I did too. I mean, can you imagine what it's like for a normal, upper class Southern girl to become an actress?"

Theater her aim

All four children had promised their father they would graduate from college. "It was his ambition for us," Louise says. And so, she enrolled at the University of North Carolina. "I had decided what I wanted to do with my life," she remembers, "and I was totally determined. For the years I was a drama student I was completely absorbed in it. I walked around in a leotard and raincoat for two years and was considered very strange. I dated only one man, and him briefly. All I wanted was to work in the theater. And I did."

After graduation, she and two friends drove across country to Los Angeles. She arrived there with seven dollars. "I had a sort of blind courage in those days. Really blind. The second day here I got a job as a receptionist to a man who is still my pediatrician. One day an actor came in with his kids. He said he was doing a Playhouse 90 TV show. He got me a job as an extra and introduced me to John Frankenheimer, who was directing it. Frankenheimer kept using me in things after that."

And, in those first few months, something else happened: she fell in love with a young literary agent named Jerry Bick, the man who would become her husband. "At the time," she remembers, "I never thought much about the future. Somehow, I thought I would get married and keep working. But it was in the back of my mind that when children came along I would stop. Children, I thought, that's what we're here for."

Just before her marriage she was cast in what was to be an important film, *Where the Boys Are*. But, while she and Jerry were honeymooning, the part was given instead to Paula Prentiss. It might have been her big break, and she missed it. Still, getting the part could not have altered the course of the next 12 years. "The handwriting was on the wall," Louise believes. "What happened was inevitable. I'm convinced that when you get married—if you don't know better—you repeat your model. Mine was my mother, who was always home. I continued working after John was born in April, 1961, and until I was four months pregnant with Andrew, who was born in December, 1962. But after that, I gave up having a dream and went into the pattern of being a wife and a mother. It was inescapable behavior."

And so she went back to what she knew best because she knew it longest: functioning from a sense of "duty, guilt, and I owe it to them," losing herself in other people's needs. "Good girls," Louise says, as if reciting a litany, "are reactors, not actors. Baby needs diaper; good girls react. Husband needs dinner; good girls cook it—*and* a homemade dessert. I became what I thought the perfect wife and mother was. I denied any needs of my own. There is no one to blame but myself. In fact, Jerry kept urging me to work and I wouldn't even discuss the possibility."

In this twin role of wife and mother, Louise gave what can only be described as an award-winning performance. That it was, in fact, a performance seems si nificant now; at the time the emphas was on quality only. "In 1969 we move to London and stayed six years. In tho days, each morning I would go to th bakery for a loaf of fresh brown brea then come home and make a terrif breakfast. I had the ability to throw m self into whatever I was doing, to cha nel my energy into anything that w happening. I acted out all my creati needs fixing things around the hous building things, cooking, decorating. was constantly getting up early and ru ning off to do this or that. I had friend of course, and would go out for lunche I did do that for myself, and I'd rea go on real jags. We entertained a lot. I gave a dinner party it was fabulous. had a professional stove with eig burners and four ovens, and peop loved being invited for those five cour meals. And every night I served hom made soups and bread. In fact, one my closest friends said she had to sto seeing me, because her husband alwa compared us—and I was so perfect was ruining her marriage."

Her own husband knew better th toll all this was taking on Louise. "Jer knew there were problems," Louise say "and he suggested I see a therapist, an I did." She must have been a frustratin patient, since she still viewed the wor from behind her "happy face." Th mask assumed to ease the life of h parents, was, by now, a total barrier b tween herself and her experience. An since she still was caught up in that pr tending, it was not too likely that sh would have a successful therapy.

In 1973, the Bicks returned to th U.S., and then a confluence of even caused Louise to see, finally and clearl what was happening in her life, an made her decide to change *(continue*



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LOUISE FLETCHER

continued

things. "The women's movement had been sort of seeping in through my pores," she says, "and I was beginning to get the idea that I don't have to do things because other people expect me to. For instance, I can love cooking, love doing the laundry, if it's coming from the right place: because I want to, not because I have to. And there were," she remembers, "a lot of other things that added up to a sense of disappointment, not just with my own life, but with things generally. Watergate contributed to that. I was obsessed with it. And also, I realized that I was getting older, and who was I kidding."

In the summer of '73, the family moved to Mississippi where Jerry was producing the film *Thieves Like Us*. A small but crucial part had not been cast. Robert Altman, who was directing the film, persuaded Louise to play it. Pauline Kael, in a review, praised her work. "I was going back and forth between roles," says Louise. "I worked during the day. At night I cooked for everyone and was the producer's wife. My kids were on location, so I was also functioning in the mother role. When I saw myself on film, it was an awakening," she recalls, "because it was totally different from anything I had done before. And I realized it was real, and good, and I thought, why haven't I been working? And I went back into therapy to try to find out the answer. And finally, I was able to say that things weren't really so great, and I'm not going to pretend they are, either. And it felt wonderful to tell the truth to someone. Finally, I realized that all the sacrificing for others had made me resentful and angry. I voiced that anger to the therapist, and was honest for the first time in my life."

Her next role was the nurse in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. She went to Oregon to make the film and began taking what she calls "baby steps." "It was the first separation I'd ever had from my family, and I was amazed to see I could actually make friends, stunned to see how well I could function."

If her own story were a movie, it could end, neatly and triumphantly, the night she won the Oscar. Real-life tends to bypass such happily convenient conclusions. For the decision to return to work was bound to have consequences, and it did. "Although Jerry had always urged me to work, let's face it, there's a difference between the lady who's in the kitchen and the lady who *isn't* in the kitchen. I mean, she isn't there." And there were, apparently, other difficulties that had existed all along. "Being the sort of person I was," she says, "I never saw anything wrong. I couldn't. I just kept pretending everything was great until it wasn't."

In the spring of 1976, she and Jerry reached what she calls "a painful, mutual decision to separate." Interestingly, after this happened, she began getting what she calls "hate mail" from women. The letters are angry, yet one imagines that behind that anger is fear: fear that doing what women's groups urge women to do—go back to work, find ways of self-realization—would, as it seems to have done in Louise's case, inevitably incur a cost that is too high. "I realize that it looked like cause and effect," she responds, "but it isn't. I also looked like I got a case of 'star-itis,' and that wasn't what happened, either.

Acting out

"My husband and I were far too dependent on one another," Louise now believes, "and I was acting out neurotic needs all those years, losing myself in the family's problems to avoid mine. I can't do it anymore, and I've decided not to do it.

"I really identify with my kids," she went on, "because I feel this is my first real adolescence. Probably I'll end up going through adolescence and menopause at the same time, because I'm doing what I should have *(continued)*

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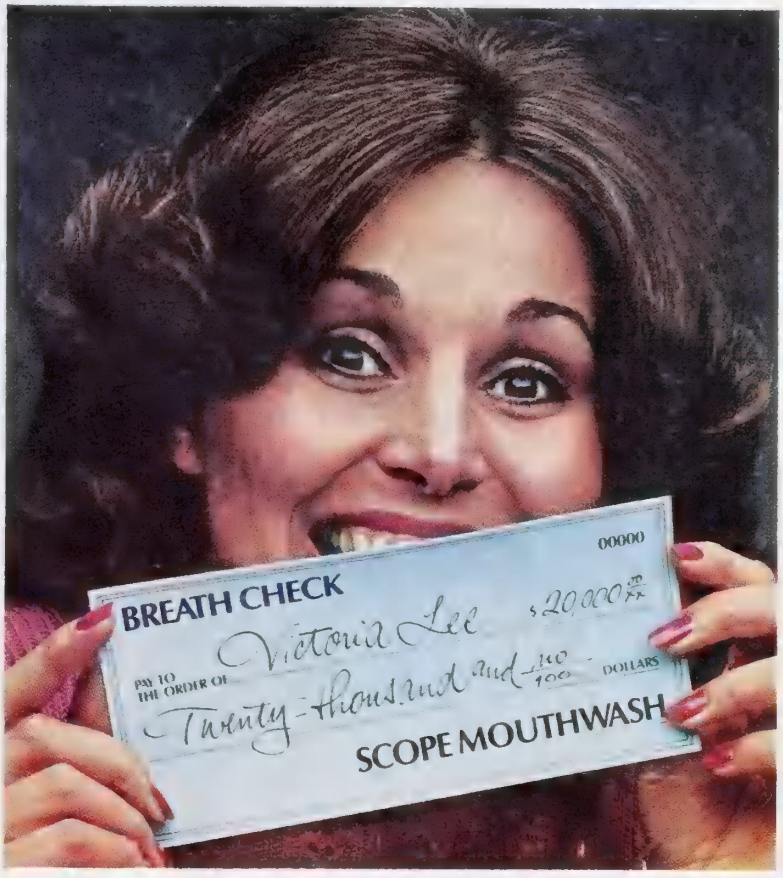
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LOUISE FLETCHER

continued

one years ago, which is finding out who I am and what I vant. I want to have a choice. And when I make decisions hrough choice, not duty, it has to be better for me and for he people who love me and the people I love. I see it as an xperiment, but it's frightening because I don't know where will all end. It's really scary, that's what it is."

Still she is certain she is doing the right thing, and so, hese mornings when she is not working, Louise stays in bed nd reads the paper. If someone runs to the bakery for the quivalent of brown bread, the woman who lives with the mily and helps with the boys does it.

Her Los Angeles apartment is still unfurnished, but the w pieces she does have are old, beautiful wood antiques, nd things from the past such as the quilt on her bed that er grandmother made. "When I decorate it, it will be the st time I've ever decorated for myself. I want a really mfortable home, with a living room where people can t and put their feet up."

The changes she has made are small but important. For stance, if she is going out at night and has no time to make hool lunches for the boys, she gives them a dollar to buy "And I don't even feel guilty," she reports.

Her professional stove is currently in storage, and the ening I was at her home, dinner consisted of barbecued icken from a nearby take-out place. And she is discovering at her children, who live with her, love her not for the eals she cooks, nor the hours she spends at home waiting r them. They seem, to her minor amazement, to love her r herself. "All the things I thought I had to do were in my ad, not theirs."

Her relationship with her sons seems remarkably free of tension, and, clearly, mothering is still an integral part of her. "When a woman makes large alterations in her life, it's easier on the kids than on a husband, because no matter what, you're still their mother. The other relationship is more difficult."

She would not explain why this is so, but perhaps she gave the reason obliquely when she said of her children, explaining why her relationship with them continues on an easy footing, "They don't expect anything."

Recently she found, pressed in a book, a piece of paper that functions as a souvenir and symbol of the old days. On one side of the paper is her marketing list for Christmas Eve: turkey, ham and also a duck. "One of those good dinners," she smiles wryly. On the other side of the paper, as if on the other side of herself, are some words written by the novelist Edith Wharton, words that Louise says expressed her greatest fear, at that time, about what might happen to her.

"I have sometimes thought," Wharton wrote, "that a woman's nature is like a great house full of rooms. There is the hall through which everyone passes going in and out, the drawing room where one receives formal visits. . . . But beyond that, far beyond, are other rooms, the handles of whose doors never turn. No one knows whither they lead. And in the innermost room, the holy of holies, the soul sits and waits for a footstep that never comes." "That," Louise says, "is what was happening to me. I had covered myself so well in the roles I was playing that the real me, inside, was someone no one could know, and I was completely alone. And I'm determined not to be like that. I don't want to end up functioning beautifully in the outer rooms, as I used to, and hiding myself in doing that. I want people to truly know me. Not everyone, of course, that would be crazy, but I want the choice to let certain people in. Playing roles gave me no choice. Now I'm beginning to have one." **End**

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GREGORY PECK

continued from page 52

enough to be a grown-up when that quietly brooding presence sent its first muted tremors of excitement across the black and white screen, to hear that controlled but voluptuous baritone that sent young girls into raptures. The voice, conveying both authority and vulnerability, intelligence and a sensuality held carefully in check, is Peck's defining trademark, and has more to do with the way we think of him than anything else.

In contrast to the actors who would follow him, Peck was a gentleman. Even in the westerns, anti-westerns and war pictures to which he increasingly devoted himself, he was fundamentally decent, and even at his most violent and "villainous" (as in *The Gunfighter* and *12 O'Clock High*), he was somehow trying to do the "right thing."

So while my friends flocked to see Brando and James Dean flail against fate and expose their psychic wounds, I remained true to an ideal of a fleeting-but-perfect male-female partnership as I had seen it in *Roman Holiday*. I was in love with *both* Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck, but it was Peck who led me into believing it might not be so bad to grow up after all. Led me to believe that perhaps the boys who were a head shorter than us in the 8th grade might indeed (as our parents assured us) grow tall as oak trees; that men could be both extraordinarily good looking on the one hand and sweet and considerate and normal on the other; that men could be paternal *and* fraternal *and* sexy. Or, failing that, that Peck himself would be around, at least in movies, to satisfy our fantasy needs.

More paternal than sexy

But there were few such romantic Peck films in the 50's and 60's, and as time wore on, he became more paternal than sexy. The image of Peck as the kindly and concerned liberal, beginning with *Gentlemen's Agreement*, was crystallized in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and finally institutionalized.

The ambassador to England in *The Omen* is but an extension of the roles Peck has played both in films and in real life, as an active champion of liberal causes. (His first film as producer was *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*.) So what is a good liberal like Peck doing in the arrogant posturing and militaristic role of Douglas MacArthur? When the opportunity arose to ask Peck myself—and, not incidentally, make my dear mother mad with envy—I naturally took the first plane to California.

"Because I thought MacArthur was a great character and a great opportunity," said Peck, "and because early on in my career I was indoctrinated with the idea that an actor should try every kind of part within reason."

We are sitting in folding chairs at a card table, the only furniture in the basement-playroom of Peck's new house in Hornby (next to Beverly) Hills. It is a vast Norman structure nestled against the top of a hill overlooking what must, even in these classy parts, be one of the most splendid of estates. The lush lawn is steeply landscaped, bordered by flowers and hedges and leading down to an Olympic-size pool on one side and, on the other, a tennis court and white tennis pavilion backed by huge pines. It is paradise on earth. If anyone else owned it, I couldn't help feeling a twinge of resentment, yet somehow I don't begrudge Peck anything.

The late afternoon sun is streaming in the French windows, the workmen who are remodeling the upstairs are gone. Veronique, Peck's French-born wife, is playing tennis with her brother. All is quiet except for the plop, plop of the tennis ball and the sound of Peck's voice, its relaxed, measured cadences speaking just for me!

"My picture of MacArthur," says Peck, "was formed by the usual liberal prejudices, and was based on mannerisms like the arrogance, the funny costumes, the pipe, the affectations, the flowery Victorian speech. I vaguely remembered he clashed with President Truman and I thought he wanted to start World War III. But he was discharged for one reason alone, for insubordination. And Truman was probably right. He couldn't have a honcho general out there [in the Far East] dictating foreign policy. But MacArthur's stand was taken out of a deep conviction, a hatred of appeasement, and my investigation of the issues suggests that he may have been right.

"According to many people in the State Department—and granted, most of this is hindsight—the Chinese were not ready to wage a war in 1951. If we had taken a strong stand and established our authority in Korea, many things would be different today. It's too bad that MacArthur and Truman, who both wanted peace in the Far East, couldn't sit down together and air their differences."

"Was MacArthur like Patton?" I ask Peck, "and will the movie take the *Patton* approach?"

"No, not at all," Peck replies. "MacArthur, unlike Patton, was a very cultivated, very intellectual man, not blood and guts, but very concerned about his men, and proud of his low casualty rate—in World War I as well as World War II. This was one reason he was so frustrated by the restrictions the Joint Chiefs of Staff were placing on him—he was sacrificing human lives and not getting anywhere.

"He was very vain, too, and said outrageous things. Like: 'Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon all failed as occupiers of foreign cultures because of the harshness of their policies, but I won't.' He saw himself as their peer, even as a kind of Christ figure, equating American-style democracy with Christianity."

I think, as I listen, that it is precisely because Peck is a liberal, a true liberal rather than a knee-jerk liberal, one who can entertain ideas that seem contrary to his own beliefs, that he can see, and play, MacArthur in a fresh light.

We talk about *The Omen*. Peck has no illusions about its merit, and no hard feelings toward the critics who lambasted it. He had fun doing it and is utterly delighted with its success.

"It's crazy," he says. "I saw it as a kind of movie equivalent to a drugstore paperback. It has made over $100-million—more money than any of my other pictures.

"I know *The Omen* is cleverly contrived claptrap, but what this picture has done for me is to give me a new lease on life. Frankly, I was pretty much on the fringe out here, based on the things I've done recently. Then one huge success, and the phones start ringing. It's the nature of the business. They want somebody who's made money, because they hope it'll rub off on them."

Peck is refreshingly candid about his career. He is neither apologetic nor defensive, unlike so many actors who suggest that they are superior to their material or that they have been victimized—by Hollywood, by critics, even by their mothers and fathers! There *(continued*

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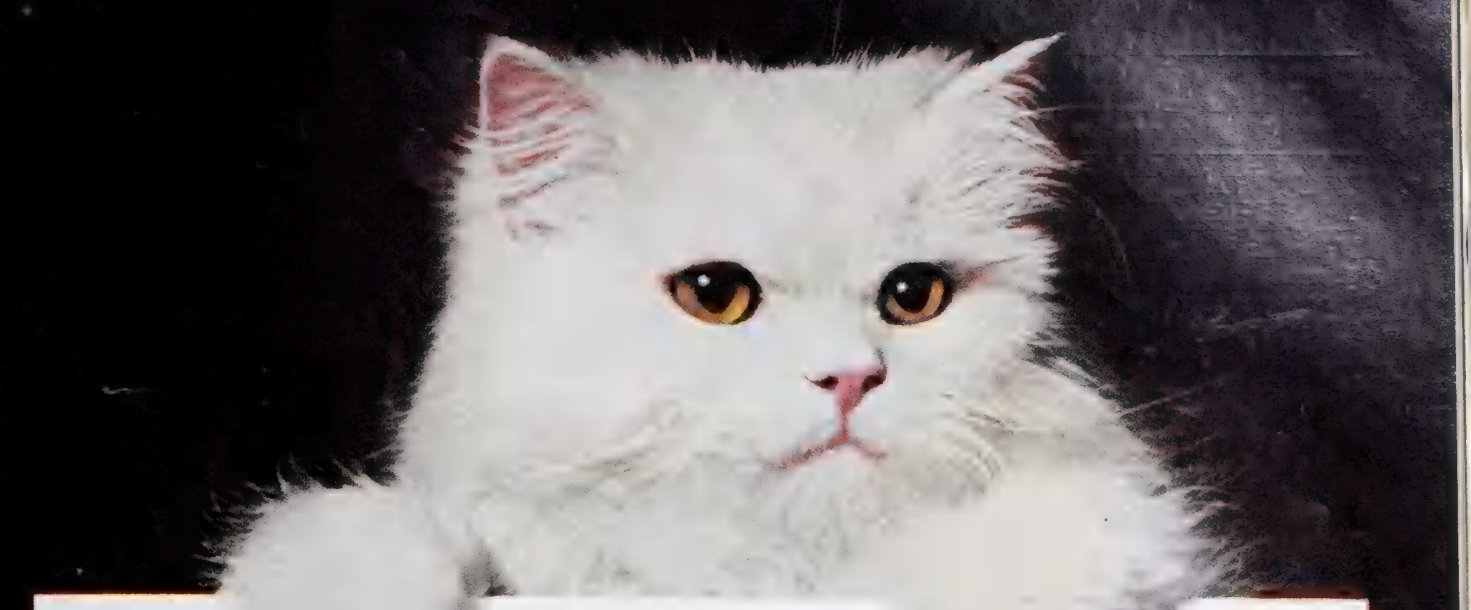
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is no false bravado in Peck, who seems to enjoy a story at his own expense, and will often bend one in that direction.

"Sophia [Loren] was a little inclined to scene-stealing," Peck begins, in reply to my question about such occurrences. "Not out of any meanness, but from her natural energy and high spirits. I used to kid her that I had to stay on my toes to keep up with her.

"We were shooting *Arabesque*, and there was a scene where we had to crawl on our hands and knees through a cornfield. We were being chased by a Harvester that was meant to mow us down. Now, Sophia can run faster than I can, and she can crawl faster than I can, but I was supposed to be the hero rescuing her. So I was scrambling like mad to keep up with her and she was always a nose ahead of me, like a race horse who wants to get in first. I kept saying, 'Slow down, Sophia, slow down so I can save you.' "

We talk about some other actors Peck has known and admired. "Walter Huston was another wonderful scene stealer. He would seize your hand in a grip of iron" (Peck stands up and acts it out) "and force you into a position with your back to the camera. You either had to wrestle your way out of it and spoil the scene or stay still and lose your place within what the camera was filming. With him, I didn't care. I was completely taken with him, and admired him as much as any man I've ever known.

"Gary Cooper was another actor I admired," Peck says. "And you know, he was not at all the drawling cowboy he pretended to be. He was extremely shrewd, and knew exactly what he was doing. Jimmy Stewart was the same way. It was a kind of protective armor. Cooper had such a well-defined screen personality he was a prototype. People expected him to behave in a certain way and if he didn't sound like Gary Cooper they would be furious. So he made it his business to sound and act like Gary Cooper. Same with Tracy and Bogart and Cagney.

"My orientation, on the other hand, was toward versatility. I rejected the idea of getting typed, so that when they offered me parts like ones I'd already done—the martinet with the heart of gold in *12 O'Clock High*, for example—I turned them down. I was offered a number of those parts—the hard-driving man dedicated and a bit neurotic. If it weren't for the noble objective, he would be a little bit masochistic. If I had played it three or four more times, I might have gotten into it."

Peck opted for well-roundedness, for the wholesome, better-face-of-America side of himself over the self-doubting neurotic. Whether this is an act of will or instinct, it seems to have become the axis of his family life as well.

I meet Veronique, looking young and unmade-up after an afternoon of athletics, and wearing a Princeton sweatshirt (where their daughter is a sophomore). She doesn't look old enough to have been married to Peck for over 20 years. I also meet, and like, Veronique's mother, a small, striking, slow-moving gray-haired woman who speaks imperfect English and yet has a California driver's license—thanks to her son-in-law, who with what I imagine to be unbelievable patience, taught her to drive.

Feeling for family

I suppose it is this (told to me not by Peck but by Veronique) that touches me more than anything else. And Peck's obvious feeling for his family—the little girl and girl from his marriage with Veronique, and two older sons from a former marriage. Of these, one is living in Los Angeles with his wife, raising horses and trying to get into film production. The other, an aspiring politician, is an assistant to Senator Claiborne Pell, of Rhode Island, in Washington. Both are doing just what they want to do and in the ways they want to do it. A great comfort to Peck who has suffered immeasurably since the 1975 suicide of his 30-year-old son Jonathan. Peck shows me a photo of Jonathan, taken when he was in the Peace Corps, teaching in Africa. He is *(continued on page 18)*



"I don't believe it."



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Ralph Nader nominates

The "can do" crusaders

The noted consumer advocate salutes a few of the remarkable women fighting for us and the environment.

Last year I wrote about several women who had responded with imagination and creativity to consumer and environmental problems in their own communities. The enthusiastic response that column received prompted me to focus on a few more "unsung heroines."

EDWINA PEPPER's community is based on the 300 acres that have been in her family for years. From "The Knob," on an isolated mountain top in West Virginia, she battles the absentee landlords who value the land only for the coal lying beneath the surface. As more and more land has been stripped or deep mined, the inhabitants of these mountains have lost not only their homes but also their sense of worth. Mrs. Pepper has tried to restore the feeling of community and resourcefulness the inhabitants' forefathers knew. With the help of her greatnephews, she is teaching these mountain people the crafts of weaving and wood carving, and together they are reviving the art of organic farming. "We all work together along what we call a survival pattern," says Mrs. Pepper.

Recently, Mrs. Pepper fulfilled one of her greatest dreams. A free, private school has been started in which the local children are given a sense of their roots, of their own personal worth and of the importance of their land. Mrs. Pepper believes the regular schools, under the influence of "King Coal," have only served to perpetuate the defeatist and self-deprecating attitudes so many of these mountain people hold.

ADA VLADIMIR's idea of "retirement in Florida" is to work as hard as she did during her long career with a labor union. In 1973, Mrs. Vladimir began organizing the residents of her community to protest high meat prices. The group that was formed then, Consumers Against High Prices (CAHP), has gone on to protest high sugar and coffee prices and utility rate increases. Because most of the group's members are elderly and live on fixed incomes, any increase in the cost of necessities is painful. Yet Mrs. Vladimir views inflation from a broader perspective, realizing that the hardship it inflicts cuts across age barriers. She says: "We older people have to be involved because the young people can't afford to spend the time we can. We don't expect the actions we take to stop inflation but we do know these actions multiplied many times over in community after community can achieve important results. We have to begin small, where we live."

The CAHP's latest battle is with the local telephone company over a message unit package. The group is bound to prevail because it effectively uses petitions, letter writing campaigns, telephone trees (where one person calls 10 members and tells each of them to call 10 others and so on), and other time-tested ways of achieving results.

HAZEL HENDERSON came to this country from England in 1957. In the early 1960's, while living in New York with her husband and small daughter, she became concerned about the quality of the city's air, dismayed at "how filthy and covered with soot a little child could get in a sandbox." Mrs. Henderson began reading about the subject and discovered that a daily air pollution index was kept—but not publicized—by city officials. She wrote to the presidents of the network TV affiliates suggesting that the air pollution index be given, along with the daily weather report—and she contacted the Federal Communications Commission, suggesting that it would be in the public interest for TV stations to carry this information. Within a few months, all the affiliates responded favorably; soon the local TV stations followed, and so did *The New York Times*.

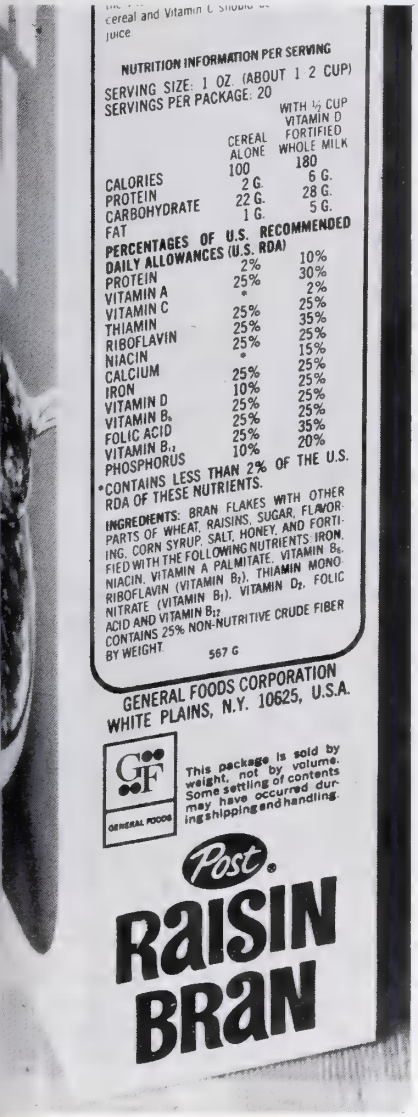
Mrs. Henderson helped form Citizens for Clean Air, which quickly amassed a membership of 24,000. She launched a media campaign to further public awareness of air pollution. She knocked on the doors of advertising agencies until she found one willing to produce ads as a public service, then persuaded a TV station to carry them without charge.

But Mrs. Henderson regards air pollution as only one problem of our highly industrialized society. She has become a full-time spokeswoman for a common sense approach to frequently obfuscated issues such as the energy crisis.

KATUSKO NOMURA's career as a citizen activist began in Japan following World War II. She saw her role as trying to help those affected by forces they could not understand. For years, this meant educating women who feared their husbands would lose their jobs if they struck for higher wages. It meant establishing a vocational school for war widows with no means of self-support—and organizing women who did work for very low wages. In the late 1960's, Mrs. Nomura helped establish Consumers Union of Japan, which has introduced such American innovations as the class action suit and unit pricing.

Today, Mrs. Nomura seeks action beyond Japan, because the problems of industrialization are universal. She has set up an Information Center for Public Citizens to disseminate to citizen groups anywhere in the world information on important issues that too often are inadequately covered by the mass media: food additives, hazardous drugs, save the whales, utility rate hikes, cancer, transportation, recycling, air pollution, water pollution, etc. To be part of this information exchange, write to Mrs. Nomura at the Information Center for Public Citizens, 1-2, Kyobashi, Chuo-ku, Tokyo 104, Japan. **End**

"Dear General Foods, All this talk about nutrition gives me 100% of my laily requirement of confusion."



There's a tendency for people's eyes laze over when reading things like % U.S. RDA Thiamin."

You'll find mysterious-sounding ns like this on the nutrition labels on ny General Foods products. And while se labels are useful in telling you at's in foods or helping you choose ds for their nutritional value, their ulness is limited as long as they ain mysterious-sounding.

Of course, there's room on the labels for facts, not explanations. So to help you better understand them, we'd like to provide a few explanations here.

We'll take as our example the label from Post® Raisin Bran cereal—but the pointers, of course, can apply to many other products as well.

What's a U.S. RDA?

It stands for United States Recommended Daily Allowance, and it tells you the amounts of various nutrients considered adequate for maintenance of good nutrition in most healthy persons in the United States.

A glance at the Post Raisin Bran label, for example, tells you that one serving (without milk) gives you 25% of the U.S. RDA of Vitamin A. With milk, it becomes 30%—plus 35% of the U.S. RDA of Vitamin B12, and so on.

Who determines what goes on the label? The U.S. Food and Drug Administration. And their U.S. RDA figures are useful not only in evaluating the nutritional content of a food, but in helping plan your menu.

Our label tells you, for example, that Raisin Bran cereal doesn't supply Vitamin C. Which is a strong argument for including a source of Vitamin C in your breakfast. (A 4-oz. glass of Tang brand instant breakfast drink, for example, gives you 100% of the U.S. RDA of Vitamin C.)

Riboflavin, Thiamin and other mysteries.

Besides the familiar items on the label (Vitamin A, etc.), there are several less familiar ones (Riboflavin, etc.).

A complete explanation of some of these nutrients would take a full booklet, and we'll tell you how to get one shortly. In the meantime, here's a quick glossary of some of the nutrients on the Raisin Bran cereal label: *Thiamin*. A vitamin that promotes normal appetite and digestion, and helps the body change carbohydrates in food into energy. *Riboflavin*. Like Thiamin, a vitamin important in the body's use of food to release energy. *Niacin*. A vitamin that also helps the body's release of energy. *Vitamin A* is needed to help maintain skin, membranes and eyes in a healthy state. *Vitamin C* is important in the formation of connective tissue. *Calcium* is a mineral important in making bones and teeth. And the mineral *Iron* is vital in carrying oxygen to the cells.

These nutrients (plus protein) are the ones for which the Food and Drug Administration requires the % U.S. RDA to be listed in every nutrition label. Our labels often exceed this. The Post Raisin Bran cereal label, for example, lists 13, instead of just the 8 required.

In short, General Foods' products carry nutrition labels when the product is one that's ordinarily eaten for its nutritional value. But there are some products—condiments such as our Good Seasons® salad dressings, for example—that aren't. These products are the exception to the rule, and usually don't carry nutritional labels.

How to read the ingredients.

What's so difficult about reading a list of ingredients? Nothing, really—but here, too, the more you know, the better.

Did you know that ingredients are listed on all General Foods products, and they are listed in order according to how much of each is present in the food? Thus there's more bran flakes in Raisin Bran than anything else, since bran flakes is listed first. Next is raisins, and so on.

How to find out more.

This short course in label-reading won't solve all the mysteries surrounding nutrition—but it is a beginning.

To help you better understand this important subject, we'd like to send you a 56-page booklet you can use as a reference, *Nutrition Information Can Work For You*. For your free copy, write to Miss Peggy Kohl, Vice President, Consumer Affairs, General Foods Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625. (One to a family, please.)

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

GF
GENERAL FOODS

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Enjoy smoking longer without smoking more.

Rich, full-flavored Saratoga 120's give you extra smoking time and extra smoking pleasure. And they cost no more than 100's.



Saratoga 120's

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GREGORY PECK

continued

tanned and wearing a dashiki and smiling slightly. Yet even there, in what his father believes was the happiest time of his life, there is a brooding quality in the dark brown eyes, the sense of a deep wound, a lost quality that one has occasionally seen in Peck. The very quality, perhaps, that Peck rejected in turning down those scripts.

"Jonathan wanted eventually to be a news commentator, a sort of Eric Sevareid," Peck says when I ask him about his oldest son. "When he came back from New York, he got a job with a small television station in Santa Maria. He was the Santa Barbara stringer, and he was required to send in three news stories a day. It was backbreaking work—he had to do the whole thing, dig up the stories, film them, then run around in front of the camera and do the commentary. There weren't three important stories a day to *do* in Santa Barbara, but the station didn't realize what they were asking for. I kept telling him, just do two stories, but he was determined to do the three.

"Once he told me they didn't want him using any extra film because it was so expensive, that they didn't understand you had to use extra footage to get what you wanted. I told him to let me send him some cans of film just so he would feel he had something to fall back on. He said no, but I sent them anyway. Twelve cans. We went to Europe for the summer, and a month later he was dead. They found the twelve cans of film in his apartment, untouched.

"He was not in good physical shape. They performed an autopsy and found he had hardened arteries and high cholesterol. He had an enlarged heart—he had been a long-distance runner in school—and should have kept up with his jogging, but hadn't.

"I'll tell you a story about him," says Peck. "Once he was in a cross-country race, when he was a teenager. We all went to see him. We were sitting in the bleachers when the runners came in. One boy was out front, but Jonathan, who was second, suddenly surged ahead and passed him and won. When he came over afterward, we hugged and congratulated him. He seemed very down, very exhausted. I assumed it was the natural end-of-race fatigue, but later he said to me. 'You know, I shouldn't have won that race.' 'What do you mean?' I asked him. 'I let the other guy set the pace, and then I passed him at the last minute. That was wrong. I should have set the pace,' he said. 'But that's what racing is,' I said. I don't think I convinced him."

Drive vs. guilt

We talk about the very American conflict that Jonathan's life and death so tragically expresses between a competitive drive and the guilt that drive inspires. How terrible that not even a father's love could save him, that love itself is impotent before the collision course of contradictory ideals.

One feels that the same conflicts exist, in a less exaggerated form, in many of us, not least in Peck himself. But that it was Jonathan, driven and unwell, who died for them.

"Where is *your* protective armor?" I ask him, "where is your actor's ego?"

"Oh, I have one," says Peck, "but it's in my work. Maybe I'm not typical. My wife says I am less an actor off the set than anyone she knows. She says her doctor is more of an actor than I am. Or the television repair man!"

It's possible that in ultimate terms Peck hasn't the arrogance or egocentricity to make a consummate ham. But if his extraordinarily lovely disposition has kept him from being one of the world's greatest actors, it has made him something rarer: a human being worth knowing and admiring. And a star who will be remembered not so much for specific roles, but as one who brought infinite grace to the movie screen. A gentle man. Let us hope that Gregory Peck does not represent the last of a dying breed, but the first of a new. **End**

© General Foods Corporation, 1977

Photograph is approx. 2 times actual size.

"See how Shake 'n Bake® keeps chicken more moist and tender."

COATING MIX



Fried chicken can be dry.
Baked chicken can be dry.
But chicken made with Shake 'n Bake® coating mix comes out more moist and tender—because the crispy coating seals in the juices.

"With Shake 'n Bake® coating mix you get crispy chicken at its tender best."

GF
ERAL FOODS

Sisters

continued from page 79

taken by her inventiveness. I got to go to college and she, of course, got the wedding.

I think of Alice's wedding as one of the perfect days of my life. I had copies made of all the wedding pictures. I have an album of Alice's wedding photographs; I have only one snapshot of my own wedding, which was a quiet, private ceremony. My husband and I made vows in secret, before only as many people as was legally necessary. So shocked was I at my own good fortune, I was afraid to advertise it. Even now, if I touch my husband by accident in my sleep, I am afraid for the rest of the night, that by loving him so I will cause his death, that by being so beloved I have opened myself to fury. But that is because we married late; it is not unusual for someone like me, surprised by love after I had stopped thinking about it as a possibility for myself, to connect our love with our deaths: two certain vulnerabilities.

But Alice married at 20. My favorite photograph in the album is the one of her looking at herself in the mirror. A stock pose of wedding photographers: the bride feigns surprise in her slip. But Alice looks truly surprised. I believe it is because she sees herself on her wedding day as beautiful as everyone said she would be. It was the middle of June; the church was full of roses. I was the maid of honor. I cried more than anyone else. I danced with all the uncles. My uncle Bill, drunk, talked to me in a corner. He pointed to his forehead. He said to me: "Don't price yourself out of the market." I knew what he meant. I was wearing pink, Alice's choice, a color that made me look like a potato. I was four years older than Alice. Alice and her husband moved to New Mexico. Three weeks later, I left for Italy.

First, I studied at the University. Then I was taken on to teach there: English to Italians. A shockingly easy job. They wanted to learn it; some of them learned it so easily I was convinced they already knew it. Some of them, though, were covered with impatience. They ripped pages out of their textbooks. But in eight years of teaching, there had been no one more impatient than Arturo. He sat in front of me, wicked as a spy. He would pound his fists on the table; his eyebrows would work alarmingly. He said he was a surgeon; I feared for the people under his knife. He said he had to learn English; he was going to Boston for a year. It was March; I gave him special tutoring. His shoes were perfect. I said to him, in my mother's voice, "Doctor, you must not expect too much." He gave me one of those terrifying looks Italian men practice in their boyhoods. He said, "It is a mistake not to expect too much. The mistake is not to expect enough."

I fell in love with his wickedness, and his shoes, and his terrifying looks, and his way of not believing me when I told him the English word for something. In two weeks, we were holding hands during our lessons. He asked me to come to Boston with him. I said no. I was sure that after a year he would forget about me. I did not want him until I could test him: he was not the sort of man I had expected to want me. I said I would wait for him, but that I would not promise anything; I said he was free to do as he liked. He said he would marry me in a year. I said, "we'll see" in my mother's voice. A week after he came back to Rome, we were married.

After five years of marriage, this was our first trip home. I was afraid to show my parents to Arturo. I thought he would see something in me, seeing them, that would make him regret his marriage. And my mother would say he was too handsome, making me suspect him. I had not thought of seeing Alice.

The past three years had brought only Christmas cards from her. There were no longer even snapshots of the children: she apparently thought them, after ages nine and eight, no longer interesting enough to photograph. Or the urgency was not there. But we decided to go to Santa Fe, because staying with my parents quickly became impossible.

My parents and I had nothing to say to each other. Luckily, Arturo and I had brought slides of our vacation. We had one good evening in the dark with the neighbors. There was one slide of me in a bikini. My mother said, "whatever possessed you to get an outfit like that?"

Arturo said, "I persuaded her. She was most reluctant. But the effect is, I think, quite satisfactory."

My mother flipped the lights on. It was one of her fast, scared actions. The slide projector buzzed in the light. My image on the screen became invisible, as if it were drawn on water. "Time for drinks," she said in her sprightly, terrified voice.

Later that night, she said, "It must be hard, being married to a Latin. The way they are."

That was the night we decided to see Alice. I knew what she would look like: I had seen American women in Rome whom I thought she might be: tall, in sandals, with toenails polished like little rose petals. No makeup: no need for it. That night, in my mother's house, Arturo kissed me and said, "What are you afraid of?" I realized I was afraid for him to see Alice. He might cherish me for my mind and my excellent qualities. But Alice was so beautiful. Arturo said, "I never liked women like that."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Not like you," he said.

"But we're sisters," I said, knowing that if my husband were to dislike Alice, I must seem kind; I could not risk being thought of as small-minded. I had to marshall all the good things about me, all the things that would make him remember that he loved me. He was going to meet Alice. It was impossible for him to like us both.

On the plane to Santa Fe, I tried to remember conversations Alice and I had had: I began to realize that we had not had any. We didn't even fight. We had divided the world so cleanly that there was nothing for us to fight over. Also, nothing for us to talk about. We might have come from different countries. But I had often thought of her, particularly as she was on her wedding day. I liked her when I thought of her; it was impossible not to like her; it *(continued)*



"I wish I could wear a bikini . . . but I just don't have the figure for it."

"You say Secret anti-perspirant is strong enough for a man?"

"Right. But it's made for a woman. Sorry fella."

Ladies, let's put an end to the feminine weakness myth.

Secret happens to be a very effective anti-perspirant. Effective enough for the he-man in your life.

Yet Secret has a soft, gentle, beautiful fragrance that tells you it's for a woman.

Secret.® Strong enough for a man, but it's made just for you.





GE PRESENTS SELF CLEAN II® IRONS:

"When it's time for a new iron, it's time for me!"

You'll want to keep your next iron for a long time. And I'm Number One in steaming life of all leading brands of self-cleaning irons, as proved in hard-water laboratory tests. My unique self-cleaning system helps prevent brown-spotting and choking and uses most tap water.



SELF CLEAN II®

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sisters

continued

was like saying you didn't like clouds. I was sure she never thought of me.

Even by my mother's standards, Arturo and I were a good looking couple. His handsomeness had rubbed off on me; I had become handsome, and women cannot be handsome until their mid-thirties. Love had brought out my color, had straightened my spine and filled my figure out. I had begun to think of myself as quite nice looking. Before, I had thought of myself as invisible.

But every mile on the plane to Santa Fe made me plainer, thinner and less colorful. My clothes began to hang off me as though they were made for someone else. They began to look second-hand, or borrowed.

Arturo looked at me angrily. "Why are you sitting so small? Why are you hunched in your seat?"

"I always do," I said.

"I have never known you to," he said.

Perhaps he had never known me. He would know me now. Seeing me next to Alice, he would know everything.

Waiting on the line to get out of the airplane, I said to Arturo, "Put your arm around me for a minute."

He was puzzled; I had become someone he didn't know. Perhaps to reassure himself, he embraced me in the narrow airplane aisle.

I was wearing my best outfit: a long yellow skirt and a perfect black top that had cost me nearly a week's salary. But we had no worries about money and my occasional extravagances pleased Arturo like a circus. I had underlined my eyes in definite, dangerous strokes, thinking it would make me look un-American. I looked the best I could, but I knew it was not good enough: we were going to see Alice. In a moment, Arturo would forget that he had known me. Or, being Arturo, and loyal, he would struggle to keep his eyes off my sister. It would be a visible struggle.

I couldn't see Alice anywhere in the crowd of strangers. Someone called my name. It was one of those American women I had seen so many of in Rome: porky, stubborn looking, middle-aged ladies talking too loud in the *Piazza Navona*. That was Alice: she was one of them. That was my sister Alice, wearing a coral pantsuit that was too short, that showed her thick ankles and her chubby little feet in her patent leather shoes. That was Alice; she was middle-aged.

I floated the last three feet towards her. She held me back from her an arm's length. To have a better look at me.

"My Gahd," she said in her new, middle-aged voice, "you look fifteen years younger than I do."

Her voice was perfectly loving; she looked at me only with pleasure. As I had looked at the pictures of her wedding with pleasure, puzzling Arturo, over and over.

I had imagined that her house would be like something out of a first grade reader: curtains, gardens, the ordinary dream motif. But she lived in an apartment. Her decorations looked like an afterthought, a gesture of appeasement. There were no pictures on the walls. I had imagined a kitchen covered with children's drawings. But her daughter, Cheryl, 12 years old, clonked into the room on platform shoes, wearing lipstick, displaying, for Arturo's benefit, I supposed, her long, mature legs. She and Alice immediately started shouting at each other. "Put down that cookie. I told you not to eat between meals."

"*You* do."

"Do you want to end up like me? Big as a house?"

I was not unhappy in my sister's home. Although Arturo could barely force down the canned ravioli she served, I enjoyed it as much as I had any dinner in Rome. Arturo went to bed early, feigning tiredness. I could see he disliked everything about my sister, everything about her home, everything that she stood for.

But I could not dislike her; she looked so unhappy. I wanted to hear about her life; I wanted to help her. WE were sisters; we were meant to help one another. Now, perhaps, after all these years, we would talk.

"How's Chuck?" I said, thinking of her tall, sweet husband, who had flunked out of college to marry her. He couldn't study and be in love with Alice at the same time: he left school and married her and moved out West where things seemed more possible for men like him. He had failed in two self-owned businesses. Now, he was working in a hardware store.

"Chuck," said Alice, as if she preferred not to be reminded of him, "is working tonight. He works a lot of nights, he *says*. But let's not talk about Chuck. Or me. Let's talk about you. What a life! You've really got everything."

"Of course I don't," I said in my mother's fast voice.

I wanted to be with Arturo, away from Alice, next to him. I embraced my sister and told her I would see her in the morning.

"We mustn't stay so far apart," she said.

"Yes," I said, thinking it was a blessing that there were almost two continents to separate us.

Arturo was sitting up reading, a renaissance prince in silk pajamas. I ruffled his dark hair.

"I thought you said your sister was so beautiful," he said.

"She is," I said, forcing loyality, and then knowing Arturo would not believe me, "she was."

"But now you are the family beauty. And the brains as well. My God, what riches. I married a millionaire." He slapped the empty half of the bed. "Come here, tycoon," he said, in the expansive delighted voice he reserved for using an English word that was strange to him.

"Ssh," I said. "Quiet."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said, lying down next to him. "Only we mustn't be loud. We don't want anyone to hear us."

I held him in the darkness, quiet as a thief. **End**


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BRAN
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New Quaker Unprocessed Bran is pure wheat bran, one of nature's richest sources of fiber.
It's not a cereal, but a multi-purpose, high-fiber ingredient for cooking, baking, breading and toppings.
It has no preservatives or additives.
And it has little taste of its own.
So you can sprinkle it on any foods you like and add it to many of your own recipes. (Suggestions on package.) And 1 tablespoon has only 10 calories.
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Fiber—or "roughage"—is that part of food which the body does not digest or absorb. It helps speed the passage of food through the dietary tract.
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Maybelline creates stay-all-day eye shadow.

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Send me ____ Dole fresh pineapple knives. For each knife ordered I enclose my check or money order for $1.00.

Name ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Zip code required for delivery. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Offer good until supply is exhausted.

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But *not* Perrier.

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Lighter, more refreshing and more delicate than any made by Man.

That "miracle" takes place deep below the surface of the earth in Southern France near Vergeze.

There, delicate gasses – trapped over 140 million years ago in the volcanic eruptions of the Cretaceous Era – are released and rise through porous limestone and cracked marls to add natural life and sparkle to the icy waters of a single spring: *Source Perrier.*

The result is Perrier.

Bottled directly from Nature. With no chemicals, preservatives, flavorings or additives of any type.

And no calories.

100% natural Perrier.

Pure refreshment served chilled with a slice of fresh lemon or a wedge of lime. So versatile it adds "the sparkle of champagne" to fine wines. And, with imported spirits, is the mixer *par excellence.*

Imported Perrier.

It is the product of Nature and the love of France.

Enjoy it in good health.

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Give barbecues a change of taste!

Serve your barbecues topped with BEST FOODS® Sandwich Spred straight from the jar! This blend of BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise, select relish, and savory spices makes barbecues come alive! For variety, add to ½ cup Sandwich Spred: 1 cup shredded cabbage; or 2 Tbsp. barbecue sauce; or 1½ tsp. prepared mustard; or 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce.

For free recipe ideas, write: **Recipes, P.O. Box 307R, Coventry, Conn. 06236**





75 Years Ago in the Journal

Modern technology has solved the problems of keeping food fresh. With the advent of frozen foods and better refrigeration systems, most young people are hard pressed to remember how their grandparents coped. But the housewives of those years were inventive, as this article proves.

When one lives at a distance from markets, the perplexing problem of keeping meats, fish, etc., must be solved—especially where there is no ice or a cellar. Poultry or a joint of meat should be well wiped with a clean piece of cheesecloth, then sprinkled with charcoal. Wrap the meat in paper or slip it into a cotton bag, and hang in a cool, dry place, putting charcoal in the poultry body. Every two days be sure to wipe with a dry cloth and powder with fresh charcoal. When ice is scarce, wrap fresh fish in wet grass or cabbage leaves and place on the cellar floor.

Can you imagine your 12-year-old son in anything other than his favorite jeans and a T-shirt in the hot days of summer? The mothers of 1902 most likely felt exactly the same way about their children's attire—as if there was a specified, correct uniform.

A boy of 12 wears full bloomer knickerbockers in summer with a Norfolk jacket for morning and general wear, and a sack coat made either single- or double-breasted in the afternoon. Wide linen turn-over collars worn with small bow ties or a four-in-hand are the smartest for boys of this age. Lightweight summer blouses, of percale, Madras or cheviot, made in the negligee shirt order are also worn.

The history of magazines always has been considered controversial. Hamilton Mabie in his regular column, "Mr. Mabie's Literary Talks," discussed the feelings of the times.

It is not uncommon to hear people who constitute themselves the custodians of literature dismiss magazines with one sweeping gesture as commercial enterprises that are steadily lowering the intellectual tone of the English-speaking peoples.

It becomes a curious argument when one realizes that since magazines appeared, the reading public has steadily expanded, along with the sale of books and distribution of classics. There are a good many trashy magazines which are at hand—and if they weren't, those who read them would simply read trashy books, or forego reading entirely. And there are good magazines that have articles by all the men and women who are making literature. Thus magazines must be read with intelligence, not with omnivorous appetite.

The contributors and staff of today's Journal *is a melting pot of various sections of our country. We use writers from all over the world, although some readers in the early part of the century didn't seem to think so.*

The Journal has had, in its last few issues, contributions from no fewer than 18 Canadian writers; yet constantly we receive letters from Canadian friends that we never have Canadian writers! One woman in the West rebelled because "all the Journal's writers were from the East." In the issue she based her complaint on, there were contributions from six Western writers! "The South is never recognized," wrote another, yet the Journal has been running two distinctly Southern serials. It matters not where the writers live, what spot on this earth their stories treat of, what may be their color or religion. It's what you have to tell and how you tell it that does. Any other policy would be absurd.—Anne-Marie Miller

The Heirloom Look of

Classic Pewter Dinnerware

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This superbly crafted metalware will add a new dimension to your table settings. Remarkably like antique pewter in the burnished silvery lustre, in the traditional shapes admired for generations, even in the solid "feel" of the prized originals. You've admired similar pieces—at much fancier prices—on magazine pages and in expensive shops. Now you can enjoy the same time-honored traditional beauty right in your own home!

ADAPTABLE TO MANY MOODS AND USES

The classic historic design is equally compatible with fine china or casual pottery. Graceful plates and sturdy ale noggins like these once abounded in early American inns, and similar sets graced many a Colonial manor table. Today, you'd have to scour the antique shops for months in order to find matching pieces of comparable beauty and utility-and pay many times more than these modest prices. Imagine what charming and distinctive table settings they'll help you create.

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Conn. Residents Add 7% Sales Tax.

How to Do The Laundry

By Lois Libien and Margaret Strong

How to restore whiteness to cotton and n nylon and other man-made fabrics

This is a special-care technique that can e applied to white things every so often o get them truly dazzlingly white again.

1. Use the hottest water possible—and f you don't think your water is hot nough, add some boiling water while he washer is filling.

2. Use twice as much soap or deter-ent as you normally use. Let this dis-olve in the wash water and then agitate or a minute or two before adding the lothes.

3. Add the clothes and wash them for our minutes.

4. Stop the washer and add a cup of hlorine bleach diluted in a quart of vater. Be careful to add the bleach by ouring it all around the agitator and hen *restart the washing machine im-nediately.*

5. Run the wash cycle for another four inutes.

6. Stop the washer and let the white hings just soak for a good 10 minutes.

7. Start the washer again and go hrough a complete wash-and-rinse ycle.

8. Dry the laundry and, if necessary, epeat the procedure.

How to restore whiteness to fabrics tained from iron or manganese in he water

f you have hard water and your white lothing is yellowing or covered with pots, check with your water supply ompany to see if there is iron or man-anese in the water. If so, avoid the use f chlorine bleach as it will only make he stains worse. Instead, add ½ cup of a ackaged color remover or a rust re-nover to the wash, agitate the machine o dissolve it, add the stained clothes nd set the machine for a 10-minute vash cycle and complete rinse cycle. fter this is completed, go through an-ther complete wash cycle—this time dding detergent, but no rust or color re-nover, to the water.

If this sort of staining is a recurring roblem, see a plumber about installing special filter or mechanical water soft-ner in your water supply to remove iron nd manganese from the water.

luing

lost detergents now have optical brighteners that eliminate the need for bluing. But many people who wash with soap find that bluing helps give the suggestion of extra whiteness to their whites.

Bluing can be used in conjunction with bleach or on its own and should be predissolved before adding it to the laundry. Directions for use vary. If you decide to use bluing, we recommend finding a brand that can be added to the laundry as you load the washer. Caution: Use bluing sparingly; clothes can be overblued. If that happens, give the clothes a hot-water rinse and if they are of permanent-press fabrics, follow with a cold-water rinse.

Borax

While borax is touted as a diaper-soaking product and a softener for baby clothes, it is a good additive for other types of laundry as well. It sweetens the wash, fluffs it, and helps reduce static cling without the side effects of fabric softener. Use it according to the directions on the box. **End**



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CHAUVINISM (FEMALE)

By Diana Der Hovanessian

Man might have been a bit more wise
If Eve came first to supervise.

Cats crave
chicken, tuna and milk.
And cats crave lots
and lots of protein.
So if you made a new
dry food with everything
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and milk protein...
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GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND ABDOMEN A TOTAL OF 4 TO 8 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



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Laurie Jensen ...her incredible results in just 3 days.

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HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



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Now Laurie simply relaxes a few moments with her Astro-Belt in place. Her Astro-Trimmer movements have triggered the Astro-Belt's incredible inch-reducing effect which goes on working even as she relaxes.



After her brief period of relaxation, Laurie removes her Astro-Belt. Already her figure has taken on a new look—already her waist and tummy are tighter and inches trimmer. Laurie lost over 3½ inches from her waist and 5 full inches from her tummy in just 3 brief ten minute sessions.

Startling discovery—thousands of users are finding the Astro-Trimmer to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use slenderizer of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency—and ▪ pure joy to use. The Astro-Trimmer's totally unique design consists of a double layered belt: ▪ soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing ▪ marvelous feeling of warmth and support—and ▪ sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo-stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified—directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequaled inch-reducing effect. In fact, for sheer inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy-to-do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 17 to 70 are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer. Results like these:

Cheryl Long—*"Unbelievable! Totally fantastic, yet it really happened—in just 3 days the Astro-Trimmer trimmed 3½ inches from my waist and 6⅝ inches from my tummy. I just love my slim, new shape."*

Denise Dean—*"Was amazed! After just 3 days on the Astro-Trimmer program I lost a total of 9 inches!"*

Debbi Brandon—*"This is truly instant reducing. What ▪ thrill to ▪▪ 3 inches disappear from my waist and 4 inches from my tummy in just 3 short days!"*

How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer? How many excess inches do you have? Look what Laurie did in just 3 days. Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. Not everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper melts excess inches off the waist, abdomen, hips and thighs with such amazing speed that if your waist and abdomen aren't ▪ total of 4 to 8 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

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Second Sight

It was a miracle, she thought, as she opened her eyes and did what she hadn't done for 15 years. She saw! By Lester David

After 15 years of blindness, Charlotte Sanford could see again. Her young doctor, after long, risky and exquisitely delicate surgery, had succeeded in restoring her sight. Day by day, as she lay in her hospital bed, her vision grew stronger, so that, after five days, the doctor had permitted her eldest child, 15-year-old Stephanie, the only one of her three children Charlotte had ever seen, and her youngest, 3-year-old Pete, to come to her bedside. Joyfully, she had drunk in their faces—with the help of thick, temporary lenses—as the children leaned close over her bed. Only 14-year-old daughter Julia was missing, lying on another floor in the same hospital, immobilized from a broken kneecap.

Restlessly, Charlotte waited out the days until her doctor decided she was strong enough to visit Julia in her room. Ten days after the operation, he gave his permission. But he sensed that as Charlotte's sight grew stronger, she was just beginning to let herself feel the enormity of this miracle. So he repeated a previous warning, even more firmly: no matter what happened, she must not cry. Tears could cause the healing wound to rupture. Charlotte promised, and impatiently put on a gaily colored housecoat to look for the first time at the daughter she had raised but never seen.

Two nurses and the doctor himself accompanied her down to Julia's room. The door was open. A bedside lamp had been turned so it shone fully on Julia's bright pink face with its soft brown hair brushed off the high forehead. Charlotte stepped into the room and stood motionless at the foot of the bed, gazing at her daughter. As Julia beamed up at her mother, her eyes began to fill with tears of happiness.

Now two more nurses from the floor had gathered in the doorway to watch. Tears rolled down their faces as they witnessed the scene. Even the doctor's eyes glistened and throat tightened.

Of them all, only Charlotte Sanford remained dry-eyed, though her heart was pounding and her lips were moving. She was not allowed to cry.

Coffeyville is a small industrial city in the southeastern corner of Kansas, where the telephone book, which includes the neighboring town of Dearing, is only 50 pages long and most families know each other. Nearly everyone in the community knows and marvels at the miracle they say came to Charlotte Sanford.

A tall, strikingly attractive brunette, 39-year-old Charlotte is the busy working mother of three children. Each morning she leaves her two-story home on broad, tree-shaded Willow Street and enters the austere, granite-faced First National Bank to take her place at the mail tellers' desk. She runs the machines, types, enters deposits, counts out money, and, at the close of the day, balances her books to the penny.

Ordinarily there would be nothing remarkable about this. But it is thrillingly new for Charlotte. After seeing nothing for 15 years, she finds excitement even in the routine. Her sight began dimming when she was eight years old, and from the time she was 23, in 1959, until 1974, she lived in virtual darkness. She was totally blind in her right eye and could only perceive strong light with her left eye. She could not see a face or a shape, could not detect shadows in her path, and could not, of course, watch a movie, television or read. Her case had been considered hopeless by all the doctors who had examined her.

In spite of that, Charlotte had never completely resigned herself to sightlessness. "I do believe in miracles," she explained recently. "I just had no idea where it would happen or when."

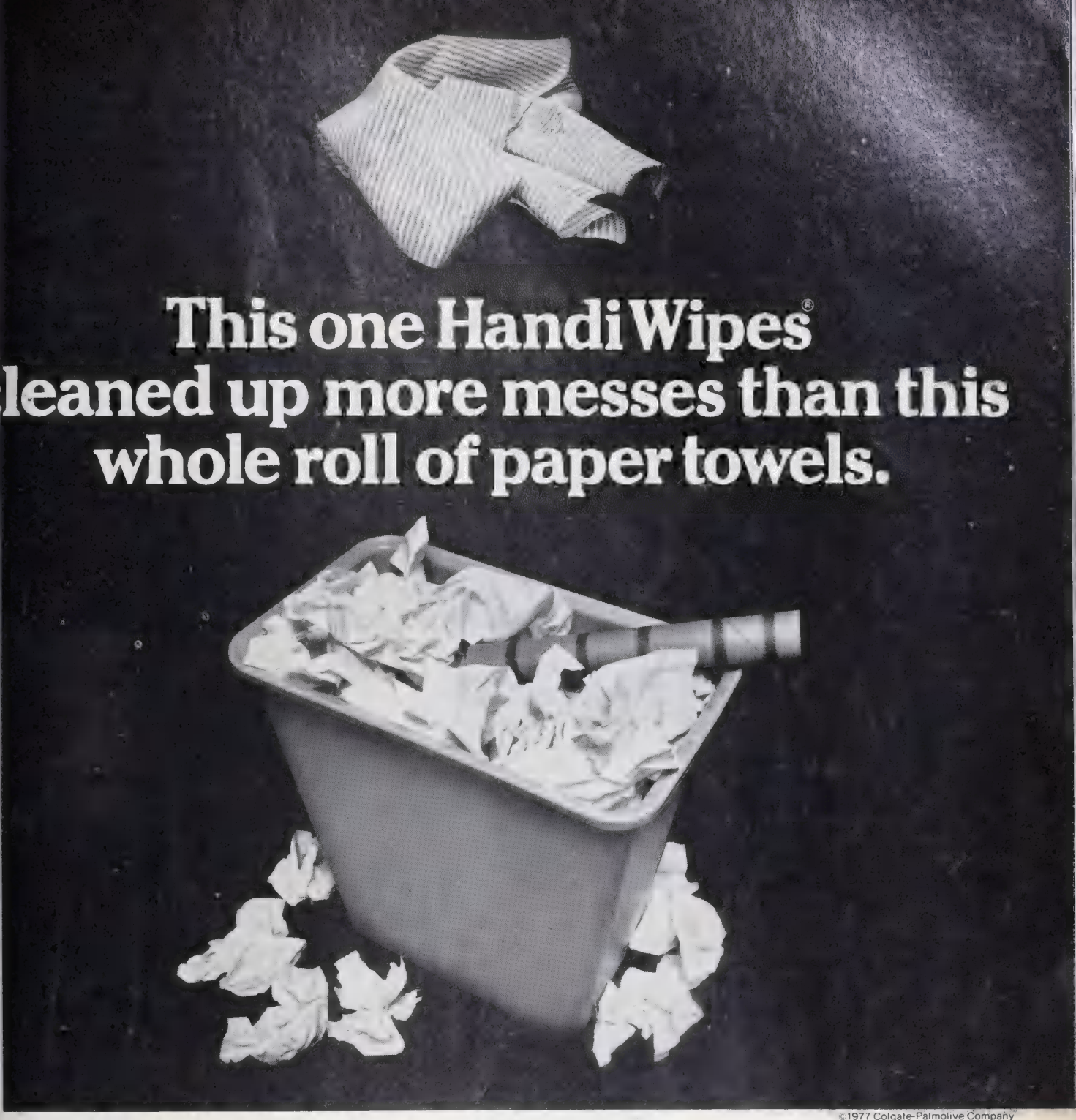
It was on a warm spring day in 1974 that a friend drove Charlotte and her son Pete to an eye doctor for treatment of Pete's minor infection. Charlotte never dreamed that this routine visit was the first step in the chain of events that would restore her sight.

After taking care of Pete, the young ophthalmologist turned to Charlotte. "When was the last time you had an eye examination?" he asked. "About 15 years ago," she replied. "But there's nothing you can do. Nothing anybody can do anymore."

She agreed, however, to return for an examination. The doctor found that she was indeed blind in her right eye; it could perceive no light whatever. But when he moved a lighted instrument from one side of her left eye to the other, she could tell from which direction the light was coming. And she was able to "see" the blood vessel pattern inside her own eye.

The doctor explained that she had been stricken with an eye disease of unknown cause called *(continued)*

Photograph by Allen Vogel



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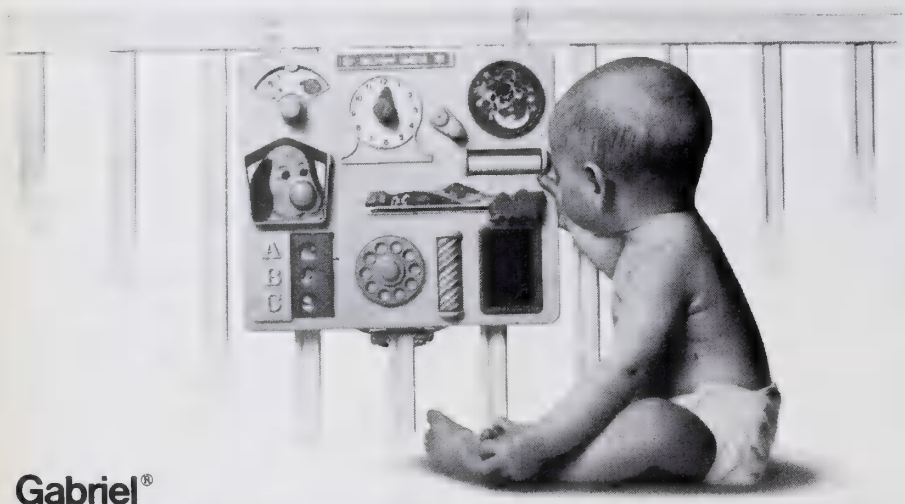
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Second Sight

continued

uveitis, an inflammation of the uvea. The uvea consists of three parts of the eye: the iris, choroid and ciliary body. The iris is the colored portion of the eye. Just behind it lies the ciliary body, a ring of muscular tissue which regulates far and near vision. The choroid, which nourishes the retina, lines the remainder of the inside of the eye.

Over the years, Charlotte's eye had been badly damaged. The pupil was densely scarred, the eye itself shrunken and misshapen. Behind the pupil, on the normally transparent lens, a dense cataract or clouding had formed. But like a fire that had not gone out completely, a tiny spark of hope remained. There was a chance—a remote one, but a chance—that a long, risky operation could restore her sight.

When the physician told her this, Charlotte remembered all the fruitless visits to doctors that she and her parents had made since she was a child, all the hopes that had been dashed. Unwilling to face another disappointment, she shook her head no.

But the doctor explained that the science of ophthalmology had made giant strides in the past three decades. When Charlotte first developed her symptoms, uveitis had been hard to diagnose. Her doctors had mistakenly thought she had iritis, an inflammation of the iris alone. Even if they had diagnosed her uveitis correctly, there was little they could have done about it. At that time, uveitis was not understood, and doctors were struggling to find the right treatment for an ailment they knew little about. Now, medications to control uveitis are available, although the disease is still not curable.

Moreover, new surgical techniques had been developed for operations on scarred eyes. The doctor himself, trained in the U.S. Army, had treated many eyes severely injured in combat. Once he had performed a successful operation on a Filipino woman whose eyes had been almost as badly scarred as hers.

The operation was still a big gamble. Charlotte could easily lose the eye completely, and perhaps suffer lifelong pain as a result. She debated it with her children, her mother, her minister. Finally, she decided that she had no right to give up even the slenderest hope held out to her. She agreed to go ahead with the surgery.

In the months leading up to her operation, while she underwent test after test, Charlotte thought about her decision. She could hardly remember what it was like to see, it had been so long. As she cautiously anticipated the future, she also looked back on her past.

Her eye disease had crept up insidiously. As a child, she would see speck in front of her eyes and try to brus them away. Things began to look blurr She could see the trees outside her wi dow, but couldn't distinguish the leave She was unable to see writing on th blackboard at school and asked to sit u front. Because the words in her scho books were too blurry for her to rea she would memorize what her teache said instead of reading. But she sa nothing to her parents. They were un ware that anything was wrong until or day at piano practice Charlotte bange the keys in frustration and cried, "I can see the notes!"

Alarmed, Gerry and Howard Ake took their daughter, then eight, to a do tor. It was the beginning of the exam nations that would go on for years.

Doctors could offer little encourag ment or help. They could only give Cha lotte's parents a heartbreaking verdic one day soon their daughter would n longer see.

Her parents couldn't bring themselv to tell Charlotte the doctors' grim for cast. Slowly, Charlotte's world grew i creasingly fuzzy. By the time she was 1 she could only detect large shapes. H best friend, Sally Wyman, would call f her every morning and walk with her school. At Roosevelt Junior High, frien guided her downstairs because she cou not see the steps clearly.

Realization hits

Charlotte realized her sight was fa ing, but until she was 16, the thoug that a time would come when s wouldn't see at all never occurred to he Then, one day after school, the realiz tion struck her full force. "Maybe," s remembers, "with the optimism of yout I never really thought the worst cou happen. But that day, it really hit m that it could indeed happen." She brok down and sobbed convulsively. It w the only time she would cry during h long ordeal—except when the secon and, to her, even more devastating blo came many years later.

Her friends and parents read her a signments to her at Field Kindley Hig School and Coffeyville Community Co lege, where she received high grades. A attractive teenager, she had many date Young Robert Sanford was a special on After graduation she packed and we north to Manhattan, where she enrolle at Kansas State University, majoring psychology and sociology. She tape-r corded the lectures and had fellow st dents read the texts to her.

On December 8, 1957, she marrie her high school sweetheart, Robert, wh had also gone to Kansas State. A ye later, they moved back to her parent home in Coffeyville until they could g a home of their own. The move mea leaving school, a year short of earnin her degree.

(continued



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Second Sight

continued

Her first child, Stephanie, was born in anuary of 1959. By that time, Charotte's sight had faded so that she could arely discern shapes and forms. She roped her way around the house mostly y touch. If she held Stephanie very lose to her eyes, she could just barely ake out the baby's face. ("The one hing I remember was how very blue her yes were.")

Then, three months later, she awoke n a cold, rainy morning in April. She ould not distinguish even the blurred utlines of the bed, the dresser, the hairs. A chill went through her. She ealized the curtain had finally descend- d and that all useful sight was gone. he was 23 years old.

Slowly, carefully, she dressed and alked downstairs. Taking her accusomed place, she reached for a napkin, ucked it in her lap and, struggling to eep her voice calm, said: "I can't see nything any more."

There was a moment of silence. She eard rustles and felt Robert reach for er hand. "Let us go for prayer," her ather, Howard Akers, said. Then her usband kissed her, went to work in the tore he managed and Howard Akers ent to pray with his daughter.

She recalls every moment of that day ividly. "All I did was sit and fold lothes or diapers," she says. "I remained n one place, afraid to move. Mother ared for the baby. She brought the baby o me, brought everything to me." Charotte had begun to lock herself into her arkness.

Climactic resolve

Next morning, there was a change. "I ealized life had to go on," she says. "In ed, I prayed for guidance, then got up nd started to take care of my baby." It as a climactic resolve that was to make he difference between a life of self-pity nd a productive one.

Because she had not convinced herself he was blind before, she did not know recisely where things were located in he house. Now she set about memorizng, so that she could visualize their exct positions.

The first year was hard. She could ove around by herself without stumling and she could care for the baby, ut her mother shopped and cooked. When, after a year and a half, Julia was orn, Charlotte felt confident enough to ove with her family into her own home.

First she walked into the empty house nd through all the rooms, touching the alls, feeling where the windows and oors were, counting the steps to the rnace room, discovering the location f the thermostat, the stove, sink, cabiets, closets. ("I was in the house less than 15 minutes and I knew where everything was.")

When the movers arrived, she told them exactly where she wanted the furniture placed. She arranged the dishes and linens so that she knew what was where. Now she did all her own housework, the ironing, washing, cooking. Somehow, she could tell "by feel" the colors of some items of clothing and memorized the others after being told, so she could sort the laundry. She used an electric stove, easily learning the button system.

Even as babies, her children seemed to sense that their mother could not see. None of them ever said things like, "Look, Momma"; instead, they put objects into her hand. "When Stephanie was just a few months old," Charlotte says, "she would take my hand and put it over a toy she wanted to show me. Somehow, she realized that was how I 'saw.' "

All the children learned to read unusually early. Before she was three, Stephanie was reading labels and recipes on cans and boxes to her mother. ("That's how I opened green beans instead of peas, and knew how much water to add to whatever.")

Robert or her parents accompanied her to the supermarket, but she did most of the shopping herself, picking out the fruits and vegetables she wanted, knowing by touch the difference between a package of hamburger or chicken. Once home, she stocked the provisions in their assigned places.

Charlotte never looked like a blind person. As a child, she had noticed that sightless people tended to drop their heads. So she made a point of walking erect, her shoulders high. She only used a cane for a few months before discarding it, nor did she ever have a seeing-eye dog. She walked with her husband, her hand gently on his arm. Robert became skilled in leading her, never warning her out loud about curbs or obstacles. He had a system of pauses that told her what lay ahead. She studied Braille and was able to play bridge.

She was constantly, incredibly busy. An accomplished singer, she was president of a musical organization and helped to produce their concerts. She was a member of a little theater group and once acted the role of a nun in *Sound of Music.* ("We worked it out so one of the other nuns nudged me on and off stage.) She sang in the church choir. She taught Sunday school. She was active in the P.T.A. She won a major award from a local sorority for her community activities. She helped her husband run an exclusive women's ready-to-wear store. She became one of Coffeyville's best-known community leaders.

But in 1971, her life—which she thought she had so well under control—came apart. After 14 years, her marriage collapsed.

The memories are still painful. "I don't want to hurt my ex-husband," she says. "I want to make it clear that it takes two to make a marriage, but it also takes two to break a marriage. I'll take 50 percent of the blame."

She and Robert had a number of sessions with a counselor, but to no avail. They were divorced and Robert moved to another state.

The shattering of the marriage was the lowest point of her life, even lower than losing her sight. "If you're loved," Charlotte says softly, "you can face anything. The greatest tragedy is not to be loved. I had to realize that human love is fallible. It can change. And I had to learn that God's love never changes. I know this now, and it doesn't matter if my husband stopped loving me. But then it did matter. It hurt deeply." *(continued)*



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SUPPORT The American Red Cross

Second Sight

continued

She cried for hours the night her husband left, and for many weeks thereafter. She even thought of suicide. But her will to survive and surmount was strong, and once again she was determined to adjust to a new life.

As a divorced woman, she was entirely on her own. She no longer had Robert to guide her as she walked or dined in company; she had to manage completely by herself. She hired a babysitter for Pete, then less than three months old, and ran the store herself, with the help of one woman employee. Unschooled in business management, she taught herself the facts she needed to know about inventory control, pricing, invoices, profit margins, taxes, insurance and record-keeping.

She did all the buying for her shop. Several times a year, she journeyed to Kansas City, where clothes manufacturers held trade shows for retailers. As sales representatives displayed their lines for the coming seasons, Charlotte walked from booth to booth, shopping for her store. Salesmen laid out garments on the counters and she selected the ones she wanted by running her hands over them. She always bargained hard, keeping her budget clearly in her mind. While she was gone, Stephanie and Julia took care of the house and little Pete.

Three years later, with the store turning a profit and Charlotte settled in her new life, Pete's eye became inflamed, necessitating that auspicious trip to the ophthalmologist.

On Sunday, July 7, 1974, Charlotte entered the community hospital, a pink stucco institution set back on a wide lawn. The preceding months had been ones of preparation. She had traveled to Kansas City where ultrasonagraphy, or sound wave tests, unavailable 15 years before, had shown that the back of her eye was in good condition, with no evidence of scarring or retinal detachment.

At 8 A.M. on Tuesday, Charlotte was taken to surgery. A six-foot-high operating microscope, which could magnify the area up to seven times, was wheeled to the table. The doctor, peering through the twin eyepieces centered above Charlotte's eye, called for a scalpel from a tray of the most delicate instruments used in surgery.

A few minutes later, he began cutting through the dense entanglement of scar tissue over the lens of Charlotte's eye. His object: to reach and remove the cataractous lens that was blocking the passage of light rays. In order to see, the light rays had to pass unobstructed through the pupil and on to the retina at the back of the eye. From there, the image captured by the retina is transmitted by the optic nerve to the brain. Once the opaque lens was no longer there, Charlotte could be fitted with special cataract glasses that functioned as a substitute lens.

The operation was extremely delicate. The eye was severely inflamed and there was a high risk of destructive hemorrhage. Moreover, the scar tissue was tightly bound to other vital portions of the eye that could easily be damaged in the removal effort. The most difficult part was removal of the cataractous lens, which tended to drop backward into the eye. Several times during the lengthy surgery, the doctor had to rest before proceeding.

Finally, after three hours, the lens was out. By this time, however, the eye had collapsed completely. The doctor had to use special instruments to restore it to its normally spherical shape. Just before noon, the operation ended. The doctor closed the wound with suture material finer than human hair. He inspected the back of the eye with the microscope and saw a good red reflex, indicating there had been no bleeding inside.

Had to wait

"But that was all we knew," he recalled later. "We didn't know anything else. The eye was medicated and bandaged and then we had to wait."

Just before eight the next morning, the doctor removed the bandages, cleaned Charlotte's eye and separated the lids. The wound looked intact and clear; the eye chamber was normally formed. Then he held a magnifying lens to the eye and put his hand in front of it, fingers extended. "Can you count my fingers?" he asked.

Despite heavy sedation, Charlotte heard and responded. The fingers were very vague and blurred to her, but she could count them. "Five," she said. There were five.

Charlotte fell asleep. A few hours later, the doctor returned and picked a long-stemmed rose from a bouquet on her bedside table. "What color is this?" he asked, holding the lens *(continued*

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Provocative and straightforward comments from two young women who have completed the Mark Eden Bust Developer Program.

June Little, San Francisco Age 21
"My generation has been raised with a more intelligent and liberated point of view. I mean, sex has nothing to do with the size of your breast. And intellectually I believe that. The reason I enrolled in the Mark Eden Bust Developer Program was first for overall appearance, or I thought – no, I'm sure. Only when I went from 34 to 36 in the first week, I noticed the reaction of men around me. They looked at me as though I were more desirable. And the honest fact is because they did... I felt more womanly and more sexual. I hope that doesn't make me a traitor to liberation, but it's the truth."

Karen Scott, Pasadena Age 28
"I think I have a healthy selfishness. I mean I do what I do for me which makes me happier and it sort of chain reacts. I think I give more to others. I took the Mark Eden Bust Developer Program because I wanted to look less boyish. I wanted to look sexier for *me*. I was even considering an implant when I read a Mark Eden ad. I figured one more try wouldn't hurt. And, wow (laugh) I gained five inches in two weeks, from 35 to 40. I love being me at 28 and looking like a woman and... it has, I know it has made me feel more like a woman and frankly more sexual."



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AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS © 1977 A/APCI

Second Sight

continued

to her eye. "Red," Charlotte replied. "Bright red."

Five days after the operation, she received her first pair of cataract glasses, temporary ones with extra thick lenses. Then Stephanie was permitted to visit her. When she saw her eldest child, Charlotte said, "Steph, you're just going to have to do something about that hair. It's all over your face." Stephanie grinned and tossed the hair aside. When Pete came to her bedside, she held his face in her hands for 15 full minutes. ("I just looked and looked, drinking in all those years I hadn't seen him.") Pete, usually irrepressible, didn't move all that time.

How does the world look to Charlotte after 15 years of blindness? Rooms, halls, theater stages are much larger than she had imagined them. The vastness of the open sky seems so immense it still startles her. "Blind people," Charlotte explains, "live in a small box, their area of existence extending only as far as they can reach. Wherever I was, the end of my fingers was my world. It was impossible to visualize the enormity of what was beyond."

No human face is unbeautiful, no form unpleasing to Charlotte. One explanation for this is that because she is so grateful to see at all, everyone seems beautiful. But there is more to it than that.

Our society places a premium on physical beauty. Therefore, a sighted person unconsciously puts labels on people based on their appearances: they are pretty, ugly, fat, handsome. These initial judgments are powerful and can color the whole relationship. But a blind person, says Charlotte, obviously cannot be swayed by appearances and must use other standards of judgment. "I didn't see what people looked like," she says, "and so appearance didn't affect or distort my image of them. I got to know them from the inside, where beauty truly lives. Now, to me, appearance is meaningless. I don't really 'see' the outside of a person at all; all my concentration is within. In a way, I can thank God for my blindness because I learned to see correctly."

Finds startling beauty

Charlotte has an intense awareness of what most people think of as "ordinary" things. She finds startling beauty in the texture of a hand, a leaf on a tree, the shine of chrome sink faucets.

"I can remember one of my first walks down the corridor of the hospital," she says. "At the end of the corridor was a beautifully grained wooden door. Each day I could see it more clearly and I would stand there, touching it, marveling at the rich, distinctive figures worked into the wood. I had never before even looked at a door, much less admired the spirals and waves in them."

She has plunged joyously into her new world of sight. She loves to ride into the surrounding countryside in any season. She sits smiling radiantly, in the Coffeyville Community Theater, watching Stephanie and Julia perform—they appeared recently in *Godspell*. Not long ago, she went to the annual program given by Pete's pre-school class, one feature of which has always been a movie of the children. Previously, Pete had had to whisper to her what was happening on the screen. Now she sees for herself.

Traveling holds new excitement for her. Recently she went to Tulsa and stared at the shop windows until h daughters pulled her away. She spe three days in New York City, wanderi around the streets, visiting stores, goi to theaters.

Because of the long work hours it e tailed, she sold her business last year a went to work in the bank. "After all tho years," she says, "I wanted more tim with my family, to make up." She has n plans for remarriage at the moment, b she believes some day she will take th step, too.

But beyond everything else, seei again is an affirmation of Charlotte's r ligious faith, which she feels deepl When she was eight, she underwent religious experience that has remain with her since. "One day, in church, looked at the face of my grandmoth when we were singing a hymn," she r members. "I saw the radiance in it, t beauty, the total devotion. I thought myself, 'If that is what giving your li to Christ means, then that is what I w do.' "

Ever since the operation, when t doctor had warned her against cryi Charlotte had become accustomed controlling her emotions. She held ba her tears, whatever happened.

But on a winter's day six months lat the lawn outside was covered with a n blanket of snow. Charlotte was alone the house. She cannot remember wh triggered it—perhaps nothing at all. B on that day, at long last, the tears can great tears flooding her face. They we tears of joy, of gratitude to everyone w had helped and of thankfulness to G for the miracle of second sight that h come to her. **E**

YOUR BREATHING MAKES NO HURRICANES

By Cynthy Wilson

Your breathing makes no hurricanes
Even in this small box-room
Full of you asleep
Your breath goes in and out your throat
Like a clean sharp knife in a sheath
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In your mind's quiescence?

I think you have no need of me at least
In this the silence of yourself
You fly through trans-galactic space
In silver jets that make no sound
That I can hear
In transit then from star to star or
From fantastic revelries
Your slightly sweaty fingers find my face
You turn your dream voice to my ear
Your breathing makes small hurricanes
Inside of me.

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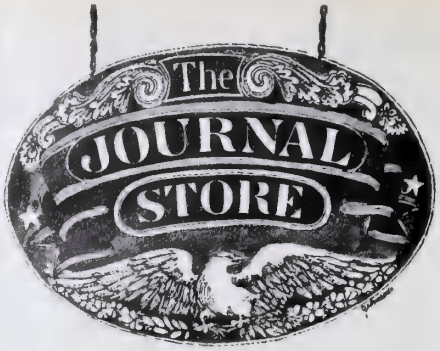
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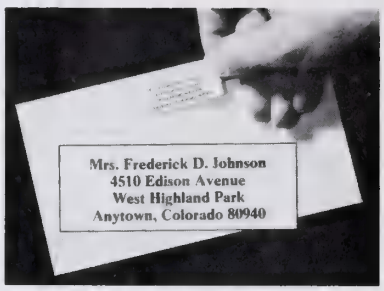


LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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MICHAEL LEARNED

continued from page 52

f change. She is divorcing her second husband after a two-ear marriage and has a "new" man in her life—a writer. He vas an old friend who suddenly began to mean more. They hare a deeper exchange of feelings than she had ever thought ossible, and she'll say no more on that. "It doesn't need to e talked about. I'm just taking it gratefully and very quietly -which is new for me, too." She has decided to quit *The Valtons* at the end of this TV season—the show's sixth—and vants to move back to San Francisco with her sons, Caleb, Christopher and Lucas Donat.

For a moment, when she hurried into the American Conervatory Theater office ten minutes late for an interview, he sounded like a throwback to competent Olivia Walton: I started scrubbing the bathroom floor and I felt compelled o finish," she explained, out of breath—and still hoarse from he demands the play made on her voice.

"I'm not comfortable with clutter, but I'm not really comulsive anymore," she said after making sure she had enough igarettes to sustain her through the interview. "I went from eing a teen-age slob to the most driven housekeeper you've ver seen. My parents hated to visit me when I was first maried, because they'd flick their cigarettes and I'd leap in with n ashtray. I think it was because I had no identity of my wn. I was only seventeen, and being a wife and mother was ery important to me. Being the BEST wife and mother."

At one time, she and her first husband, actor Peter Donat, vere both struggling in New York. She was performing off-Broadway as Irina in Chekhov's *Three Sisters* when their first wo sons were babies.

"I'd—whew, God!—you can only do it when you're young!—I would nurse Chris, fix dinner for Peter and Peter's brother vould come in at night to baby sit. I'd wash the dishes, get n the subway, go down to the Bowery, do *Three Sisters*, get ome at one, nurse Chris—he was a very colicky baby—and I vas often up with him all night. I'd flop into bed at 4 A.M., e up at 6 and clean the house. You know, the whole *Ladies' Home Journal* bit. I felt I couldn't be loved if my house wasn't lean. That's awful. It's a horrible thing to do to yourself and o other people."

She shook her finger at me and said severely, "It WAS artly the women's magazines at that time. You read in them hat the only way to hang onto your man is to look beautiful nd have the kids bathed and ready for bed and a gourmet neal prepared. I tried. I beat myself to death trying to live p to that, and a lot of it I enjoyed. But it can also wear you ut. Some nights, I ached in every bone, and if Peter came ome a half hour early and I hadn't had my shower, I felt as f I had failed. I've improved since then."

Believed own act

She said she had always been very hard on herself. "I've een a very frightened woman all my life, but I didn't know t. I believed my own act. I used to say, 'This isn't good nough, that isn't good enough, *you're* not good enough. 'ou're too shy, you're too impatient.' I was constantly judgng. Then, the other day, I suddenly realized that I'm beginning to like myself at last."

One symptom of the problem was that she had never been ble to let others help her. She still has a struggle to accept vhat others are willing to give. "I have learned that by not etting people do things for me, I had a great way to keep hem at a distance, and also to keep myself on top. To stay n the dominant position by doing for others rather than etting others do for me. It's a very subtle little manipulative hing. I also set things up so I could be the victim, which s also manipulative. A lot of these realizations are painful. 'm finally, finally reaching the point where I don't regret nything in my life. I'm even reaching the point *(continued)*



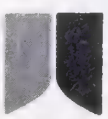
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MICHAEL LEARNED

continued

where I don't blame anybody else any more."

Toronto was a crucial point in her life. The Donat marriage was under strain and Michael was profoundly affected by the suicide of a friend. "I realized that she had devoted her life to her family and, as painful and tragic as the end was, her family was doing quite well without her. I thought, 'Wait a second, Michael. What are *you* doing? Who are you? What's going on?' "

When Donat was asked to join the American Conservatory Theater, she was reluctant to move, but thought it might save their marriage.

"I adored Peter and we shared a lot of wonderful things, but there again, we were very protective of each other. We never really got into the dirt. We swept it under the rug. We weren't able to confront each other, much less ourselves. Since we've been divorced and I've been in therapy, we've talked about it. The illusion was that I was more open, warmer and optimistic, and Peter was more artistic, creative and pessimistic. Now I see how alike we were. I was more closed than I realized."

Acting strains a marriage

Acting is a difficult profession for marriage partners, she said, mainly because of the separations. "It puts an awful strain on a relationship. You open up and become vulnerable to someone, and then you have to separate and you close up and go on with your life—and then it starts all over. That's the nature of the business, but I'm beginning to think it's too high a price to pay."

When the Donats finally were divorced, after five professionally productive years in ACT, she looked for work in Los Angeles and got *The Waltons* job within two weeks.

"That first year, I didn't know if I was coming or going. The divorce was underway. I was a wreck. The character of Olivia was so much what I used to be like. In a way, I identified with the part a lot: being the mother, loving the children, the home and family. That was always important to me and still is."

The Waltons' domestic happiness was difficult for her to contemplate then. "There were times when I thought, 'God! *that's* the appeal of the show—wishing one could live in one house as a child and have the security of that same place with the grandparents there.' I've outgrown that now. That's NOT always the way life is, and it doesn't matter. You can create your own family wherever you are. You have only to reach out and share yourself with people."

Reaching out involves risk and mistakes, but she's beginning to accept that, too. Her marriage to Glen Chadwick, a former ACT master theater carpenter, was a mistake, one that she made out of loneliness and fear. One summer of having to cope, without help, with her three sons, Chadwick's three children by a previous marriage and three of their friends, almost drove her up the wall.

The teen-age years are rough on everybody, she said philosophically, "for both parents and the children." But life has calmed down now at their 103-year-old ranch in Hollywood. The main house with its enormous stone fireplace and three bunkhouses, is set on a secluded two and three-quarter acres filled with ancient oaks, wild roses, lush ferns and purple wisteria. She and the boys live there with five dogs and three cats. Michael will be sorry to sell the property, but she won't be able to afford it when she leaves the series. She is determined not to get trapped in Hollywood. She doesn't see any reason why she can't make films, live in San Francisco and be in and out of repertory theater as easily as English actors.

"The boys have had to suffer through a lot of my pain and identity crisis," she said. "I give them long lectures and they listen politely and say, 'Mom, we're not you.' And I say, 'You're absolutely right.' " At 19, Caleb, a former mime student, is in Canada "making money" and trying to decide what to do with his life; Christopher, 17, is a good drummer and Lucas, 14, is "into girls, parties and sports." She seems very proud of them.

With her own boys more self-sufficient, she has suggested that there should be a Waltons' episode that shows the difficulties a mother has in letting go of her sons. John-boy, now becoming a successful writer in New York, has been written out of the show since Richard Thomas wants to get on to other acting challenges. Jason, next oldest of the four Walton sons, has joined the Coast Guard, and Olivia in 1939 is apprehensive about the clouds of war.

"It's a time in Olivia's life, and in the lives of many women, when your child is no longer your child. He never was, really. Children are just a gift given to you to enjoy for a short period of time." She thinks Olivia Walton might well undergo the crisis of menopause, now that she is no longer vitally needed by a growing family. Writer Earl Hamner says the series will stick even more closely to the family since the episodes that have gone away from the Waltons and their Virginia mountain have been the least popular. Audiences seem to enjoy the family interplay most.

"We've had Olivia be depressed and bored, but I'd like to see her really go through something," Michael said. "The change doesn't have to be negative. It could be funny. When Mary Ellen has a baby and goes back to work as a nurse, there may be conflict between the two women. Maybe Olivia gets overly attached to the baby and starts interfering. To me, that's what life is all about: wonderful clashes that lead to growth and development."

Too saccharine

At times, she has thought the series was too saccharine, but overall it isn't, she believes. "I've heard people say, 'Oh, the Waltons. Everything always turns out all right.' It doesn't, always, and we've fought for that. The kids are often bitchy to each other and Olivia loses her temper and she and John get into fights. Things DO get resolved in an hour, but for TV, I think it's pretty honest. It's not as honest as one would like, though. I would like things *not* to get resolved sometime."

Long ago, she was critical of an episode in which the Waltons' seven children successfully protested against the slaughter of their pet calf. "To me, that was totally unreal," she said. When she was growing up on a farm in West Norwalk, Conn.—the oldest of six daughters—they had fallen in love with a calf, too. "It was killed and came back to us in little packages. We ate it and that was the reality." The rest of her childhood reality was always moving, like "gypsies." Her father was a writer, editor, sometime uranium prospector in Nicaragua, Army man and U.S. State Department employee. They *(continued)*

DIXIE QUEEN RIVERBOAT IN CREWEL KIT

BY ANN B. BRADLEY

Mark Twain put it this way, "To the great majority of the population between St. Louis and Baton Rouge the river boats were palaces. When a citizen from this wide area stepped aboard a riverboat, he stepped into another world."There was a time when, along the Mississippi, one could see a procession of these side-wheelers or stern-wheelers going by. In "Dixie Queen," 20 x 16 inches, Don & Carol Henning capture in crewel the tall smokestacks, ornate carving and fluttering flags that characterized these imposing vessels. Kit contains design stamped on two-toned homespun, all yarns, needle and instructions. The walnut finished frame shown comes completely assembled.

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Photographs by Victor Scocozza

MICHAEL LEARNED

continued

moved to a village in Austria when she was 11 and growing up too fast for her years. Something she won't talk about anymore caused a "kind of breakdown. I cried all the time." Her parents packed her off to England to study dance, which she adored, but Sadlers Wells turned her down and she went to ballet and drama school instead for two years. To everyone's surprise, she won the drama award. Another cultural shock followed when she had to transfer to a junior high school in the U.S. The constant movement was a nightmare in some ways but she escaped by reading voraciously: Dickens, de Maupassant, Zola. By 16, she was an apprentice at Stratford, meeting and falling in love with Donat, who was 27. Her parents hustled her off to England again, but a year later she and Peter were married.

Since moving to California, she has been in and out of therapy, under more or less Freudian treatment in San Francisco, a spot of ACT-organized Transcendental Meditation that helped her to calm down and drink less, and now she is with a psychiatrist who practices "bioenergetics," a very physical form of therapy that is difficult to explain briefly.

"The theory behind it is that most of us get into trouble because we live in our heads," she said, bending down to demonstrate a couple of exercises that get her in touch with her belly, her "gut" feelings. "We live in fantasy. We intellectualize. I could write a book on why I'm neurotic. Why this was done and that wasn't. Who cares if you're still screwed up? I've always thought there were good feelings and bad feelings. I'm beginning to learn there are no such things; there are just feelings, and all feelings are good. It's okay to be angry. It's okay to be sad. It's okay to cry. I cried a lot, but I never thought it was all right to cry just to relieve tension. Intellectually, I knew it was hard for me to ask or reach out, but now I have this emotional awareness on a gut level. I realize that all my life I have run away. It's not apparent because I was in a marriage for 15 years. For two years, I stayed in another marriage that a lot of people would have gotten out of sooner. But I've run in fantasy. I've never really confronted the pain."

Changes overdue

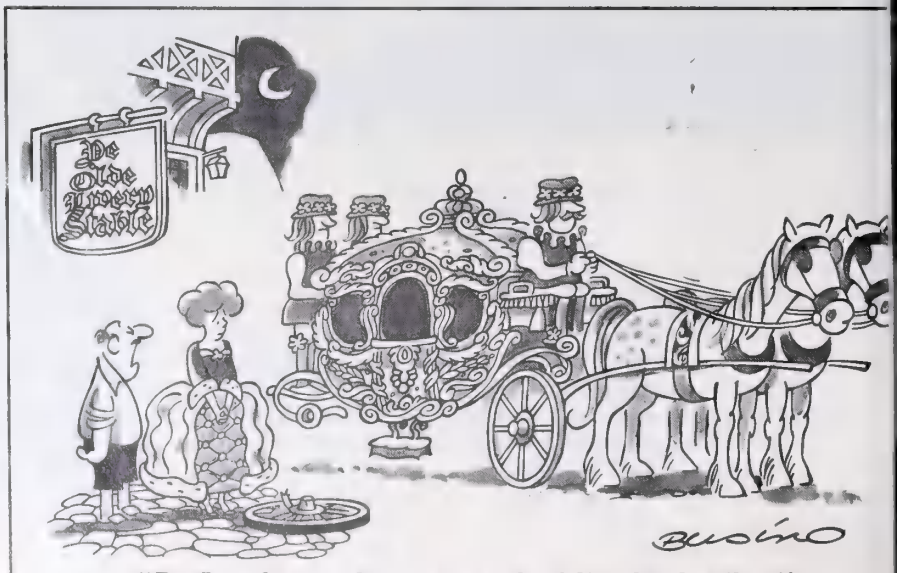
Although she has shied away from the women's movement, she thinks the changes are long overdue. "But it's a very difficult period. I don't think anyone knows quite where we fit any more. At least in the past, we knew where we belonged. I was caught up in that old thing that my career wasn't important because I didn't have to take financial responsibility. When I took out a passport, I wrote down 'housewife,' not actress. When Peter and I were working on a play, I thought it was my job to cook and clean and cue him and do my work off in the corner. Peter didn't *impose* that on me. That was *my* American dream. If you were a socko woman, you did both and didn't bother anybody. Well, I don't believe that now. I believe that a man and woman can be equals, but I still think it's a danger for women to forget they're women. I mean—I don't *want* to be a man and I don't feel men have dealt me a dirty deal in life. I think the dirty deals dealt to me were dirty deals I asked for—and I paid a price for them. I never had to face financial responsibility before, and believe me, that's a big burden—and occasionally, it scares me. There are times I'd like to take a year off, but I can't. I have the kids to bring up and braces to buy and college to pay for. Peter helps me—he's in L.A. with the boys while I'm here—but I'm their main support."

Working 12 hours a day in *The Waltons,* and being absorbed in her sons' development as well as her own turmoil, hasn't left her with the time or energy to think about the changes all around her. What has filtered through is the anger. "It's very difficult to be a liberated anything until you work through that anger and confront it. I didn't realize I was an angry woman until someone said to me, 'I think you're one of the angriest women I've ever known.' I remember being very hurt and saying, 'What do you mean? I've forgiven *everybody!*'

"But I remember looking at an ad showing women in their various roles—with a mop and pail—and the one with the cigarette is 'liberated.' Suddenly this rage welled up in me, this inexplicable rage, and I thought, 'My God, you *are* angry! You're really teed off that you're the one who stayed home with the kids.' I realize now that's what I *chose.* N body *did* it to me. That's what I want Peter didn't hurt me. I set it up an take responsibility for it."

Many inequities toward women business and law have to be correct she declared emphatically. "But on emotional level, this new awaren shouldn't be used as an excuse to s 'Well, no wonder I'm nothing beca men have treated me badly.' It's v easy to latch on to something and use It's the same thing with neurosis. saying, 'My parents were rotten a now I'm in therapy and I can feel so for myself for the rest of my life.' W *everybody* had an unhappy childho Everybody! Childhood is a nightmar

"Look," she said urgently, "I have opened up to anybody like this in a lo time, and the only reason I bothered do it was in the event that someone e is going through the same kind of id tity crisis and might read it. A lot of terviews with me have stressed the pa stressed the searching; and I resent th The only reason I talk about it is th the pain is no longer part of my life always felt ashamed of myself. I can member saying over and over, 'I hav home and wonderful children. Wha wrong with me?' *Nothing* was wrc with me. It's part of the human con tion. I want other women to kn things can get better. They have for r I'm able to open up now and share, n only with women, but with m which is marvelous for me. To sh my insides—not just with a lover, l with men who are friends, and to real that men are angry now, too, and not acceptable for them to express It's not always the man who has be the villain. Maybe he's been a vict and has just had enough. I only ho we can eventually all get over this be angry and be men and women who l together in the same world." E



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GUST 1977

LADIES' HOME

Journal

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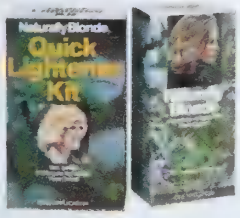
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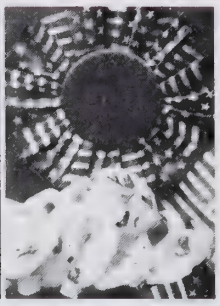
LADIES' HOME Journal®

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Cover photograph of Olivia Newton-John by J. Frederick Smith; fashion by Reiko; hair by Arthur Johns, Los Angeles; makeup by Arthur Scott; kitten courtesy of The Humane Society of New York.

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

WOMEN OF THE YEAR



The 1977 Women of the Year and their presenters. Reading from left to right: Ruth Carter Stapleton; Patricia Harris; Maya Angelou, for Marian Anderson; Elizabeth Drew; Lynda Johnson Robb; Bella Abzug; Betty Furness, Awards Host; Margaret McNamara; Liz Carpenter; Lady Bird Johnson; Sheila Young; Lenore Hershey, Editor, Ladies' Home Journal; Addie L. Wyatt; Roberta Peters, Awards Host; Ruth C. Clusen; Joan Mondale; Gloria Scott, Ph.D.; Caron Carter; Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, M.D.; Margaret Costanza; Helen Thomas.

The date was May 23, 1977. The place was Ford's Theatre in Washington, D.C., where the fifth annual Ladies' Home Journal Women of the Year awards were bestowed in an atmosphere of warmth, dignity and pride for all women. Betty Furness and Roberta Peters donated their services as hosts (Roberta also sang); there were presenters from the White House, and Lady Bird Johnson and Joan Mondale lent their prestige to the proceedings. But in the audience, and onstage, there was unanimous enthusiasm for this unique awards program. LHJ is proud to have originated it . . . and we'll see you next year, when we hope to bring this program to larger audiences.

APOLOGIES TO OUR GOLFING FRIENDS. Yes, we did promise to report back in June about the eight women who won a weekend with Arnold Palmer. Because we were literally deluged with entries, we didn't make that issue. But eight winners were selected, have had their weekend and will be reported on—we promise—in our October issue. To all those women who wrote us beautiful letters and sent pictures, our deep regrets that everybody couldn't win. And once more, apologies.

WHITE HOUSE VISIT



Remember the portrait of Rosalynn and Amy Carter that was on our May cover? Here I am, along with artist Thornton Utz (behind the painting) and Fred Danneman, our publisher, as we presented the original to Rosalynn Carter. "It makes me look young," said Mrs. Carter. Actually, she looks just as young in person—and has the same strength-with-delicacy appeal that the portrait caught so well.

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Brand M Lights	13	0.8
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Brand M	8	0.5
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What's happening

By Gene Shalit



Shelley Duvall tells Gene about her extraordinary start in movies. Later, Gene gives us his views on that super-hit, *Star Wars*.

Shelley Duvall is an extraordinary actress, one of a kind (somebody quick hand me a thesaurus), an original, sui generis, unique. She made her debut in Robert Altman's *Brewster McCloud* in 1970, and has since appeared in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Thieves Like Us, Nashville* and Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*. She is currently starring in *Three Women*, a profound film directed by Altman. Not long ago Shelley Duvall and I met for a talk and, happily settled in an easy-chaired drawing room, I asked when she had first decided to become an actress. "When I got my first part," she said with a grin.

GS: How did that happen?

SD: I was living in Houston, Texas, going to college, studying every science course that was available, and three men walked into the party I was giving. It wasn't unusual for people to come that I didn't know. After awhile we got talking and they said, "How'd you like to be in a movie?" I thought, uh oh, what kinds of films are made in Houston? Porno or something? They said, "This is for MGM. You know, the lion that roars, do you know who that is?" And I said, "No." They said, "That's Robert Altman, the man who just made a big hit called *Mash*. Have you seen it?" I said, "No, but I'll go see it tonight." So I went to see *Mash* and sure enough it was a legitimate film and they said, "At least give us your phone number." And I said, "Well, okay." (My father's a lawyer, so I figured it was all right.) In a few days they called and I read with Bob Altman. We all became such good friends that I thought, well, if he thinks I can act, maybe I *can* act. So we did a screen test. And then we just started shooting. The movie was *Brewster McCloud*, in 1970.

GS: What was there about you that attracted Robert Altman and his friends?

SD: I have no idea. Maybe it was that I have big teeth and big ears and the fact that I had on patched blue jeans and little bells around my waist and that I looked sort of birdlike and *Brewster McCloud* has to do with birds. Bob later said that he couldn't get me out of his mind so he hired me. Then, in October, I shot *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*.

GS: Now you've done *Three Women*. Do you know what it's about?

SD: It's a dream and I think dreams are never perfectly clear. At least mine aren't. I'm not able to articulate a dream. When I wake I try to remember it and somewhere in my memory there's always a leak.

GS: You think you're a normal, Texas, all-American girl?

SD: I don't know what normal *is* exactly, so if I don't know what normal is I don't consider myself that.

GS: What kind of life did you have in high school?

SD: I was a bookworm. I spent most of the time in my bedroom with a record player and my books. I loved to write *(continued on page 12)*

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These recipes use General Foods trademarked products. Granted, you could use other similar products when you make them, but our trademarks are your *guarantee of quality*. Your proof is in the eating.

TRADEMARK RECIPES 1

CLIP AND SAVE

This is the first in a series of recipe ideas. Look for more in later issues of this magazine.

Each page will give you a whole set of recipes. Economical ways to add variety to your dinner table.

One of the many reasons these recipes work so well is that we used General Foods brand name products.

General Foods products are tested, retested and tested again to ensure they're the best value that they can be.

Please look for JELL-O® Brand Desserts. And SHAKE 'N BAKE® Seasoned Coating Mixes. KOOL-AID® Soft Drink Mixes. And SANKA® Brand Decaffeinated Coffee.

Our brand names are your *guarantee* of quality.

LEMON-GRAPE PUNCH

3 cups grape juice
2 scoops KOOL-AID® Lemonade Flavor Sugar-Sweetened Soft Drink Mix
2 cups lemon-lime carbonated beverage, chilled

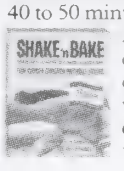
Combine grape juice and soft drink mix in pitcher; stir to dissolve soft drink mix; chill. Just before serving, add carbonated beverage. Serve over ice cubes. Makes 5 cups or 10 servings.



CHICKEN ROMA

2½ to 3 pounds frying chicken pieces
1 envelope SHAKE 'N BAKE® Seasoned Coating Mix for Chicken—Italian Flavor
¼ pound sharp cheddar cheese, finely grated
¼ cup mayonnaise
4 slices bacon, chopped
½ green pepper, chopped

Coat chicken with seasoned coating mix as directed on package and arrange in a single layer in ungreased shallow baking pan. Bake at 400° for 40 to 50 minutes or until tender.



Meanwhile, combine cheese, mayonnaise, bacon and pepper, blending well. Spread over baked chicken and broil 5 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

GLAZED FRUIT DESSERT

1 package (4-serving size) JELL-O® Brand Vanilla Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Orange Flavor Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup cold water
1 cup sliced bananas

Prepare pudding mix as directed on package. Pour into 8 dessert glasses; chill. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water. Chill until slightly thickened. Stir in bananas, and gently spoon over pudding in glasses. Chill about 1 hour. Garnish with prepared DREAM WHIP® Whipped Topping, if desired. Makes 4 cups or 8 servings.



COFFEE NEAPOLITAN

⅓ cup SANKA® Brand Decaffeinated Freeze-Dried Coffee
¼ cup sugar
1 quart boiling water
¾ cup brandy
¾ cup (about) prepared DREAM WHIP® Whipped Topping
Ground cinnamon

Place coffee and sugar in a coffeepot or heatproof carafe. Add water and stir; add brandy. Hold at serving temperature. Do not boil. Pour into demitasse cups. Top with prepared whipped topping and sprinkle with cinnamon. Makes 4¾ cups or 12 demitasse servings.



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GF
GENERAL FOODS

General Foods Corporation, 1977


"I look better today
than I have in years"

The makeup that helps skin over 25 look younger.



Cover Girl® 'MoistureWear'

When you're under 25, a smooth, natural look may be all you want from makeup. But over 25, your makeup should do more. Smooth out tiny, dry skin lines. Add a warmer depth of color to put a few more roses in your cheeks. That's why Cover Girl® created MoistureWear™ Makeup. Makeup with a balanced blend of special moisturizers, and fresh, fresh color to instantly improve the look of skin over 25. And help you look better than you have in years. 'MoistureWear' is pre-moisturized. So dewy you need no moisturizer underneath. Wear it and you can look the way you want to look—younger, fresher, prettier!



THE 'MOISTUREWEAR' MAKEUP COLLECTION:

CREAM MAKEUP. Whipped color refines your skin to perfection. Sheer. Airy. Un-artificial.

LIQUID MAKEUP. Flows on a flawless foundation with edgeless smoothness. Never greasy, never heavy.

CREAM BLUSH. Radiant color for a glow so alive, so fresh, it looks like it comes from within.

MOISTURE ENCAPSULATED POWDER. Pressed powder with sealed-in beads of moisture—freshly released every time you make up or touchup.

Also available: Nighttime Moisturizer. Moisturizing Under Eye Cover Stick. Moisturizing Wrinkle Stick.

continued from page 8

and I loved to draw and I loved to read. Then I rebelled for a while and I stopped reading completely and now I've picked it up again.

GS: I'm told that Robert Altman once said, "Shelley, never take yourself too seriously."

SD: Yes, that was my first bit of advice, and it was great advice because all the problems I've had have been because I've been taking myself seriously. So every time I do it I all of a sudden remember that little bit of information and start to laugh and say, "Oh, my God, how ridiculous."

THE BIG SCREEN SCENE

The sleeper that's waking up the movies is *Star Wars*, a super picture that has families lining up from coast to coast. It's time to throw your cares away and zoom off to the millionth galaxy beyond the furthest galaxy to ride the soaring imagination of George Lucas, who has created, written and directed this latest movie rage. Be a child again in the fantasy world of Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Star Trek, and the Wizard of Oz —the land of ray guns, light swords, handsome heroes, damsels in distress, sinister space villains, creepy cretins and lovable light-blinking machines. The story is a kind of outer space, out-of-sight *Oz*, with a golden tin man and his endearing android sidekick (I've never heard movie audiences cheer *machines* before). The cast is happily bizarre: a good guy who's part ape, part man, part courage from parts unknown; a princess who looks like Flash Gordon's Dale; and Sir Alec Guinness as a sort of Merlin with a magic sword who has a showdown with the wicked wizard. The galactic fiend is Peter Cushing (with his teeth *inside* of his mouth for a change), who's up against our stalwart young hero, Mark Hamill and an anything-for-money mercenary pilot, Harrison Ford.

Lucas has let his boyhood dreams romp beyond the fences of reality—two hours of fun and fantasy that fly by in a flash. *Star Wars* is a picture filled with imagination, humor and joy, with stunning effects that use the visual power of pictures to provide pleasure.

Star Wars will be the rage for years. Family groups are rushing to see the show in a holiday mood. It's like a picnic or a state fair. Everyone is cheering the heroes, hissing the villains and bursting into applause at the astonishing special effects. And after the show they can't bear to leave the happiness behind, so *Star Wars*' merchandise is zooming into a multi-million-dollar business. In the *first week*, more than 30,000 souvenir programs were sold at $1.50! Insiders are predicting a sale of half-a-million copies this year. Posters, T-shirts and buttons are being snapped up in the theater lobbies. A West Coast company is creating masks that *start* at $40. By the end of the year, toys and games will flood the stores, and home movie fans can get a super-8, sound-color reel that runs eight minutes. *Star Wars* is sure to become a network TV series, and a sequel to the movie is already being prepared.

TOUCHING AND TRAGIC

Jacob the Liar was an Academy Award nominee for best foreign film, and no wonder! It's a poetic and painful movie set in the Polish ghetto during World War II. The Jews are the Nazis' slave laborers: tormented, terrorized, existing without hope. Jacob, old and alone, pretends he has that most forbidden connection with the outside—a radio. He invents optimistic news reports and whispers his well-meaning lies as if they are great truths. Hope sweeps the ghetto: the suicides stop, young people dare to love, children dream fairly tales of living happily ever after. But there was no happy ending to the holocaust: the fairy tales became freight cars that led to the furnaces. *Jacob the Liar* is a German film with English subtitles—a loving, tragic, touching film.

FOREIGN OSCAR

The foreign film that *won* the Academy Award was *Black and White in Color*, a French picture that was the entry of the Ivory Coast. How it won over *Jacob the Liar*, *Cousin Cousine* and *Seven Beauties*—especially *Seven Beauties*—is beyond my comprehension. *Black and White in Color* is a comedy set in French West Africa in 1915, where a handful of French live in a lazy fort. Across a brook and into the trees is *German* West Africa, with an "army" of three men. When the French discover that France and Germany have been at war in Europe for six months, the French kidnap a bunch of African natives, hand them guns, pour wine down their throats and disorganize an assault on the three Germans. It is all comic opera stuff—comic, not cosmic. *Black and White in Color* is well acted in an exotic locale, but an Academy Award? Oscar, you should melt with shame.

SILLY CAR

Since cars kill people by the thousands, I suppose it's natural that a horror movie called *The Car* has been cranked out. The trouble is, it stalls and never gets started. The story is set in the wide-open Southwest where a car without a driver is going around running people over. This car is a hood. When the small-town cops chase the car, most of *them* get run over. It gets sillier and sillier until the remaining police concoct a plan that's a blast. It's all a waste of time—wretchedly written and tiresomely performed. *The Car* is a lemon.

ALL CHASE

Cars can be fun in films—they've been used for laughs from the earliest days of silent movies when the chase was often a highlight of the story. From Charlie Chaplin to W.C. Fields, comedians knew that laughs came crashing out of chases. When action pictures developed, the chase developed into a thrill. As audiences cheered them on, Hollywood made chases longer and more elaborate. Most of you who remember *The French Connection* remember the *chase*. Hollywood then assumed that if you like a *little*, you'll *love* a lot. If one dessert is good, two desserts are better and pretty soon there is no meal at all, just desserts. That's what's happened in the new Burt Reynolds movie, *Smokey and the Bandit*. There is no movie: it's all chase. What we have here is Burt Reynolds and his girlfriend Sally Field in a souped-up car, and their pal Jerry Reed in a trailer truck, trying to drive bootleg beer 1,800 miles in 28 hours to win an $80,000 bet. They are chased by cops (among them Jackie Gleason) in Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama. The picture is crammed with trick driving and not one person hurt. That's the point: it's just fun. *Smokey and the Bandit* is an affable 90 minutes of virtual non-stop driving that may finally have you crying out "Somebody give me a brake!"

SAILING ONTO BROADWAY

Summertime is vacation time and millions will pour into New York because the Big Apple still has appeal (joke over). First stop in my book has always been the three-hour Circle Line boat trip around Manhattan—it's the quickest way to see all the sights and get the whole thing in perspective. Second step must be at least one show on Broadway, which is having the greatest success in its history. The show this season is *Annie*, the prize-winning musical based on Little Orphan Annie. *Annie* is a wide-eyed wonder! Broadway's equivalent of the Oscar is the Tony, and *Annie* has won *seven*. The star of the show is a 13-year-old delight named Andrea McArdle, who was a student at Philadelphia's Presentation Blessed Virgin Mary School before Broadway beckoned. Now she's tutored five days a week in New York, but right after the Sunday matinee she scoots back to Philly until Tuesday. Each year there's a school trip, and in June, Andrea's class came to New York. They saw just about everything—except *Annie*. "There are 70 kids in my class," she sighed, "and there was no way to get 70 tickets to this show." Andrea may be the most unspoiled star in sight. Backstage, she has the star's dress-

(continued on page 123)


o give you an idea of diamond values, the earrings shown are
vailable for about $1100. Your jeweler can show you other diamond
welry starting at about $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.
I told her we were going "out on the town" for her birthday,
and she said she had nothing to wear.
A diamond is forever.

THE STORY
BEHIND OUR COVER:



OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN AND HER FOUR-LEGGED FAMILY

Olivia Newton-John, of the awesomely round blue eyes and the Australian accent, not long ago captured New York City, of the demanding and sophisticated fans. She left her new ranch in Malibu, Calif., and went to New York's Metropolitan Opera house, of all places, to sing country-pop songs before standing-room-only audiences. It was a triumph of the first magnitude for a 28-year-old, topped off by glamorous celebrity parties in her honor, with her picture on the front page of New York papers.

What thoughts went through Olivia Newton-John's mind as she unwound from this dream-come-true triumph? Was she thinking about being spotted by movie producers? (Perhaps. For not long after, she won a major singing role in the movie version of the Broadway musical *Grease.*) But she was also thinking about the stable she built on her Malibu property, and about the four-legged friends who live there, awaiting her return:

The horses: Judge, a quarterhorse (and Olivia's favorite); Copy Jay, a Tennessee Walker; Eloise the Appaloosa filly; not to mention George and Alex and Pipes. *The dogs:* Zargon, Domino and Gretchen, all Great Danes; Jackson, the Irish Setter. *The cat:* Holding her own against stiff competition, Gypsy (sometimes called "Cat"), a tortoiseshell.

Ms. Newton-John is not the only celebrity who loves animals, but she may be one of the few who spends more money on her animals than on herself. "My accountant pointed it

It's easy to get a kitten to pose for photographs —if it's being cuddled by a beautiful, animal-loving singer!

out," she explained without a trace of embarrassment. "My biggest expense —more than clothes or anything—is the care of the animals, the food and everything. I even hired a girl to take care of them; she comes six days a week. Somebody else works the seventh day. Before, I only had a housekeeper, who didn't have time to do it all. I'd come home and find the horses pining and the dogs thin."

She didn't have pets when she was growing up, in a big house on the grounds of the Australian university where her father was a professor. "I was always bringing home strays, but Mum wasn't crazy about animals and I wasn't allowed to keep them. It was a big campus where we lived, and people used to dump unwanted animals there—half-drowned cats in sacks, greyhounds that couldn't race. It was criminal."

Olivia's own childhood wasn't untroubled; her parents divorced when she was ten years old. Divorce itself was scandalous in Australia in those days, and her father was not allowed to continue working at the university because of it. He moved away, and her mother, over 40 at the time, had to go to work to support the family.

"It wasn't like it is now, with everybody getting divorced and women working by choice," Olivia remembers. "Most of my friends' parents were happily married, and I felt pretty alone in this. My sister got divorced, too, six years after our parents did. It left me afraid of marriage, and I guess that's why I keep putting it off. I want to be the one to break the chain. As I get older it's not quite so terrifying to me. Still, I know everybody has to learn from their *own* mistakes, and I wonder what mine will be." Recently, a long-standing relationship with Lee Kramer, her former manager, ended. She won't discuss it, but the rumor is that to-marry-or-not was one of the issues between them.

Meanwhile, there are endless animals to be concerned about: the dolphins that get caught in tuna fishermen's nets and are destroyed, the circuses with their trained animals ("I hate it when people dress animals up and make fun of them—they're so sweet and straightforward, they should be treated as animals") and of course any animal she meets. (The Persian kitten Olivia cuddles on our cover already had an owner, Olivia was disappointed to hear.)

She has met with Jacques Cousteau to talk about the possibility of participating in one of his marine projects, and wants to help raise money for wildlife preservation. Whatever her future holds, it seems clear that Olivia Newton-John will continue to share what *The New York Times* called her "demonstrable niceness" with the animals who remind all of us what it means to be sweet and straightforward and uncomplicated in their love.—KATHLEEN D. FURY

Photograph by J. Frederick Smith; Blouse by Jay Jaxon for Muney

Benson&Hedges 100's

what else can I do but smile.

that's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol

mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Can this marriage be saved?

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

When a wife nags, belittles and storms at her husband, is she masking other, inner rages? Understanding that rage helped Audrey and Howard to calm their angry marriage.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Barbara Kafka.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

HOWARD'S STORY

"I've had it; I'm ready to move out," said Howard, 28, a stocky, blue-eyed blond with a splash of brown freckles on his cheeks. "I'm an insurance claims adjuster, and I got the biggest raise in my department this year. Everyone tells me I'm doing great, yet my wife treats me badly.

"Audrey's tongue-lashings are hard enough to take at home, but lately she has been chewing me out in front of friends. Last weekend, we invited two other couples to go camping with us. We were only ten minutes on our way when Audrey began needling me. She kept on belittling me while our friends tried to change the subject. Then, when one of the kids said he wanted a hamburger, she screamed at me to turn off the road. Since we weren't near any town on the map, I kept going. Then she hollered, 'What are you waiting for? When I tell you to do something, hop to it, you stupid jerk!'

"I started to boil and clammed up for the rest of the weekend. Usually, Audrey gives me the silent treatment. Sometimes she won't say a word to me for a week, although she chatters constantly with our two children. It burns me up to see them getting the love and attention I'm starved for.

"I've always let her decide when we should make love. Lately, that's been once every five or six weeks. When we do have sex, she rarely enjoys it, and I find that devastating. I feel she's just obliging me in a cold, clinical way.

"Audrey was the first girl I ever truly loved. We started going steady our senior year in high school, and married when we were 21. I felt protective toward her because her father was an alcoholic and her mother worked in a dress factory to keep the family afloat. Her mother is a very depressed woman, always trying to pull others down. Audrey lives in fear of her mother and is still totally under her thumb.

"My father-in-law has managed to stay on the wagon for the past ten years and has a steady job, but his marriage is still unhappy. I really think he hates his wife and she hates him. She's a compulsive housecleaner, and while she's cleaning and scrubbing, he avoids her yelling by building things in the garage. He's always looking for excuses to get away, so when I don't instantly comply with Audrey's endless list of chores, he does them, which I resent because she makes such a fuss over him.

"Our house is nicer than any Audrey's parents ever had, but they constantly find fault with it. Audrey never explains to them that I work long hours, frequently at night and weekends, and need time off for rest and relaxation. Instead, she presents me with new lists of improvements. Like her mother, it's impossible for her to sit still five minutes. She even keeps on housecleaning when friends drop in.

"I love and respect my own parents, although I used to resent my father because he filled my free time with chores. Now I realize he just wanted to keep me out of trouble since both my parents worked. That's what really bugged me—my mother took a full-time job when I was only seven, although we didn't need the money.

"My father hoped I'd go to college, but after high school I found a temporary job and bought a new car. Then I had to work to meet the payments. Meeting bills is still a struggle. Every week, Audrey runs to a new doctor for her backaches or stomachaches. The doctors find nothing wrong, but with each visit the bills add up. One thing I've noticed: if by some miracle we have good sex two nights in a row, she takes to bed with terrible pains for two weeks.

"After our second child was born this year, Audrey discovered we couldn't get along on my salary. So now she works part-time and we pay her mother to look after the children. When Audrey picks up the kids, her mother has a long list of complaints about their behavior. I find this hard to believe because they give us so little trouble. Audrey gets mad at her mother but says nothing; by the time I get home, she greets me with stony silence or seething rage. If I ask what's wrong, she'll say, 'I don't want to talk to you.' If I try to give her a hug, she pushes me away. Even after the kids are in bed, she won't sit on the sofa with my arm around her for five seconds without jumping up to attend to some chore.

"I feel like I'm living with some kind of crazed animal. One of my greatest pleasures is getting into

our camper and heading for some peace and quiet. But nine times out of ten, she'll make me feel so miserable before we're out of the driveway that the whole weekend is ruined. I don't want a divorce, but if things don't improve, I'm going to get one."

AUDREY'S SIDE

"There's something wrong with me," whispered 28-year-old Audrey, a tense, fragile woman with sad, dark eyes. "Last weekend, on a camping trip with friends, I realized that other wives don't act like I do. Other couples laugh together and have a good time. I don't know why I'm so nasty—Howard's one of the nicest, most considerate husbands I know. But I can't help myself. I'm in a rage all the time.

"Howard was my first serious boyfriend. I admired him because he was so easygoing and popular; I've always been a loner. We went together for four years before we married and never did anything more than light petting. My mother didn't like Howard, but then, she has no use for men.

"After our honeymoon, we moved into a new, one-bedroom apartment. At that time, I had an exhausting job as a shipping clerk. But no matter how tired I was, I cleaned every other night, and waxed floors every Saturday.

"Howard was taking training courses three nights a week. When he got home at 10 or 11 o'clock, he fell right to sleep. That enraged me, so I would take the car and drive around by myself until I was sufficiently unwound to sleep. The next day, I'd be even more tired, cranky and resentful.

"I tried being a fulltime housewife, but that didn't work, either. We just got into debt and I couldn't keep up with two children and a house. There was just too much to do. Also, my health is poor. When I was a young girl, I used to wake up screaming with menstrual pain. My mother was totally indifferent, but my father would hover by my bedside, tender and concerned. He really became unglued when I got sick; he couldn't do enough for me. He'd even stop drinking until I got well. One day he'd be the most thoughtful, charming man in the world, and the next he'd have that glassy look in his eyes and I'd know he'd soon be off on a six-week binge. Then my mother would act even meaner and crueler.

"Although I was put in charge of all the housework and the care of my younger sister from the age of ten, nothing I did ever pleased my mother. My sister did no chores and refused to obey me. I'd spank her and she'd hit back. Our fights were scary because there was nobody around to pull us apart.

"Lots of things frighten me. I won't drive on freeways and I'm afraid of crowds and flying. I'm terrified, too, when Howard leaves us to go fishing. He should stay home and protect his family.

"Luckily, my father's always available when I need him. He hasn't had a drink in ten years. I was so thrilled when our son was born, knowing what having a grandson would mean to Dad. I felt that by producing a boy, I was giving my father the son he had always longed for.

"I adore my father, but I have no respect or feelings for Howard. One Saturday night not long ago, we were drinking wine and I began to feel warm and flirtatious. Howard was smiling and happy, and then suddenly I began to scream at the children for getting out of bed. Then I turned on Howard—all sorts of mean, sarcastic words flew out of my mouth. He clammed up and we slept on opposite sides of the bed.

"I don't want sex. I'm unbearable to live with. I know our marriage troubles are 95 percent my fault, but I can't seem to change. It's hopeless."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"The chief problem in this marriage," the counselor said, "was Audrey's disturbed relationship with her neurotic parents—especially her alcoholic father. Her excessive activity was the barrier she erected to keep her from dealing with the unadmitted and unresolved issues in her life.

"Audrey had grown up feeling 'bad' and 'worthless' because her mother had withheld all praise or approval. As an adult, Audrey continued to feel undeserving, especially if she was enjoying herself. She felt she had to pay for any pleasures by punishing herself. Only her daily routine of exhausting, unnecessary housework gave her any temporary relief from her feelings.

"Her mother provided the model of an obsessive-compulsive housewife who alternated between screaming at her husband and refusing to speak. Audrey was patterned to think that this was the essence of a male-female relationship. She had never seen nor heard her parents exchange a single caress or a loving word.

"Audrey used illness to attract her father's attention. When she complained, she couldn't understand why Howard was annoyed, not loving like her father. She also was puzzled when Howard balked at the list of chores she gave him to do. He didn't explain that he was reminded of all the work his father had demanded of him. When he left her one weekend a year to go fishing with his friends, she stayed angry for a month. In her mind, Howard was deserting her, just as her father had.

"Because she had been excessively punished as a child, and frequently deserted, Audrey often felt a burning hatred welling up inside her. She had a fierce, unconscious desire to 'get even,' but since her parents had never allowed her to express her feelings, she lashed out at gentle, meek Howard.

"Her many fears sprang from the uneasy feeling that others would discover her urge for revenge and punish her. Her desire to 'pay back' was often so strong that keeping it under control made her almost unbearably tense and anxious. It was impossible for her to unwind, or to open up to people.

"Audrey's mother was blackmailing her into doing constant favors by complaining about the children. In counseling, Audrey was encouraged to vent a life-long accumulation of bitterness by talking to an empty chair that represented her mother. Eventually, she was able to say calmly to her mother, 'If you don't want to babysit, I'll find somebody else. If you want to babysit, stop complaining.' Her mother was so flabbergasted she fell into silence and Audrey felt terrific.

"Once aware that she was taking out on Howard the anger she felt toward her parents, Audrey felt a great sense of relief. Instead of reacting with uncontrolled rage, she learned to analyze her feelings. She could ask herself whether she was annoyed at her mother, husband or children—and direct her anger at the appropriate source. She also became aware that it was the fear of failing to perform satisfactorily that turned her off sex.

"Her dependency upon her father was not easily resolved. But Howard showed great patience and compassion until she was able to perceive him as a totally different and separate person from her father.

"During Audrey's therapy, her father began drinking again. She was thrown into a panic, but did not allow herself to be pulled into the family strife. Her father indicated that it was his life and his choice, and she had to agree. She told him he could not come near the grandchildren when he was drinking, and he agreed.

"As Audrey became more open and less tense, Howard had to confront his own lack of assertiveness and avoidance of intimacy as his share of their problems. He explored his own feelings, and is still working on speaking up and making his desires known.

"Howard and Audrey were unusually compatible, both in their lifestyles and in their desire to be good parents. Their little girl, who had shown signs of hyperactivity, relaxed and was happier when her parents became close, confiding and content. When I last heard from Howard, he told me, 'Audrey hasn't been sick for months. She has been able to relax, to make love and to make friends. Our marriage is one hundred percent improved, much of it due to counseling.'"

End

Sears says buy a mattress like you would a car... find out what's underneath the hood.

The Sears-O-Pedic Imperial Innerspring Model



Individually pocketed coils engineered to carefully cushion every inch of your body weight with the proper degree of support.

Sears ★ Best

Sears Exclusive Mattress-Within-A-Mattress Construction. Surrounding the bed of individually pocketed coils are heavy-gauge steel border coils supported by double wire edge construction. No matter how much abuse the edge of your mattress gets, it resists sagging.

Six plush layers of comfort. Each luxurious layer specially designed to give you sleeping comfort on top of firm support.

Lustrous, deeply quilted cover. The elegant floral design is woven in for optimum luxury.

Reinforced cord handles backed by tempered steel plates for durability. Makes turning smooth and easy.

Air freshener vents. Eight vents to help prevent dust, mildew and odors.

Built-to-match boxspring designed expressly to enhance the firm support and comfort of your Sears-O-Pedic Imperial Mattress.

$139.95*

Twin size mattress or boxspring.
(Queen size shown.)

*Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

When it comes to firmness and comfort eatures, no mattresses in the world are built quite ike the Sears-O-Pedic Imperials.

Prove it to yourself. Inspect the Innerspring *and* the olymeric Foam Models, feature by feature. Each offers ou just about the smoothest, most comfortable sleep ossible. First-class luxury. Plus the durability and mileage ou'd expect from a Sears Best—backed by Sears warranty.

Is innerspring or foam right for you? To find out, ome to Sears and take The Mattress Test. Lie down with our eyes closed and turn as you would in your sleep. our body will tell you in no uncertain terms which odel feels best.

The extraordinary Sears-O-Pedic Imperial Mattresses. vailable in twin, full, queen or king sizes at most Sears arger stores and through the catalog.

WARRANTY

The warranty statement below is printed on a label attached to Sears-O-Pedic bedding. (Mattress or boxspring)

FULL ONE-YEAR WARRANTY ON SEARS-O-PEDIC ADULT BEDDING

For one year from the date of purchase, Sears will, at our option, repair or replace this bedding, free of charge, if defective in material or workmanship.

LIMITED WARRANTY

After one year from the date of purchase until 15 years from date of purchase, if this bedding is defective in material or workmanship, Sears will, at our option, replace or repair this bedding, charging you 1/15 of your purchase price times the total number of years owned.

Contact your nearest U.S. Sears store for warranty service.

If bedding is queen size (60 inch width), these warranties only apply when the bedding is used with center support frame or bed rails that provide rigid center support.

The Sears-O-Pedic Imperial Polymeric Foam Model



Sears ★ Best

Sears Exclusive Contour Support Construction. Hundreds of firm support cushions cradle every square inch of your body while Sears exclusive "posturized" foam provides extra support wherever your body weight requires it most.

100% Polymeric foam designed with space-age technology. 6½ inches deep · virtually indestructible · retains shape indefinitely · lightweight · resists odors, dust, mildew, bacteria · resists sagging and crumbling · self-ventilating · never needs turning.

Five plush layers of comfort. Each luxurious layer specially designed to give you sleeping comfort on top of firm support.

Lustrous, deeply quilted cover. The elegant floral damask design is woven in for optimum luxury.

Built-to-match boxspring. Uniquely designed for your Sears-O-Pedic Imperial Foam Mattress. Inside, one heavy-gauge *continuous coil* gives you more comfort and uniform support than conventional foam boxsprings.

$139.95*

Twin size mattress or boxspring.
(Queen size shown.)

*Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

The place to shop for mattresses **Sears**

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977

Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Tired of your house? It will be a big year for buying and selling, says our expert, who answers your questions about whether to buy, build or fix up what you've got.

In recent months, there have been more letters to this column than in many years asking questions about houses—buying, selling, improving, insuring, financing, etc. And no wonder. After a prolonged slump, which made the housing industry a disaster area in the early-mid 1970s, sales of new and existing single-family homes are again booming. This year is likely to be the best ever for resales of single-family houses, with more than 3,000,000 existing homes changing hands; and 1977 also will almost surely turn out to be one of the best ever for sales of new homes, with close to 2,000,000 new single and multi-family houses due to be built by year's end. Below, therefore, is a sampling of your questions, with my answers.

My husband and son plan to build a whole new rumpus room. It seems to me that the cost of the materials and tools they are planning to buy will more than offset what it would cost to have the job done by a local contractor.
Don't coax them into saving on materials. For instance, it scarcely makes economic sense to buy a light-duty grade of flooring or carpeting for a children's rumpus room—where the traffic will be very heavy—to save a mere $50 or $100. But do coax your husband into consulting a local builder to get sound advice on the appropriate grades of materials to buy.

As for sophisticated and expensive tools, try to rent them. Do not invest in this equipment unless you are reasonably sure you will use the tools not just this summer but also extensively in the future.

About professionalism of the job done by your husband and son, it well may be that a local contractor would do a better job—but don't ever underestimate the joy your men will get out of creating the rumpus room with their own hands and their own labor.

My husband has finally been given a raise allowing us to make a down payment on a house in the suburbs. We have two children and I'm begging to go. He is afraid of the burdens of a home. We're both 32.
Consider a townhouse in the suburbs near you. This is a multiple dwelling with individual ownership and is the closest thing to a single-family house. It's an attractive variation that will give you most of the advantages of ownership and of more living space with fewer of the burdens that frighten him.

My husband is 45, I'm 42, we have three teenage children. With so many kids staying overnight as guests of our children, and with my executive-husband entertaining more than ever, I think it's time for us to move out of the small house we've owned since our second child was born and into the house of our dreams. Is this wise in view of today's prices?
If you ever are to buy that house of your dreams, now is the time. Buy a four-bedroom house, select the lifestyle you want—in the suburbs, exurbs or wherever. You will probably have to compromise in some areas of your new home because of costs, but reach out for your dreams now . . . or never.

We hate the new cracker boxes being represented as homes these days, but we can't afford to build one ourselves, so I guess we'll have to settle for an older house. Are there any major pitfalls to look out for?
There very well may be. Ask the seller these questions. They will help guide you to the pitfalls, if any; 1. Why does the seller want to sell the house? Are there any special problems connected with the house itself? 2. What are the tax bills? Ask for a copy of tax payments going back several years, so you can check how fast taxes have been rising; 3. How much do the utility bills run each year? Insist on seeing actual utility bills, particularly for the past few years. In view of the climbing prices of home-heating fuel, electricity and energy, this question is vital. 4. What about such potential problems as the depth of the artesian well (assuming the house has its own well)? The location and type of the septic tank and leaching field? The possible invasion of (or even presence of) termites? Which major improvements have been made in recent years and which will you have to finance on moving in? Take an expert with you to examine the house or hire one to go to the house alone to do the checking. 5. Can the house be easily closed up and left to take care of itself if you and your family tend to be away from home frequently on business trips and vacations?

We simply cannot afford to buy the house we want at today's prices. We'll have to turn to a mobile home. But are these homes safe?
Under a new Federal code for mobile homes, which went into effect in mid-1976, all mobile home manufacturers must now build these houses according to strict Federal safety and quality regulations. Look for the required Government Seal of Approval on any mobile home before you buy.

Mobile homes are unquestionably safer than in previous years, they can be attractive as well as much roomier than they frequently look from the outside—and the average price of a *(continued)*

Soap and water:
Should you use it if your skin is dry?

If you've got to get your face clean but you have dry skin, you can't use soap or it will dry out even further. Right? Think again.

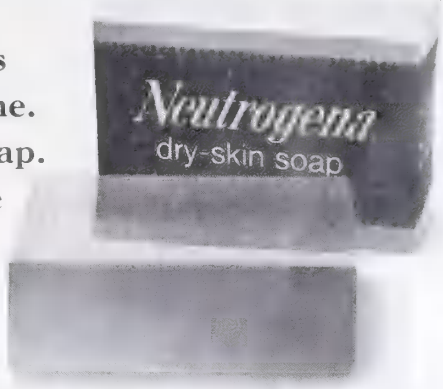
In the first place, many dermatologists feel there's no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. And you already know that no combination of creams and fresheners ever leave your face feeling as clean.

In the second place, it depends on the soap. Ordinary soaps are made only to "take": to take away dirt and makeup. In the process, they also take away some of your skin's natural moisture and oils, which you can't afford to lose now that you're no longer a rosy-cheeked, dewy-skinned young girl.

You need a soap with "give" as well as "take." Now there is one. New Neutrogena® Dry Skin Soap. Not only does it take away surface dirt and makeup as mildly and effectively as our regular Neutrogena® Soap. *It does more.*

It gives very dry skin something it needs. *Extra protection.* An invisible layer of two emollients that stays on when the dirt rinses off. And, as you know, emollients are those wonderful substances that help skin retain moisture and act as a barrier against further moisture loss. The process is called hydrating the skin. (Instead of dehydrating, which many soaps do).

How does it work? Two special hydrating agents* have been added to the original Neutrogena formula to make new Neutrogena Dry-Skin Soap. They're very much like the ingredients in moisturizers. And that's why this new soap will immediately leave your dry skin feeling softer and smoother than you're used to with other soaps.



Give our Neutrogena Dry Skin Soap a try. You may be in for a great treat: the fresh, clean feeling of soap and water on your face, and none of the worries.

Introducing Neutrogena® Dry-Skin Soap

*Purcelline Oil Syn. and Laneth-10 Acetate.

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"I'm a Thinner."



Long and lean. That's the way I like things.

I like my figure slim. My men trim. And my cigarette thin.

Silva Thins 100's. Long and thin in looks.

Lower in tar than many filter 100's.

Think about it.



In Menthol too.

Silva Thins 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine. Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '76.

Spending your money

continued

new manufactured (mobile) home is still only $14,000.

We are contracting with a local builder to finish off our basement and we must borrow to finance the improvement. What is the cheapest and best place to go?

Go first to your local bank, credit union, savings association or savings bank and ask each what would be the very least expensive way for you to raise the cash you need. Do not agree to the loan terms that may be offered by your home improvement contractor without first comparing them with terms offered by these local lending institutions. Inquire about FHA-insured loans. The maximum interest rate is significantly lower than typical lending institutions charge. The key qualifications the borrower must have are: you must be a good credit risk and you must own (or have a substantial interest in) the property to be improved. You can get an FHA-insured loan from dealers and contractors participating in the program as well as from the usual array of lenders. Check whether your mortgage may contain a clause permitting you to borrow an amount up to that you have already paid off at the same interest rate you are already paying, plus a nominal fee. Consider borrowing via this route if it's open to you. Also, consider borrowing against the cash value of your life insurance policy. Check with care to be sure that the rate charges on your life insurance loan are still reasonably low.

We are in the final negotiations of buying a beautiful old wood house. We have had it checked out and approved by all sorts of experts. But we have just heard that the area in which this house is located has become infested with termites and we are afraid to go through with the deal. What can we do?

Ask a reputable pest-control company to check out your house for termites. If the company finds any signs of termites, get estimates of the cost to eliminate them from at least two or three other experts in the field. Take your time! And check the references of each pest-control firm with utmost care. If no termites are found, ask the seller to give you a guarantee in writing that the house is termite free. Do not close the deal unless you can get the guarantee.

We are shopping for our first home. My husband earns over $20,000 yearly, our children are married and I expect to supplement our income by teaching piano to young children *(continued on page 59)*

Chiquita presents a bunch of camp gear for your bunch.

We created an exciting new look in fun camp gear for kids. It's designed to be extra tough and rugged for the way your youngsters play.

Each piece features a giant Chiquita® banana or our famous blue Chiquita sticker.



The big **Chiquita Banana Pup Tent** measures 5′ x 6′ x 36″ high. It's made of durable water repellent canvas treated with flame retardant materials to CPAI 84 specifications. It's easy to assemble and comes complete with aluminum poles, stake, guy lines, and complete instructions. Not to mention the giant bananas printed on both sides.



Designed for indoors or out, our fluffy **Chiquita Banana Sleeping Bag-Comforter** measures 34″ x 69″ and is completely reversible. Unzip the full zipper and it's a 68″ x 69″ comforter. One side is water repellent nylon taffeta for outdoors. The other is 100% cotton sheeting for indoors. Filled with 100% virgin polyester, the Chiquita Sleeping Bag is washable and comes in a reusable vinyl tote bag.

Our **Chiquita Banana Windbreaker** is bright banana yellow with special closed flap pockets to keep rain out. It's 100% high count nylon and windproof, water repellent, spot resistant and completely washable. It's double stitched with extra large set in sleeves and comes in youth sizes Small (6-8) Medium (10-12) and Large (14-16).



Our **Chiquita Banana Backpack** is ideal for hauling school books, lunches, even a bunch of Chiquitas! It's made of durable cotton duck, measures 13″ x 15″. It weighs just 10 ounces, and has adjustable straps for comfort.

The Great Outdoors Offer From Chiquita.

How to order the bunch.
Please send me the following:

1. _____(Quantity) Pup Tents @ $14.95 plus 3 seals from Chiquita bananas for each tent ordered.
2. _____(Quantity) Sleeping Bags @ $13.95 plus 3 seals from Chiquita bananas for each sleeping bag ordered.
3. _____(Quantity) Windbreakers @ $7.95 plus 3 seals from Chiquita bananas for each windbreaker ordered. Check size desired: Youth Sizes: SM (6-8) ☐ MED (10-12) ☐ LG (14-16) ☐
4. _____(Quantity) Backpacks @ $2.50 plus 3 seals from Chiquita bananas for each backpack ordered.

Send to: CHIQUITA BRANDS INC. P.O. Box 9614
St. Paul, Minnesota 55196

Enclose check or money order made payable to Chiquita Brands Inc. (no stamps or cash, please) plus the required proof of purchase for each item listed above.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Zip Code must be included

Allow eight weeks for shipment. Offer good only in U.S.A. and while supply lasts. Not valid where taxed, licensed, restricted or prohibited by law.

The Blue Chiquita Sticker always means a good time.

CHIQUITA® is a registered trademark of United Brands Company.

Are your beaches polluted?

The water you swim in may have something in it more dangerous than sharks. Here's how to find out if your beach is polluted.

More than one million gallons of sewage oozed onto dozens of Long Island beaches last summer following an explosion at two storage plants. Nassau County health officials ordered 63 of the beaches closed and warned anyone who had had any contact with the water to receive inoculations immediately. Beach pollution had arrived with a most visible suddenness.

But other kinds of beach pollution, less visible and less sudden, are plaguing our country. Swimmers recoil from murky waters, stagnant with garbage, sludge, algae and oil, but some polluted waters are deceptively clean and only scientists testing with microscopes realize the extent of the contamination. The adverse health and recreational consequences of these unseen pollutants can be as serious as those of more obviously contaminated waters.

A survey of 3,500 beaches by the National Commission on Water Quality provides one indication of how contaminated our beaches are. In its 1975 report on water pollution, the commission found that 13 percent, or 450 of these beaches, were closed or restricted in use because of high bacterial counts in the swimming areas. Exceeding bacterial standards means the water might contain human pathogens that could lead to communicable diseases like gastroenteritis, viral flus, infections, respiratory and eye problems, and "swimmer's itch." This bacteria overload can be caused by inadequate treatments of sewage at plants, heavy rainstorms making sewers overflow with raw sewage, street drainage into rivers or streams, storm water runoffs from roads, industrial discharges and agricultural runoffs.

In the Cleveland area, for example, 13 beaches had persistent or intermittent high coliform counts recorded in a 1973 survey. The Ohio Department of Health recommended closing several of them down. These 13 beaches represented 31 percent of the total estimated frontage of 29,900 feet serving the 1,721,300 residents of Cuyahoga County.

Outdoor swimming consistently ranks among the most popular forms of recreation for Americans and by 1980 is expected to become the number one outdoor recreation. Pleasure, health and economic activity flow from this growing interest in outdoor swimming. Congress took note of this and other benefits of clean water when it passed the Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1972. The goal of this far-reaching legislation is to achieve "fishable, swimmable" quality for the nation's waters by 1983.

There is every reason—health, jobs, economic benefits and recreation—for Americans to make a determined effort to attain this goal. The technology exists to conform our industrial activity with nature's requirements. Indeed, even with older technologies than those today, citizen groups working with government and industry have shown what can be done.

Take, as a leading example, Oregon's Willamette River, the twelfth largest U.S. river in water flow. A report by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has this to say about the Willamette:

> The river is alive with migratory salmon, native trout and other game fish, is a summer haven for swimmers and other water sportsmen, and has become the focus of an Oregon program aimed at enhancing recreational values and vistas along its 250-mile run from Eugene to Portland.
>
> It was not always so.
>
> In 1945, state scientists described the river as "an open sewer," and in 1967 the Izaak Walton League described the lower Willamette as "a stinking, slimy mess, a menace to public health, aesthetically offensive and a biological cesspool."

The EPA has short reports on a number of water cleanup success stories around the country. These reports—along with stories of citizen groups successfully fighting water pollution—are available by writing the EPA, Washington, D.C. 20460.

It would be helpful to have a regular beach pollution alert service, much like the weather service. But, until that day, people will have to consult the following sources for information on their beaches:

1. State or local health departments usually sample the water off beaches during the swimming season for bacterial pollution. You may wish to contact these agencies to learn what the acceptable health standards are and whether these standards are being disregarded because of tourist industry pressure. If they acknowledge a pollution problem, ask them about the sources of the contamination.

2. If oil spills, masses of dead fish or excessive algae plague your beaches, contact the state water pollution control agency.

3. The Environmental Protection Agency in Washington, D.C., or in any of these ten cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle—will respond to your inquiries regarding beach pollution.

4. There is a powerful drive underway by water polluters to persuade Congress to weaken the goals and deadlines of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1972. Without adequate protection for wetlands and streams, including control of toxic substances flowing into the country's waterways, the migration of these pollutants will continue to afflict ocean, lake and river beaches. For information on water pollution issues and what you can do about it, write Clean Water Action Project, P.O. Box 19312, Washington, D.C. 20036.



Pour yourself a Calgon® Bath. Don't stir. Just relax.



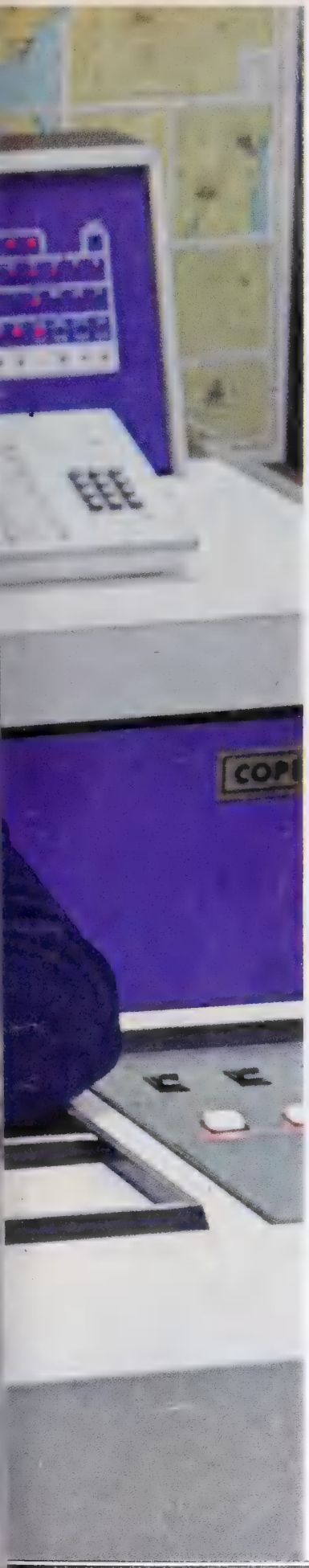
Tonight, have a cocktail hour to pamper your body—a quiet party to soothe your soul. Mix a Calgon Bath.

Calgon Bath Oil Beads to moisturize your skin, or luxurious **Calgon Bubble Bath** to wash your cares away. Sink back into the scent of little blue flowers with **Calgon Bouquet® Bath,** or wild, pure herbs with new **Calgon Herbal Bath.**

Every Calgon Bath is a fragrant experience in soft silky water—your time to relax your body, soothe your soul.

Fragrant Calgon Baths.

WOMEN IN ENERGY



DIANE HAELSIG: She's working on nuclear energy—power for today and tomorrow.

As Supervisor of Corporate Computer Programming for Exxon Nuclear Company in Bellevue, Washington, Diane Haelsig develops computer programs which are used to evaluate the future of nuclear energy. "As a consumer and mother of four," says Diane, "I, like many other Americans, am concerned about dwindling energy supplies and the increasing demand for electricity."

Electricity produced from nuclear energy today provides about 11% of the nation's electrical requirements. Nuclear power shows great promise as the demand for electricity grows. By 1990 it could supply about ⅓ of the electricity used in the United States.

The basic resource of nuclear fuel is uranium. At Exxon we're in the business of mining uranium and turning it into fuel for electric power plants. What makes uranium different from other fuels is the way it produces heat. Nothing is burned, in the sense of being set on fire. Instead, under the proper chemical and physical conditions, the atoms in uranium split and this action produces heat. The heat then turns water into steam which drives the generators that produce electricity. An attractive feature of nuclear fuel is that no smoke or combustion products are released into the atmosphere, and with the safeguards now in place and those being developed for future application, the good safety record of nuclear energy can be continued.

Another distinct feature of nuclear fuel is that so little of it carries so much clout. In technical terms it is "volumetrically efficient." For example, one tiny pellet, about the size of the end of your little finger, contains the energy equivalent of 150 gallons of oil or one ton of coal.

As more and more utility companies turn to nuclear energy for a power source, Exxon will increase its efforts in this energy field. Diane Haelsig's work will help Exxon plan for the expanded role nuclear will play in the nation's energy future.



Energy for a strong America.

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

Can you actually strive for happiness?... The emotional symbolism of teeth—and why dental troubles affect your personality.... What to do when an adolescent daughter masturbates.

I remember an article in which you said that happiness was a state of feeling relatively comfortable with yourself, not monumental highs or periods of great exhilaration. I agree with you, because I believe that too much has been said and written about how to "achieve happiness."

Now it is *my* turn to agree with *you!* Happiness cannot be achieved by any head-on attempt to achieve it. There are no easy rules or lessons to be learned, and no act of "simple willpower" helps. If internal emotional conflicts chronically block happiness, they must be resolved—and this usually involves professional help. If severe emotional problems are not blocking the way, then what helps most is involvement with people and activities that are meaningful to us. Involvements, which make us tap our inner resources and thus lead to personal growth, usually produce periods of relative happiness (and these are what we are humanly capable of—permanent, absolute happiness doesn't exist) without our ever tackling happiness as a goal.

I recently lost two teeth and I can't tell you how bad this makes me feel. I keep telling myself that it's only two teeth but this doesn't seem to help. Perhaps my exaggerated feelings mean that I'm more emotionally disturbed than I think.

The mouth has great symbolic as well as practical importance for all of us. It is, after all, used to eat and to breathe—both essential life functions. It is also used to kiss, to talk, to sing, to taste and to demonstrate changes of mood and feelings by assuming different shapes, as in smiling, crying and frowning. Any injury or loss is bound to be felt deeply, both as personal injury and as a threat to our ability to communicate and express feelings. Loss of teeth is often associated with getting old, losing one's looks or becoming weak, and generally makes people self-conscious and embarrassed. Much of this feeling is unconscious, but that does not mitigate the sense of loss and consequent sorrow.

Many people who are anxious and tense clench and grind their teeth during sleep in an attempt to express repressed anger or other strong emotions when they unconsciously feel it is safe—no one else will know. Analysis of dreams that take place during periods of teeth-grinding is sometimes quite helpful in revealing what it is the teeth grinder is attempting to repress and/or express.

Interestingly, I have had a number of patients who have suffered from breakdowns in their mouths (teeth and gums) when they suffered breakdowns in communication with themselves and others. In some cases, their dental work proceeded more quickly as their ability to communicate improved.

Several times recently, I have seen my 12-year-old daughter touching herself in a sexual way while taking her bath. I knew that little boys did this, but not little girls, and I find it very disturbing. Would it be bad for her if I told her to stop?

Masturbation is a normal, healthy and extremely common practice—for girls as well as boys. (In fact, it is also a normal and common practice among adults, including many happily married ones.) Since the possibility of sexual contact with another person is not permitted in our society until long after sexual urges occur, it is neither surprising nor alarming that children masturbate. This is a normal part of the process of self-knowledge and discovery; it shows that your daughter has a healthy curiosity about her body and her responses, which you should not discourage.

Even if you feel that you have her best interests at heart, trying to "stop" her may lead her to believe that sexuality itself is evil or harmful—and that might interfere with her responsiveness in a later relationship. If you find you can't handle your own feeling of concern, it might be helpful to recall your memories of childhood sex play, or how your parents reacted to signs of sexuality—or to discuss these memories with somebody you trust. A daughter's behavior often reminds a woman of long-forgotten, troublesome and unresolved conflicts from her own childhood.

I have been in psychotherapy for a short time with a man who has a PhD in psychology. A friend recently told me that M.D.'s (psychiatrists) are more highly qualified to do therapy than psychologists. Do you agree?

No! I have known both psychologists and psychiatrists who were unqualified. Neither the M.D. nor the PhD degree guarantees ability in this highly specialized area. I feel that the most important criterion is training by a good psychoanalytic institute. From my point of view, these institutes are recognized by either the American Psychoanalytic Association or the American Academy of Psychoanalysis—and such training always includes personal psychoanalysis of the analyst-to-be. Of course, some therapists are more talented and dedicated than others. Also, no therapist is ideal for every patient. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections in a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

NEW

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Only 9 mg. "tar" in both sizes.

And KOOL's refreshing coolness, too.

At last, a low "tar" menthol cigarette with satisfying taste.





KINGS LONGS

9 mg. 'tar' in both sizes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

B&W T CO



By Geraldine Carro

Mothering

PRESCHOOLERS AND READING: What role should parents play?

(Second of a two-part series) Should preschoolers—those inquisitive creatures whose minds so eagerly soak up new information—be actively encouraged to learn to read at home? The question can easily perplex a parent today. We hear talk about how intellectually formative the early years are. Current books claim that conscientious mothers and fathers can teach their two-year-olds to read in a miraculous 60 days and even give their children superior minds.

On the other hand, no one relishes being a "pushy" parent. And some educators suggest that even if a child is ready to read, parents aren't equipped to meddle in that delicate learning process.

These mixed messages are confusing. To sort them out, we talked to a number of responsible educators, all of whom warned, chorus-like, that pressuring children to learn can destroy their motivation. They all agreed that parents can do many things at home to help youngsters off to a good reading start, and that programmed instruction probably isn't one of them.

What do running, jumping and cutting with scissors have to do with learning to read? Bank Street College expert Dorothy Cohen thinks encouraging physical activity among preschoolers is a sounder approach than teaching them the alphabet; the mix of fine and gross motor activity promotes the neurological development needed for reading. Dr. Cohen suggests talking to children, too—something parents don't do enough. "Answer questions," she says. "Encourage curiosity!"

Reading to a child regularly is also high on Dr. Cohen's list. Books acquaint children with a sense of the written language and stimulate the desire to read.

These activities, Dr. Cohen feels, all promote "reading readiness," the term used to describe the state at which children are prepared—physically, mentally and emotionally—to make the leap to decoding written language. According to Dr. Cohen, this happens to most children between the ages of five and seven.

Rushing into reading lessons before children are ready is a possible cause of learning disabilities, she believes. In Scandinavian countries and the Soviet Union, where youngsters are taught to read at age seven, only 10 percent apparently develop learning disabilities. In the U.S. the figure is close to 30 percent.

Reading specialist Dolores Durkin of the University of Illinois believes there are a number of children who are ready to read before age five. However, she advises parents to follow their youngster's lead: If the child wants to draw the letters of the alphabet, then have paper and pencil handy. If he or she asks what a sign says, provide the answer. "To me, that's not pushing," she says. "That's responding correctly to an interest."

Dr. Priscilla Lynch, *Scholastic* Magazines reading consultant, is less leery than some concerning parental involvement in the reading process. For parents eager to exercise their teaching skills, she suggests focusing on simple prereading skills. Parents and children can explore together such basic concepts as texture—soft, hard, rough, smooth; volume—the difference between full and empty; touch and smell. In the kitchen, for example, parents can make a game of differentiating among the odors of lemon, garlic, onion and banana.

One of Dr. Lynch's favorite devices: her homemade "discovery box," is a closed carton with a hole for a hand to pass through. The adult places an object such as a banana inside and asks the child to guess what he or she is touching. "The best preschool learning," Dr. Lynch says, "is fun games."

SEX SELECTION: The controversy

If you want to choose your baby's sex, you may consider going by the book. The problem is which book. Elizabeth Whelan in her new volume Boy or Girl?* *(see April 1977 "Mothering"), claims that sexual intercourse early in the menstrual cycle—on the fourth, fifth and sixth days before ovulation—favors conception of boys; late-cycle insemination on the three days preceding ovulation favors girls. However, a newly reissued work by Dr. Landrum Shettles and David Rorvik,* Choose Your Baby's Sex,** *espouses day of ovulation for boys; 2–3 days before for girls.*

Short of opening our own research lab, we decided to check further: Ms. Whelan claims that Dr. Shettles is right, but only when artificial insemination is performed. Author Rorvik argues that the research Ms. Whelan used is inadequate. Checking medical circles, we failed to find confirmation for either theory. Among those we talked to was Dr. Raymond Ericsson of Sausalito, Calif., who says he really has a scientific method of producing boys: separation of male-producing sperm for artificial insemination. What does he think of the other methods? "It's a Las Vegas gamble."

*Published by Bobbs Merrill, N.Y., 1977, $6.95.
**Published by Dodd Mead, N.Y., 1977, $7.95.

BABY CLOTHES: Buying the right size

Given the astonishing speed with which babies grow, deciding what size clothes to buy them sometimes seems like trying to guess how many peanuts there are in the jar. The guessing game is even harder because of the confusion in children's clothing sizes: One manufacturer's newborn stretch sleeper is another's three-month size. Measured side by side, six-month-size blanket sleepers of different brands will vary, and both will probably be too small for a six-month-old baby. What's the difference between toddler and 24 months? (Generally, toddler 2 is roomier.) "It even confuses us," explained one manufacturer. In the absence of uniform sizing standards, something the industry is slow to accept, the best rule of thumb is to buy according to weight indications (and height, if noted) on the label. Better-quality brands are usually cut more generously and preshrunk. You can hedge your bets by buying big. But if you buy too big, the baby will be uncomfortable. One safe tactic says a savvy fashion editor is to buy only a few returnable items at a time.

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with us? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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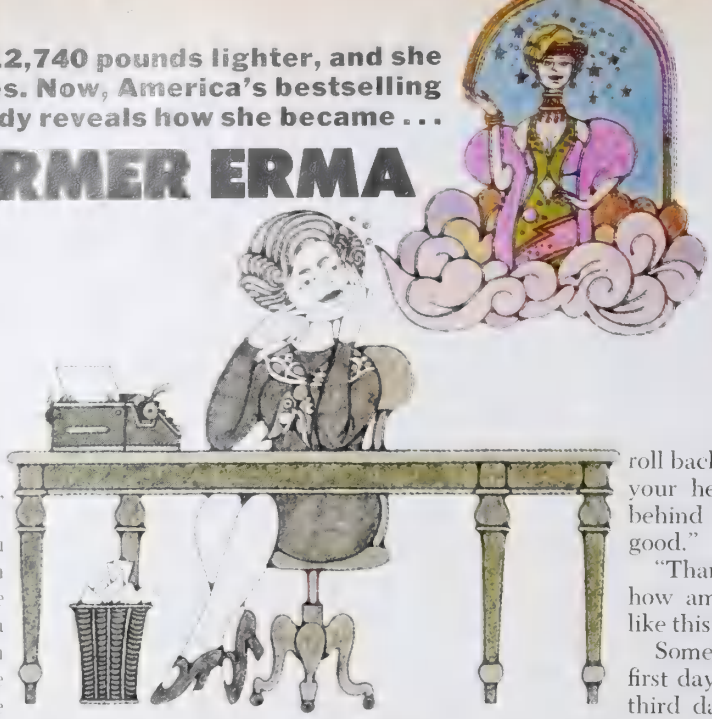
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She's 12,740 pounds lighter, and she can touch her toes. Now, America's bestselling funny lady reveals how she became . . .

A FIRMER ERMA



BY ERMA BOMBECK

Once, just once before I die, I'd like to see my hipbones.

Nothing dramatic that you hang your shopping bag from while you look for the house keys. Just a subtle bulge from a jump suit . . . a slight protrusion from a pair of jeans . . . a mere ripple under satin. The last time I wore satin was at my christening, and even *then* you couldn't see my hipbones.

Diet experts call it a "Cher wish." It's where people get hung up on a part of their body and think if they only had that kind of a shape they could stand under a strong light at parties . . . cross their legs in August . . . swim without their beach robe on.

I'm not hung up. I'd like to walk into a restroom just once and overhear my best friend say, "Sure Erma's thin. But is she really happy?"

Diets haven't done it for me. I have been on a diet every Monday since 1948, and have lost the same 20 pounds 637 times. I have counted calories, milligrams and raisins. I've cheated, lied and spread bad rumors about bouillon. (I told everyone there were calories in it and it was being recalled.) I once offered my body for a piece of key lime pie. (The waiter yawned and said it came with the dinner.) I've starved, fasted and have eaten so many eggs, I sent Col. Sanders a Mother's Day card.

I lie about my weight on my driver's license, tell myself I'm "big boned" on the insurance charts, and after a big weekend, tilt my bathroom scale on the commode so it will weigh me lighter. At a class reunion last summer, when I found myself telling an old rival that I was testing fat for the government, I knew something had to be done.

"Have you tried exercise?" asked a friend.

"Only once," I said. "The local Y was offering classes in a church. The minister came in one day and saw all those middle-aged housewives trying to get their heads to touch their knees and said we were desecrating the altar and made us move. I got very depressed and transferred to a cake-decorating class."

"But if you're serious about seeing your hipbones again," she said, "that's the route to take."

On the first day of my exercise class, I cannot tell you the pain that shot through my entire body. My shoulders ached, my arms and legs felt like lead and I found myself gasping for breath. "I'm not sure I can go through with this," I told the instructor.

"Getting into the leotard isn't usually the worst of it," she said. "Wait until you start exercising."

"Why would they make a garment like this without a zipper?" I asked.

"For the same reason you exercise in a roomful of mirrors. Sadism."

I looked around and frankly felt like I was attending Alice's tea party. There was a crazy lady trying to touch her elbow to the floor between her legs. Another one, trying to touch her head to her right knee, and another one on her back trying to touch both knees to the floor.

"Let's see what kind of shape you are in," said the instructor. "First, let me see you touch your fingers to the floor."

"I won't be able to do that until next November," I said.

"Why November?"

"It will take that long to get my nails to grow fourteen inches."

"Then how about lying on your back, rolling over and touching your elbow with both knees?"

"Why would I want to do that?"

"Because they are there," she said dryly.

I gave it my best try.

"Now," she said, "I want to see you roll back and bring both feet over your head and touch the floor behind you. Hey, that's very good."

"Thank you," I grunted, "but how am I going to drive home like this?"

Somehow, I lived through the first day and the second. On the third day, something significant happened. I said to my body, "The alarm clock is ringing. Body, get up and turn it off."

For the first time since I got it, my body disobeyed me. I rolled over and tried to get out of bed. It hurt. A whole lot. I turned on the shower massage spray and it made me cry out in pain. My pantyhose hurt when I put them on. So did my sweater.

The fourth day was considerably better. So was the fifth. By the end of the week, there was optimism that I would live to be able to cross my legs again. I had survived the test.

It's been six months since I began exercising. I'm not the same woman I was six months ago. I am conscious of how my body works. When I dust, I bend from the waist and throw dust balls under the bed with my hands, keeping my legs rigid and straight.

While talking on the phone, I bend my knees into a squatting position at the same time chewing to firm up my facial muscles. (I can't get home deliveries from any milkman in town, but what the heck . . .)

Everytime I come to a traffic light, I pull my abdominal muscles into a tuck and squeeze my buttocks together and hold my breath for 15 seconds. (So a lot of people look at me and lock their doors, but what do they know?)

I can't hear "Winchester Cathedral" without rotating my arms straight out in little circles, but that is the price you pay for hipbones.

The other evening I was in a restroom when I overheard my friend say, "Doesn't Erma look awful! Those bones sticking out. I think she's gone too far. She really looks sick!"

I smiled and said to myself, "Eat your heart out, Cher."

End

Illustration by Naiad Einsel

Cool, cool salads for hot, hot days.

Salmon-Dill Mousse
Combine 1 can (7¾ oz.) red or pink salmon, drained and flaked, 1 tablespoon minced onion and ½ teaspoon dill weed; set aside. Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) Lemon flavor JELL-O® Gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add ½ cup cold water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat ¾ cup HELLMANN'S® Real Mayonnaise. Pour into shallow pan freeze 15 to 20 minutes, or until firm about 1 inch from edge but t in center. Spoon mixture into bowl and beat until fluffy. Fold in mon mixture. Pour into 3½-cup ring mold. Chill until firm, about 4 hours. Unmold. Garnish, if desired. Makes 4 servings.



Melon-Peach Salad
Dissolve 2 packages (3 oz. each) Peach flavor JELL-O® Gelatin in 2 cups boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Measure 1½ cups gelatin; beat in ¾ cup HELLMANN'S® Real Mayonnaise. Pour into 8-inch square pan and chill until set but not firm. Chill remaining gelatin until slightly thickened. Arrange about 1 cup halved cantaloupe balls on mayonnaise-gelatin layer; carefully spoon on clear gelatin. Chill until firm, about 3 hours. Cut into squares. Garnish, if desired. Makes 9 servings.



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Neapolitan Vegetable Medley
ssolve 2 packages (3 oz. each) Lemon flavor JELL-O® Gelatin and easpoon salt in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1½ cups cold water and tablespoons vinegar. Measure 1⅓ cups into a bowl. Place bowl in ger bowl of ice and water; stir until slightly thickened. Stir in 1⅓ s shredded carrots. Pour into 8½x4½-inch loaf pan; chill until set but not firm. Measure 1 cup of remaining gelatin; beat in ½ cup LMANN'S® Real Mayonnaise. Chill over ice until thickened. Stir in 1 cup chopped cabbage, spoon into pan and chill. Chill remaining gelatin over ice until slightly thickened. Stir in 1½ cups chopped spinach and 1 teaspoon grated onion, and spoon into pan. Chill until firm, 4 hours. Unmold. Garnish, if desired. Makes 10 servings





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"MISS LILLIAN" MY TWO SONS

In an exclusive mother-daughter interview, Lillian Carter talks frankly about her family. By Gloria Carter Spann



Gloria Carter Spann: *As a parent, you are obviously concerned about your children. Do you still speak your mind even though they have lives of their own?*

Lillian Carter: I never speak my mind to my children anymore. I used to, a long time ago. Now I do it just occasionally. Like this morning, I spoke my mind to Jimmy, and I have said things to you a lot of times. But I try not to say anything that will make y'all angry with me, or make you quit telling me things.

G. *What are the qualities that you most admire in people?*

L. Well, if you want to know the truth (you always want the truth, don't you?), I like frankness more than anything—people being frank, and telling it like it is.

G. *What are the qualities in your children that you most admire?*

L. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

G. *Now, go through them, one by one, and tell me what you admire.*

L. Jimmy. Well, I admire his integrity, I really do. I don't think when Jimmy says, "I've never told a lie," that he means white lies, because everybody has to tell those. But I think he's truthful, and I admire his family life.

G. *Is there anything about him you want to change?*

L. No, there's nothing I want to change about Jimmy. I think he's pretty good, and I don't interfere in his life.

G. *How about me [Gloria]?*

L. Well, you're your own person, I'll say that about you—and I like you. I like the fact that you do what you want to. You pay no attention to me, and that suits me fine.

G. *What would you want to change about me?*

L. Let me see, I don't really know enough about your life to change it. You're your own person, and have a very happy married life. I don't think there's anything about you I'd like to change.

G. *What qualities do you most admire in Ruth [Carter Stapleton]?*

L. I admire her persistence in the work that she's doing. She never gives up. In spite of hardships, and the criticism she gets, she just keeps on going. That's about all I admire about Ruth. She's not a very good mother, but her family just adores her, so I reckon she's all right.

G. *Would you try to change her?*

L. No, I don't think I'd try to change any of my children. I like them just like they are—all different.

G. *How about Billy?*

L. Well, I think Billy drinks a little too much beer, but I have never mentioned it to him, and I like Billy just like he is. If he ever tried to change, he'd be the biggest mess that ever was.

G. *Someone told me that the reason Jimmy ran for president was because you loved Billy the best, and Jimmy had always struggled to be your favorite. Is that true?*

L. Pppptttuuuiii! I don't think that's right. I think I love Billy more than I do (pause) I think Billy needs my love more than any (pause). I just like Billy. I like what he does, and he looks after me as much as he can.

G. *Billy has that quality that you said you most admire—frankness.*

L. Yes, I know exactly what he's going to do. I know what he's going to say. I never thought about this before; he must be very much like I am. He tells it just like it is, regardless of the circumstances.

G. *In what way do you credit yourself with your children's success?*

L. I don't credit myself at all. I think all my children are individuals, and the only thing I did was let them pursue what they wanted to do. I never told any of y'all what I wanted you to do after you reached the age when you knew right from wrong. I believe in everybody being an individual.

G. *Then you never wanted any of us to follow in your footsteps?*

L. No. Reporters are always asking me, "Did you make your children read?" I didn't. You all saw me reading, and wanted to know what it was all about, but soon you all were doing your own thing, I never did tell you what you could and couldn't do.

G. *But didn't you let us use reading as an excuse for not doing other things?*

L. That's right. I'd say, "Jimmy go do . . . what are you doing?" "I'm reading," he'd say. "All right. Gloria, what are *you* doing?" "I'm reading." Then I'd go do it myself.

G. *When they were younger, how did you teach your children right from wrong?*

L. You ought to know that! Well, I'll tell you. They were punished if they did anything wrong, but not a horrible punishment. You know, in Jimmy's book I think he says beatings, and everybody wants to know what we beat him with! There was praise if you did right, punishment if you did wrong—not necessarily whippings, but some of your pleasures were taken away. If I had my life to live over, I never would hit another child a lick. That's the truth; I wouldn't use corporal punishment at all.

G. *But I don't remember that you ever hit me, except once.*

L. Well, I hit *at* Ruth one time and fell to the floor with a kidney stone attack! I stood between the children and Earl a lot of times. But I don't know of a better father in the world than he was about trying to keep y'all happy.

G. *Did you take your children into your confidence, and tell them everything, good and bad?*

L. No, not everything I don't know, maybe I should have. There were lots of things I didn't *(continued)*

Photograph by Wide World



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There will be other times when you'd like to use Oil of Olay. So many things in life can dry your skin... windy weather, exposure to the sun, even some of your favorite cosmetics can be culprits. It's nice to know that Oil of Olay is there whenever your skin signals the need to have its moisture level raised.

Would he like a younger-looking wife? You and Oil of Olay together might easily answer that provocative question.

Beauty Secret

If both you and your husband work, then you've probably divvied up the household chores. On the nights he's chef, have a mini-nap and redo your makeup (with Oil of Olay® first, of course) before dinner. Maybe he'll light candles and suggest that the children have dinner on trays while watching TV.

"MISS LILLIAN"

continued

want to tell, but I think all of you al ways knew I was there, if you got into trouble or anything. I remember when y'all used to come in late, and I sat up those long nights to keep your daddy from finding out you were still out. think he knew I was doing it. To tell you the truth, when y'all were coming up, think you knew more than I did. It was a different world.

G. *What was your own childhood like?*

L. Oh, goodness, we were just a great big, happy family. We had 13 in the family, you know, and we were thrilled over every baby that was born; it was like there had never been another baby born in the world. We had plenty to eat. We had our grandmother there, and she was just great. We had friends all around us. We didn't have any enemies we didn't know what enemies were.

My daddy was the one person I loved more than anybody in the world. He was an understanding father and strict as the mischief. I just adored him. don't remember any mistreatment, or any fights. If Papa and Mama ever quarreled, it was after we went to bed.

I remember Grandmama, a little old lady, who sat on the front porch all the time. She was always making tattin and telling us tales about the Civil War. It was a very simple life that we lived.

G. *Did you have any special ambitions when you were a little girl?*

L. I always wanted to be a nurse. And my family always fought against it. guess if I had my life to live over, would realize that what I really wanted to be was a doctor, but I didn't know then that there were women doctors so all my life I wanted to be a nurse.

G. *Do you think that male and female roles are changing for the better, or for the worse?*

L. Maybe better, I just don't know. But yes, I think maybe better.

G. *You had a good marriage, and all your children have good marriages. What are the ingredients for a happy and successful marriage?*

L. Well, first is love, and then I think sublimating yourself for the other person, which I always did. That's what brought about my happy marriage. wanted to do everything I could for Earl, and I kind of put myself in the background. I think all of my children have done the same thing. We all cater to the other person.

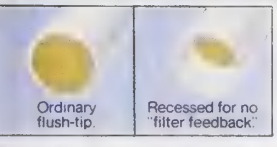
G. *When I was little, everybody just loved America—people seemed very patriotic. Was that just a feeling I had?*

L. I think that was just the feeling of everybody around here. I guess we just didn't know too much about government. Everybody thought FDR was wonderful, and we never heard any criticism of the President. *(continued)*

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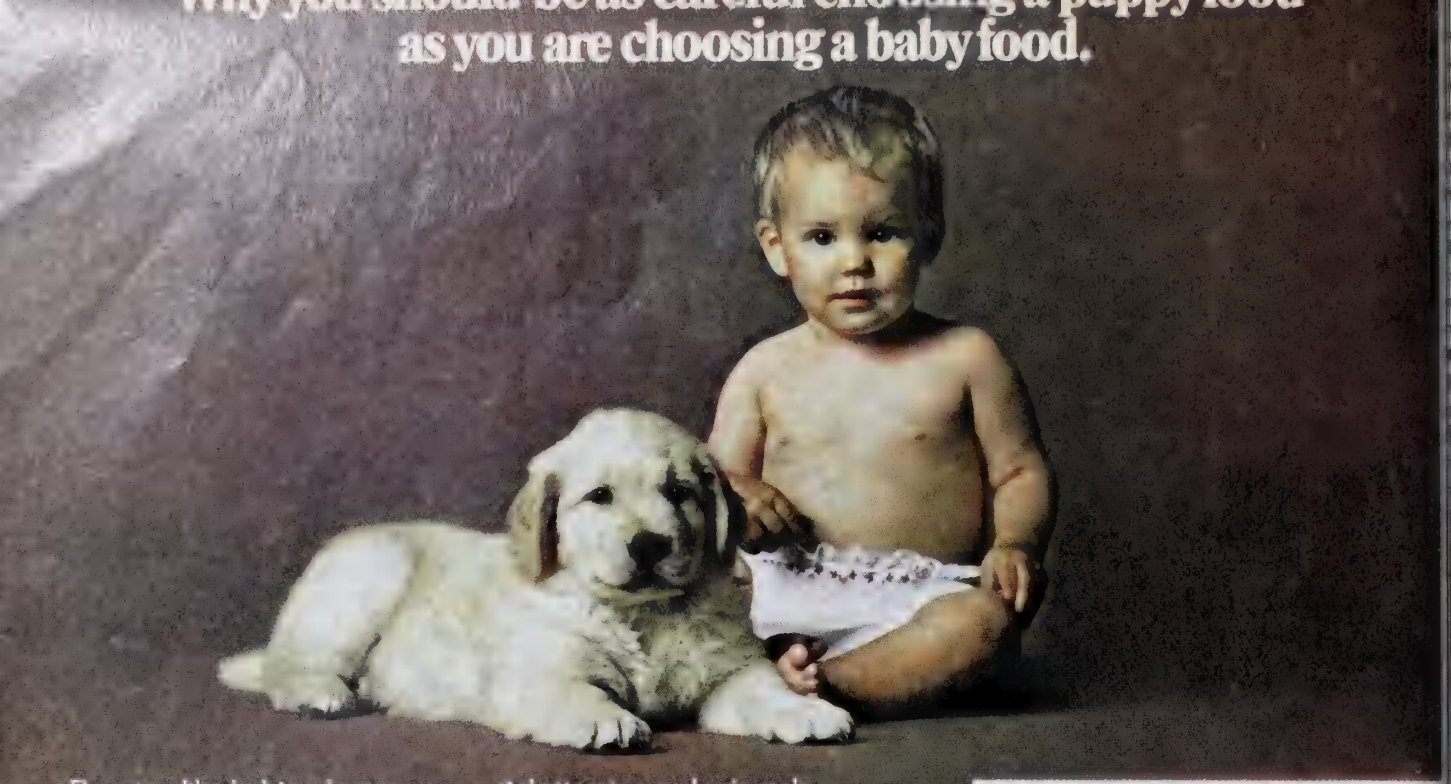
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"MISS LILLIAN"

continued

Now that's all you hear. Every election, it's just the bad things and not the good.

G. *Do you think we could get back to country loving the government?*

L. I doubt that. We'll always have "the government" and we'll always have "the people." I think Jimmy promises to do everything he can, but I don't see how one man can do it.

G. *Do you think that values in our country have changed for the better or for the worse during your lifetime?*

L. Worse.

G. *How?*

L. Money—that's worse. We don't get as much for our money. But if you're talking about personal values, I think we've all let down the gap so far as morality is concerned, but it doesn't bother me. I'm so liberal, I just think everybody should do their own thing. But I think morality values have dropped.

G. *This is a hard one. Can you summarize your feelings about your life?*

L. Good Lord! Seventy-eight years of living in 25 words or less? I think my married life was just as happy as anybody's has ever been. We had four children, and we had them when we wanted to. We were compatible. We fought occasionally, but we always made up, that's one good thing. Since then, my children have come out all right, in spite of the fact that sometimes I thought they were not going to! Now all my children are individuals, pursuing their own courses. I think Jimmy has come along fine so far. I think that you [Gloria] have a happy marriage at last, and I think Ruth's happy in her work. I know that Billy has a good marriage and a good home life. I think that all my children are doing well. And every time I've ever wanted to retire, stop and sit down, something else has happened to keep me going. There are times now when I am happier than I have ever been before. I think that I have a very good outlook on life. I've found that if you can just last through the tough spots, and hold onto the good spots, things will always get better. They always have. It's like going to bed at night worrying, then when the sun comes up, you realize that everything is beautiful, and that has been the way with my life.

G. *Do you put God into any of that?*

L. I think God has everything to do with it. I think He planned my way of life. I don't think I could have done anything without Him.

G. *What has your faith meant to you?*

L. Being a Baptist doesn't mean too much to me, if that's what you mean by "faith." I believe in prayer, that means a whole lot to me. I think if I could, I would be happy within Ruth's religion. But I'm not too deeply religious, as ev-

rybody knows. I try to shun that when nybody does an interview with me.

. Then it's not centered around the hurch?

. No, it's centered around my personal elationship with God and my family.

. When things have looked the black-st, how did you sustain yourself?

. I got out and did physical labor; like weeping the yards, hoeing. I cleared p a half acre of pecan grove one time, hen my life was the blackest.

. What made your life black then?

. I think it was when you wanted to get arried. But there were a lot of other lack times. When Earl died, I just orked and worked. I just couldn't stop orking.

. Have you ever had a moment in your fe when you thought life wasn't worth ving?

. Yes, when Earl died. Other than that, 's too personal to share.

. What are the joys in your life?

. Being with somebody, mostly one of ne children, when we have a good rap-ort with each other. I like the little kes that the family has, and knowing very day that my children are reason-bly happy. Oh, I enjoy people coming Plains, they seem glad to see me, and ost of the time I'm glad to see them, ut I don't have enough privacy. Then I ave my reading and my television pro-rams. More than anything, I think that my is my chief joy. Most of my love centered around Amy; I love being round her.

. What kind of world do you think my will face 20 years from now?

. I think it will be a very, very liberal world. She'll be able to do anything she wants to without fear of criticism.

G. *Do you think that we will see the day when there is virtually no intolerance?*

L. I won't, not in my lifetime. But things have improved so much over the last ten or 15 years that I think the time will come, say 50 years from now.

G. *What makes you cry and feel sad?*

L. I cry very seldom. When I'm angry, I cry. And I'm sad when I see anything going wrong with anybody in the family. I think all my tears were shed when I was in India. I cried so much there.

G. *Because you were homesick?*

L. No. I was homesick just the first few months. I cried about different things that would come to me daily. I would see so many things happening to those people that I couldn't do anything about. I cried a lot of times to see a baby dying, or a young man or young girl dying, knowing that if they were in America they could get the proper treatment and would live. That's when I cried in India, when I was feeling helpless. I soon learned to overcome that.

G. *Do you think that going to India in any way changed your life and your attitudes?*

L. Oh, my goodness, yes. It meant more to me than any other one thing in my life. It strengthened my faith in God, and my relationship with minorities. Whether I did anything for the Indian people or not, they did so much for me.

G. *How did you overcome your loneliness there?* *(continued on page 120)*



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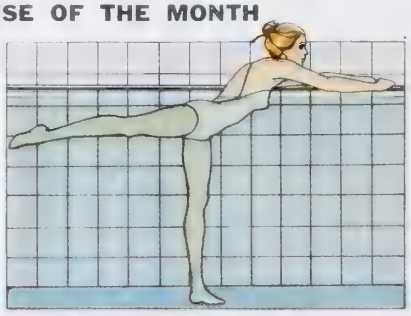
Beauty Journal

Enjoy yourself the last days of summer —from water ballet to a feel-cool hairdo.

VISIBLE VEINS

Summer shows off more of the body—both good points and bad. A common problem for many women then is what to do about unsightly varicose veins. Dr. Theobald Reich, a vascular surgeon at N.Y.U. Medical Center, estimates 1 out of 5 women suffer from this condition, either enlarged blue lines or bulging clusters. Even more prevalent are thin red or purple spider veins. *The Causes:* Simply stated, arteries carry blood from the heart, veins direct it back. Inside the walls of the veins are valves to channel the blood and prevent backward flow (in legs, against gravity). When pressure is exerted on the veins, for example, from pregnancy or above-average weight or height, the walls stretch out, the valves become less efficient. Result, circulation gets bogged down. Not everyone tall, heavy or child-bearing has varicose veins, indicating a genetic link. *What to Do? Coverups:* The easiest way of hiding veins is with leg makeup. Find kinds that are water- and rub-resistant. Two that camouflage: Ultima II Natural Coverage Leg Makeup with a sunscreen and Lydia O'Leary's Covermark (waterproof enough to go swimming). *Good Support:* For people who stand or sit in one spot all day, support hose helps prevent varicose veins and relieves leg fatigue. The hugging knit holds in the walls of the veins with gentle pressure. For instance, Hanes "Alive" hose is knit in a graduated way to direct the blood *up.* Other sheer soothers—Supp-hose, Burlington, Givenchy, Dior. *The Medical Route:* A more drastic step, the treatment of each of the three types of problem veins, all requiring a doctor. For spider veins (marring appearance only), a dermatologist can inject the squiggles with an electric needle during an office visit. / Medium varicose veins, often causing aching legs, can also be office-treated to close off the vein. / Larger veins, near the skin's surface, must be removed surgically. Hospital stay, 3 days. *On The Move:* Best news of all, exercising and sports can stall or sometimes stop the condition. Toning assists veins in holding their shape, gets circulation going.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q: *Swimming 30 laps is (of course) super exercise, but are there any other in-water ways to tone up my body (especially the legs) without all that motion?—D.S.M. Wilton, Conn.*

A: Simple exercises that work well *out* of the water are terrific *in* the water, too. Density—and a floating feeling combine to do wonders for muscle toning without strain. For thighs and legs, hold onto poolside (or boat/raft ladder), water at chest level and stretch out. Lift one leg back, keeping it straight and flowing in one line from fingers to toes. Hold. Switch legs 10 times. Shake yourself afterward. You'll feel buoyant.

COME TO MY HOUSE

What makes up a perfect hostess/a good guest? Part of the hospitality deal revolves around creature comforts (even in the most rough-and-tumble cabin). One hostess we heard about even went so far as to spend the night in her extra room for firsthand experience (found no near-the-bed reading light; surprisingly, not one mirror). Nice gestures for guests: a wake-up clock, shower cap, bath oil, velour face cloth, splash cologne, baby powder, cotton swabs, herbal nail polish remover. Almost too good to be true: hair dryer, Japanese pad-about slippers. On the flip side, when you're the gleeful guest, you'd never err by bringing a caring gift, such as: scented soap with a natural sponge, spicy potpourri or sachet, a dozen fingertip towels in a wicker hamper, or something unexpectedly fun, like satin gym shorts and a jump rope for exercise workouts.

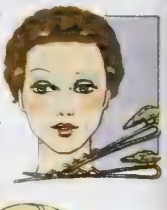
HOT FINDS

Just before summer's end, a slew of good things. • Washing your hair can be frustrating if it gets a greasy feeling after you condition it. No more. Now hair can be healthy, silky and squeaky-clean with a creme rinse/conditioner that's 99% oil-free (compared to most 40%-plus oil). Agree by Johnson Wax; 8 oz., $1.34. • When gardening or sailing up a storm, hands may get rough, dry. Try new herbal-scented Keri Lotion; 6½ oz., $2.84. • Up on Latin? *Post*-sunned skin needs an all-over moisturizer. PostSun After Tanning Lotion by Westwood Pharmaceuticals; 4 oz., $2.25. • Paint it warm —a standout mouth in true-to-you colors. (Toasted Brick glows brightly). Fresh Color 3 lipsticks by Maybelline; $1.65. • What to flash with zippity-zing? Shades of nail enamel, carefree. Choice: Scarlet Ribbons. By Cutex, 65¢.

ON THE UP AND UP



When the weather's warm and sticky, cool down with a quick lift-up. Sweep your hair off of your neck—it's not only sensible (lets the breezes circulate) but also very, very pretty. Especially with this year's cache of decorative hair pins, clips and combs. To look like an Elizabethan maiden (the kind sonnets are sung to), illustrated above left, fasten strands of hair up and back, anchor a chignon or braid with big tortoiseshell pins. / The goddess primeval, top right, slips golden leaves (on mortal bobby pins) throughout her braids—to secure, to entice. / The co-ed bounce updated, lower right. A loose ponytail is caught up by a circular comb that grips with gentle teeth. / All in notion or department stores.









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Mt. Prospect, Illinois

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Selling Avon has certainly helped, dollar-wise. But more important, accomplishing something on my own has made me feel really good about myself. My husband, Dennis, is also in sales, so he understands that great feeling of accomplishment when you get an order, big or small. And he says I look just like I feel—terrific!"

If Terry Mosny's story interested you, and you're 18 or over, find out how you can become an Avon Representative. Simply call toll free 800-325-6400. (In Missouri, call 800-342-6600.) And someone from Avon will be in touch with you to answer all your questions. Of course, there is no obligation.

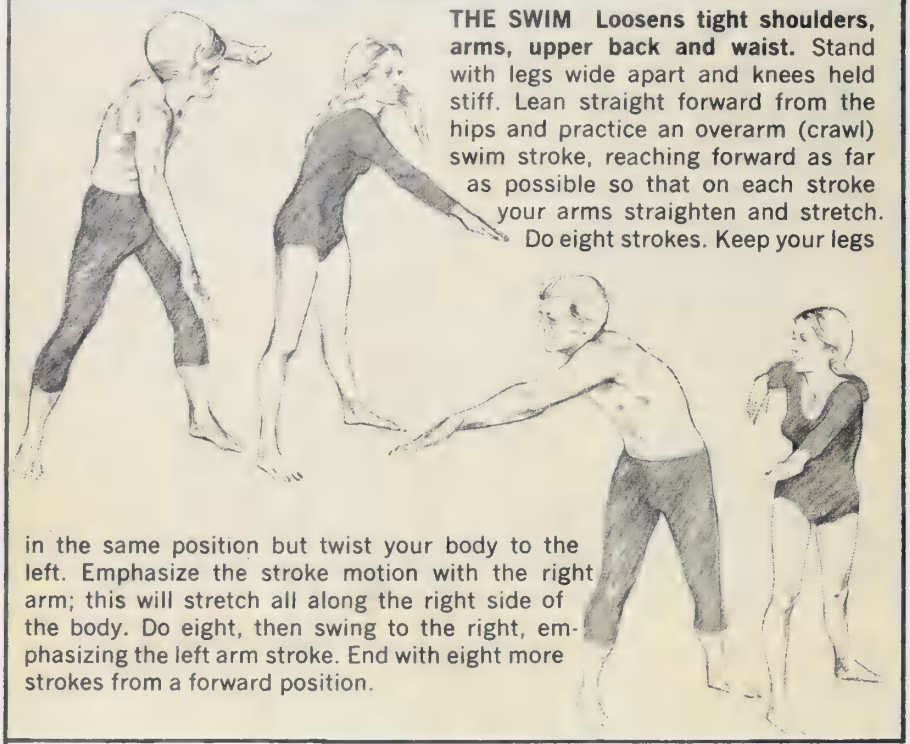
AVON

"EXER-SEX"

Exercises that keep you fit for love . . . and life. By Bonnie Prudden

Can exercises really help you have a more rewarding sex life? Fitness expert Bonnie Prudden thinks so. She feels that by keeping muscles efficient and your general body condition at a high level of endurance (not to mention attractiveness), you can make the most of your lovemaking. Perhaps you won't want to do all these exercises every day—alone or with your husband—and perhaps you'll do them to prepare for other sports. But here are some Bonnie Prudden routines to make you feel healthier, happier . . . and sexier.

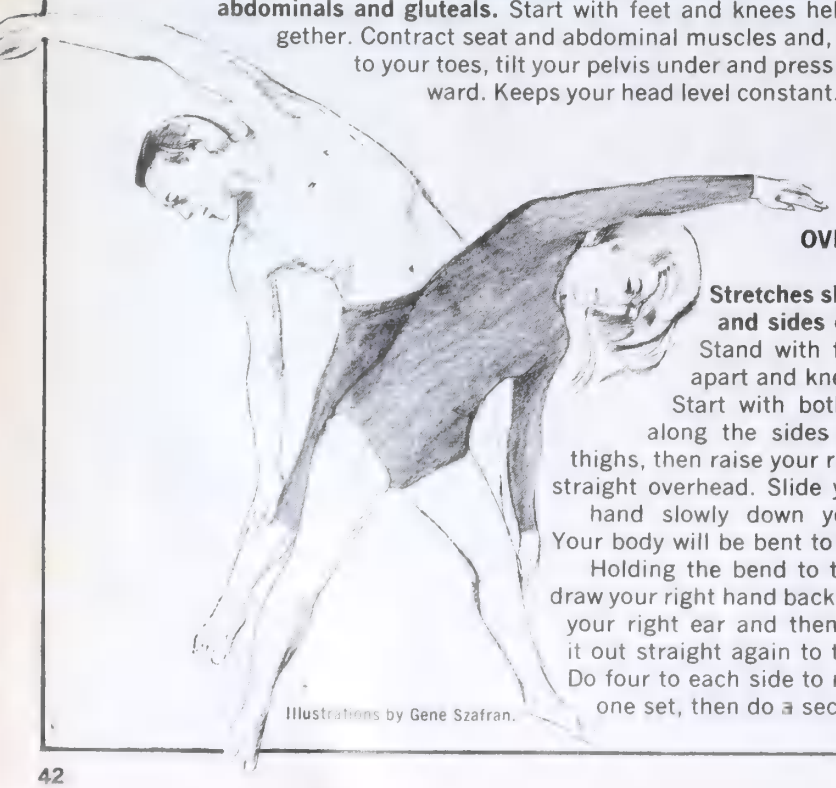
WARM-UP EXERCISES



THE SWIM Loosens tight shoulders, arms, upper back and waist. Stand with legs wide apart and knees held stiff. Lean straight forward from the hips and practice an overarm (crawl) swim stroke, reaching forward as far as possible so that on each stroke your arms straighten and stretch. Do eight strokes. Keep your legs in the same position but twist your body to the left. Emphasize the stroke motion with the right arm; this will stretch all along the right side of the body. Do eight, then swing to the right, emphasizing the left arm stroke. End with eight more strokes from a forward position.



TOE RISE WITH PELVIC TILT Strengthens feet, calves, quadriceps, abdominals and gluteals. Start with feet and knees held tightly together. Contract seat and abdominal muscles and, as you rise to your toes, tilt your pelvis under and press the knees forward. Keeps your head level constant. Do eight rises.



OVERHEAD REACH Stretches shoulders and sides of torso. Stand with feet well apart and knees stiff. Start with both hands along the sides of your thighs, then raise your right arm straight overhead. Slide your left hand slowly down your leg. Your body will be bent to the left. Holding the bend to the side, draw your right hand back to cover your right ear and then stretch it out straight again to the side. Do four to each side to make up one set, then do a second set.

Illustrations by Gene Szafran.

TIPS FOR "EXER-SEX"

- Warm-up exercises are essential to any series of workouts you do. They warm up the muscles by increasing circulation, and help prevent muscle damage.
- Turn on some music that will lift your spirits and help lift you off the floor. Just as it's easier to march together to a good beat, it's easier to exercise together to a good beat.
- Remember to dress for the part. Baggy sweat pants, nightgowns or slacks are inappropriate; try a leotard instead. A leotard moves easily with the female body, and is much more attractive than the alternatives. For men: dancer's tights or trunks.

Excerpted from EXER-SEX: EXERCISES FOR SEX, FOR LOVE, FOR LIFE by Bonnie Prudden. Copyright © 1977 by Bonnie Prudden. All rights reserved. To be published by Bantam Books, Inc.

(continued)

Anyone Can WIN!

$7,777.77 CASH PRIZE.

11 TRIPS FOR 2 TO ACAPULCO.

Via





711 OTHER PRIZES

No proof of purchase required to enter contest. See official rules below or at participating stores.



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All participants in the "ANYONE CAN WIN" Contest obtain the official entry blank from the display at your local participating retailer or request an official entry blank from BRISTOL-MYERS "ANYONE CAN WIN" Contest, P.O. Box 66, Elizabeth, NJ 07207

1. To participate in the "ANYONE CAN WIN" Contest, send the Universal Product Code (10 digit) flap from the carton of any of these fine Bristol-Myers products: **ULTRA BAN**® Roll-On • **EXCEDRIN**® • **EXCEDRIN P.M.**® • **VITALIS**® **SUPERHOLD**™ • **VITALIS**® Regular Hold • **MONSTER**® Vitamins • Arthritis Strength **BUFFERIN**® • **BAN**® Roll-On • **BUFFERIN**® • **DATRIL**® • **DATRIL**® **500**™ • **4-WAY**® Nasal Spray • **NO DOZ**® • **PALS**® Vitamins • **CONGESPIRIN**® Cold Tablets • **CONGESPIRIN**® Cough Syrup.

Or, write the name of any of the above products or any one of the following products on a 3" x 5" piece of paper: **BAN BASIC**® • **TICKLE**® • **VITALIS**® Liquid • **AMMENS**®

2. Complete the official entry blank by printing your name, your address, and if you obtained the entry blank from a store, the name and address of the store where you obtained the form (the store named on a winning entry will receive the same prize as the contest winner).

3. Mail your entry consisting of the:
   1. Official entry blank and
   2. The Universal Product Code carton flap or a 3" x 5" paper with the product name to BRISTOL-MYERS "ANYONE CAN WIN" Contest, P.O. Box 123, Elizabeth, NJ 07207

4. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY to be eligible to win. All entries must be postmarked and received by October 31, 1977.

5. The following prizes will be awarded:

1 GRAND PRIZE: $7,777.77 CASH PRIZE

11 SECOND PRIZES:
A 7 day/6 night expense-paid (air-fare, 2 meals per day, accommodations) trip for two for any time from January 1, 1978 through December 15, 1978 to ACAPULCO, Mexico—via AMERICAN AIRLINES. You'll stay at the fabulous Americana CONDESA DEL MAR Hotel in ACAPULCO. Total retail value $1,218.56 each trip. (Based on air fare from Chicago; value may vary according to place of departure and season.)

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Retail value ranges from $18 to $28, depending upon choice of appliance.

There will be no substitutions for these prizes. The opportunity of winning depends upon the total number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

6. Winners will be selected from a random drawing of all qualified entries. The drawing will take place by November 15, 1977. Winners will be notified by registered mail at the address indicated on the winning entries promptly thereafter. For a list of winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: BRISTOL-MYERS "ANYONE CAN WIN" Winners List, P.O. Box 66, Elizabeth, NJ 07207.

7. Contest is open to all residents of the U.S., except employees and their families of Bristol-Myers Company, its affiliates, subsidiaries and advertising agencies.

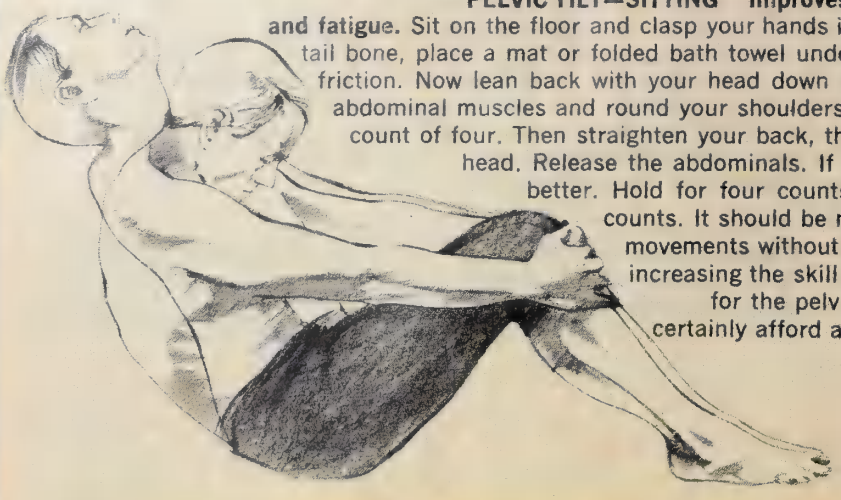
This contest is void in Wisconsin, Missouri, Maryland and wherever else prohibited by law.

8. All taxes, if any, will be the sole responsibility of each winner.

9. Winners must authorize Bristol-Myers Company to release the names of winners at Bristol-Myers' discretion.



"EXER-SEX"



PELVIC TILT—SITTING **Improves posture and figure, prevents backache and fatigue.** Sit on the floor and clasp your hands in front of bent knees. If this hurts your tail bone, place a mat or folded bath towel under you so that there will be no painful friction. Now lean back with your head down and your spine rounded. Tighten your abdominal muscles and round your shoulders as much as possible. Hold for a slow count of four. Then straighten your back, throw your shoulders back and lift your head. Release the abdominals. If you can arch your back, so much the better. Hold for four counts and repeat the lean back. Do eight counts. It should be noted that very little goes on in our life movements without the benefit of the pelvis. In addition to increasing the skill and pleasure of lovemaking, exercises for the pelvis improve your form in any sport—and certainly afford a better figure for both men and women.

WIDESPREAD LEG STRETCH
Primarily for the hamstrings, but also for the lower back.
Sit with legs spread wide apart. Grasp the left ankle with your left hand and place the right hand just under the left calf. Use your arms to pull your body down toward your leg. Keep your head up and pretend that you are trying to put your chin on your big toe. Bounce your upper body downward in eight easy pulls, then straighten. Drop to the other side and repeat the eight bounces. Do three sets. Holding your legs the same way, try to pull your left ear down to touch your left knee for eight bounces, and then do the same on the right. Do three sets. Be sure to keep your knees absolutely straight and your feet turned slightly outward.





PELVIC TILT ON ALL FOURS—CAT-BACK
Start on all fours with straight arms and keep the arms straight all through the exercise. First, arch your back upward like an angry cat. Tighten abdominals and gluteals and hold for four counts. Be sure your head hangs downward and your neck is relaxed. Next, allow your back to sag like that of a tired, old horse. Relax abdominals and gluteals, raise your head high. Keep your arms straight. Rest for a second or two and repeat. Do eight.

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MARLBORO	NO	YES	YES	18 mg.
MARLBORO LIGHTS	NO	YES	YES	13 mg.
WINSTON	NO	NO	YES	19 mg.
WINSTON LIGHTS	NO	NO	YES	13 mg.
KENT	NO	NO	YES	17 mg.
KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS	NO	NO	YES	9 mg.
VICEROY	NO	YES	YES	16 mg.
VICEROY EXTRA MILDS	NO	YES	YES	14 mg.
VANTAGE	NO	NO	YES	10 mg.
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"What about disposal?"

The Tampax tampon applicator, like the tampon itself, is flushable and biodegradable. When dropped in water, the paper strips begin to soften and unwind. It's as safe to dispose of a few sheets of facial tissue.

Plastic applicators, on the other hand, are non-biodegradable. Which means they remain waste matter indefinitely, contributing to the pollution of the environment.

"What makes the tampon itself so special?"

The Tampax tampon is made of softly compresse highly effective absorbent material. In use, it gently e pands in all three directions—length, breadth and width—to conform to individual vaginal contours anc provide greater protection throughout. This is partic larly important because more complete coverage means less chance of leakage or bypass.

What's more, Tampax tampons come in three abs ency-sizes to give you the amount of protection you need. And since they're worn internally, there's none the bulk and bulge you get with maxi-pads. None of slippage and staining that's a risk with mini-pads.

"Is a deodorant necessary in a tampon?"

Not at all. When a tampon is in use, embarrassing odor does not form. And not only is a deodorant un necessary, but it may irritate sensitive tissue or cause lergic reactions. So why take chances with somethin that isn't needed.

Try Tampax tampons. You'll understand why more women trust them than all other tampons combined

TAMPAX®
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The internal protection more women tru

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Should you drop your low-cholesterol diet? Revised mammography rules. Plus . . . news about warts—and an experimental pap test.

DIETARY RELIEF. Some men and women on low-cholesterol diets can—and probably should—abandon them, suggests preventive medicine specialist William P. Castelli, M.D., a leader of the Framingham, Mass., heart disease study. People are advised to follow these diets because high cholesterol is one of the risk factors in heart attacks and related ills.

Cholesterol is carried in the blood serum in large, fatty substances called lipoproteins, of which there are several kinds. When it is carried in what are called LDL (Low-Density Lipoproteins), the heart attack risk appears to be high—so the low cholesterol diets may be life-saving.

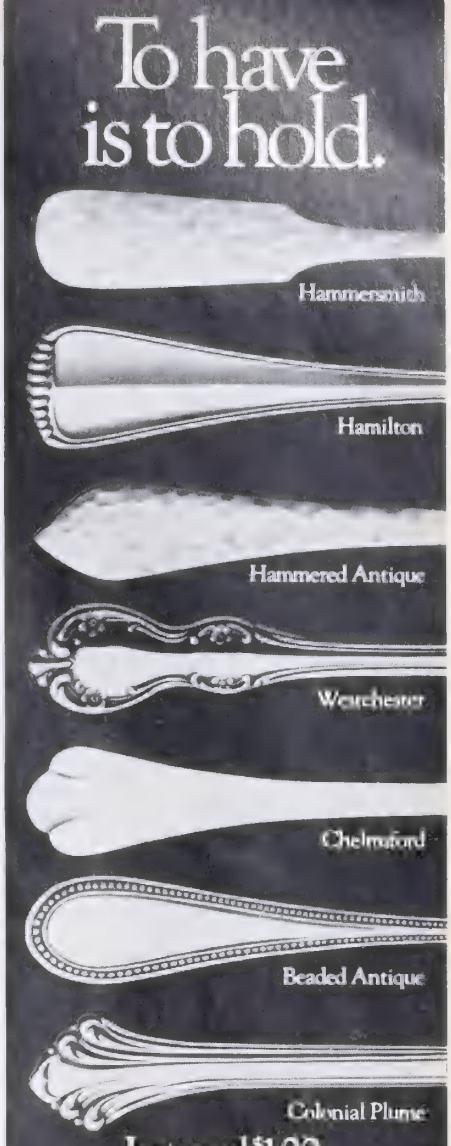
In other people with high cholesterol levels, however, the cholesterol is carried largely in HDL (High-Density Lipoproteins). Dr. Castelli's dramatic discovery is that these people have a *lower-than-normal* heart attack risk. The reason, apparently, is that HDL transport cholesterol to the liver, where it can be excreted. So a high level of cholesterol carried in HDL appears to mean that one is effectively moving the dangerous substance out of one's body. Thus, people who are on a low-cholesterol diet may be doing themselves a medical, as well as a gustatory, favor by asking their doctors to do the readily-available test to determine how much of their cholesterol is in HDL. If most of it is, the ruling might be that they need not—perhaps should not—be on the diet.

NEW BREAST X-RAY ADVICE. Since the publication of the article "Mammography" in the May *Journal*, the National Cancer Institute has issued new guidelines on the use of mammograms to screen women for breast cancer. While the recommendation that women over age 50 have routine mammograms still stands, the NCI altered the recommendation for women in the 35 to 50 age group. The only women under 50 who NCI says should continue to obtain routine mammograms are those who have had breast cancer, or have a mother or a sister who has had it.

MEDICAL DRAWING BOARD. Here are three projects-in-progress:

- Wart vaccine—Grinding up a piece of a rectal wart and injecting it under the skin prevents future warts from growing in four persons out of five—an unprecedentedly high cure rate. The method also appears to work against vaginal warts and plantar warts, says immunologist Nehama Sharon, Ph.D. of Northwestern University.
- Tooth-protecting chewing-gum—Xylitol, a very sweet sugar derived from birch bark, may prevent cavities if one chews gum sweetened with it. Xylitol neutralizes tooth-decaying acids in the mouth and, unlike ordinary sugar, does not begin to break down until it reaches the stomach—therefore it does not cause cavities. A University of Chicago orthodontist, Thomas Graber, D.D.S., foresees a 90 percent reduction in cavities in youngsters who chew the experimental gum daily.
- Do-it-yourself "pap test." Kits with which women collect their own vaginal cells for cervical cancer detection have been notably unsuccessful. But a newer, experimental system may be better. The cells, along with menstrual blood, are collected in a special tampon, then mailed to a lab. Physiologist Matthew Freund, Ph.D. of Southern Illinois University and obstetrician Alexander Sedlis, M.D. of New York Medical College, say these cells work as well as a standard pap smear.

End



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Towle Stainless

HOW TO DRIVE YOUR CHILD SANE

To raise emotionally healthier children, says this noted psychologist, we must speak a loving language that makes our kids feel wanted and appreciated. By Dr. Alice Ginott

Have you ever looked into one of those grotesque amusement park mirrors in which you saw yourself exaggerated and contorted? How did it make you feel? Uncomfortable, probably. But you laughed because you knew that it was a misrepresentation.

But suppose this were the only picture you ever had of yourself? You could be convinced that this malformed person was an accurate reflection. It would never occur to you to distrust the mirror or to hold it responsible for the distorted image.

Neither does a child have any reason to doubt the image his parents mirror to him. He or she usually accepts even their negative evaluation as a dependable and accurate description of himself, convinced that he is stupid, lazy, clumsy, inconsiderate, selfish, insensitive, irresponsible, or undesirable.

Parental mirroring frequently distorts a child's self-image.

To be told: "You look terrible," "You never do anything right," "You're like a bull in a china shop" does not help a child feel beautiful, capable or graceful.

It is a source of amazement to me how many parents will label their child stupid, lazy and a cheat, yet expect him to be bright, industrious and honest.

The easiest way to make a child feel that there is something wrong with him is to criticize. Even constructive criticism diminishes a child's image of himself. Instead of criticism, a child needs information without derogation.

Mother saw Steven, 13, ladling almost the whole pot of chocolate pudding into an oversized bowl. She was about to rebuke him: "You're so selfish. You only think of yourself. You are not the only one in this house!"

But she had learned that "labeling is disabling"—that to talk about a child's negative personality attribute does not help him develop into a more caring person. So she said: "Son, this pudding has to be divided among four people."

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied Steven. "I didn't know that. I'll put some back."

It is our incompetence in communicating *not* our lack of love, that drives children crazy. Most of us love our children. What we lack is a language that conveys love, that mirrors our delight—and that makes a child feel loved, respected and appreciated.

We are not aware of the impact of words we use every day.

We hurl words at children with abandon. We command, we order, we



respond with impunity, we give advice, we intrude, we teach lessons, we say anything that comes to our minds. We are imprecise and incorrect. We are oblivious to words that damage and destroy. We are deaf to our tone and style. We forsake tact and good manner. We offend.

We are not aware that words are like knives.

How would you feel if a surgeon came into the operating room and, before the anesthesiologist put you under, said, "I really don't have much training in surgery, but I use common sense—and I love my patients."

I think you would panic and run for your life. But there is no exit for children. Unlike a surgeon who is careful where he cuts, parents use words in a random fashion. They make many incisions until they hit the right spot, heedless of the open wounds they leave behind. They perform daily emotional operations on their children, but without training.

Love and common sense are just not enough.

Recently, in a hi-fi store, an electronics expert said to me, "Dr. Ginott, I heard you discuss discipline and I didn't agree with you." He stretched out the palm of his hand, "This is my psychology," he said proudly.

I asked him whether he applied the same "palm method" in fixing a TV set, a silent amplifier or a screeching mike. "Oh, no," he answered, "for that you need skill and knowledge. These are complex instruments."

Children also need parents who are skilled and knowledgeable. But most of them are not that fortunate. Their parents treat them essentially the way *they* were treated. They seem to be replaying a familiar tape.

We need to write our own script, make an original tape, step to the music of a different drummer.

We even know the words.

We heard our parents use them with guests and strangers. It was a language that was protective of feelings, not critical of behavior.

We need to change priorities. It is those we love the most that deserve the best. And the best is the most civilized. Words that generate love not hate, diminish dissension not destroy desire, humor not enrage, enhance life not shrink spirits.

We can erase our childhood tape with its familiar but destructive messages and learn the language that our parents reserved for guests.

But most parents, unfortunately, have a deep distrust of an intentionally learned language. They see it as something shameful, like being caught studying: *How To Make Friends and Influence People*. Or they liken deliberate learning to a sin akin to premeditated manipulation of another person.

Still, we are in dire need of a code of communicating, a discipline of dialogue that cultivates, rather than kills, intimate talk at home.

To those who call such skilled communication artificial, I say, "So are Picasso's paintings, Beethoven's symphonies, Fleming's penicillin and the polio vaccines. They are all artificial—yet life giving."

I am a psychoanalyst. In my world there are realities that always remain constant: to decrease suffering and increase joy. I know that how I talk to my patients makes a difference. Words are my tools. But a few years ago, it occurred to me that it made no sense for unskilled parents to drive children crazy while we psychotherapists are trained to then drive them sane.

I became aware of this when I overheard myself talking to my own children. It was as if my mother were talking to me: the blaming, the shaming, the angry hysteria. It was then I decided to respond to my children as I do to my patients. I was determined not to recreate in my family that which made my life miserable in my parents' home.

"To love truly is to know what brings pain to the one you love." *(continued)*

Photograph by Photofile, Ltd./Tom Grill



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HOW TO DRIVE YOUR CHILD SANE

continued

This Biblical saying sums up the essence of communication.

If I am unaware when or whether my tongue offends, then I cannot claim: "I love" or "I care." It is my readiness to sense distress and to extend comfort that gives parenthood its unique flavor.

A child needs his home to be a refuge, where his parents' attentive ear and sympathetic response contribute to his emotional health. Regardless of his offense, a child depends on his parents to understand his predicament, and provide aid and hope.

One afternoon, eight-year-old Greg came home from school distressed: "I hate my teacher," he screamed. "She yelled at me for passing notes. She called me irresponsible and a troublemaker. I'm never going back to school!"

Many parents would have answered: "That's what you get for not paying attention! You always get into trouble! How do you expect a teacher to teach when you disturb the class? I hope you learned your lesson!"

But, fortunately for Greg, his mother had learned that when a child is angry he needs his parent's understanding, not additional criticism. So she said: "How embarrassing it must have been for you! To be called names in front of your friends—that's humiliating! No wonder you're so angry. No one likes to be treated that way!"

Greg's mother did not blame the teacher, nor her son. Instead, she described in detail the feelings he must have struggled with when his teacher reprimanded him.

Children often come home from school hurting. Most teachers are unaware of the serious consequences of threats and punishments. Lucky are the children whose parents have learned how to administer emotional first aid to heal wounds and turn hate into love.

Since everyone else is interested in our child's behavior and achievement, he depends on his parents to care about his feelings.

A child cannot help how he feels. It takes courage for him to let us know. Therefore, we do not discourage him from telling us even bitter truths.

Suppose you wanted to bring up your child to tell lies? How would you go about it? You would probably reward her when she lied and punish her when she was truthful.

But you want your child to tell the truth. What is it then that you do when she tries to tell you her true feelings?

You punish her.

Four-year-old Debbie told her mother: "Mommy, I hate Grandma. I wish she were dead."

Mother, horrified, answered: "No, you don't. You love Grandma. In this home we don't hate. Besides, she gives you presents and takes you places. How can you even say such a horrible thing?"

But Debbie insisted: "No, I hate her! I hate her! I don't want to see her any more!"

Now Mother, really upset, decided to use a more drastic "educational" measure. She spanked Debbie.

But the child was smart. Not wanting to be punished more, she decided to change her tune: "I really love Grandma, Mommy," she said.

What did Mommy do? She kissed and hugged Debbie and praised her for being such a good girl.

What did Debbie learn? It is dangerous to tell the truth. When you lie, you get love. When you are truthful, you get spanked. Mommy loves little liars. Only tell her what she wants to hear.

To encourage Debbie not to lie, Mother could have answered: "I understand how you feel. You don't have to love Grandma, but I expect you to treat her with respect."

Word power

We would like to believe that only disturbed parents damage their children. Unfortunately, loving and well-meaning people also use a language that deprecates. They enrage. Why? Because they are unaware of the power of words.

Words are not benign.

Even when parents want to praise a child, they often irritate. A child is suspicious of even positive statements when they assess his personality or his effort.

No one likes to be judged, evaluated or graded. When we are judged, we feel diminished. When we are evaluated, we feel devalued. When we are graded we feel degraded.

How would you feel if at the end of each month you received a report card from your husband: "In kissing you get an A. But in hugging only a C. In caressing, on the other hand, you have improved to a B. But your technique leaves something to be desired and so your grade is a B."

I suspect you would be tempted to throw him out with the report card!

What is preferable?

Description that details delight, words that convey recognition of effort and statements that transmit respect.

A father left a note on his daughter's guitar: "When you play, it gives me great pleasure." The next morning his daughter said to him: "Thanks, Dad, for telling me what a good player I am."

When the father described his feelings, he gave his daughter an opportunity to convert his appreciation into adjectives that sing her praise.

But often, when I try to encourage parents to learn a language of caring,

(continued on page 108)

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THE SQUARED-UP PETUNIA

**Melanie's mother was a "do-your-own-thing" lady.
But her small daughter had a deeper wisdom about love conquering differences.
A short story by Mary Elmblad**

Where have all the flower children gone? Well, I can tell you where to find one of them. At the fall meeting of the PTA at Yerba Buena Elementary School, San Francisco, California. U.S.A.

I smile at everyone in a very loving manner, but I am wearing a beautiful, flowing, cerise chiffon dress from the thrift shop, and it seems to make me invisible to the other mothers. Two of them visited the kindergarten class earlier in the morning and they are discussing it, right at my elbow.

"And that one little girl, the one with all the curly blond hair. What was her name—Melanie? The outfit she had on. A green T-shirt and a white satin ice-skating skirt!"

"Did you hear what she told Miss Frampton? She said that first she ties her north shoe and then she ties her south shoe!"

"Well, I simply cannot imagine what kind of a family that child could come from."

I can. I creep away in my limp chiffon. Yes. I am Melanie's mother.

I was a teen-age flower child. Sounds terrible, doesn't it? Like, "I was a teen-age werewolf." Don't get me wrong. I was never one of your dyed-in-the-wool, Haight-Ashbury hippies, and I was never into the drug scene. What I liked was the philosophy. Remember the slogans? "Flower Power." "Do Your Own Thing." "Make Love Not War." I bought them all. And I still do. I think the world and all its people should be free to float gently toward a higher, more loving consciousness. Peace, baby. Peace.

My own thing was to stay in the university until I graduated. I was a senior at Berkeley, in fact, when I met Jim. It was one of those come-one, come-all parties. A little bourbon, a little pot, you know. All of a sudden he was just there, tall and blond and good-looking in a clean-cut way, wearing the uniform of the young California square. Navy blazer with brass buttons, gray flannel pants, Italian slip-on shoes. I fell in love with him instantly. It was the brass buttons. They were so all-American, so unafraid.

Jim told me later that it was love at first sight for him, too. "That damn petunia," he said. "You were dancing, and you had a petunia in your hair. Not a hibiscus, not even a rose. Just a washed-out pink petunia."

I knew that Jim was a chartered surveyor. What I did not know was that his own personal slogan was: "Precision Is Next to Godliness." He would like to have the world and everyone upon it surveyed, mapped and precisely pinpointed in some giant super-grid. He knew that I was a liberal, but he did not realize that to me to be liberal meant to be free of being pinpointed.

As you can imagine, there were a few little things we had to work out. Jim thought we should get married. I did not. I wanted us to move into a commune that was starting up near Cotati, and they did not accept married couples. Jim said the commune was immoral and probably illegal and too far to commute.

"Marry me," he said, "or forget me." No contest.

Our wedding itself was a compromise. We were married on the beach at San Gregario, but Canon Ethington from the cathedral read the undiluted Episcopalian ceremony right out of the 1928 Book of Common Prayer. We sang a *(continued)*

Illustration by Jacqueline Adato

More what?

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And wake up any salad.



THE SQUARED-UP PETUNIA

continued

hymn, to a sitar accompaniment. Then my friends from the Zen Druidical Dance Group led us in a sunset dance, which Canon Ethington thought added a nice touch of paganism to the occasion.

We rented an apartment in San Francisco, another compromise. There was not a straight-as-an-arrow route from our door to Jim's office, but it was within walking distance of the Green Monkey Bookstore where I sort of worked and sort of got paid. I told people that the apartment was on the downhill side of Laguna. Jim said the building was on Lots 26 through 30, Block 2, Park Club Place, Second Filing. It was a four-square contemporary building, but if I stood on the toilet seat I could see the Golden Gate Bridge from the bathroom window, and there was a tiny balcony where I could meditate and do my Yoga.

It was a good six months before the arguments began. It was on one of those rare June days, a day so beautiful that we closed the bookstore and I went home early. When Jim came home, I was lying on the balcony reading Keats.

"Darling!" he said.

"Lover!" I said.

Kisses.

"Lover, listen to this, will you? It's from Keats' poem, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*. Listen:

'Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.'

Isn't that an exciting thought? To discover—"

"Well. Yes. Astronomer. But a planet would hardly 'swim.' I mean, planets orbit their suns in fixed elliptical courses."

"Oh, Jim, honestly! Wait, there's more:

'Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a mild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.'

How beautiful! Just imagine the sense of wonder, of—"

"Darien. Panama, yes. The first European sighting of the Pacific Ocean. Of course, it was actually Balboa who discovered the Pacific."

"Jim, that doesn't matter! It's the idea, the excitement of discovery that—"

"Even a poet can be accurate. I cannot stand sloppy—"

"I know, I know."

We argued about his job. He worked for a surveying firm and he respected his boss tremendously.

"A fine man. Successful and at the same time ethical, responsible."

"Responsible! You call what he's doing—what you are doing—responsible? Dividing up our good earth into fifty by one hundred foot segments like a tin of brownies! Laying out a path for some developer to go marching down the Peninsula with each one of his jerry-built houses like a big square foot stamping down and crushing the natural growth of the—"

"The natural growth, sure. Weeds! Anyway, that has nothing to do with me. My job is to survey, to plat the land accurately, precisely, and to establish boundaries that will hold up in court."

"But it is your responsibility!"

"It is not!"

Get the picture? Seven years of arguments. Seven years.

Melanie was born and withstood the trauma of being put into a geometrically folded diaper one time and a shapeless wad of cloth the next. As she grew older, Jim taught her the points of the compass. "Your doll is on the

(continued)

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THE SQUARED-UP PETUNIA

continued

shelf," he would say, "at the east end, just north of the telephone."

"Why can't you just tell her it's on the left end of the shelf?"

"I want to teach her. I want her to know precisely where she is in the world."

And I would get down on the floor with her so that we could follow an ant. I would help her to see all the colors in an eggshell. "I want to teach her, too," I told Jim. "I want her to appreciate what is in the world with her."

Our life went on, and so did the fights. And underneath our arguments about the great abstract concepts of life, there lay a question that was too important to argue about. What was going to happen to us—to Jim and Melanie and me?

When Melanie started kindergarten, Jim began to talk about moving out to San Mateo, where there were neighborhoods and trees and backyards. But I did not want to give up the balcony where Melanie and I did our Yoga, me in a bikini and her in nothing but her skin, like the tanned, healthy little animal she was. I did not want to give up my precarious view of the Golden Gate Bridge. Most of all, I did not want to give up the freedom of the city. I did not want to become a suburban matron with a station wagon and shaved legs and a wristwatch. So I fought off the suburbs and joined the Yerba Buena PTA.

In my chiffon, I leave the PTA meeting and slink down inside the playground gate to meet Melanie and walk her home. She does not seem to notice that a note is pinned to the bodice of her green T-shirt, if T-shirts have bodices. It is like a scarlet letter, except that it is white and has my name on it in her teacher's handwriting.

I wait until we are home and I have given Melanie her daily fix of peanut butter, then I read the note.

"My dear Mrs. Peters," it says in the perfectly round, clear hand of a kindergarten teacher, "I am sorry to report that Melanie attacked a child this morning and struck him repeatedly. I will not tolerate bullyism in my class, and I must insist that disciplinary action be taken immediately. Very sincerely yours, A. Frampton (Miss)."

Bullyism! My first impulse is to go to the school and find A. Frampton (Miss) and strike her repeatedly.

My second impulse is to call Jim at the office and read the note to him.

"See," I say, "see what comes of her having a straight-line fanatic for a father? She ran right over some poor child, like a bulldozer, like a—"

"It is obviously the result of a lack *(continued on page 106)*



"Here they come!"

Spending your money

continued from page 22

the suburb to which we want to move. My question : How much can we afford to pay for this home?

ne long-standing rule of thumb is that you can afford to y a house costing roughly 2½ times your before-tax annual come. For instance, at your husband's $20,000 salary level, u could afford to buy a home costing between $45,000 and 0,000. However, because you plan to supplement his in- me, *you* can afford to pay more than the 2½ times rule-of- umb.

Also, you could afford to pay more if you plan and are able do a lot of the necessary maintenance and repairs on the use yourself; if your property taxes are low and likely to main so; if you are virtually certain your income will in- ease at regular intervals; if the home you buy involves low keep costs; if the house has all the appliances you might herwise have to buy—and if you are able to make a relative- large down payment from savings.

y husband has decided to insulate our home by him- lf. He is convinced he can do it without outside help d save a lot of money on the insulating as well as fuel this winter. What type of insulation would be st and easiest to install?

here are two major types of insulation. One is blanket (often lled batt) insulation, which is usually packaged in bags or vered rolls. It's prefabricated to yield a uniform thickness d density, and will assure you of a consistent R-value (for sistance to temperature passing through). The other is ose-fill type insulation, which must be carefully poured to accurate thickness and density to achieve a desired R-value r each square foot of coverage.

The R-value of an insulating material indicates its ability resist the flow of heat into a home during the summer and t of a home during the winter. That is, the R-value mea- res how good an insulator a particular material is. The gher the R-value number, the better the insulator will be its function.

For a do-it-yourselfer, blanket insulation would be simpler cause you can easily pre-calculate the amount of coverage th each package. With loose insulation, instructions for hieving so many square feet of cover at a given R-value ay be found on the package, but it still will be too easy for u to make a mistake during installation.

what section of the U.S. are home prices the high- t?

erage prices of single-family homes are now highest in the estern U.S., where they have moved above $46,000, against average of $38,100 for the nation. Least expensive are gle-family homes in the North Central region, at an aver- e of $32,900. In the South, average prices are now above 6,500 and in the Northeast, above $41,800. **End**

CONFESSION TO A DAUGHTER

By Jonellen Heckler

The stages you shed so easily,
like outgrown clothes or
long hair clipped and swept away,
I wanted to retain as though each
pulled you further from my love.
Time has led me through
the fearsome thickets of imagined loss
to find you beside me on a visible path;
the widening joy of our friendship.

New improved Kotex® Lightdays® oval pads.

Now with 3 strips of adhesive.



One in the center and one on either side will give you more security from bunching, slipping and sliding



Wafer thin.
It's so thin you'll hardly know you're wearing it. Yet it's absorbent enough to give you the protection you need.



Just before and tapering off days.
When even the standard size mini is more than you need. And not as comfortable as you'd want.



Discharge days.
Most women experience vaginal discharge and need a little something. Especially during pregnancy.



Tampon days.
Many women who use tampons find there are days when they need a little extra protection. Kotex Lightdays oval pads give it without extra bulk.

Kotex Lightdays oval pads have always given you wafer-thin lightness. But now we've improved them so they're softer than ever. And added extra adhesive to give you three strips instead of one or two.



Another quality product from Kimberly-Clark Corporation

BIRTH CONTROL PREVIEW

What's next for you . . . your daughter . . . maybe even your husband. A report on a revolutionary new, simpler-to-use diaphragm, plus a forecast of new devices, hormones and techniques now in research labs.

Women under 40 used to consider the cup-like, cervix-enclosing diaphragm the birth control of their mothers' generation. In the 1930's, about one-third of all American couples practicing contraception used the diaphragm, and it was regarded as the safest, most effective, most sensible precaution available—especially by women who had access to birth-control information. The diaphragm, in fact, was considered a great advance over other popular methods of the time—condoms, withdrawal, abstinence and rhythm.

The 1960's brought the Pill and then the IUD (intrauterine device), and the daughters of the Diaphragm Generation lost interest in the diaphragm. However, the Pill has since been linked to deaths from heart attacks, blood clots and strokes. The IUD can cause pelvic infections or pierce the uterus, and soon IUD manufacturers will be required to supply every user with a brochure plainly stating the risks. Many women who were quick to adopt these "modern" birth-control methods have gratefully returned to using a diaphragm.

But though it is safer than the IUD or the Pill, the diaphragm is not without drawbacks; the required creams or jellies are messy and the need to insert it right before intercourse disrupts spontaneity. But scientists at the University of Arizona are working on the "collagen sponge"—a promising new variation on the basic idea of the diaphragm—that may very well do away with the mess and the hassle. Though the collagen sponge is only one of several new birth control methods now being tested (for an up-to-date forecast of many of these, see page 62), it's especially interesting because it represents an attempt to improve upon the tried-and-true diaphragm.

Its exponents believe that the collagen sponge, though still in early testing stages, wouldn't require the use of foams, creams or jellies and could be left in place for a period of a month—although it could also be used for shorter intervals. It wouldn't have to be fitted or inserted by a doctor and they hope it could be sold over the counter, as condoms now are, at a cost to the user of about $20 to $40 a year.

When dry, the sponge resembles a round, lightweight piece of felt fabric. When rinsed in tap water, it becomes pliable and can be compressed to 10-15 percent of its original size. It can be inserted either by hand or with the use of an applicator much like the one used with some tampons. Once inserted in the upper area of the vagina, the sponge returns to its original size and is held in place by the natural folds of the vaginal walls. The resilient sponge can be left in for a period ranging from two to 28 days and is highly absorbent of fluids such as ejaculate or cervical mucus.

Like the traditional rubber diaphragm, the collagen sponge acts basically as a sperm-blocker, covering the cervix; in addition, the acidity of the sponge helps deactivate sperm within minutes. Collagen itself is a fibrous protein that comprises approximately 30 percent of the human body and is a major constituent of the skin. The University of Arizona researchers are using collagen in a highly purified form, which has been extracted from bovine skin, mixed with water and clinically adjusted with acetic acid.

The convenient collagen sponge can be left in for a month. But it's still in the testing stage.

The collagen sponge was developed by Dr. Milos Chvapil, head of the Surgical Biology Research Division of the Arizona Medical Center in Tucson. His work began 14 years ago in Czechoslovakia, when he was developing the sponge for medicinal purposes. The idea of using the sponge as a contraceptive first occurred to Dr. Chvapil in the late 1960's, when a gynecologist friend suggested it might be helpful in the treatment of vaginal diseases.

Dr. Chvapil now is actively involved in the three-stage clinical testing of the sponge (as well as developing a medicated version of the sponge designed to prevent the incidence of, and reduce the recurrence of, certain venereal diseases). The first phase has been completed and involved a series of examinations on volunteers who were either on the Pill or had undergone tubal ligations. These tests were designed primarily to detect any odor, itching, irritation or discharge, and to determine whether the sponge was comfortable and convenient for the user and her partner.

Most of the 27 Tucson women participating in the primary test chose to leave the sponge in for an average of six days, while the more sexually active volunteers chose to remove the sponge at shorter intervals, rinse it with tap water and replace it.

No irritation, itching or discharge was reported by any of the volunteers—with the exception of one woman, whose sponge was removed because of a combination of the three symptoms. However, this participant had a history of chronic vaginal infections.

Odor was minimal, and was reported by only two of the volunteers. It was reported more often by the gynecologist and nurse practitioner who removed the sponges during clinical visits. The research team believes any odor problem could be corrected by more frequent washing of the sponge. Volunteers said neither they nor their partners experienced any discomfort during sexual activity while using the sponge.

With the satisfactory completion of phase one, testing in phase two—the critical sperm penetration test—has begun. Only women who have already had tubal ligations are accepted for this phase of testing, so there is no chance of pregnancy.

The final phase, which will be conducted with women who are planning pregnancy but wouldn't mind postponing it six months, will begin as soon as phase two is completed. The volunteers in this phase will not use any other method of contraception.

As women have learned (sometimes painfully), hoped-for advances in birth control sometimes turn out to have serious or annoying drawbacks. That could be the case with the collagen sponge, of course, or with any other method now being tested that eventually gets to the marketplace. Still, because the collagen sponge does not involve systemic body changes, as hormones do, or the insertion into the uterus of a foreign body such as the IUD, many see it as a desirable advance in birth control. If the tests proceed without difficulty, it could be available within two years. Meanwhile, whatever happens, the many women who have yet to try the old-fashioned rubber diaphragm may be interested in the information on the following page about how to use this reliable standby.—ELISA KAPLAN

(continued)


"You say Secret anti-perspirant is strong enough for a man?"
"Right. But it's made for a woman. Sorry fella."
Ladies, let's put an end to the feminine weakness myth.
Secret happens to be a very effective anti-perspirant. Effective enough for the he-man in your life.
Yet Secret has a soft, gentle, beautiful fragrance that tells you it's for a woman.
Secret.®
Strong enough for a man, but it's made just for you.
DRY FORMULA
Secret
ANTI-PERSPIRANT

BIRTH CONTROL PREVIEW

continued

THE DIAPHRAGM

The diaphragm is the safest method of contraception currently available to women (the condom is safest for men). It does the least damage to the woman's inner tissues and has no serious side effects. Made of soft rubber that is fastened over a circular rim containing a flexible metal spring, it fits snugly over the cervix and must be used with a spermicidal cream or jelly. The diaphragm blocks the sperm from the uterus and the cream or jelly kills any sperm that might pass around the rim.

If properly fitted by a physician or paramedic, and used carefully and consistently by the woman, the rubber diaphragm can be better than 98 percent effective. The person doing the fitting must be experienced and must instruct the user carefully. While being fitted, the woman should practice inserting the diaphragm herself and then have the physician check to see that she has correctly positioned it. If possible, she should return within a week, with the diaphragm in, for a double check.

Before inserting the diaphragm, spread at least one teaspoonful of a spermicidal cream or jelly on the side that will face the cervix and around the rim. For extra protection, also spread spermicide on the other side. The diaphragm can be inserted anytime within six hours before sex, but the closer to the time of intercourse the better. It must remain in place at least six hours after intercourse to make sure all sperm are dead (try not to leave it in longer than 24 hours to reduce the possibility of infection). If intercourse is repeated during the six hours, leave the diaphragm in place but apply more spermicide to the outside of the diaphragm.

The fit should be checked every year during the regular pelvic checkup, as well as after a pregnancy, a gain or loss of ten pounds or pelvic surgery. In any of these cases, another size or type of diaphragm may be needed.

A pelvic examination with a diaphragm fitting by a doctor costs from $15 to $50, less at some clinics. The diaphragm itself ranges in price from $3 to $7.50 and the spermicide (available in drugstores) costs $2 to $3 for a 2½-ounce tube, which lasts for about 12 applications. —KAREN LARSON

OTHER NEW FRONTIERS IN BIRTH CONTROL

The collagen sponge is just one of several exciting birth control developments. According to Dr. Sheldon J. Segal, director of the Population Council's fertility research program and the International Committee for Contraceptive Research, nearly 20 other new contraceptives—or vastly improved older ones—will be available to American families within the next ten years. Some are described below:

FEMALE CONTRACEPTIVES

VAGINAL RINGS: These donut-shaped, flexible plastic rings fit into the vagina near the neck of the womb, where they slowly release progestin, a female hormone that prevents the monthly release of an egg from the ovary. The rings can be inserted by the woman herself and left in place for three weeks. Main advantage: eliminates a major threat of oral contraceptives by protecting the liver from concentrated exposure to drugs. Main disadvantage: vaginal infections or irregular monthly bleeding can cause odors or other unpleasant hygiene problems. When available: not before 1980.

ANTI-PREGNANCY VACCINE: This vaccine produces antibodies that specifically neutralize natural production of HCG (Human Chorionic Gonadotrophin)—the substance a fertilized egg needs to survive—and rapidly bring on menstruation. Main advantage: a single injection (plus occasional booster shots) works indefinitely, reliably and unobtrusively. Main disadvantage: a risk that the vaccine's effects are irreversible. When available: not before 1987.

ONCE-A-MONTH PILLS: They directly suppress the ability of the ovary to make progesterone, the hormone that holds back menstruation and prepares the womb for implantation of the fertilized egg. If a woman's period is a day or two late, one pill brings on menstruation. Main advantage: acts only on the progesterone-producing problem, reducing side effects and complications linked to other hormone pills. When available: not before 1987.

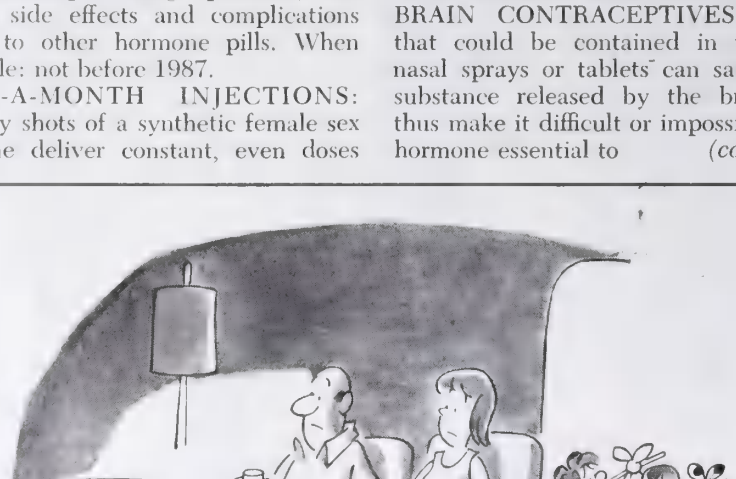
ONCE-A-MONTH INJECTIONS: Monthly shots of a synthetic female sex hormone deliver constant, even doses that stop ovulation, just as oral contraceptives do. Main advantage: highly effective and convenient. Main disadvantage: safety and reversibility are still open to question. When available: in the U.S. possibly by 1978-79.

MEDICATED INTRAUTERINE DEVICES: These devices combine the implantation-preventing abilities of the plastic IUD with continual release of tiny amounts of anti-fertility agents. Main advantage: can be worn by women who have never borne children, and there is less blood loss, pain and risk of expulsion than with conventional IUDs. Main disadvantage: pregnancy rates are higher than with the pill—between 1.9 and 2.5 per cent. When available: some versions by 1979.

CAPSULES AND IMPLANTS: Tiny, rubberlike tubes or rods containing anti-fertility hormones are inserted beneath the skin of the woman's forearm, groin or buttock. The implant releases hormones constantly and gradually for one to five years. Main advantage: highly effective, convenient, long-lasting. Main disadvantage: most implants must be surgically replaced; high rates of irregular bleeding. When available: not before 1979.

OMI: Oocyte Maturation Inhibitor (OMI) is a natural contraceptive compound found in animals. It prevents the maturing of the egg in the female ovary without disrupting normal ovulation and menstruation. OMI and other similar substances are widely believed to be present in humans, and OMI already has been shown able to stop maturation of eggs in a test tube. Main advantage: uses a natural substance to prevent conception without interfering in any way with hormones or reproductive organs. When available: after 1987.

BRAIN CONTRACEPTIVES: Drugs that could be contained in tampons, nasal sprays or tablets can sabotage a substance released by the brain and thus make it difficult or impossible for a hormone essential to *(continued)*



"We'd better wait for a commercial to tell them."

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1977

100's smokers:

Why smoke this much tar to get good taste?



19	18	12	18	11	19	18	18	16
MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR
1.2 MG. NIC.	1.1 MG. NIC.	0.9 MG. NIC.	1.0 MG. NIC.	0.7 MG. NIC.	1.2 MG. NIC.	1.1 MG. NIC.	1.2 MG. NIC.	0.8 MG. NIC.

Only 10 mg tar



New Kent Golden Lights 100's.

Taste so good you won't believe the numbers.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar, 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976. **Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol:** 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Advertisement

Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis

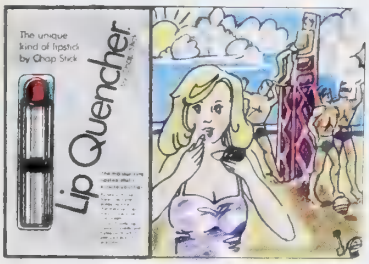




The hot summer sun can actually do more damage to your lips than a freezing wind. So it's a good idea to keep a lot of **Chap Stick® Lip Balm** on hand for your whole family. It shields lips from the sun and hot parching winds. It helps retain lips' natural moisture. And it even helps heal and soothe lips already burned by the sun. So don't let anybody go out in the sun without the protection of **Chap Stick Lip Balm.**

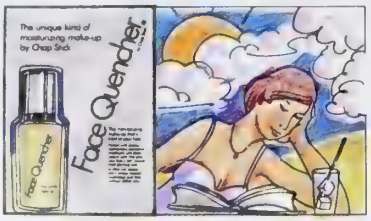
If you've been looking for a quality shampoo to clean your pet and provide some relief from the hot weather, **Sergeant's®** has three excellent products to choose from. If your dog skips over hill and dale, try **Sergeant's Skip-Flea® Shampoo.** It not only cleans and deodorizes, it kills fleas. For a rich glossy coat, extra luxurious **Creme Shampoo** is the answer. Finally, if your dog is shaggy, **Anti-Tangle® Shampoo** makes bathing easier because it helps prevent tangling and matting while cleaning. To keep your dog clean and healthy looking, use the right shampoo from **Sergeant's**, the pet care people.





Summer is a great time for Lip Quencher,® the super rich, super shiny lipstick, created by **Chap Stick.®** Lip Quencher is so rich in emollients and moisturizers that it helps keep your lips soft, smooth and moist even when you're out in the hot, drying summer sun. There are 24 mouthwatering shades, including four glossy transparents that look fantastic with a tan. **Lip Quencher...** pick a luscious shade for summer and splash one on.

Face Quencher,® the unique moisturizing makeup from Chap Stick,® comes in a fantastic transparent shade that's perfect to enhance a beautiful summer tan. It's Clearwater Natural. It gives your face a healthy, beautiful glow without adding color. And like the 7 other Face Quencher Makeup shades, it's so soft, so sheer, so comfortable—it's like wearing no makeup at all. **Face Quencher** moisturizing makeup, it's a natural for a beautiful summer.



If your dog's flea collar has been on all summer, replace it, because there's a lot of flea and tick weather left. **Sergeant's Sentry® IV Collar** will protect your pet, your family, and your home from **Fleafestation™** and **Tickfestation.™** And it will also kill Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever Ticks. Sentry IV Collars are available in three sizes for dogs, and a special collar just for cats ... from **Sergeant's**, people concerned with the well-being of pets for over 100 years.



BIRTH CONTROL PREVIEW

continued

fertilization to be discharged by the reproductive system. Main advantage: interruption of ovulation at the first stage, eliminating the widespread side effects caused by other hormone contraceptives. When available: not before 1987.

CONTRACEPTIVE BRACELETS: Because hormones can be absorbed through the skin, bracelets soaked in anti-fertility hormones and tightly applied to the arm or leg could be worn at night to introduce a continuous dose of contraceptive. Main advantage: low doses of hormones and fewer systemic effects than oral contraceptives. Main disadvantage: absorption rates vary, making effectiveness uncertain for some individuals. When available: 1980-1987.

RHYTHM REFINEMENTS: A small electrical device that measures electrical charges linked to ovulation, and another gadget that evaluates changes in the cervical mucus, are the most efficient of several devices designed to predict accurately the timing of the release of the egg from the ovary. Main advantage: No side effects; acceptable to groups that prohibit birth control by artificial means. Main disadvantage: requires celibacy for up to 15 days each month to assure contraception; because menstrual cycles vary greatly month to month, even in the same woman, any rhythm method is often unreliable. When available: not before 1978.

DUMMY SPERM: When a sperm enters the egg, the egg's outer membrane changes chemically to prevent more than one sperm from entering. A number of known enzymes can "trick" the egg into raising its sperm barrier before any sperm gets inside. Other compounds can beat the sperm by penetrating the egg but not fertilizing it. Main advantage: avoids interference with normal sperm production, potency, ovulation or menstruation. When available: 1987 or later.

MALE CONTRACEPTIVES

MALE PILL: Daily doses of danazol, a weak male hormone, and periodic doses of testosterone, the major male sex hormone, block sperm production in the testes. The compounds can be given by pill, injection or implant. Main advantage: effects are reversible within five months. Main disadvantage: the drugs are only 85 percent effective in lowering sperm counts to sterility; may cause weight gain, elevated cholesterol, blood pressure changes and damaged sperm that have the potential to cause birth defects. When available: 1985-1987.

ANTI-SPERM DRUGS: Two compounds that completely suppress sperm production, and whose effects can be rapidly reversed, can be given orally or by injection. Main advantage: no major effects on sex drive or potency. Main disadvantage: may cause sperm damage and thus possible birth defects after fertility is restored. When available: 1981-1987.

CYPROTERONE ACETATE: Contained in implants, this drug prevents sperm from maturing during their passage through the sperm-carrying tubes. Without maturation, sperm cannot move forcefully enough to penetrate and fertilize an egg. Main advantage: works without interfering with any male hormone or organ operation other than the specific system required for maturation. Main disadvantage: reduces sperm count in some men, suggesting wider side effects than previously suspected. When available: not before 1982.

REVERSIBLE STERILIZATION: Micro-surgical techniques—with a needle the size of an eyelash and a thread a tenth of the size of a human hair—permit precision re-connection of the severed ends of the sperm-carrying tubes and yield high rates of reversible vasectomy. Main disadvantage: impossible to predict which men will achieve complete fertility and ability to produce a pregnancy, even if the surgery is successful. When available: throughout U.S., within a year.—JOANN RODGERS

End

lew Datril 500.
t's strong medicine for a headache,
ut gentle on the rest of your system."



New Datril® 500™ has 50% more strength than regular aspirin tablets. Yet fast, effective Datril 500 is aspirin-free.

Read and follow label directions.

Extra-strength for your headache.
Non-aspirin for your stomach.

ol-Myers Co. 1977



Melon

It's high season for melons. Time to enjoy the most refreshing fruits on earth—luscious, aromatic and colorful—all hours of the day.

Isn't it lucky that the hottest months of the year coincide with the largest selection of the most succulent fruits—melons? Each of the types—familiar or exotic—has a distinctive flavor of its own, yet is basically served the same way. Sliced, wedged, halved or scooped into perfect roly-poly balls. The history of melons is rich and varied, springing up from Persia to China, with Columbus (who seemed to introduce just about everything growable to America except corn and cranberries) sowing the first seeds on this continent. Briefly, the breeds are such:

Cantaloupe or muskmelon: (above, whole) golden or greenish-gray oblong with thick netting. 1½-4 lbs. **Casaba:** (halved, foreground center) golden yellow with furrows, slightly sweet, soft whitish meat. 4-7 lbs. **Honeydew:** (foreground, right) cool and creamy skin, smooth, palish green. 4-6 lbs. **Honeyball:** smaller, rounder, great for two. **Santa Claus** or **Christmas** melon: looks like a small, oblong watermelon, tastes like a Casaba. 6-9 lbs. **Persian:** similar to cantaloupe, larger with flatter netting, yellower skin. 4-8 lbs. **Crenshaw or Cranshaw:** cross between Persian and Casaba. Oval green/gold rind, salmon color inside. Juicy, spicy. 5-9 lbs. **Watermelon:** (above, top). Everyone knows the king of melons, ranging from light green to almost black. Look for yellow underbelly. Up to 30 lbs., the perfect crowd-pleaser. Fairly new, a midget round watermelon that's been whittled down to a size fuckable in your fridge. 6-10 lbs. SERVING IDEAS: You can begin your day with a breakfast slice (sprinkled with sugar **or** salt, a squeeze of lemon or lime) and end with a fruitful dessert. • A classic—melon and prosciutto for an appetizer. Try also with thinly sliced salami, crumbled bacon (continued on page 104)

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz



"You really build them to last," writes Mrs. Dayton.

Now going on 10, her Maytag Washer still zips through 14 loads a week with no complaints.

To her the Maytag Washer she got in 1967 is living proof that Maytag builds them to last longer and need fewer repairs, says Mrs. Wilda Dayton, Marlboro, N.Y.

"With two children, a girl 9 and a boy 5, I wash about 14 loads a week," she writes. But her old Maytag just goes on and on, and Mrs. Dayton states she has hardly ever had a repair bill in all these rugged years.

She also has a Maytag Dryer, adds Mrs. Dayton, and it too has proved to be dependable. "Thank you for your great product . . . we have never regretted the initial investment we made in buying our Maytags," she concludes.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will match that record. But long life with few repairs is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer, Dryer, Dishwasher, and Disposer.



MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA 50208

"A flash flood and a broken water heater showed me how great All-Temperature Chee works—even in cold water."



Dear Sir:

Last summer we were caught in a flash flood that filled our basement with dirty creek water. We found my sewing room and closet had turned into a muddy, jumbled mess.

I threw all those clothes into my washer with your All Temperature Cheer (luckily, the washer was upstairs). Since the flood had ruined the water heater, I had to wash load after load in cold water. I couldnt believe how clean my clothes got.

I just thought you might like to know I thoroughly believe in your All Temperature Cheer.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Dale Newland

All-Temperature Cheer.
Three temperatures, one detergent.

ALL TEMPERATURE cheer
THE HOT, WARM AND COLD WATER DETERGENT



THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

If your husband is "cheating," you can fall apart, get revenge, divorce him, or pretend you haven't noticed. Now, a report on the healthy ways women today are facing an age-old marital dilemma. By Linda Wolfe

Several months ago one of my best friends, a woman who has been married quite happily for 16 years, came to visit me. As soon as she said hello, her voice broke and she started to cry. She told me she had discovered that her husband didn't love her at all. Oh, yes, he claimed he did, and yes, over the years their closeness had even seemed to intensify, but she had just learned that for several months now Jack had been having an affair with a woman in his office. He had told her last week, and since then she had been in utter despair. "I feel as if he's stabbed me in the back," Angela said. "As if he'd stomped on me, taken the breath out of me." All her words were images of violence.

I tried to comfort her, pointing out that most likely this was just a passing fling, that infidelity—adultery—was exceedingly common these days, with half of American husbands and close to a third of American wives engaging in it. But Angela was inconsolable, and finally I realized that facts and figures and the fumbling condolences of friends were impotent against the terrible psychological violence of adultery. Psychoanalysts call adultery a "psychic injury," and indeed there does seem to be something almost viscerally-piercing about it. It is not only a sharp wound to the ego, but also to the trust between lovers—a wound that can, and often does, end by bleeding a marriage to death. As a friend, I see that Angela and Jack, though still living together, may soon end their marriage.

Curiously, adultery may be even more difficult to deal with today than it was in past eras because in addition to the actual pain felt by a betrayed spouse, there is now social pressure to save face by divorcing an unfaithful husband. In our *(continued on page 124)*





THE FARMER'S WIFE

She drives a tractor, teaches college students—and seems blissfully happy with her gentleman-farmer husband. Can this be Elizabeth Taylor?

By Sandra McElwaine

"Whatever I do, I do one hundred percent," says Elizabeth Taylor Warner, as she sips a pre-luncheon Bloody Mary in her red brick Washington, D.C., townhouse.

"I've always been that way when I believe in someone—and I believe in John and respect and admire his honesty and integrity." She is speaking of her husband of eight months, John Warner, and her commitment to him and his current campaign to become a United States Senator from the state of Virginia.

At 45, with six marriages and 50 motion pictures behind her, the ultimate movie queen has embarked upon a whole new lifestyle—politics—and loves every minute of it. It has made her more confident, more understanding and brought her out of a very protected existence into the harsh glare of the political spotlight.

"It's been marvelous! All of our campaigning has taught me to get out of myself, to extend, to give. People think I'm withdrawn or snobby, but I'm a very shy person. Shyness can be very, very painful you know. I'm really very adaptable if I'm happy, and I'd be happy doing anything with John."

Now Elizabeth is happily devoting her energies to John and his quest. To watch the Warners in action is quite a scene. They are a newly forged team, trying to cover every angle and touch every base. There are no single appearances or interviews; everything is a combined effort. Elizabeth, of course, produces the crowds and John works them to the hilt with folksy anecdotes and humorous tales about his wife. In receiving lines, they hold hands and share jokes: "I've laughed more in the last six months with this little lady than I have in the last sixteen years," announces John to all within earshot. "At me or with me?" quips Elizabeth and the game goes on. No spot in Virginia is too remote, no local group unworthy of the "Warner Blitz." Clubs, schools, festivals, military bases, charity balls and ice-cream parlors are all duly covered.

Despite the fast pace and the pressure, there is no trace of the temperamental, tart-tongued Liz. She cheerfully puts up with the endless questions and comments: "Why, you're just as pretty as I thought you'd be," "You and Clark Gable are the only people I ever wanted to meet," "I've got to see your eyes. What color are they?" "My husband even put on clean shorts for you." She willingly poses for hundreds of pictures, *(continued on page 116)*

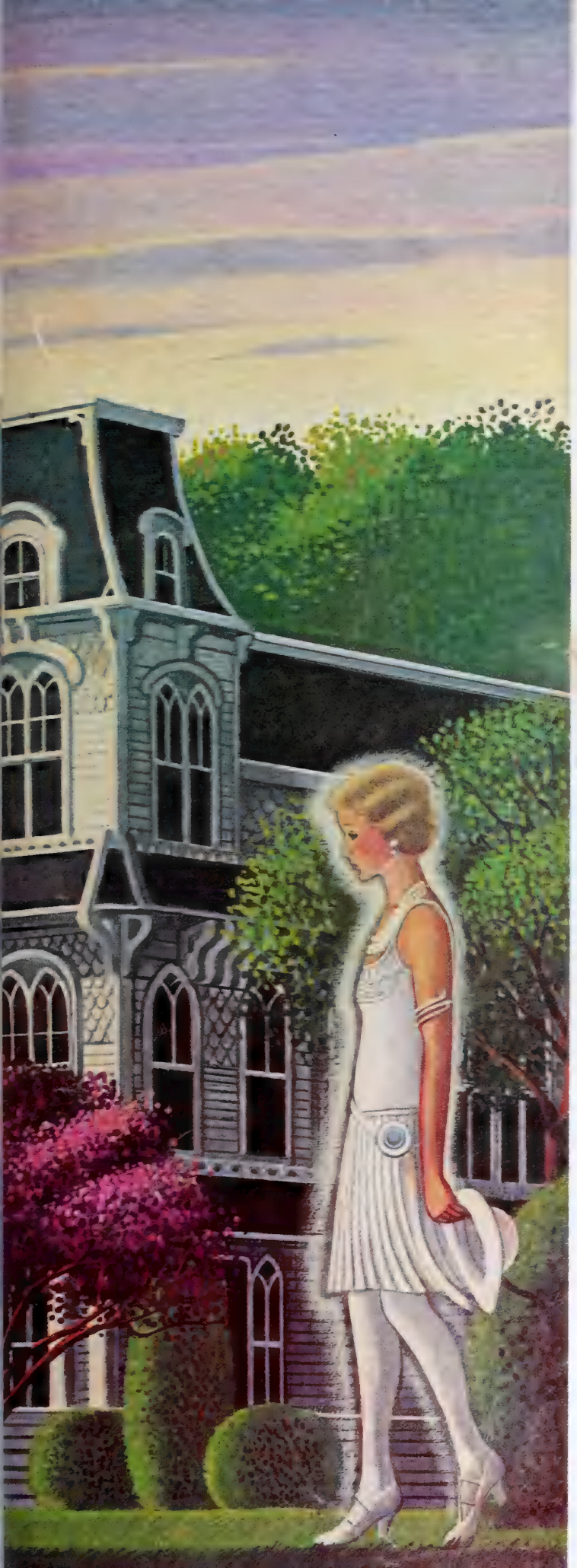


Color photographs by David Hume Kennerly. Far right by Culver Pictures.

In 1945 (below), 13-year-old Elizabeth and her "National Velvet" co-star. Today, at 45—still the most beautiful friend a horse ever had—she's planning a sequel to "Velvet"







GHOST STORY

She was beautiful. She was a lot like his wife. But she was a ghost, crossing the years to teach him a valuable lesson in love.

A short story by D.B. Baylor

My ghost story begins a month after my wife had left me. "Month" is inexact. I deal in precise figures in my work, in statistics. Eloise, my wife, once called me a professional exactitude. It was four weeks, two days, two hours and between eight and ten minutes after she took our five-year-old son and a somewhat older suitcase (six and a half years old, a wedding present from my Aunt Charlotte) and banged out of the house that I first saw the ghost.

The reason for that tempestuous parting—tempestuous on her side, not mine—was, getting right down to it, that we were such different people. She was not precise. I would not lunge out of a house with a bewildered child and a suitcase with a white slip sticking out of it. Her unwashed VW managed to crush one of the evergreens lining the driveway and she did not stop between the stone pillars to look for traffic on the boulevard. Suppose someone as undisciplined as she had been careening along the boulevard? I had followed her out of the house, asking her to be reasonable. The fact is she had once screamed at me to stop using the word "reasonable." In short, a young woman whose beauty and grace in no way suffered from the inhibiting effects of self-control. The fact is that when she was gone, I felt, if anything, relieved.

Now we must give this word, relieved, a fair presentation. I had gone through school on competitive scholarships, and the accuracy and breadth of my work had given me, at a relatively young age—I was 28, five months, two weeks old on the Sunday that she ruined the evergreen I replaced the following day—a certain success in my field. I had been a math major, with a minor in philosophy and the corporation I worked for was financing my graduate course. If I was not by nature wildly emotional, at least Eloise could not doubt the sincerity, the depth, of my feeling for her.

My habits were quiet. To call me a bookish recluse was typical of the overstatements I had been on occasion subjected to—bombarded with. She was spontaneous, sensitive, as effortlessly creative as she was effortlessly unreasonable, a girl who could rhapsodize over a *(continued on page 110)*

Illustration by Chuck Wilkinson

LITTLE AUTUMN Annie

CAST OF NEW MUSICAL HIT STARS IN FALL FASHIONS

Leapin' Lizards! It's Annie, the smash of Broadway, an All-American musical comedy centered around a handful of spunky kids singin' and dancin' their hearts out. Here, the little troupers model the big hits for girls—some to buy, some to sew. The Apron Look, mixing patterns and layers in muted, pretty colors. The Classics, preppy blazers, shirts and kilts; good-mannered dresses. And all kinds of fun-outdoors clothes. This page: Lovable star, Andrea McArdle as Little Orphan Annie and her loyal pal, Sandy. Arf! By Trudy Owett, Fashion and Home Sewing Editor.



Photographs by Henry Wolf. Hairstyles by Ted Azar. Copyright © 1977; all lyrics by Martin Charnin. Used by permission.









All prices approximate. Accessory, fabric, pattern, yardage and shopping information, see page 121.


Annie
"You're never fully dressed without a smile," belts out an exuberant Robyn (right), alongside of Donna Graham. Donna's all-smiles in a classic pleated skirt ($15.50) and gentle blouson top ($20) over a cranberry turtleneck ($4). All, Girltown. Robyn's sporty and tailored in a tartan kilt ($15) with plaid vest ($12), oxford shirt ($10) and blue blazer ($24). All, Pandora.





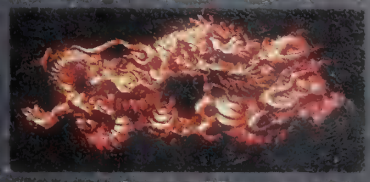




All prices approximate. Accessory, fabric, pattern, yardage and shopping information, see page 121



THE FRIENDLY DRAGON



Enter the dragon. Not your ominous fire-breathing monsters of mythology, but friendly beasties that twist and turn with mock ferocity. These appealing dragons are designs from the Orient—where the sinuous creatures were a royal symbol of strength and goodness. Left to right: geometry of dragons undulate on fine cotton fabric...more spiral-y serpents meander around plates, cups, a coffee pot...glossy wallpaper mural captures a fitting guardian-from-the-sky...velvety carpet shows a snaky dragon pursuing the fabled "flaming pearl of perfection" (or is he merely chasing his tendril-y tail?)... countless stitches make up intricate Chinese embroidery... extravagant 19th century chest, covered in whalehide, inset with mother-of-pearl dragons and fitted with silver hardware...wall-hangings: two teakwood panels with ivory carving depict ancient nobles astride bucking dragons (more fun than fearsome)...porcelain garden stool, lavish with ornamentation, is crowned with a fiendish figure...and a handsome set of mugs comes entwined with wavy dragons. Above: gilded serpentine necklace, museum reproduction. For details, see page 108.
By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Nick Samaridge photographs; Fritz and LaRue rug; Jack Denst wallpaper panel; Wedgwood green and white china; Greeff fabric.

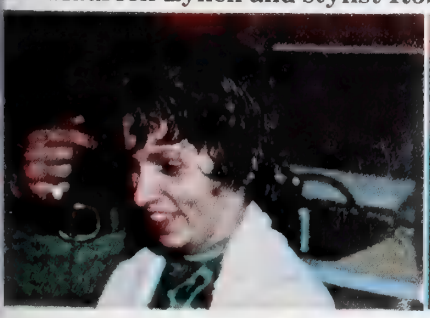


Beauty is a family affair – The gives a whole new of Highland, Illinoi

Photographs by Tasso T. Vendikos. Hair and makeup by Robert LaCourte.

Journal
look to the McDevitts

turn the McDevitt home into a beauty salon. Left: Marylin McDevitt has her hair trimmed. Center: Beauty tor Maureen Lynch and stylist Robert LaCourte work with Julie. Right: Behind-the-scenes.





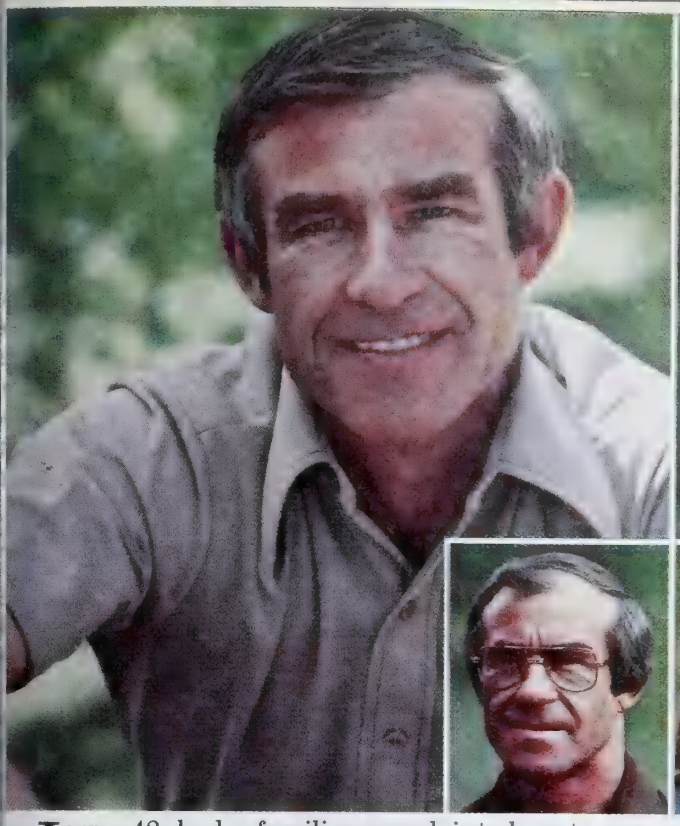


"Looking good is one of our family goals."



The letter that started off this family makeover was penned by Marylin McDevitt left. She asked the Journal for advice: "My family needs help in the hair department." The five McDevitts live in Highland, Ill. (closest big city, St. Louis, Mo.). Intrigued by the story, we called with one request: Wait until our arrival before getting any haircuts! Each family member asked for a new hairstyle (hopefully one with a minimum of daily care). For instance, older daughter Denise has curls that turn frizzy. Being an ardent horsewoman whose hair is exposed to the elements, she wanted a smoother line. Son Jeff, tall for his age, always has a basketball in hand. To sink a shot, he needs total vision. Julie, the youngest, who plays the piano, had a "regular look," hoped for something more fun. The nicest part about the McDevitts was their deep interest in each other's improvement . . . showing how much "good looks" figured into the family's goals. By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

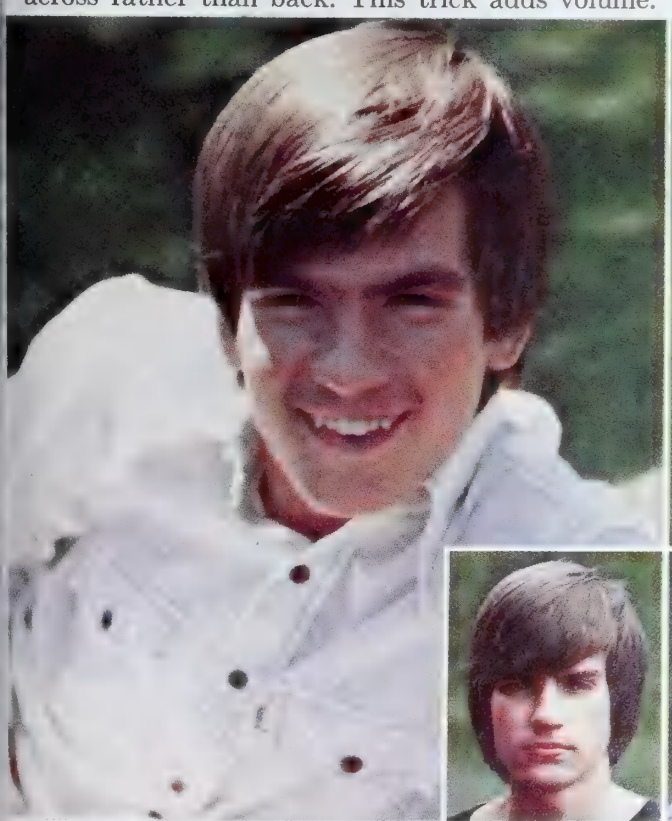
Marylin, 38, wrote, "I have an abundance of hair that's straight as a stick, has no body." In layers, it always had to be roller-set. Our solution: shorter, but softer. Brushing to one side updated the style. Best of all, it's carefree. To zero in on her eyes, we applied eyeliner all around, a muted brown shadow extended softly out.



Jerry, 42, had a familiar complaint: how to cope with a thinning, receding hairline. We first neatened and trimmed the sides and back, then showed him how to get a fuller look. We re-parted his hair on the diagonal and brushed it forward and across rather than back. This trick adds volume.



Denise, 16, inherited phenomenally thick hair (so thick, it's hard to manage). The excess around her neck was overpowering. We lightened the look, taking off a good 3″, but keeping the same growing direction. She's switching from glasses to contact lenses; has glowing skin; only needed a touch of blusher, lip gloss.



Jeff, 14, has great hair—extra thick and straight—but the style was too long for the shape of his face. It almost made him look solemn. We pulled up the entire outline, leaving enough volume for a certain casualness. The front section falls forward naturally, was clipped to clear his eyes.



Julie, 12, gave herself a middle part that kept going astray because of a cowlick in the center of her forehead. She didn't like that cowlick, so—she clipped it off, leaving a bristle. Our less-rash answer: to cut asymmetrical bangs (the cowlick adds an extra bounce). Hair frames her face, showing off her super grin.

A MONTH

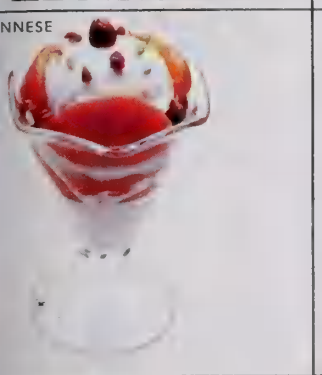
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
Sweet inspiration—or, how to make a month's worth of melt-in-your-mouth fantasies. Briefly, here; details, page 88.	MUD PIE 1 	SUNRISE 2 
PEARS ANTOINE 7 	ALL-AMERICAN 8 	RUMMY RAISIN 9 
STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE 14 	VENETIAN 15 	APPLE PIE 16 
DUSTY ROAD 21 	COUNTRY COUSIN 22 	GOLD DIGGER 23 
MUNCHY SPECIAL 28 	CAPPUCCINO 29 	RAINBOW 30 

1. **Mud Pie**—all chocolate and cookies, pretzels.
2. **Sunrise**—orange sherbet, tequila, grenadine.
3. **Viennese**—lemon sherbet, apricots, brandy, nuts.
4. **Whole Earth**—frozen yogurt, honey, granola.
5. **S'More**—chocolate, marshmallow, grahams.
6. **Citrus Delight**—lime/lemon combo, gingersnaps.
7. **Pears Antoine**—lemon sherbet, spiked pears.
8. **All-American**—strawberry ripple, blueberry sauce, cherry on top.
9. **Rummy Raisin**—vanilla, rum raisin sauce.
10. **Sombrero**—like an after-dinner coffee liqueur.
11. **Mint Dream**—mint chocolate chip, spirited cream, chocolate.
12. **Treasure Island**—peppermint ice cream, gum drops.
13. **Sugarloaf**—a Vermont maple medley.
14. **Strawberry Shortcake**—strawberry everything, yellow or pound cake.
15. **Venetian**—toffee, coconut cookies, almond liqueur.
16. **Apple Pie**—vanilla, apples, cheese-y crackers.
17. **Black Forest**—chocolate with cherries, kirsch.
18. **Polynesian Delight**—pineapple sherbet, tropical fruits, toasted coconut.
19. **Chocolate Eclair**—chocolate, vanilla pudding, brownies.
20. **Praline**—butter pecan, maple syrup, sugar, nuts.
21. **Dusty Road**—fudge ripple, caramel, malted milk.
22. **Country Cousin**—peach combo, oatmeal cookies.
23. **Gold Digger**—butter pecan, banana, butterscotch.
24. **Fruit Medley**—frozen yogurt, melon, blueberries.
25. **Black Beauty**—vanilla, blackberries, brandy.
26. **Oriental**—orange sherbet, kumquats, chow mein noodles.
27. **Baklava**—honey, walnut sauce, wafers.
28. **Munchy Special**—banana, things gooey/crunchy.
29. **Cappuccino**—coffee ice cream and cinnamon.
30. **Rainbow**—fruit sherbets, raspberries in sauce.
31. **Cherries Jubilee**—vanilla, brandied bing cherries.

Photographs by George Cochran

OF SUNDAES

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
NNESE	WHOLE EARTH 4	S'MORE 5	CITRUS DELIGHT 6
MBRERO 0	MINT DREAM 11	TREASURE ISLAND 12	SUGARLOAF 13
CK FOREST 7	POLYNESIAN DELIGHT 18	CHOCOLATE ECLAIR 19	PRALINE 20
IT MEDLEY 4	BLACK BEAUTY 25	ORIENTAL 26	BAKLAVA 27
RRIES JUBILEE 1			



















Our August affair—it's a sundae kind of love. Here's the scoop—the 31 sunny days mean 31 different ways to dish up these ice cream (or sherbet/frozen yogurt) dreams. Best part, each turn-out is a taste sensation—from the Technicolor fun of gum drops to fancy bing cherries flamed with brandy. By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.

Potato Salad Winners

In March, we invited our readers to enter their favorite recipes in the Journal's Potato Salad Contest. Mail poured in—17,057 recipes—from every state and four foreign countries, spanning all ages (many sharing legacies passed down for generations). We cooked every kind of potato, combined with every ingredient imaginable, from corn to peanut butter. Finally, these three winners. We're also awarding two certificates of merit and four honorable mentions. Amazing! Each potato salad is so deliciously different. Try them all—then you be the judge. Recipes and more data, *page 94.*



1ST

DILLY-PICKLE POTATO SALAD

DOROTHY-JANE MENENDEZ, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Slices of new potatoes with crunchy dices of cucumber pickles, green onion, green pepper and pimiento; a tossing of fresh herbs and a light dressing of mayonnaise and half-and-half. She wrote: "The secret of delicious potato salad is to have the dressing ready to mix into the *warm* potatoes."

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz



2ND

POTATO SALAD À LA MOTHER

SIDNEY WALLACE, OGDEN, UTAH

A sunny combination of chunks of potatoes, hard-cooked eggs, shredded onion and sprigs of parsley. The dressing is cooked, cooled, then blended with a cup of mayonnaise. Mrs. Wallace explains: "Its goodness comes from the dressing being sweeter than most."

3RD

UP-NORTH FRENCH POTATO SALAD

JUDY LOYD, DETROIT, MICH.

Crisp and shiny—red-skinned potatoes, bacon, green beans and green onions coated with oil/vinegar and beef consomme. She calls it, "a robust salad, combining the textures of new potatoes (with the skins left on for more flavor), snappy green beans and bits of bacon."

A MONTH OF SUNDAES

continued from page 85

Happiness is building your own sundae and not measuring. Not ¼ cup of this and 1 teaspoon of that, but a glump of this and a dollop of that. Generally, we've simply listed the ingredients per serving—no amounts.

And as avid as we in the LHJ test kitchens are about counting calories, we just couldn't bring ourselves to include the calorie count with this story. Just wallow in the rich goodness of these sundaes and enjoy. Indulge yourself; you can diet tomorrow.

All sundaes pictured on pages 84–85

MUD PIE SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops of chocolate ice cream into dish. Spoon on chocolate sauce. Sprinkle with crushed chocolate sandwich cookies and crushed pretzels.

SUNRISE SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop orange sherbet into dish. Pour tequila, then grenadine over the sherbet.

VIENNESE SUNDAE

In small bowl, mix 2 tablespoons apricot brandy and 1 tablespoon sugar; add 5 canned apricot halves and marinate at least 30 minutes. Place a scoop of lemon sherbet into parfait glass. Add half the apricot mixture, then another scoop of lemon sherbet. Top with remaining apricots. Sprinkle with chopped hazel nuts or filberts.

WHOLE EARTH SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop Vanilla Frozen Yogurt (see recipe below) into dish. Sprinkle with granola and toasted sunflower seeds.

VANILLA FROZEN YOGURT

¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
Pinch salt
1 cup milk
2½ cups plain yogurt
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
10 to 12 pounds crushed ice
2 pounds rock salt

In a small saucepan, combine sugar, gelatin and salt; add milk to mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly with rubber spatula, until gelatin and sugar are thoroughly dissolved, at least 5 minutes.

Remove from heat. Allow to cool to room temperature. Stir in yogurt and vanilla. Cover and refrigerate until cool. *(May be prepared in advance to this point and kept refrigerated up to 24 hours.)*

To freeze: Use a 4-quart hand crank or electric ice cream maker. Pour yogurt mixture into freezer container; insert dasher and cover with lid. Place in bucket. Attach hand crank or motor.

Fill bucket half full with ice. Sprinkle on about 1 cup rock salt. Continue adding layers of ice and salt in a 4 to 1 proportion to 1 inch below can lid. Begin cranking, adding more ice and salt as needed. (For electric ice cream maker, follow manufacturer's directions. It should take 10 to 15 minutes to freeze.)

To serve, remove crank or motor. Drain off water. Wipe off lid before removing. Remove dasher. Serve immediately for best texture. Or, to harden, scrape down sides. Cover top of can with waxed paper. Replace lid and insert cork in hole in center lid. Add more ice and salt to cover lid. Let stand 2 to 3 hours to harden. After wiping container, hardened yogurt can be stored in freezer. Makes 1½ quarts or 8 to 10 servings. About 150 calories for 8 servings; 125 calories for 10 servings.

S'MORE SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops chocolate ice cream into dish. Spoon on chocolate syrup and marshmallow topping. Top with graham cracker crumbs.

CITRUS DELIGHT SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop lime sherbet into dish. Spoon on prepared lemon pudding. Top with crushed gingersnaps.

PEARS ANTOINE SUNDAE

In small bowl, mix 2 tablespoons sherry wine with 1 tablespoon sugar; add fresh pear slices and marinate at least 30 minutes. Place 1 scoop lemon sherbet into dish. Spoon over pear mixture. Garnish with lemon peel.

ALL-AMERICAN SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop strawberry ripple ice cream into dish. Spoon on blueberry syrup. Top with whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

RUMMY RAISIN SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop vanilla ice cream into dish. Spoon on Rum Raisin Sauce (see recipe below).

RUM RAISIN SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon flour
1½ cups water
½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
½ cup dark seedless raisins
½ teaspoon rum extract

In small saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour until smooth. Add water, brown sugar and raisins. Heat to boiling; boil 1 minute, lower heat and simmer 15 minutes uncovered, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and add rum extract. Cool. Makes about 1¼ cups. About 45 calories per tablespoon.

SOMBRERO SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops coffee ice cream into dish; pour on coffee liqueur. Add dollop of whipped cream and garnish with coffee bean candy.

MINT DREAM SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop mint chocolate chip ice cream into dish. Add dollop of white or green creme de menthe-flavored whipped cream and sprinkle with shaved chocolate.

TREASURE ISLAND SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop peppermint ice cream into dish. Decorate with gum drops.

SUGAR LOAF SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops maple walnut ice cream into dish. Pour on maple syrup. Top with dollop of whipped cream. Sprinkle with crushed maple or brown sugar.

(continued)



"Mom's a lousy cook."

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Offer good only in U.S.A. Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law. Subject to state and local regulations. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires November 30, 1977. Campbell Soup Co., Camden, N.J. 08101, U.S.A.

A MONTH OF SUNDAES

continued

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops strawberry ice cream into dish. Spoon on strawberry ice cream topping. Add strawberry slices. Sprinkle with yellow or pound cake crumbs. Top with dollop of whipped cream.

VENETIAN SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop English toffee ice cream into dish. Mix coconut cookie or macaroon crumbs with about a teaspoon of almond liqueur until well moistened. Spoon over ice cream.

APPLE PIE SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops vanilla ice cream into dish. Spoon on canned apple pie filling. Top with crushed Cheddar cheese crackers.

BLACK FOREST SUNDAE

Sprinkle about 2 teaspoons kirsch over crushed chocolate wafers until moistened. Place 1 scoop chocolate ice cream into dish. Spoon on canned cherry pie filling and chocolate wafer crumbs. Top with dollop of whipped cream and chocolate curls.

POLYNESIAN DELIGHT SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop pineapple sherbet into parfait glass; add a layer of sliced mango. Fill glass with more pineapple sherbet. Top with banana slices and a dollop of canned crushed pineapple. Garnish with toasted coconut.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIR SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop chocolate ice cream into dish. Spoon on prepared vanilla pudding. Sprinkle with crumbled chocolate brownie.

PRALINE SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop butter pecan ice cream into dish. Pour on maple syrup. Sprinkle with crumbled praline candy or brown sugar. Garnish with pecan half.

DUSTY ROAD SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop fudge ripple ice cream into dish. Spoon on caramel topping. Sprinkle with instant malted milk powder.

COUNTRY COUSIN SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops Buttermilk Peach Ice Cream (see recipe below) into dish. Spoon on fresh peach slices. Top with crushed oatmeal cookies.

PEACH BUTTERMILK ICE CREAM

1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
1¾ cups sugar (1½ cups if peaches are very sweet)
3 cups buttermilk
1 egg
3 cups half and half cream
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon salt
6 cups sliced fresh ripe peaches, peeled and mashed or 3 packages (10 oz. each) frozen peaches, thawed, well drained and mashed
½ teaspoon almond extract
10 to 12 pounds crushed ice
2 pounds rock salt

In large saucepan, combine gelatin, 1 cup sugar and buttermilk. Cook over low heat until sugar and gelatin are dissolved, stirring occasionally with a rubber spatula, about 5 minutes. In large bowl, beat egg. Gradually add hot mixture to egg, stirring constantly. Stir in cream, vanilla and salt. Combine mashed peaches with almond extract and remaining ¾ cup sugar; add to mixture.

Refrigerate until cool. *(May be prepared in advance to this point, cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)*

To freeze: Follow instructions given for freezing Vanilla Frozen Yogurt (page 88). Makes about 3 quarts or 18 servings; about 175 calories each.

GOLD DIGGER SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop butter pecan ice cream into dish. Add banana slices and pecan halves. Pour on butterscotch topping.

FRUIT MEDLEY SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop Vanilla Frozen Yogurt (see recipe on page 88) into dish. Spoon on cantaloupe chunks and fresh or frozen blueberries.

BLACK BEAUTY SUNDAE

In a small bowl, mix 2 tablespoons blackberry brandy and 1 tablespoon sugar; add blackberries and marinate at least 30 minutes. Place 1 scoop vanilla ice cream into dish. Top with blackberry mixture.

ORIENTAL SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop orange sherbet into dish. Spoon on syrup from preserved kumquats. Arrange preserved kumquats, cut into wedges, on top. Sprinkle with chow mein noodles.

BAKLAVA SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop honey or vanilla ice cream into dish. Spoon on walnut ice cream topping or honey and chopped walnuts. Sprinkle with crushed vanilla wafers.

MUNCHY SPECIAL SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops banana ice cream into dish. Spoon on marshmallow topping. Sprinkle with peanuts and milk chocolate chips.

CAPPUCCINO SUNDAE

Prepare Cinnamon Sauce (see recipe below). Place 1 scoop coffee ice cream into dish. Spoon on Cinnamon Sauce. Top with dollop of whipped cream. Garnish with dash cinnamon.

CINNAMON SAUCE

½ cup water
2½ cups light corn syrup
2 cinnamon sticks
½ teaspoon instant coffee

In a small saucepan, combine water, corn syrup and cinnamon sticks. Heat to boiling. Simmer 10 minutes, uncovered. Remove cinnamon sticks. Add coffee and stir until dissolved. Cool. Makes 1 cup, about 30 calories per tablespoon.

RAINBOW SUNDAE

Place 1 scoop each of raspberry, lime and orange sherbets into parfait glass. Top with 1 tablespoon raspberries and 3 tablespoons raspberry purée (made by puréeing fresh or frozen raspberries in blender).

CHERRIES JUBILEE SUNDAE

Place 2 scoops vanilla ice cream into dish. Spoon on canned bing cherries. Pour on brandy or kirsch. (Can be warmed and ignited, then ladled flaming over the ice cream.) **End**

AUGUST RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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That's when you taste the salad, not the oil.



rence Henderson

You've probably seen Florence Henderson show how fried foods can have a delicious "Wessonality." Now she shows how to give your salad a delicious "Wessonality," too:

"You see, some oils have a strong flavor of their own. And sometimes that flavor rubs off on the salad. But not Wesson®!

When you use Wesson's 100% pure vegetable oil, all you taste is salad. All you taste are garden-fresh greens plus the delicate herbs and seasonings. That's because Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own. Prove it to yourself with the two-minute basic Wesson Dressing:

½ cup Wesson Oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Combine in covered jar; shake well. Makes ¾ cup dressing. For Blue Cheese Dressing just add 3 tablespoons blue cheese; for Horseradish Dressing add 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish to basic Wesson Dressing.

You'll taste the salad, not the oil. And when that happens, that's Wessonality."



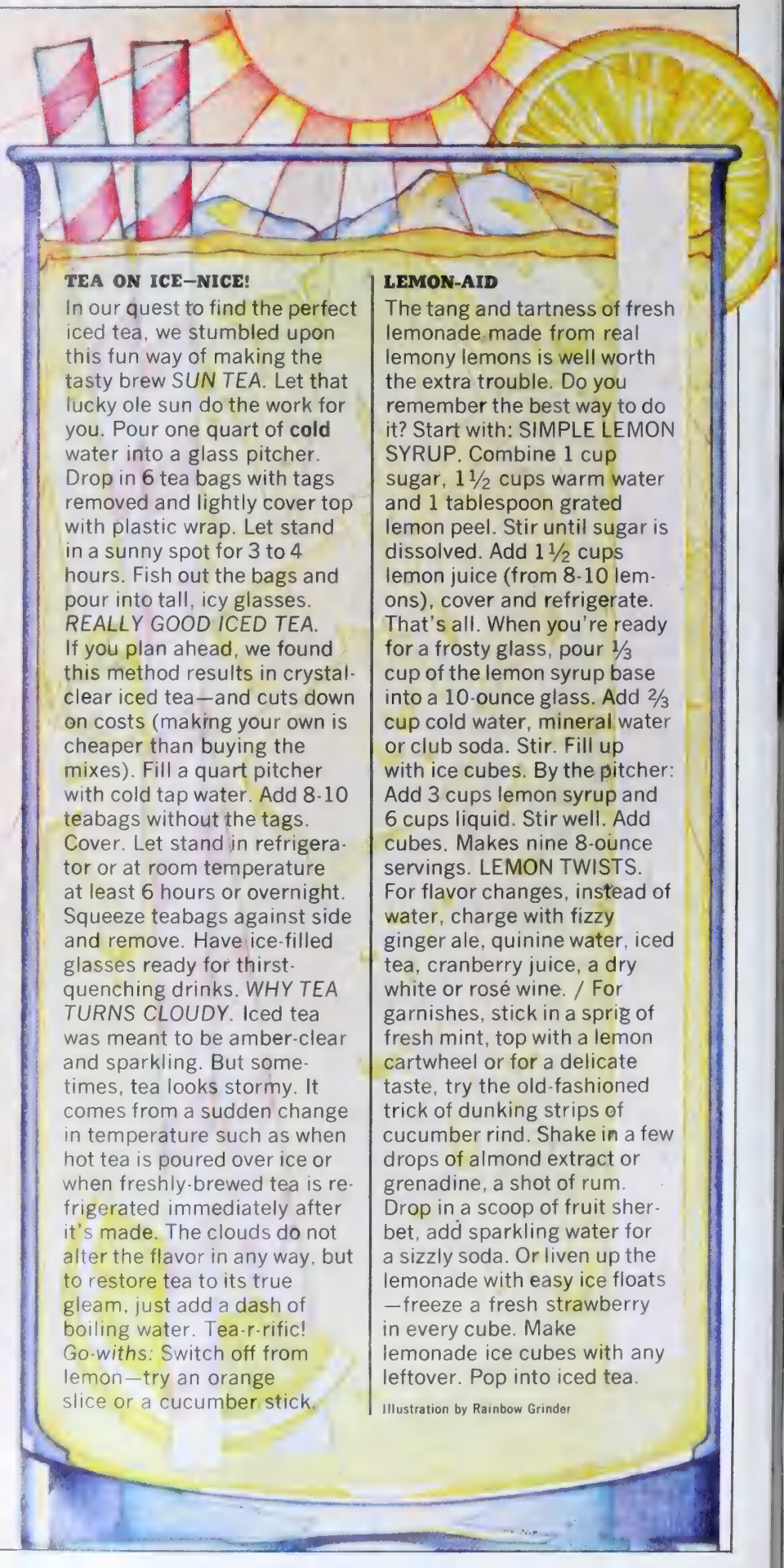
JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

CLEAN SCENE

During the "dog days" of summer, certain cleaning problems bark for special attention. *Growing Menace.* With high humidity in August, mildew (a living fungus) thrives and spreads. Especially check bath (tiles, grouting), shower curtains, awning and outdoor furniture for greenish-black spots. To the rescue, a sprayer that whisks away mildew on contact: Magic Mildew Remover, 1 pt., $2.69. Another that attacks mildew without any scrubbing: X-14 Instant Mildew Remover, 1 pt., $2.35. • *Sweet Air.* Freshen up your habitat with little deodorizing disks that can be stuck out-of-sight (under tables, sinks, in pails, litter boxes, closets). In Fresh Lemon, Spring Forest, Evergreen. Airwick Stick Ups, 2 for 89¢. • *Gentle Cleanup.* Most bath and kitchen surfaces are not as hard as you think. New: a mild abrasive liquid cleanser that shines but doesn't mar enamel, fiberglass, stainless steel, etc. Soft Scrub by Clorox, 13 oz., $.79. ▪ *Organisms Out.* When renting a cabin, camping or just traveling, don't throw precaution to the wind. Instead, pack a can of disinfectant for extra security. Lysol Spray Disinfectant, 12 fl. oz., $1.29.

CANNING TIME

Calling to your attention, some canning/freezing news. • What happens if every tomato in town ripens at once? All serious growers can band together (via church or community group) and buy a mini-cannery from the Ball Corp. (high initial investment, but low cost, safety-controlled to run). So far, 114 of these co-op centers are canning—open to non-members at a small charge. Info and locations: call 317-747-6235. ▪ When putting up whole foods (peaches, etc.), you need room to maneuver. From the Magic Button people, wide-mouth jars: 12 1-qt. jars, $2.98; 12 caps, $1.29. • Air can spoil frozen food—forming ice crystals, robbing vitamins. To get airtightness, a new pump shrinks storage bags until vacuum-packaged. Freezer Vacuum Pump from Poly-Commodity Corp., $1.99.



TEA ON ICE—NICE!

In our quest to find the perfect iced tea, we stumbled upon this fun way of making the tasty brew *SUN TEA.* Let that lucky ole sun do the work for you. Pour one quart of **cold** water into a glass pitcher. Drop in 6 tea bags with tags removed and lightly cover top with plastic wrap. Let stand in a sunny spot for 3 to 4 hours. Fish out the bags and pour into tall, icy glasses. *REALLY GOOD ICED TEA.* If you plan ahead, we found this method results in crystal-clear iced tea—and cuts down on costs (making your own is cheaper than buying the mixes). Fill a quart pitcher with cold tap water. Add 8-10 teabags without the tags. Cover. Let stand in refrigerator or at room temperature at least 6 hours or overnight. Squeeze teabags against side and remove. Have ice-filled glasses ready for thirst-quenching drinks. *WHY TEA TURNS CLOUDY.* Iced tea was meant to be amber-clear and sparkling. But sometimes, tea looks stormy. It comes from a sudden change in temperature such as when hot tea is poured over ice or when freshly-brewed tea is refrigerated immediately after it's made. The clouds do not alter the flavor in any way, but to restore tea to its true gleam, just add a dash of boiling water. Tea-r-rific! *Go-withs:* Switch off from lemon—try an orange slice or a cucumber stick.

LEMON-AID

The tang and tartness of fresh lemonade made from real lemony lemons is well worth the extra trouble. Do you remember the best way to do it? Start with: SIMPLE LEMON SYRUP. Combine 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups warm water and 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 1½ cups lemon juice (from 8-10 lemons), cover and refrigerate. That's all. When you're ready for a frosty glass, pour ⅓ cup of the lemon syrup base into a 10-ounce glass. Add ⅔ cup cold water, mineral water or club soda. Stir. Fill up with ice cubes. By the pitcher: Add 3 cups lemon syrup and 6 cups liquid. Stir well. Add cubes. Makes nine 8-ounce servings. LEMON TWISTS. For flavor changes, instead of water, charge with fizzy ginger ale, quinine water, iced tea, cranberry juice, a dry white or rosé wine. / For garnishes, stick in a sprig of fresh mint, top with a lemon cartwheel or for a delicate taste, try the old-fashioned trick of dunking strips of cucumber rind. Shake in a few drops of almond extract or grenadine, a shot of rum. Drop in a scoop of fruit sherbet, add sparkling water for a sizzly soda. Or liven up the lemonade with easy ice floats—freeze a fresh strawberry in every cube. Make lemonade ice cubes with any leftover. Pop into iced tea.

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder



Homemade! The freshest fruit jam your family ever got into.

And you made it without even cooking.

Blueberries. Spice. Everything nice. That's what this scrumptious jam is made of. And CERTO® or fast-dissolving SURE-JELL® Fruit Pectins make it so simple you don't even cook the fruit.

Which means you don't lose the fresh fruit flavor. And it takes only minutes. Dozens of recipes come in the packages. You'll love how easy they are. Your family will just plain love them.



Blueberry-Spice Jam

2 pints fully ripe blueberries
4 cups sugar
½ teaspoon ground nutmeg or cinnamon
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ bottle CERTO® Fruit Pectin*

Use containers, one pint or less, with tight lids. Wash and scald or use dishwasher with very hot water.

Crush berries; measure 2 cups into large bowl. Thoroughly mix sugar and spice into fruit; let stand 10 minutes. Combine lemon juice and fruit pectin in a small bowl. Add to fruit; stir 3 minutes. Ladle quickly into containers; cover. Let stand 24 hours, then refrigerate up to 3 weeks or store in freezer. Makes 5 cups.

*For SURE-JELL® Fruit Pectin recipe, write General Foods, Product Communications SG-1, 250 North Street, White Plains, New York 10625.

GF
GENERAL FOODS

Fresh blueberries and spice make it scrumptious.
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Potato Salad Winners

continued from page 87

It was a deluge! When we announced the *Ladies' Home Journal* potato salad contest in our March issue, none of us expected the landslide that descended upon the food department.

Just opening the letters was an overwhelming job, but open them we did—all 17,057. Preliminary judging—every single recipe—was done by our talented test kitchen staff, Ellen Greene, Irene Gee and Diane Schwalb. In cases of duplication (and there were lots) we chose the one with the earlier postmark.

With the 17,057 recipes narrowed down to 150, food editor Sue Huffman and assistant Jan Hazard inherited the near-impossible task of weeding the recipes down to 50.

Fifty potato salad recipes were tested and tasted in our kitchens—then more narrowing down. Retesting. Retasting. Finally (after gaining at least five pounds each—or so it seemed) we settled on our 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners, two certificates of merit and four honorable mentions (see below). Delicious recipes all. And so were many of the others.

Countless recipes had been passed down through generations—some strictly by word of mouth. Many entrants mentioned how grateful they were to the *Journal* to have reminded them to actually write the recipe down—and transfer a pinch of this and a dash of that to more exact measurements. It seemed to instill a newfound feeling of family heritage.

The contest definitely promoted nostalgia! One reader submitted a salad she had prepared the day the "boys" went off to fight in the Spanish-American War. Others recalled adapting their recipes to cope with shortages they faced during WW II.

Many reflected pride in the contributor's origin; others were representative of their geographic locale. Some were touching—like the junior high home economics student who shyly confessed she was submitting the first recipe she had ever created. Others were humorous: the 17-year-old boy in the Coast Guard who wrote that his recipe was a complete meal along with "a quart of milk, 6 apples and 2 Twinkies." Several begged us not to use their names if they won—they had sent in their best friend's recipe.

Enclosures included artwork, photographs of the finished dish and of the contributors, and one reader sent in a four-leaf clover for good luck.

Here are the prize-winning recipes:

First Prize

DILLY-PICKLE POTATO SALAD
pictured on page 86
Dorothy-Jane Menendez
San Francisco, Calif.

An all-around, well-seasoned, delicious potato salad—our unanimous favorite.

8 to 10 small whole red new potatoes (about 1 lb.)
Dressing
1 hard-cooked egg
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
¼ cup half and half cream
½ cup minced green onions
½ cup minced sweet cucumber pickle slices
¼ to ⅓ cup minced green pepper (red pepper may be substituted)
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dill weed (or 2 teaspoons fresh dill weed, chopped)
¼ teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon summer savory
¼ teaspoon pepper
Chopped pimiento, for garnish (optional)

In large saucepan, cook unpeeled potatoes until fork-tender, about 20 minutes.

While the potatoes are cooking, mix dressing. In medium bowl, mash the egg thoroughly. Stir in mayonnaise and lemon juice; add cream. Stir in minced onions, pickles, green or red pepper, parsley and seasonings until well mixed. Taste for flavor. (The dressing may taste salty; do not be concerned, the potatoes will absorb the salt.)

After potatoes are cooked, drain; plunge into cold water and drain immediately. Peel and slice into medium bowl; pour dressing over warm potatoes and toss until well coated. Cool. Then cover and refrigerate until chilled. Makes about 4 to 6 servings. About 340 calories for each of 4 servings; 225 for each of 6.

Second Prize

POTATO SALAD À LA MOTHER
pictured on page 87
Sidney Wallace
Ogden, Utah

Ms. Wallace's mother-in-law developed this potato salad during World War II. The recipe was never written down, so through trial-and-error, Ms. Wallace was able to duplicate the original.

Dressing
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup water
¼ cup vinegar
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup mayonnaise
Salad
6 cups red new potatoes, cooked in jackets, cooled, peeled and cut into ½-inch cubes (never larger)
5 hard-cooked eggs (reserve 1 egg, sliced for garnish)
¼ cup shredded onion (with juice)
¼ cup chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt (or to taste)
½ teaspoon pepper
Paprika (optional)

(continued)

THE WINNERS



FIRST PRIZE: Dorothy J. Menendez, San Francisco, Calif. (above, left)
Dorothy-Jane Menendez describes herself as a working grandmother and a native New Yorker who became an instant Californian about 15 years ago. A secretary for the Department of Social Services, City and County of San Francisco, she is an avid photographer and gardener. Mrs. Menendez, whose late husband came from Asturias in northern Spain, has two married sons and eight grandchildren. She confesses that one of her greatest pleasures is cooking for friends, experimenting as she goes.

SECOND PRIZE: Sidney Wallace, Ogden, Utah (above, center)
A native of Salt Lake City, Utah, Sidney Wallace was hit by the cooking bug her first year at junior high school when she made the pies for Thanksgiving dinner. Even now she curls up happily with a cookbook nearly as often as other types of reading material. Sidney and her husband, Gilbert K. Wallace, have six children and 15 grandchildren which, along with church activities, keep our second place winner busy and "happily engaged in good works."

THIRD PRIZE: Judy Loyd, Detroit, Mich. (right)
Travel and cooking are equally important to Detroit-native Judy Loyd, whose position as creative director of the J. L. Hudson Company keeps her on the road a good bit. A graduate of Wayne State, Judy is an apartment dweller who grows plants on her terrace. She hates to cook for herself, loves to cook for friends. Her favorite ploy is to show up as a weekend houseguest with a hamper of food. "I even have a carrying case for my Cuisinart," she laughs.

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT:
Jan Perrin—North Hollywood, Calif.
Amn. Carolyn A. Manning—Presidio of Monterey, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION:
Thelma I. Gish—Hollywood, Calif.
Mrs. H. R. Noble—St. Cloud, Minn.
Mrs. G. C. Clark, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Shirley F. Long—Greenville, S. C.

How to make a creamy, light peach of a summer cheesecake.



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hy Light Cheesecake

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Topping Mix
s cold milk · 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
kage (10-1/2 oz.) JELL-O® Brand
Cheesecake · 2 tablespoons sugar
up butter or margarine, melted
Prepare whipped topping mix with 1/2 cup of the milk and the vanilla as directed on package. Prepare cheesecake with sugar, butter and the remaining 1-1/2 cups milk as directed on package; blend 1 cup of the topping into the filling after beating. Pour into crust; chill 1 hour. Garnish with remaining topping and fresh or canned sliced peaches.

For more recipes, see the recipe cards on the back of the Dream Whip package, the Jell-O® Cheesecake package, and the "Sweet Endings" recipe booklet.

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ıch for DREAM WHIP® and JELL-O® Cheesecake for creamy light desserts.

A marshmallow a day makes your blue eyes bluer.



Potato Salad Winners

continued

For Dressing: In heavy saucepan, combine sugar, cornstarch, mustard, salt, water, vinegar and eggs; cook, stirring, until thick and bubbly. Remove from heat. Cover surface with plastic wrap; cool. Stir mayonnaise into cooled mixture. (Do not substitute salad dressing for real mayonnaise.)

In large bowl, mix all ingredients for salad. Toss gently. Add dressing and stir until well mixed. Garnish salad with reserved egg and paprika, if desired. Serve immediately or cover and refrigerate until chilled. *May be prepared a day in advance. Cover and refrigerate.* Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 395 calories for each of 8 servings; 315 calories for each of 10 servings.

Third Prize

UP NORTH FRENCH POTATO SALAD
pictured on page 87
Judy Loyd
Detroit, Mich.

Ms. Loyd developed this at a friend's cabin last summer when a dinner for four expanded into feeding a mass of neighbors. It's almost a meal-in-one!

1 package (16 oz.) sliced bacon
3 pounds small, red new potatoes, unpeeled, cut into ¼-inch slices
Boiling water
1 pound fresh green beans*
Dressing
½ cup olive or salad oil
¼ cup tarragon-flavored vinegar
¼ cup canned undiluted beef consommé
½ cup chopped green onions
¼ cup chopped fresh parsley
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon sweet basil
½ teaspoon tarragon
Freshly ground pepper

Cut bacon into 1½-inch pieces. (Do not separate the strips, they will come apart while cooking.) Place in large skillet. Cook bacon over medium heat until lightly browned, stirring occasionally, about 15 minutes. With slotted spoon, remove bacon to paper towels to drain. Discard bacon drippings.

Place sliced potatoes in saucepan with boiling salted water to cover. Heat to a second boil. Cover and reduce heat; cook for 8 to 10 minutes or until the potatoes are fork-tender. Drain.

Meanwhile, wash and trim green beans. Cut into 2- to 3-inch pieces. Place in another saucepan with about ½ inch of boiling salted water. Cover and cook until tender-crisp, about 8 to 10 minutes. Drain.

For dressing, combine all the ingredients and stir until well mixed. Set aside.

Combine potatoes and beans in large bowl. Pour dressing mixture over warm vegetables, add drained bacon pieces and toss gently until well mixed. (The liquid will be absorbed by the potatoes.)

Serve immediately or cover and keep at room temperature, until ready to serve. (We at LHJ liked it best when marinated 2 or 3 hours before serving.) Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 320 calories for each of 8 servings; 255 for each of 10 servings.

*Use frozen green beans if fresh is not available.

Certificate of Merit

MANDARIN SWEET POTATO SALAD
pictured on page 98
Jan Perrin
North Hollywood, Calif.

Ms. Perrin developed this recipe to compliment barbecued teriyaki steak, a summertime party favorite. Admittedly, a lot of ingredients—but it's terrific.

6 medium sweet potatoes
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup thinly sliced green onions
½ cup thinly sliced celery
1 can (8½ oz.) water chestnuts, drained, rinsed and thinly sliced
1 can (11 oz.) mandarin oranges, drained
1 cup chopped lean, cooked ham
⅔ cup walnuts, coarsely chopped
2½ tablespoons finely chopped candied ginger
Dressing
⅔ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup sherry wine
3 tablespoons orange marmalade
2 tablespoons lemon juice *(continued)*

Yukky. Yummy.



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Potato Salad Winners

continued

1 tablespoon soy sauce
½ teaspoon curry powder
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
Toasted coconut, for garnish (½ cup)

Scrub potatoes, cut off tips and cut into quarters. Place in large saucepan and cover with cold water; add salt. Heat to boiling; reduce heat slightly and cook until just tender, about 10 minutes. Drain; peel and dice when cool enough to handle.

Meanwhile, in medium bowl, mix all ingredients for dressing until well combined. In large bowl, combine potatoes, dressing and remaining ingredients except coconut. Toss until well coated. Cover, refrigerate at least 6 hours.

Just before serving, sprinkle salad with toasted coconut and garnish with additional mandarin oranges slices, if desired. Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 480 calories for each of 8 servings; 385 for each of 10.

GEORGIA PEACH POTATO SALAD
pictured on this page
Amn. Carolyn A. Manning
Presidio of Monterey, Calif.

Airman Manning dedicated her salad to "my dad's home state (not to mention you know who!)" Peaches and peanuts combine with a sour cream-buttermilk dressing to make an unusual and delicious potato salad.

8 to 10 small to medium-sized red new potatoes
1 can (8 oz.) sliced peaches
½ cup buttermilk
1 container (8 oz.) sour cream
1 cup shelled unsalted peanuts
½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup chopped green onions
1 teaspoon salt
Parsley, for garnish

Scrub potatoes. Place in large saucepan and cover with water. Heat to boiling and cook until fork-tender, about 25 minutes. Drain and cool slightly. Peel while still warm. Rinse and let cool. Cut cooled potatoes in cubes or chunks.

Drain syrup from peaches; reserve. Set peaches aside.

In large bowl, mix buttermilk, sour cream, peach syrup, peanuts, celery, green onions and salt. Add potatoes and stir until they are well coated. Gently fold in peaches. (If desired, reserve some of the peanuts to garnish, along with parsley.) Makes 6 servings. About 295 calories per serving.



Left to right: Mandarin Sweet Potato Salad, Georgia Peach Potato Salad.



Top to bottom: Bird's Nest Potato Salad, Old Dutch Potato Salad, Journal '77 Yam Salad and Main Dish Potato Salad.

Honorable Mention

OLD DUTCH POTATO SALAD
pictured on this page
Mrs. H. R. Noble, St. Cloud, Minn.

Ms. Noble's father-in-law brought this recipe with him when he immigrated to the U.S. from Holland at the age of 19. It's traditional in the family for special meals—and it's so tasty, we can certainly see why.

1 package (16 oz.) sliced bacon
½ to ¾ cup vinegar
3 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon brown sugar
6 large general-purpose potatoes, peeled and quartered
½ to ¾ head iceberg lettuce, shredded
5 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 large onion, finely chopped
Sliced radishes, for garnish (optional)

In large skillet, cook bacon. Drain on paper towels. Crumble into small pieces. Discard all but 3 tablespoons bacon drippings. To bacon drippings add vinegar, sugar and brown sugar. Stir to dissolve; set aside. One-half hour before serving, cook potatoes in boiling salted water until fork-tender. Drain. Place potatoes in very large bowl. With potato masher or electric mixer at low speed, mash until smooth. Add bacon, lettuce, eggs, onion and dressing. Stir until well mixed. Serve hot, garnished with sliced radishes if desired. Makes 8 servings. About 275 calories per serving.

JOURNAL '77 YAM SALAD
pictured on this page
Thelma I. Gish, Hollywood, Calif.

Ms. Gish suggests this as an accompaniment with ham, pork, roast poultry or country sausage. Those who like sweet salads will favor this one.

(continued

"I am not 'fattening'!"



"There, I've said it. And I probably surprised you. But let me ask you this:

Did you know that a boiled potato, ounce for ounce, has fewer calories than cottage cheese, rice, lamb chops or bran flakes? Well, it's true.

And it's not true that carbohydrates (such as myself) are just useless 'filler' foods. A healthy human body needs carbohydrates. In fact, the experts say that you need more carbohydrates than you do fats and protein combined.*

You also need the important vitamins and minerals that potatoes have to offer: Vitamin C, Vitamin B_6 and Niacin, just to name a few.

Now who knows what is fattening? Life can be fattening. Maybe happiness is fattening. But please don't blame me. I'm a good food, and I'm good for you."

The potato. Something good that's good for you.

*Recommended Dietary Allowances, National Academy of Sciences, 1974. © The Potato Board 1977


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Potato Salad Winners

continued

Salad
- 1 can (18 oz.) yams (sweet potatoes) drained and sliced ¼-inch thick
- 1 can (8 oz.) pineapple chunks, drained
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup chopped pitted dates
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 cup flaked coconut, toasted*
- ½ teaspoon salt

Dressing
- ¾ cup sour cream
- ¾ cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon curry powder

Salad greens (optional)

For Salad: In large bowl, place first 6 ingredients. (Do not mix at this point.) Add ¾ cup toasted coconut (reserving ¼ cup for topping). Add salt.

For Dressing: In small bowl, mix sour cream, mayonnaise and curry powder until well blended.

Reserving ½ cup dressing, add remaining dressing to yam mixture. Toss all ingredients well, but gently, being careful not to mash yams.

Carefully spoon into large salad bowl or individual bowls. Line with crisp salad leaves, if desired. Top with reserved dressing and coconut. Makes 6 servings. About 390 calories per serving.

**To toast coconut:* Preheat oven to 325°F. Spread coconut evenly in a single layer on baking sheet. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes until toasted.

BIRD'S NEST POTATO SALAD

pictured on page 93

Mrs. G. C. Clark, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Lime juice, zucchini, capers and fresh bean sprouts—an unusual combination enhances this nutritious salad.

- 1 garlic clove, crushed
- 2 cups chopped, cooked, general-purpose potatoes, chilled
- 2 cups chopped peeled zucchini squash, raw
- 2 tablespoons fresh lime juice
- 1 jar (2 oz.) capers, drained
- Salt and pepper (fresh ground)
- ¾ cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 bag (6 oz.) fresh bean sprouts
- Pimiento-stuffed olives, for garnish (optional)

Rub salad bowl with crushed garlic clove, set aside. Add cooked potatoes and raw zucchini to prepared salad bowl. Sprinkle lime juice over potatoes and zucchini. Add capers, salt and pepper to taste. In small bowl, mix mayonnaise and mustard. Add mayonnaise mixture to potatoes and toss until well coated. To serve, arrange fresh bean sprouts in a circle. Spoon potato salad into the center. Garnish with olive slices. Makes 6 servings. About 265 calories per serving.

MAIN DISH POTATO SALAD

pictured on page 98

Shirley F. Long, Greenville, S.C.

It's the fresh mushrooms and sunflower seeds that make this recipe special.

- 6 medium general-purpose potatoes
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 rib celery, chopped
- 3 ounces sliced fresh mushrooms (1½ cups)
- 8 slices bacon, fried crisp and crumbled
- ⅓ cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons hulled sunflower seeds

Peel potatoes, cook in boiling salted water until fork-tender, about 25 minutes; drain. Cool slightly for easier handling. Cut potatoes into 1-inch cubes and place in large bowl. Add remaining ingredients except sunflower seeds. Toss until well mixed. Spoon into serving dish and sprinkle with sunflower seeds. Serve warm or chilled. Makes 6 servings. About 310 calories per serving.

End



For better tasting salads, shake on the flavor with Salad Crispins.®

Salad Crispins® can make your salads taste extra special. It's more than just a crouton. It's a delicious assortment of ingredients made to bring out the best in lettuce. There are meat and cheese flavored bits, real bell pepper and onion, crunchy mini-croutons and select seasonings.

Try Salad Crispins in all six delicious styles. For salads with a livelier taste, brighter look and snappier crunch, shake on the flavor with Salad Crispins.

The Flavor Shakers.




STICK COOKERY
Remember the first time you stuck a marshmallow on a stick and flamed it over a campfire? Remember the fun? Well, we're ready to take another *stab* at it. Here are some quick ideas for toasting and roasting at your next barbecue (backyard or beach). Just gather some sticks (green are best) or more modern inventions—skewers or long forks—and get started (kids will love stick cooking) when the embers are glowing. 1. Bacon/fruit kabobs—a mini lineup of apples, bananas and bacon. 2. Doughboy Twists—easy rolls made of baking mix and water. 3. Bubbling Marshmallow—to be squished between chocolate wafers, gooey peanut butter. 4. Angel's Kiss—yesterday's French bread, cut into chunks, dipped in condensed milk and coconut flakes. 5. Steak-On-A-Stick—bits of cube steak, basted with salad dressing. 6. Glazed Devils—pineapple and luncheon meat chunks, sweetly glazed with brown sugar. Recipes, page 104.
Photograph by Irwin Horowitz
1
2
3
4
5
6

For thick rich sauce time after time...



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Count on HUNT'S®...can after can.

STICK COOKERY

continued

BACON-FRUIT KABOB
pictured on page 102

Perfect for a great outdoor snack.

2 apples
2 bananas
4 slices bacon, cut in half

Cut apples into quarters. Core but do not peel. Cut each section in half, widthwise. Cut each banana into 4 thick slices. Wrap a half piece bacon around each piece of banana. Fasten bacon with a sharp twig or toothpick. Thread two banana and two apple slices alternately on skewer or green stick. Grill over hot coals until bacon is cooked. Remove toothpicks. Makes 4 sticks. About 215 calories each.

DOUGHBOY TWISTS
pictured on page 102

Fill these with butter and jam for breakfast; plunk in a roasted hotdog for lunch.

2 cups buttermilk baking mix
1 cup water

In a medium bowl, combine water with biscuit mix until well combined. Divide into 6 equal pieces. Lightly dust hands with additional biscuit mix. Roll each piece of dough into 16-inch rope. Flatten slightly. Wrap each around a stick, about ¾ inch in diameter. (A partially green stick works best.) Cook over hot coals turning occasionally for abut 10 minutes until golden brown. Makes 6; about 170 calories each.

CHOCOLATE WAFER S'MORE
pictured on page 102

A kiddie special.

32 chocolate wafers
1 cup peanut butter
16 marshmallows

For each, spread 1 tablespoon peanut butter on chocolate wafer. Skewer marshmallow onto fork or stick and toast over hot coals. Place on prepared wafer. Remove stick. Top with another wafer to form sandwich. Makes 16; about 175 calories each.

ANGEL'S KISS
pictured on page 102

A great and delicious way to use up day-old bread.

1 loaf day-old French or Italian bread
1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
2½ cups flaked coconut

Cut bread into 1-inch cubes. Skewer cube of bread on barbecue fork or green stick. Dip into condensed milk. Let excess drip off; then roll in coconut. Toast over medium coals, turning until coconut is golden brown. Makes about 24; about 130 calories each.

STEAK ON A STICK
pictured on page 102

Marinate in advance if you prefer for a stronger flavor.

8 (3 oz. each) beef cubed steaks
¼ cup bottled Italian salad dressing
Salt and pepper to taste

Brush steaks with Italian dressing. Wrap each steak around a 1-inch thick stick. Fasten with toothpicks. Cook over hot coals for 10 to 12 minutes turning stick frequently and basting with dressing. Remove from stick; discard toothpicks. Makes 8; about 110 calories each.

HOBO SHISH KABOB
pictured on page 102

Hobos never had it so good.

1 can (12 oz.) luncheon meat, drained
6 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 cup pineapple chunks, drained

Cut luncheon meat into 18 cubes, each about 1-inch square. Dip cubes into butter or margarine, then into brown sugar, pressing sugar onto meat. Thread 2 pieces of meat onto fork, stick or skewer alternately with 2 pineapple chunks. Cook over hot coals until glazed and brown, turning sticks frequently. Makes 9 kabobs. About 380 calories each.

CAMPFIRE DRUMSTICKS

Serve on a bun or as is.

2 cups corn flakes, crushed (½ cup crumbs)
2 pounds ground beef
2 eggs
2 tablespoons dehydrated onion, reconstituted in 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and 2 tablespoons water
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Combine ingredients in a medium bowl. Divide meat into 8 equal portions. Press each portion of meat around one end of a peeled, green stick. Cook over hot coals, for 10 to 15 minutes turning occasionally. Remove from stick. Makes 8 servings. About 55 calories per serving.

GRILLED KNAPSACK

It's a Reuben on a stick.

16 slices cooked ham
8 teaspoons brown mustard
4 slices Swiss cheese, cut in half
1 can (8 oz.) sauerkraut, drained (1 cup)

Stack 2 slices of ham and spread with 1 teaspoon mustard. Place half a cheese slice on ham, top with generous tablespoon of sauerkraut. Fold the ham in half horizontally with filling on the inside. Fasten at top edges with toothpicks or sharp twigs.

Slip a peeled green stick through the "knapsack," folded side down. Cook over hot coals until cheese melts. Slip off stick. Remove toothpicks. Serve on bun or bread. Makes 8 servings. About 120 calories each (without bread). **End**

Melon

continued from page 66

or blue cheese. • Melon halves or large wedges, seeds scooped out make terrific bases for salads. Top with chicken salad, curried shrimp or mixer fruits. Or, fill with your favorite yogurt sprinkled with granola or nuts. At desserttime, heap with ice cream, sherbet, frozen yogurt or sugar-dipped strawberries. • Take two or more melons, make little balls, roll in honey and toasted coconut for a sweet treat. • Labor Day Lift-off—plug a watermelon by cutting out a 2-inch square. Slowly pour in light rum, gin or vodka (up to a fifth or as much as melon will absorb). Replace plug, refrigerate 3 hours or overnight. Dynamite! • Serve cold roast pork, ham or chicken with overlapping melon slices. Garnish with ripe olives, lemon wedges; spice with fresh ground pepper. • Peel melon, cut into thin wedges, alternate with sliced tomatoes on lettuce-lined plates. • Cantaloupe Smoothie. Purée in blender with water, crushed ice, lemon juice, sugar. Whiz until frothy. • Skewer melon balls or chunks for edible swizzle sticks in iced tea or tall drinks. • Melon and port wine—a delicious duo. Drizzle 2 to 3 tablespoons of aged port over a wedge of ripe melon. • Syrupy Melons. Make a simple syrup of 1 cup each of sugar and water. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour over melon balls. **End**

PIECES OF ME
By Cynthy Wilson

Good morning, love
I know you're up and
Prowling at the first
Breathing of false dawn
(Finding your socks is
Relative to the
Darkness, squared)
Up and winning bread
Before my eyelids unstick
I find parts of you
All day as I
Bruise through the kitten's breakfast
And undermine a cobweb
I wrap myself in cold thoughts
For only moments before
I run into the purple shock
Of a shirt
You wore yesterday
(Smiling is half a degree
More than
Sunshine in the dust)
Until you come home
With your day only half released
I am partly living
Or would like to think so as
You pick up pieces of me
I left lying around my feet.



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Now everyone can have an elegant dessert. cause Sara Lee has created the Cake Cart: 8 of most luscious cakes you ever tasted.

You'll find them in your supermarket freezer. d any one of them can transform an ordinary evening into something really special.



So have an elegant dessert tonight. You don't need a butler or a baker.

All you need is Sara Lee.

Sara Lee

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responsive to consume

THE SQUARED-UP PETUNIA

continued from page 56

of discipline. You have spoiled the child rotten with your flower power and your —I'm coming home right now! I'll straighten her out!"

I have a sudden terrible vision of Melanie compacted, squared up, with each corner of her body a perfect right angle. I send her down to play with Ruthie in Apartment B-6.

Jim storms in the door. "Where is she? I'll—"

"Oh, no you won't! You have already done too much! What do you expect of a child you've taught to think in terms of north and south instead of left and right?"

"What in the hell are you—"

"Do not, I repeat, NOT swear at me, James Clark Peters!"

"Listen, all I want to do is teach her to orient herself, to place herself on the map."

"A five-year-old is not a city, not a national monument. She does not need to be placed. She needs to be free!"

"Like you, I suppose. Remember when we went to the office party and you wore that get-up, that mini-skirt and—"

"You said I looked wonderful!"

"You did. To be precise, you looked terrific. It is an established fact that you have the best-looking legs west of the 122nd meridian. But you always have to be so damn free! Why couldn't you have dressed like the other wives!"

"They were all wearing caftans."

"But you used to wear caftans."

"That was before they were all wearing caftans. If you're so big on dressing like everyone else, why did you wear that freaky outfit to Norma's wedding?"

"Freaky outfit? Oh, my Brooks Brothers tweed suit. Damn it, you know I don't like to wear beads! So, you were embarrassed, were you? Well, how do you think I felt when the cop stopped me and saw your stupid herb garden on the back shelf of the car?"

"It is not stupid! I've told you a hundred times, that's the only place where it gets just the right amount of sunshine. He didn't give you a ticket, did he?"

"No, he was laughing too hard. But I had to give him some fresh thyme. Damn it all, what kind of an image is that for a man to have? The guys at the office won't even get in the car until I promise them I haven't fertilized lately. Everybody ribs me about having the best marjoram crop in the parking lot!"

"Image! What do you think it did for my image when we took Melanie to Disneyland and they wouldn't let me in with bare feet and you said you'd never seen me before in your—"

"Stop. Here comes Melanie."

Melanie struts into the kitchen, shoulders back and stomach out slightly, like a miniature Victoria Regina, born knowing that Britannia rules the waves and everything else going.

Jim takes a deep breath. "Melanie. There appears to be this note from your teacher."

"Melanie," I say, "were you fighting at school?"

"Yes. With Tommy Chen."

"But I thought Tommy Chen was your best friend!"

"He is my very-very, best best best friend. He is littler than me, but he is such a pretty color of yellow. He said I was a honky. Mama, what's a honky?"

"Oh, dear. It's a sort of term for—"

"It didn't sound like a good thing to be."

"I should think not!" I say indignantly. "I hope you stood up for yourself. He had no right to call you—"

"So I punched him out."

Jim sits down on a kitchen chair and looks at her. "But Melanie, you said you are bigger than Tommy. You can't hit someone who's smaller than you are."

"The heck you can't!" I shout. "If he calls you a name, you have every right in the world to—"

"She does not!" Jim glares at me, and then he turns back to Melanie and his voice softens. "Look here, Melanie. You can't go around hitting people just because they call you a dumb name. You can't reach out to anyone by hitting him. You have to love him."

"Sure," I say, "but first you've got to straighten him out."

"I hit him with my south hand and then I hit him with my north hand," Melanie says imperturbably, "and when I was all through punching him out, I kissed him. I do love Tommy, Daddy, and Tommy loves me, too. Next week we're going to get married and have lots of nice little babies. First I'll have a little black baby and then he'll have a little white baby and then I'll have a—" She wanders out of the kitchen, ticking off little multi-colored babies one by one on her chubby fingers.

Jim opens his mouth and then he closes it. He opens it again and in an awed voice, he asks me, "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes," I say, wondering. "Did you hear what I said? Did I say what I heard?"

He smiles at me. "And we both heard what she said."

A new planet has indeed come swimming into our ken. Our daughter. Who does not move in a fixed elliptical course.

We look at each other with a wild surmise. Silent, upon a peak in San Francisco.

For seven years we have sailed the stormy seas and, finally, we have made our discovery. We have sighted land.

A shape is beginning to emerge on the horizon, out of our hazy compromise of cubism and impressionism. It might turn out to be a precisely defined rectangle with an all-over pattern of vague, dramatic hearts and flowers, or maybe it will be a squared-up petunia.

I think, perhaps, you could call it a family. **End**



"How come we never receive secret funds from the C.I.A.?"



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HOW TO DRIVE YOUR CHILD SANE

continued from page 50

they exclaim: "But my children are teen-agers! The damag has already been done!"

Is it ever too late with people?

Certainly not with adolescents. In fact, they are particula ly fortunate. They are given a second chance. Teen-age seem so disorganized because they are in the process of re organizing themselves. We, as parents, can influence th direction. How we talk to them can make the difference.

It is important to take every opportunity to demonstrat to our teen-ager that feelings are to be taken seriously, sinc emotions alert one to what often the mind can only late confirm.

How it works

A mother reported a conversation she had with her daugl ter.

Ann: You know, the first time Mrs. Green asked me to bal sit for her, I didn't like her.

Mother: I remember you said she made you feel uncomfor able.

Ann: I usually get along so well with adults. It made me fe guilty not liking her for no reason.

Mother: Ann, feelings don't need reasons; they have r mind; they just *Are*.

Ann: Yeah, that's right. There was no reason, but I couldn help how I felt. But they were really accurate. I only neede one more time to find out why.

Mother: Ann, you just made me think of someone I met f teen years ago—and I had the same feelings, but it took n fourteen years to find out why.

Ann: Someone I know?

Mother: His picture was in the paper this morning, walkin on the beach in San Clemente.

A young couple lost its way in the maze of Californ highways.

"We're lost," they told the police officer at the toll boot

"Do you know where you are?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered the couple. "It says so on your booth."

"Do you know where you want to go?" continued t officer.

"Yes," the couple replied in unison.

"Then you're not lost," concluded the officer. "You ju need clear directions."

I cannot accept as inevitable that intelligent, well-inte tioned people will likely bring up troubled children.

What they need is luck and skill.

You may ask: "If they have luck, why do they need skill

"Not to spoil the luck." **E**

Alice Ginott is a New York psychologist and psychoanaly syndicated columnist and lecturer. She is the mother of tw daughters.

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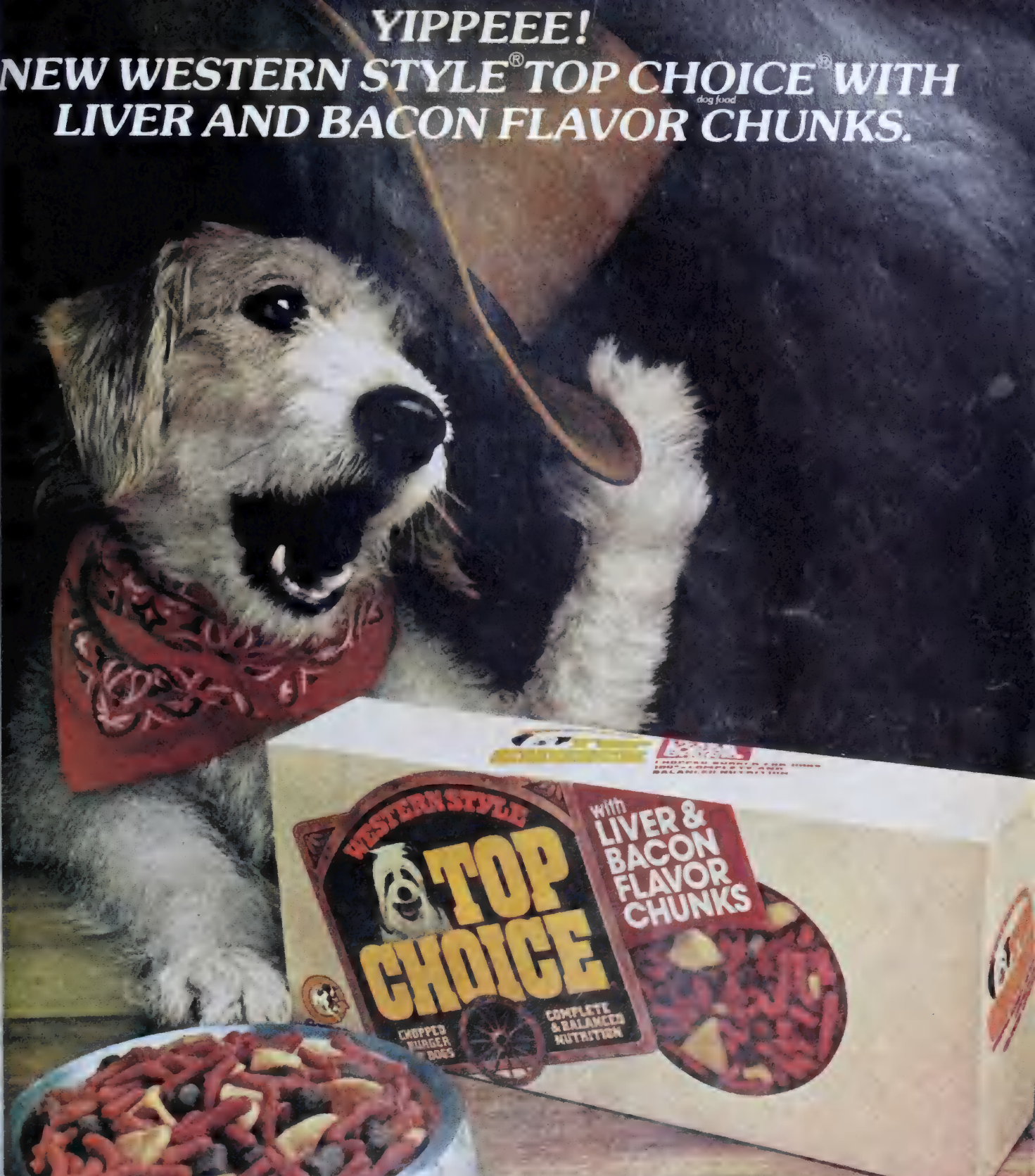
THE FRIENDLY DRAGON

PAGE 78: Fabric, "Dragon Cloisonne," #59787. 56" wide cotton in Bristol gree and onyx, from Greeff Fabrics*. Wallpaper panel, "Third Enchanted Quest. (panel A) black and gray on gold (design area, 48"x31"), by Jack Denst Designs* Chinese chair, gold decorated black lacquer; small table, ivory and mother o pearl inlaid black lacquer; Korean chest on chest covered in whalehide wit mother of pearl inlay; framed Chinese embroidery; pair of carved ivory dragon with figures on black lacquer panels, and a pair of miniature porcelain garde seats (at right, supporting flowers; at left, holding dinner plate and coffee pot are all antiques from House of Hite, 201 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022. Rug, blac and Mandarin red, of fine wool, sheared and carved, is imported from Mainlan China by The Fritz and La Rue Co., and available retail from Oriental Rugs Inc., 2664 South Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133. Dinner plate and coffee pc in "Chinese Tiger" pattern by Wedgwood. Other porcelains (prices includ postage): "Temple Dragon" cache pots, large, $46.50, and small, $34.50; "Tem ple Dragon" dinner plates, $27.50, cups and saucers, $25.50 each set of fou and cinnabar color ceramic candle holders, $11 pr., from Jennie B. Goode, 119 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10028.

PAGE 79: Gold-plated dragon is a $2\frac{5}{8}$" pendant, adapted from a 19th-centur Japanese pouch clasp, $13.50 postpaid (on a snake chain, not shown) fro The Boston Museum Shop, P.O. Box 3, Boston, Mass. 02112.

* Through decorators.

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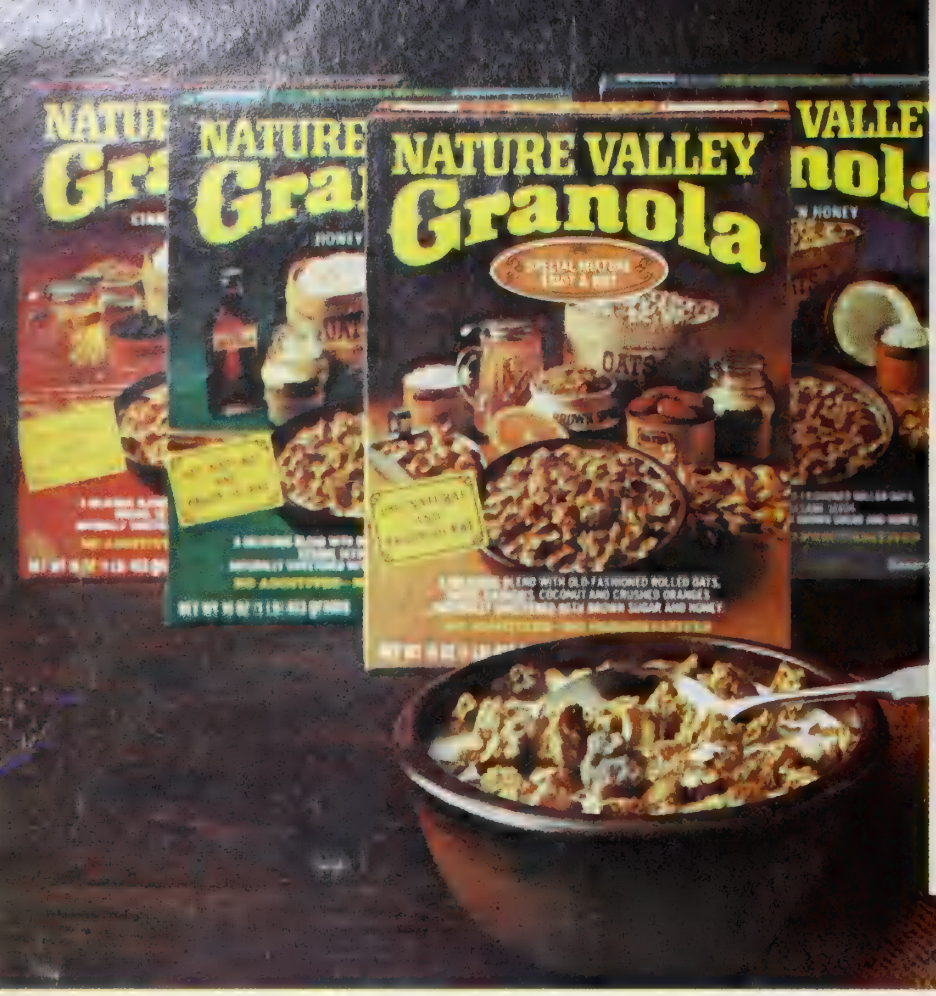
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GHOST STORY

continued from page 73

sunset, a girl whom Rachmaninoff could reduce to jelly, an enrapt movie-goer (I all but carried her out of the theater after *Love Story*), so that, all in all, I was constantly faced with the frustrating fact of incompatibility. Her enthusiasms were as quick as they were general, bursts of ardency, which were, as often as not, as transient as they were incandescent. Too often she got involved in too many things at once to the detriment of at least one of them. The final argument had been about a book I had started to read. She had burned the bacon for breakfast that morning, and she told me I "always" took books she wasn't through reading.

You understand, I am describing a young woman who was neither petty nor mean. The complaint is oddly in the opposite direction. Full-tilted zests can lead to full tilted disappointments. She expected too much of herself. I don't mean to belabor the point, but when a man's wife leaves him and his primary feeling is relief, some explanation is due. The day before, she had split a section of paneling she had been trying to put up in the butler pantry, ruining it. I did not know this when I asked that night if we might discuss the mysteries of our bank book. She was inclined to abbreviate entries in such a manner that not only I but she later found them undecipherable. Put another way, she could envision an idealized form of life a less imaginative woman wouldn't be troubled with. To call her a romantic, then, is to call Lake Michigan wet. We lived in a leafy suburb 20 miles from the lake. I commuted to Chicago.

So then, relief. I planned what I would do with it. I would sign for an additional course at the downtown campus and I would work on the house. It was an old house, too large for the three of us, ridiculously large for me, but it was a real estate investment, rather rundown—"deferred maintenance" had been the realtor's phrase—a gracious, commanding Victorian manse, full of stairwells and dumb waiters, nooks and crannies, chimneys and weathercocks: the Greer House, grayshingled, deep porched, with bold dormers, a cupola, a porte cochere, a carriage house converted into a garage. It wore its ornate oak and stained glass with pride. Eloise had fallen in love with it at first sight, and for my part I liked working with my hands, to make things fit nicely together.

I started that relieved June by taking out the decaying back porch steps. I scraped and painted the back porch and put in new steps, working off-hours ar weekends. It was a cloudless Mond four weeks, two days, two hours ar eight minutes after Eloise rampaged o of my life that I started cleaning out th water fountain in the side yard. It ha stone cherubs, concrete acanthus ar seasonal detritus. I had left the offi early, it was the longest day of the yea and it was approximately four minut after six when I looked up and sa across the lawn, a young woman watc ing me. Her white dress was short, h white shoes of an odd strapped styl She held a light straw hat with a bla ribbon. She was fair-haired, and sh smiled at me in the most engaging wa

I straightened up from the drain was cleaning and said, "Good afte noon." Behind her were fir trees, ar surely it was these dark evergreens th gave her white dress, her yellow ha such comely vividness. A distance of feet separated us, but the air was sti there was no traffic on the bouleva and I heard her distinctly.

"Let's go inside. No one's home."

I must say this held me. Her smi widened, and since there was no m taking her meaning, I looked aroun rather foolishly thinking she had spoke to someone behind me. The law dropped past an elm to a privet hedg and rose on the other side to my neig bor's house. When I looked back, sh



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was gone. I crossed the grass to the flagstone walk that curved around the trees to a weedy garden with a cracked birdbath. She was not in sight.

I gathered up my tools and went inside. I made myself a drink and drank it there in the kitchen, and then I made myself another drink. I wasn't sure why I decided that in fact it hadn't been to me she was speaking. Her happiness had such simple intimacy about it that more was implied. The directness of her emotion had somehow a wonderful trust. This, and her beauty, aroused some protective urge in me.

Now we live in a sophisticated and very frank, if not indeed earthy, age. And I was a healthy, young male living alone. Reading *Middlemarch* in the living room that evening, at seven minutes after ten, someone began to play the piano in the music room. I sat very still. It could have been a trick of wind through an open window, the cooling night caressing the strings in a vague recital. I made out the melody, not expertly played. The music room door was closed. The only light was the floor lamp beside my chair, and when I put aside my book and got to my feet, it was very cautiously. I listened at the door, and what was additionally eerie was that the piano sounded in better tune than it really was. It had come with the house, as had other pieces of furniture. If the talented source was a tricky wind, it was a chilly one, for the back of my neck felt cold. I stood there for nearly a minute before slowly opening the door. She, wearing a nightgown and a robe, was seated at the piano. The Tiffany lamp on the piano was lighted. She smiled at me, really a very pretty girl, and as the telephone rang, she said, "Are you ready?"

I didn't know what to do. I answered the telephone. It was my mother-in-law. Eloise and our son were staying with her on the other side of town, and she said that Eloise wanted her to come over the next day to pick up some things. I said, "All right." She said, "What's the matter? Have you got the flu?" I said I felt fine and that she was welcome to come any time she wanted to. She said there was a new type of flu going around. There was no more piano playing, and when I got back to the music room, she was gone.

I took a brandy with me upstairs. Clouds were covering the moon and as I lay waiting for sleep, which was a long time coming, I smelled the imminence of rain. When I awoke at dawn, it was the cadence of the rain I heard, the rain in the rusting gutters that sounded like whispering. *I love you so.*

I got out of bed. The sibilence of the rain said, "Yes, yes, yes," in delicate crescendo. I went out in the hallway and stopped when I heard a distant cry, pleasurable and brief. And then, again, only the rain. I went downstairs and walked through the house. A sensual ghost? The spirit of the departed relishing still the fleshy facts of love? Or was physical health and newfound celibacy creating in me something more clinical? I pondered the issue.

Whatever else she was, Eloise was not frigid, and it was ironic that I knew no one else in the world better able to help understand this concupiscent spirit. Eloise's interests were eager, curious, unashamed. When we were first married I had not been a very experienced lover but I would have had to be an incredible clod not to have found her altogether sympathetic, altogether compatible that way.

There was dawn light then, and I did not go back to bed. I bathed, dressed, breakfasted at a pancake house, visited the Main Library in the Loop, and from my office I called the realtor who had sold us the house.

His name was Ferguson, tall, hale, a stylish beard, mod clothes. He carried his 70-odd years with vigor. He told me there had been a daughter, yes. Roseann. Her father, Harlan, had been Ambassador to Luxembourg for a time. Roseann had married George Langley and for a while they had *(continued)*

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GHOST STORY

continued

lived in the house. "In the Twenties," I said. He said, "How did you know that?" What could I say? Something about her dress, her shoes, the modesty of her bosom? In the library that morning I had seen among other things John Held illustrations, and in those days, as different from ours, an unexuberant front was modish. I asked Mr. Ferguson if she had played the piano. There was no reason for him to remember or even know such a thing. But in fact an aunt of his, a piano teacher in town, had given Roseann lessons. "Why are you so curious?" he said.

"I've found a few items in the attic that belong to the Greer family," I said. "One is a photograph of Roseann. Blonde, an oval face. Apparently light eyes. It's not in color. Attractive, certainly." I gave a little laugh and asked what George Langley had been like.

"An engineer. He's still alive. He worked for International Harvester when the plant first opened in Mayfair."

I cleared my throat and said, "Mr. Ferguson," and hesitated. What I, the most reasonable of men, felt, was unreasonable, and it showed in my voice. It was preposterous of me to pray that they had lived their lives happily. But if I learned of some tragedy, some sudden end to their happiness, I would be heartbroken. Why did she appear as a very young woman in the 1920's? Had something taken her then? I closed my eyes and asked the question. Mr. Ferguson said, "Why, no. They had grandchildren. There's a married daughter in Western Springs. You've certainly developed an interest in them."

"They seem like a wonderful family. When did she die then?"

"I'm not sure. Not too long ago."

"Do you know where her husband is?"

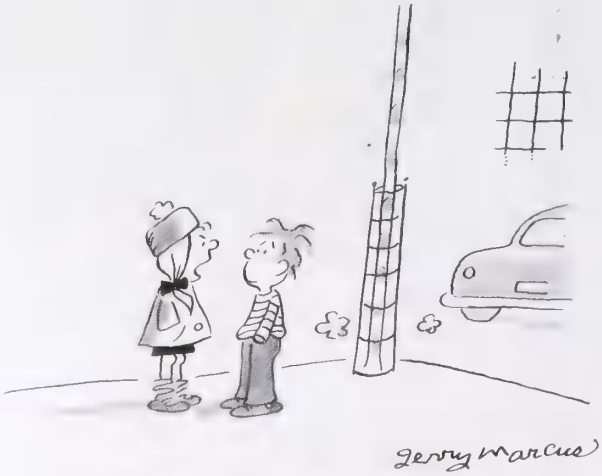
"I could ask Doc Trueblood. He's George's cousin. Or ask his daughter

I thanked him and said goodbye. Th relief I felt was euphoric, a powerf emotion for me, really an against-th grain sort of thing, a contrast betwe Eloise and me.

Which brings me to what happen next. That I had been living alone w no secret. When I got home that nig after a two-martini steak dinner and stop for a bottle of brandy, a frie whom I hadn't seen for a time call Lowell Bainbridge had been divorc for two years. Whether he still loved h wife or lacked social ingenuity, he h become a bore on the subject of bats his chimney. He claimed to have do everything to get rid of the pests loathed and feared, and which as a sy bol has the subtlety of karate. Frie were concerned, and I had heard had joined some kind of group thera Now he was calling to suggest we p our resources and share expenses.

The phone was on the hallway dr leaf table. Only the kitchen light was the staircase in shadows. I had open the front door for a breeze. There w no breeze. "Not my place, of cours Lowell said. "You have that nice h house, plenty of room." I heard a sou delicately dull. I turned to the fr door. Heat prickled across my back a turned around to the sheltered kitch light, unable to tell where the sou came from against the plaintive voice the phone. "They thrive on the stuff t exterminator sprays up there. Surely could work something out, Dave."

As I asked if he knew I was in t midst of renovating the house, I smell a lovely perfume, mimosa, I think. heard soft footsteps above, in the h way. Then, there were soft footsteps the stairs. The warm night pressed confining that time, distilling it. Raisi my eyes, I told Lowell I would thi about his proposal. He said, "Are y all right?" She was coming down t stairs. I said, "I have *(continue*



"Well, for heaven's sakes, which one is the opposite sex, you or me?"



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GHOST STORY

continued

something in the oven," and hung up. She was smiling. She was beautiful. When she laughed, I knew it was at something that amused her then, in 1924 or –5. She put her hands on the banister. "Come on," she said. My knee hit the ladder-back chair beside the drop-leaf and the phone landed on the parquet floor with a clatter that made my heart pound. I put it back on the table, went to the kitchen and raised my brandy glass. A little of its contents spilled down my chin. You see the point. Lowell had bats in his chimney. I had a naked ghost.

I was not, let me add, a drinker, and I was drinking more than usual. But I was not intoxicated then, or later as I went upstairs to bed. I'm sure the night was as hot as I thought it was, also, I was very tired. I had only had a couple of hours sleep the night before. Even with all that had happened, I should have dozed off immediately, but just as I was about to, the toilet flushed.

We are dealing, are we not, with young people in joyous pursuits, a spirit that makes love and goes to the bathroom? Once, as a child in bed sick, I asked my father, a minister of purposeful orthodoxy, if angels could suffer from diarrhea. I meant no disrespect. Objectively, even with some calmness, I considered what I could tell a psychiatrist. I wondered if a psychiatrist could officiate at an exorcism. Then, since I was combining incongruous elements, what I thought, of course, was that no one would appreciate these sportive contrasts more than Eloise.

Nothing else happened, but when I awoke at dawn, lying on my side I was immediately awake. I had slept with Eloise in that brass bed long enough to know its general configuration. I was not alone in it. I sat up on the bed's edge, not slowly, not terribly fast, awkwardly. At some early point in marriage, pajamas had been discarded except for wintry nights and colds. I got to my feet, a man, and looked down at her. I mean I was a man. I mean to say, where does the physical leave off and the other begin? The trend here seems to make hazy so simple a demarkation. Her breasts were not as demure as I'd thought.

I went downstairs, and I can only tell you the truth—however much of an anticlimax, which I guess is the word I want—I made myself bacon and eggs. I drank two cups of coffee. When I went back upstairs, she wasn't there, but as I soaked in a tepid tub, I heard the music room piano, the same song, "It Had To Be You." I dressed and went downstairs again, and there was no music.

Mr. Ferguson called me at the office that morning. He told me George Langley was in the Mayhew Home on East Lake street. He said he had suffered a rather bad stroke the year before. I left the office at noon.

The Mayhew Home was a modern building, eight stories tall. Glass doors opened automatically, and I walked past a large recreation room where old people were playing cards or watching TV. A pleasant, middle-aged lady at the reception desk told me Mr. Langley's room number and the elevator was very slow. His door was open. He was in a wheelchair by the window, a fine looking old man with crisp white hair and a good strong face. I introduced myself nervously, explaining that I was the new owner of the Greer House. There was a keenness about his eyes that didn't make me feel any easier. I cleared my throat and lied about some Greer memorabilia in the attic, including a bottle of perfume, "Mimosa," I said. "Was it hers?" He only frowned.

"Roseann's—your wife's." I stuttered a little on "sheet music, 'It Had To Be You'." He certainly was watching me directly, and I did something I had never done before. I raised my hand to my brow, an unsteady gesture, an emotional display, and rather slumped, and then simply told him I seemed to have had some—some contact with her, almost saying sensuous contact, meaning sight, sound and smell, in my confusion "sensory" and "sensuous" confused. He still didn't say anything, and I suppose his frown was mostly curious. Then he asked if I was there alone, and I told him my wife and I were separated.

"Don't get along?" he said.

"We're different."

"We were, too," he said. "She's very lively, you know, very warm and free." The present tense didn't seem out of place; I knew what he meant. He smiled and said, "They used to say my printing, on blueprints, you know, was done by a machine."

"Sometimes this all seems like a replay of my own life," I said, "as well as of yours."

He looked at me for a quiet moment. "Oh, but the way it might have been! Not the way it was," he said, "and the way it still could be . . . for you."

A nurse came in with a smile and a couple of pills on a saucer. "Time for our energy boosters," she said. I got up awkwardly. Mr. Langley told me, "She was closer to the truth than I was." His smile was kind. The nurse gave him the pills and a glass of water, and he said, "Still is." He swallowed the pills, and the nurse gave me a look. I shook hands and said I would be in touch.

The house stood splendidly against the bright sky when I turned into the driveway. I parked under the porte cochere, went in the side door, and it somehow seemed as if there was a difference. But that there *was* no difference was comforting knowledge. I was aware of awareness, listening to the silence, aware that the house was made to be lived in, the high-ceilinged rooms made for movement and voices. The events had not spent themselves. Those bygone days, so happy, were not gone. Then and now, time and space, were one. Which surely, as a conversational topic, could be broached impersonally. Surely in this matter we could speak reasonably. I picked up the hallway phone and dialed my mother-in-law's number. I would say simply, "May I speak to Eloise?" Then reasonably, with sense and care, approach this topic of conversation, reasonable adults, after all, an exchange of ideas on a not unheard of subject. But it was Eloise who answered, and I said, "Please come home, Eloise. Please come home." She said, "Yes. Right away."

I waited for her on the front porch, praying she would drive carefully. I went down the steps when I saw her car. She got out of it and ran to me. I said, "Eloise, Eloise." She was in my arms, and this is the end of my ghost story. **End**



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That's why we made Purina® Kitten Chow® kitten food with all the extra nutrition kittens need during that critical first year.

Extra vitamins for bright eyes and a shiny coat.

Extra minerals for strong teeth and bones. And 35% protein for good strong muscles.

Cat Chow® forever.

Grown cats also have very special needs. Your cat needs a good balanced diet to help stay healthy.

Purina® Cat Chow® cat food is high in protein. That's important because cats need proportionately more protein than people.

With Cat Chow cat food, you don't need to give your cat extra vitamins and minerals.

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To help keep your cat healthy follow this rule—Cat Chow for health.

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Kitten Chow the First Year.

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The itching of external vaginal, rectal, and other skin conditions can worsen, lead to infection.

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No other advertised product has this same exclusive BiCOZENE® formula. For sample, send 25¢ to Dept. LHJ8, 423 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217

BiCOZENE

How do doctors remove corns without surgery?

Doctors find many corns and calluses can be removed medically without surgery. The same medical ingredient doctors find so effective is now available without prescription in DERMA•SOFT® Creme. No wonder this unique, stainless penetrating creme softens and removes corns and calluses so easily and comfortably. Use only as directed. Insist on unique DERMA•SOFT. Show this ad to your pharmacist.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

continued from page 71

patiently kisses untold gray and balding heads, and graciously shakes thousands of hands. The handshaking routine has become quite a problem. Elizabeth does it with such gusto that blood vessels in her hands have popped, causing pain. She sometimes resorts to a sling, and John tries to head off would-be hand grabbers with, "Whoa, there, take it easy."

Another problem has been Elizabeth's bursitis, which requires painful cortisone shots, and occasionally forces delays, or a change of schedule.

Gearing up for these continual marathons is a new experience for Elizabeth. She used to shy away from public appearances, and when forced to make one, was always accompanied by an entourage that included a secretary, hairdresser and makeup man. There was usually a whole day to rest in a luxurious hotel room and an elaborate gown carefully pressed and ready. Now it's catch-as-catch-can, with five minutes in an airport bathroom to tease her hair, apply lipstick, eyeshadow, mascara and cover the tracheotomy scar on her neck with foundation. (Her only regular beauty routine is washing with soap and water.)

In case there's time to change, a caftan is stuffed into a suitcase between two pillows to keep it from wrinkling, and a turban and hot-rollers are crammed into a brown alligator makeup case. There are no lengthy naps, no publicity men, no assistants. It's John and a 16-hour day.

There is little time for shopping. Her clothes, many designed by Halston, are grabbed off the rack in California or New York. And she buys very high-heeled pumps, not very practical for standing or walking. ("Shoe salesmen and hairdressers always sucker you into something," she says.) Her jewelry is sparse: a pair of gold earrings, a few chains, a gold wedding band and her engagement ring, containing a small diamond, ruby and sapphire.

John usually is attired in a blue suit, white shirt and red, white and blue Bicentennial tie. He almost always has a pipe in his hand or in his mouth, and Elizabeth absent-mindedly waves the smoke away.

Warner is a man who exudes hearty self-confidence and boyish charm. Extremely good looking, he has always had a way with women, which is one of the keys to his success.

John William Warner, 50, started life in Washington, D.C., as the son of a well-respected but not well-heeled obstetrician. He attended local public schools, Washington and Lee University and the University of Virginia Law School. After serving in the Marines, John clerked at the Federal Court of Appeals, became Assistant District Attorney, and joined the law firm of Hogan & Hartson.

Political career begins

In 1956, he married Cathy Mellon, daughter of multi-millionaire Paul Mellon, and was promptly dubbed "Warner-mellon" by old friends. At this point his career in Republican politics began. First he served as National Chairman for Nixon and Agnew, and then became Undersecretary of the Navy, with the help of his college friend, the former Virginia Governor Linwood Holton. In 1972 he was named Navy Secretary, a job he enjoyed, and in 1974 he became Administrator of the Bicentennial.

He and his wife were divorced in 1973, and share joint custody of their three children, Mary, 19, Virginia 18, and John, 15. The split was amicable; Cathy bought an adjacent house in Washington, and they traded their adjoining Virginia farm properties. When Cathy remarried, two weeks after John and Liz, the entire Warner-Mellon clan joined in the pre-wedding festivities at John's farm in Middleburg, Virginia.

The meeting of John Warner and Elizabeth Taylor was not a cataclysmic event. It took place at a luncheon in the garden of the Iranian Embassy in the spring of 1976. Elizabeth's then-current escort, Iranian Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi, was giving an informal barbecue. No sparks flew. In fact, neither John nor Elizabeth clearly remembers the encounter. It was not until several months later, at a dinner for Queen Elizabeth at the British Embassy, that the connection really took place.

Elizabeth, a British subject, was invited to dine with Ambassador Sir Peter Ramsbotham and his wife, Frances. According to Sir Peter, Elizabeth asked to bring her hairdresser as an escort. Ramsbotham explained that this was a small group and that her hairdresser would not be appropriate. But Sir Peter offered to provide a suitable companion.

The Ramsbothams wracked their brains and came up with John Warner. He was dispatched to pick her up at her hotel, having been forewarned by Sir Peter: "Stick to her like a leech; she can be quite willful."

John did his job well. He remained at Elizabeth's side all evening, constantly clutching her elbow—and basking in the limelight.

Elizabeth remembers the occasion vividly. John was her first blind date. "There he was, standing in the lobby with his back to me. All I saw was that marvelous silver hair."

After the dinner they went on to Pisces, a local private disco, and danced and talked till 4 A.M. John invited Elizabeth to visit his Middleburg farm the following weekend, and from then on local gossip columns were filled with juicy tidbits: John was showing up late for work, John was not showing up at all. John was utterly exhausted. What was happening was that both of them were commuting between Washington and New York, where Elizabeth was preparing for her movie role in *(continued*

WEDDING WORDS

By Maureen Cannon

The day is hers and, oh, it is
As clearly jubilantly his!
But, dear, it's ours as well in ways
She cannot know, not yet. The phrase
"Who gives this woman?" echoes deep
In both our hearts. We do—who keep
Some special part of her as one
By one her steps match his, this son
We've—gladly—gained.
The day is his,
The day is hers. What marriage is
Is ours, though. We have lived it and
We know, as they will. Take my hand
And hold it dear with joy, with pride . . . .
I love you, father of the bride.

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

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FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

How to turn a spot of tea into cocoa.





With RIT® Dye.

Do you have a set of linen or cotton place mats or a tablecloth you'd like to change into a rich color like cocoa brown? It's very easy to do. But first, if the fabric has stains—like tea, for instance—remove them before dyeing to make sure the color takes evenly. Follow these simple RIT tips and you'll be on your way to a beautifully even dye job:

Do's

1. Wash item thoroughly.
2. Soak spots in powdered oxygen bleach overnight. If the stain is oily, use a heavy-duty liquid detergent or grease remover.
3. For really stubborn stains, use RIT Color Remover.

Don'ts

1. Don't expect dyeing to cover stains unless you've almost completely removed them. (Dark dyes will help to cover light stains that may remain.)
2. Don't try to dye a fabric that a hot iron has scorched or that liquid bleach has spotted.



For a free booklet or answers to questions on dyeing, write RIT, Dept. C, 1437 West Morris St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Rit. You're going to love the results!

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THE FARMER'S WIFE

continued

A Little Night Music, and weekending in Middleburg.

She enjoys describing the night when they decided to get married. "We both decided at the same time without really saying anything," she recalls. "We had taken a picnic and gone in a Jeep to watch the sunset high on a hill. There was a rainstorm all around us, and we sat there surrounded by thunder and lightning. It was like being in the center of a saucer. The storm circled around us, and finally the skies opened in a torrential downpour. We just lay back in the grass, hugged each other, soaked by rain, but in love. It was a magic moment."

For John it was something that "just happened." He had been divorced three and a half years and was not searching for a new wife. He had many female companions and plenty of invitations. "I would never have married Elizabeth if she hadn't been willing to fit into my life. All those days of big jewelry and that stuff are over. It's not my bag."

John's wedding present to Liz was a new silo, and for their six-month anniversary in May, he gave her a pewter whiskey flask inscribed To the Professor. "She likes to have a little nip of Jack Daniels when she finishes one of her college seminars," says John. (Elizabeth conducts seminars on acting at various Virginia colleges.)

Some of the more conservative citize of Middleburg were slightly dismaye when John brought his new bride hom Would their bucolic town be turned in a three-ring circus? "At first we we wary," says one Middleburger. "But nc we've gotten to know her and we're very protective."

The townspeople leave her alon There is no superstar syndrome the Only tourists come to gawk. Jackie Ke nedy long ago broke the ice when s and JFK weekended in Middleburg, a besides, movie celebrities are not ve exciting to the Virginia country gentr

Elizabeth is free to wear jeans, sh for groceries, pick up her favorite chees cake at a health store and browse in a tique shops. One of her favorite sto is a neighborhood grocery that provid choice cuts of meat to the area's elite. quality is such that Paul Mellon sen his private jet up from Antigua to lo up on roasts and chops. Elizabeth's fa orite is calves' liver.

Store owners and fellow shoppe have only kind words for the Warne but many are skeptical of John's abili to make it in Virginia politics.

Some say he is an "instant Virginia who really lives in Washington—and th the Senate nomination will go to a lon time party politico. Others sniff that would be better off campaigning on h own—or that the "John and Liz sho will peak too early—the Republican co vention is not until June 1978. Says fo mer Governor Holton, who is also inte ested in entering the Senate race, "I better check on the ballot. W-A-R-N-E does not spell Taylor."

Moreover, John's blustery, dete mined manner does not always make favorable impression. Critics compla that he is pompous, stuffy and egoce tric. "Not so," says Elizabeth defensiv ly, "John isn't on an ego trip; he's a re giver. He can be a clown, but he do need loosening. People interpret h nervousness for pomposity. John is sh that's why he always has that pipe; i a good prop. After all, a woman has handbag to hold on to."

Merely testing

None of this flak fazes the Warne They figure there will be criticism matter what they do. They claim that, this point, they are merely testing t waters to see how John will appeal to t voters—and if they can weather the pre sures of intense campaigning.

If politics should blow up in the faces, they have alternatives. They ov homes in Switzerland and Mexico a have considered making movies togeth (John has already done a walk-on wi Liz in *Winter Kills*). They are develo ing the Elizabeth Taylor Diamond C with Elizabeth creating the designs a John handling the legal and financ end. Some of the designs—bracelets, ea

rings, rings and pendants in 14-karat gold with small diamonds—are in the works, priced between $1,000 and $10,000. Elizabeth is also financing an outpatient clinic in Botswana, Africa.

But the focal point of their lives is the Middleburg farm. "I love the farm and our life there," says Elizabeth. "I have this feeling it's where I began and where I'm going to end." It is easy to understand why Elizabeth has come to nest so readily: "Atoka," as it is called, is no run-of-the-mill farm. It's a 2,000-acre spread, an hour's drive from Washington, with horses and cattle barns, an indoor swimming pool, a tennis court, spring and smoke houses, vegetable and flower gardens, a 500-acre wildlife preserve, several ponds—and the Blue Ridge Mountains in the background.

A long, winding, stone-and-tar road, bordered by fruit trees, leads to the big, fieldstone house, built in 1816. The house has five bedrooms and is comfortably, if not elaborately, furnished. Hunting prints, bright chintzes and assorted trophies are everywhere.

The hub of activity is the Portuguese-tiled kitchen, meticulously designed by John. On one wall is scribbled a recipe for "sauce l'amour." In the center of the room is a large butcher block dining table. A large picture window in back of the six-burner commercial stove presents a magnificent pastoral view—and allows Elizabeth to keep her eye on four baby ducks that are often teased by the Labrador puppy.

Days on the farm are spent quietly. Elizabeth enjoys tooling around in a pickup truck with her two dogs: Sallie, a Yorkshire Terrier, and Daisy-Mae, a Shih Tzu. She also drives the tractor and occasionally rides a horse.

Sundays, the Warners usually attend the Episcopal Church in Middleburg, though Elizabeth still retains the Jewish faith she adopted when she married Mike Todd. "It doesn't make any difference where you pray: under a tree, in a church, in a synagogue. You can speak to God anywhere. I like going to church with John."

Social life low key

Their social life is low key, and there are no weekend guests—except for the children—John's and Elizabeth's four (Michael, 24, Christopher, 22, Liza, 19, and Maria, 16), and her two grandchildren. They give few parties, which makes it a little easier for Elizabeth to stick to a diet. She admits she'd like to shed her extra poundage but she loves to eat and to cook, and as a result her weight has yo-yo'd all her life.

They studiously avoid the Washington social whirl, except for some Kennedy Center openings and special charity events, such as the $150-a-couple opening night benefit for the Wolf Trap Fine Center for the Performing Arts in Virginia. Elizabeth, the chairperson, cajoled Halston to do the table decorations and got such celebrities as Liza Minnelli, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Henry Fonda to perform.

"I have deliberately not gotten involved in Washington society," says Elizabeth. "I have no desire to take it by storm. I like an evening at home, cooking together or with one or two couples."

She is so secure in her new life that she has applied to regain her American citizenship. She became a British subject and Swiss resident when she first married Richard Burton. American citizenship will cost her dearly at income tax time. Tax rates in some cantons of Switzerland are as low as 12 percent, while her return to the U.S. will put her in a 50-70 percent bracket. "She's joining the club," laughs John, who is delighted with her decision. "You know, her life would have been so different if Mike Todd had not died. She was robbed of that man. She would never have remarried if he had lived."

Elizabeth readily admits that her life has not been dull. She has always been honest with herself and aware of her foibles. "I'm very earthy and very direct, perhaps too much so, but I don't have to worry about telling lies."

What has changed? "Everything and nothing. I'm still the same; the difference is my personal life. I didn't try very hard before—I'd retreat; but now there's a whole new world, one I can face. I don't want to conquer anything." **End**

The chilling story behind Tuna Helper® summer salads.

The best thing about our story is that it's simple.

Because all you have to do to make a light, refreshing, delicious summer salad is to prepare Tuna Helper® with a few extra ingredients from your kitchen and then chill it in your refrigerator.

After chilling, it's thrilling.

Summer Tuna Salad

- 1 package Tuna Helper® mix for creamy noodles 'n tuna
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 can (6½ ounces) tuna, drained
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons chopped green onions
- 1 to 2 tomatoes, cut into wedges, if desired

Cook noodles in 6 cups rapidly boiling salted water (1 tablespoon salt) 8 to 10 minutes, drain. Rinse under running cold water. Heat Sauce Mix and 1 cup water just to boiling over medium heat, stirring constantly. Reduce heat, cook, stirring constantly, 1 minute. Remove from heat; let stand 10 minutes. Stir in mayonnaise. Mix noodles, sauce mixture, tuna, celery and onions thoroughly in large bowl. Cover and refrigerate 1 to 2 hours. Garnish with tomato wedges. 5 servings.



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Stores wrap meat
to display it.
Not to freeze it.

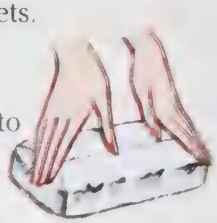


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Think twice before you freeze meat in plastic store wrap. That wrap is fine for display, but it's not made for long-term freezing. It lets in air, lets moisture escape. Meat becomes dry and discolored — and that's freezer burn.



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The Best Wrap Around.



Help Jerry Lewis fight Muscular Dystrophy by recycling aluminum cans at Reynolds Centers. For details, call free 800-243-6000. In Connecticut, call free 800-882-6500

"MISS LILLIAN"

continued from page 39

L. I was never lonely until I got home f the afternoons. During the day I wa surrounded by people. But you kno what I did? I'd go up on a little mou tain and cry. I'd go up there where n body could see me and just get over b ing blue. I read all the time, too. Yo know, the Peace Corps gave me 12 books, and I went through them ju like castor oil.

G. *How would you like to be remem bered?*

L. I would like to be remembered as person who loves everybody and ever thing.

G. *Do you?*

L. Yes. I want to kill some people, but love them. What I mean by everyboc is every single person—regardless race, color, creed or anything. Yes, an every living thing. I want you all to r member me as being happy at the Pon House with a good television set watch anything I want to, and a lot books. And I hope that I'll always b able to do the things that I've done the past few years, and be happy to th end. **En**

ENDING

By Anita Appelbaum

Editor's Note: Anita Appelbaum won fir prize in Scholastic Magazines' Junior Poe ry Contest. She is fifteen years old.

I locked you in my head like miser's gold
With eyes shut tight I reach for what remains:
I rock you close as memory grows cold.

Through merchant's hands my words were bought and sold
They tricked me so that they could take my pain.
I locked you in my head like miser's gold.

They left me only empty shells to hold,
My mouth filled up with dusty tears like rain.
I rock you close as memory grows cold.

You never saw a night grow sour and old
For you the mornings always came again.
I locked you in my head like miser's gold.

You won't come back and cannot be cajoled
Remember? That was tried, and all in vain.
(I rock you close as memory grows cold.)

I should have known enough to deal and fold
But I was young and not completely sane
I locked you in my head like miser's gold
I rock you close as memory grows cold.

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FASHION AND PATTERN INFORMATION

"Little Autumn Annie"

PAGE 75: Upper left: Apron Jumper, McCALL'S Make It Tonight #5718 (all children's sizes), requires about 1 yard solid fabric, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard print and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting print for smaller borders. Shirt, McCALL'S #5228 (children's sizes 1-6), requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Yardage requirement for both jumper and shirt based on 45" width, for girls size 6.
Fabrics: CONCORD: solid kettlecloth and floral print; PETER PAN: small floral print. All, cotton and polyester blends. Dotted cotton by V.I.P.
Accessories: OLAF DAUGHTERS clogs. TRIMFIT tights.

Upper right: Orphan Annie inspired shirtdress by SHUTTERBUG, sizes 7-14, available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.
Accessories: TRIMFIT kneesocks. STRIDE RITE shoes.

Lower left: WHITE STAG FOR GIRLS, woven acrylic lumberjack plaid, blouson top with kangaroo pocket and knitted ribbed neck, cuffs and waistband, buckled at the knee knickers, sizes 4-6x, at B. Altman, N.Y.; Hecht Co., Washington D.C., Maryland and Virginia; Kenny Kardon, Monroeville Mall, Pa.; Halle Brothers, Cleveland. For more information, contact Kandy Morris, White Stag for Girls, 112 W. 34th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
Accessories: Knitted hat and mittens, NOLAN GLOVE CO.; TRIMFIT socks; leg warmers by HOT SOX; JUMPING JACKS crepe-soled boots; backpack from ACCESSORIES UNLIMITED.

Lower center: Checked cotton shirt, quilted nylon vest with corduroy collar and corduroy pants, all MARSHALL SINCLAIR, sizes 7-14, available at Bloomingdales, N.Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Garfinckels, Washington, D.C.; Wanamakers, Philadelphia; Lord & Taylor, New Fox Valley, Ill.; B. Siegel, Detroit; Hovland Swanson, Lincoln, Neb.; Neustetters, Denver, Colo.; Sanfords, Portland and Medford, Ore.
Accessories: Muffler by NOLAN GLOVE CO., HOT SOX leg warmers, STRIDE RITE boots, TIMEX watch.

Lower right: Wrapped dirndl skirt with attached apron, BUTTERICK #5626, girls sizes 8-14. Skirt requires approximately 2 yards, 44"-45" fabric, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard (45") contrasting fabric for apron. Long sleeved peasant blouse, BUTTERICK #5255, girls sizes 8-14. We put elastic at wrists and eliminated the ruffle. We also omitted elastic at waist and peplum. Blouse requires about $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 44"-45" fabric. All yardage based on girls size 14.
Fabric: Skirt, CHARTER paisley cotton, and V.I.P. corduroy-style cotton; blouse, LOGANTEX RUSTICANA cotton.
Accessories: TRIMFIT kneesocks, OLAF DAUGHTERS clogs.

PAGE 76: Left: GIRLTOWN acrylic plaid blouson top and pleated skirt with polyester/cotton long sleeved turtle neck, sizes 7-14, available at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Garfinckels, Washington, D.C.; J.B. Ivey, North Carolina; J.D. Brandeis, Omaha; Palais Royal, Houston; Diamonds, Phoenix and I. Magnin, all stores. For more information contact Sidney Margoshes, Girltown, 112 W. 34th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10001.
Right: Woven acrylic blazer, vest and skirt with cotton blend shirt, sizes 7-14, PANDORA. At Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. and Baltimore; Hess's, Allentown, Pa.; Killians, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Miller & Paine, Lincoln, Neb.; for more information, contact Jessica Silton, Pandora Industries, 1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.
Accessories: LeROI kneesocks, STRIDE RITE shoes.

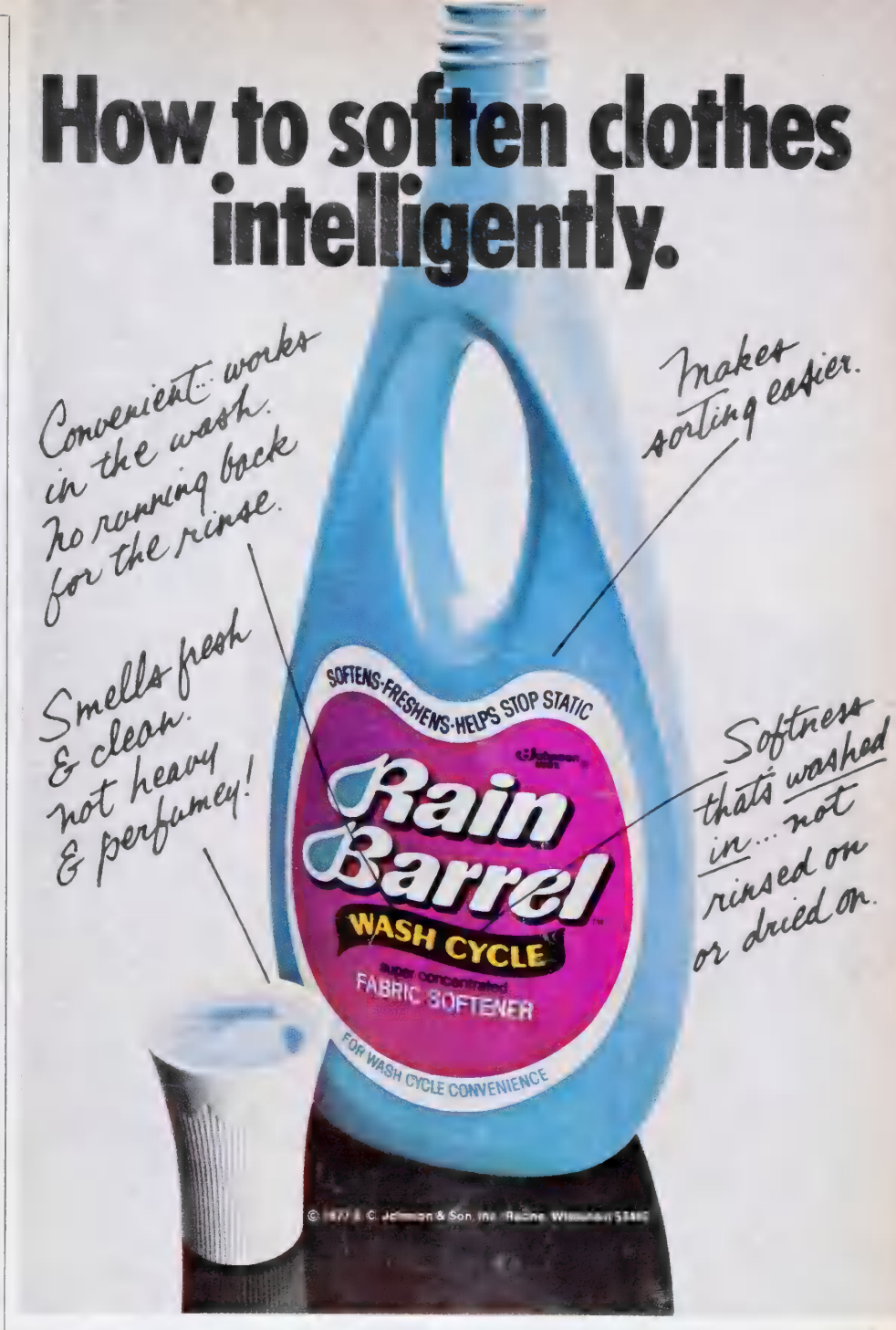
PAGE 77: Top left: Zip-front jogging suit with red striping, triacetate/nylon velour, 7-14, SEIBEL & STERN, At Macy's, Herald Square, N.Y.; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Madigans, Chicago; Famous Barr, St. Louis. For more information, contact Steve Tentler, Seibel & Stern, 112 W. 34th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10001.
Accessories: KEDS by UniRoyal
Top center: Two-piece jogging suit, hooded pullover top, SIMPLICITY #8121, pull-on pants (we added elastic at ankles), SIMPLICITY #6952, Both, sizes 7-14. Top requires about 1 yard, pants about 1 yard, 60" fabric for size 8. We appliqued Olympic patch and racing stripes down sides of sleeves and pants.
Fabrics: DESIRE MILLS polyester/cotton stretch velour.
Accessories: KEDS by UniRoyal.

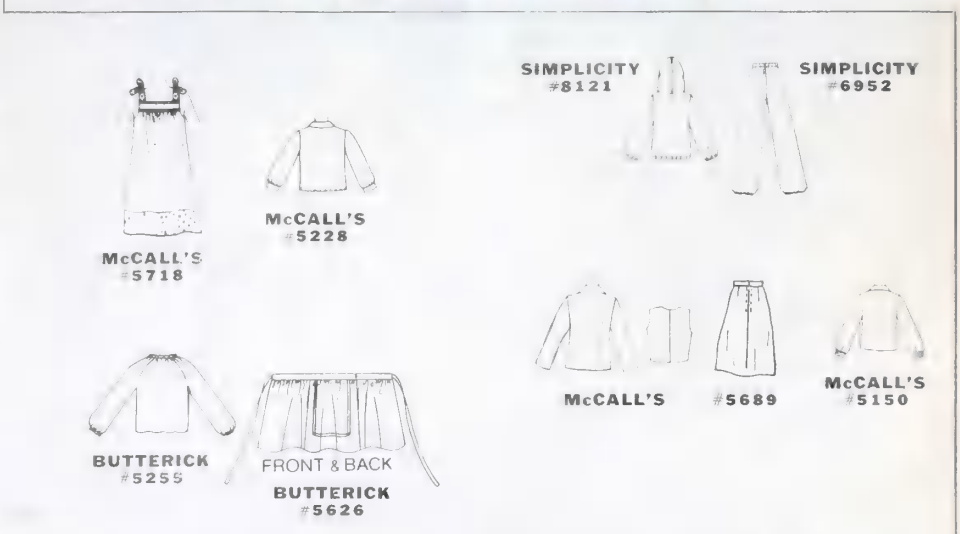
Top right: Blazer, vest and front pleated skirt, McCALL'S #5689, sizes 7-14, shirt, McCALL'S #5150, 7-14. Approximate yardage based on size 14: jacket, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards, skirt $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards, vest $\frac{3}{8}$ yards, all 58"-60" fabric; shirt requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44"-45" fabric.
Fabric: Jacket and skirt in woven dacron polyester, MONARCH WESTMINSTER; vest, dacron/polyester blend, BURLINGTON KLOPMAN; shirt, PETER PAN polyester/cotton oxford cloth.
Accessories: TIMEX watch, TRIMFIT kneesocks, shoes, POCOS, U.S. SHOE CO.

Bottom left: Front-buttoned jumper with coordinated shirt, WHEN I GROW UP, of polyester/cotton blend, sizes 7-14, at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.
Accessories: OLAF DAUGHTERS clogs, TRIMFIT tights.

Bottom right: ANNE KLEIN fully-lined flannel dress in wool/nylon blend with detachable silk bow, (also can be worn as lightweight coat), 7-14, available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.
Accessories: BONNIE DOON kneesocks, STRIDE RITE shoes, Daddy Warbuck's jewelry by DONALD STANNARD.

How to soften clothes intelligently.





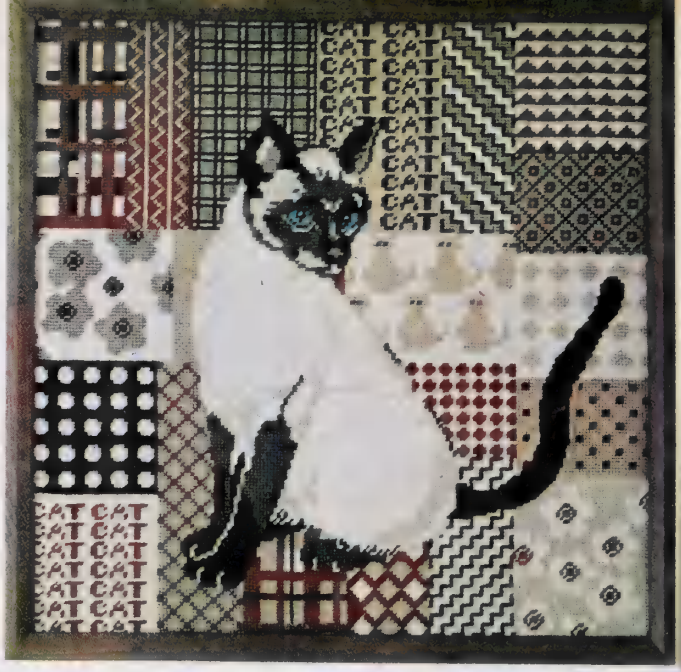
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"Still Life" "Springscape"
"Siamese Sampler" "Persian Princess"









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What's happening

continued from page 12

ing room, a fancy two-room suite, but knock on the door and you won't find her. She's probably on the other side of the stage in the community dressing room with the other little girls in the cast, all of whom play orphans. They also play jacks—they may be the swiftest jack-players in town. When they all came on the *Today* show with me, they were unlike the stars who pace in TV anticipation. Not these kids: they sat casually cross-legged on the corridor floor and played jacks until the final here-we-go moment. Andrea is also a pinball whiz: Every chance she gets she skips out of the theater to a pinball parlor on Broadway. Andrea McArdle is just what you'd hope Little Orphan Annie would be: a good kid, no pretense, enormously talented and having the time of her life.

(For Annie and the orphans in color, see page 74.) **End**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new movie, is more than his best film; it is an event. What a treat! Diane Keaton is marvelous; Allen a genius.

Audrey Rose is a story of reincarnation that falls flat on its face.

Between the Lines has a whiff of a plot, made barely bearable by a few gifted performers. But who cares?

Black Sunday is a political thriller turning on an Arab plot to slaughter 80,000 people attending the Super Bowl. Strong acting, a frenetic plot. Chilling.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from Disney, takes a madcap look at a mother-daughter relationship. What a pleasure *good* Disney can be.

Jabberwocky is college humor gone berserk. It's the Monty Python crew in boisterous bathroom humor; lots of laughs, but gross.

The Littlest Horse Thieves is a dandy film from Disney and it's *really* a good one for the kids—and you. Alastair Sim and all the children are first-rate.

Man on the Roof is a good thriller, vividly acted, with attention to every tiny detail. But it *is* violent, so be forewarned.

Network, as in TV, is ridiculous with author Paddy Chayefsky hitting as many as six typewriters at once. A satiric stew.

Raggedy Ann and Andy, a full-length animated film, may leave parents impatient, but wee tots may say, Whee!

Rocky is one of my favorite movies of the year, a movie to make you feel good all over. It's about people you'll *care* about.

Shining Star is a smaller scale *Star Is Born* and far more believable. A small, well-made movie, loaded with energy.

Slap Shot stars Paul Newman and is one of the filthiest-mouthed movies I've seen.

Three Women is a beautiful and profound movie from Robert Altman. Extraordinary performances, dialogue and photography. A stunning film to see, to be enveloped by and to remember.

Wizards comes from that master of animation, Ralph Bashki. The artfulness can't cover a weak story, which is a pity. For adults only.

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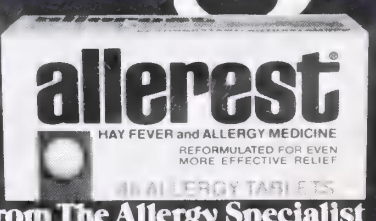
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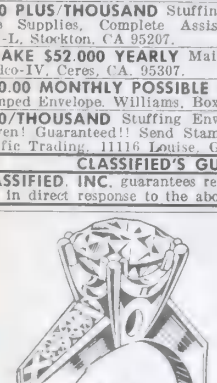
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THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

continued from page 69

grandmother's time, or even in our mothers' time, when a woman discovered that her husband was having an affair, she was no less pained than a modern woman, but chances are that she shrugged her shoulders and said to herself, "That's the way men are and there's nothing much I can do about it." Today's wife can no longer be so complacent. Her friends, the media, even her children urge her toward divorce. Her husband may believe it is the only way to rescue a guilty conscience and may begin to push for it. Thus, in many ways a husband's adultery is, today, far more disturbing than our grandmothers or mothers ever imagined—for admitting it and confronting it may spell the immediate doom of a marriage.

Beyond the new acceptability of divorce, however, today's women also can avail themselves of a wide range of new behaviors and outlooks. They are more sophisticated about the developmental crises that might stimulate their partners to adultery, more introspective about their own roles in contributing to male adultery, and more likely to take advantage of both the beneficial outlet of psychological counseling and the hostile outlet of retaliatory affairs. Certainly it is the rare 1970s woman who just shrugs off the matter. But I had the feeling, after speaking with the many women I interviewed on the subject, that, in the long run, this was all for the best.

How *do* today's women cope with male infidelity? Not easily, I learned recently when I set out to interview women whose husbands had been unfaithful. In case after case, women reported that although they had what their forebears lacked—the freedom to break up their marriages—that very freedom was itself a hazard.

"My husband had an affair and then insisted we divorce," a Connecticut woman told me. Fifty-four, she was living alone in the big house in Westport where she and her husband had raised their three children and planned, once he retired, to start an antique busines But now they were divorced.

"We always talked about how wh the children were finished with their e ucations," this woman told me, "my hu band would leave his job and we'd ha the chance to do the things we bo loved best—traveling, poking around in little foreign shops, setting up a busine here together. But last year he start having an affair with a woman he'd m through work. He saw her some seve or eight times, then went away with h for a weekend to Antigua. Next thing knew he wanted a divorce. He begg me to end our marriage. 'What's yo hurry?' I said. He said he wanted to l able to feel free to be with this oth woman. I was very hurt, but I suggeste we stay married and he see her a coup of nights a week for a while, to be sure he really wanted her. But my husban was a very old-fashioned sort of ma very straitlaced really, and ashame about what he was doing. 'No,' he sai 'I think we'd better divorce. It woul make me feel terribly guilty to be seein her while still married to you.'"

My informant, the Connecticut wom an, was on the verge of tears as we di cussed what had happened. "Intellect ally," she said, "I agreed with my hu band. But emotionally it didn't feel righ I did divorce him, but I've been mise able ever since. In another day and ag he'd have kept his affair secret, or eve if he'd told me about it, he'd probabl have agreed to see her only once in while in order to avoid the scandal getting divorced. And that would hav been much better. This way, I'm alon all the time."

Small community effect

Another woman I interviewed, a 4 year-old New Jersey schoolteacher, ha also just divorced as a result of a hus band's infidelity, although in this situa tion it was the wife herself who ha decided on the divorce. "It wasn't jus the fact that he started sleeping wit another woman that made me do it," sh said, "but the fact that she was a neigh bor and this is a small community, an after a few months, everyone aroun here knew about it. Me. Her husband. A lot of the couples we used to have ove I felt so betrayed and exposed that knew that no matter what happene with my husband's affair, I'd never b able to live comfortably with him agai because I'd never be able to forgive him So I asked him for a divorce."

The stories of both these women ar typical of what most often happens to day when people attempt to "cope" wit adultery. Divorce is the most commo coping mechanism. But it is not alway the wisest one, according to many mar riage counselors, and there are a numbe of steps short of divorce that experts rec ommend that wives have used.

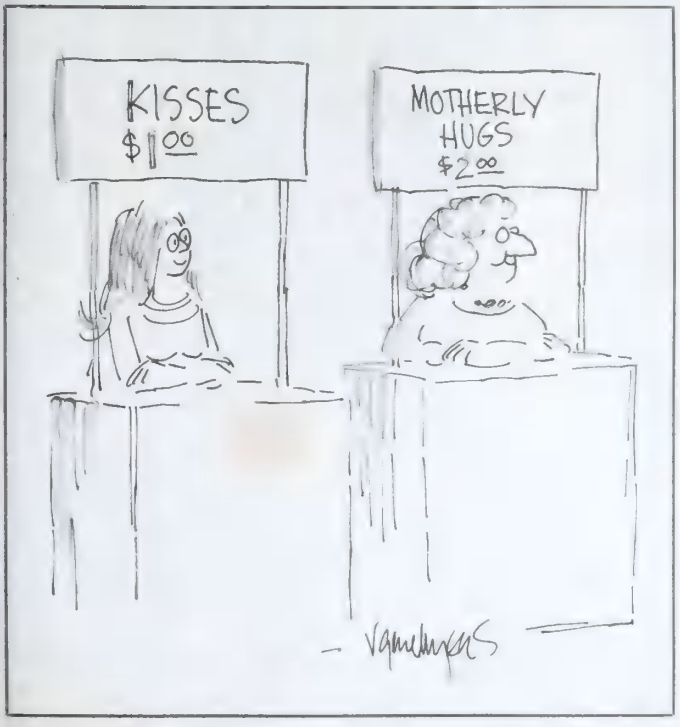
One step begins with determining the nature of the adultery. Some kinds of adultery are clearly less serious than others. "Adultery isn't monolithic," says Washington psychiatrist Dr. Leon Salzman, author of many articles on infidelity. "There's a world of difference between a one-night stand and a long drawn-out affair. A wife who wants to cope with her husband's adultery has to begin by realizing that not all adultery constitutes an emotional or sexual betrayal."

Like many of his colleagues, Dr. Salzman also believes that even an affair that goes beyond the one-night stand is not necessarily an emotional or sexual betrayal. A man may be having an affair not because he is no longer in love with his wife but because he is no longer in love with himself—his ego, rather than his heart or his genitalia, is in need. If this is the case, a woman can still hope to woo her husband back to fidelity by recognizing the root of his sexual wandering.

He may be experiencing a loss of self-esteem due to problems at work, or to a fear of aging, or to an actual reduction in sexual capacities experienced as he matures, and thus he has turned to having sex with another woman out of the notion that such an encounter will revitalize him. His wife herself might do the same for him if she were sensitive to what underlies his urge for an affair.

One woman I interviewed did, in fact, overcome her husband's interest in another woman by being sensitive to its deeper meanings. I shall call her Dorothy, although that isn't her real name, because she was very reluctant to have her story recognized. (Pseudonyms are used throughout this article.) Her husband lost his job two years ago when he was 44. When a period of resume-writing and contact-calling failed to land him a new position, he grew depressed and instead of pursuing work any further, began idling around the apartment. Dorothy, worried about their finances, got herself her first job in 20 years. Then, shortly afterwards, she learned that her husband was having an affair with a divorced neighbor.

Dorothy told me, "I didn't panic. And I didn't let him panic. I realized that he was going through a bad time because he couldn't find work and that this woman, who was younger than me, was making him feel more youthful and hopeful about himself. But I also knew that if he were working again, his need for her would lessen. So I didn't try to break up the affair. I just tried to cheer him up. I planned special dinners for him, got a whole rash of theater tickets for us, set up appointments and parties with friends, and even got him to start writing job letters again. This was *(continued)*



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always demand that he or she have two or more people ac miring or competing for him or her. But often now we se that people who were unfaithful in one kind of marital situa tion are, should they remarry, perfectly capable of fidelity Adultery wasn't in their character but was caused by the situation. Thus we've begun looking at the kinds of problem within a marriage that provoke infidelity."

"My husband and I had a sexual problem," a woman i her late thirties told me. "Of course, I didn't think of it as sexual problem in the beginning. What it was was that w only made love once or twice a week, from the very beginnin of our marriage even though he said he'd like to more ofte But I wasn't very interested in sex, and I told him this earl on, and he seemed to accept it, so I figured he wasn't terribl keen about it either. Then, when our first child was ten, learned that my husband had been having an affair for fiv years with an old girlfriend of his. He was seeing her regu larly on his lunch hours! I was horrified, and I wanted t break up our marriage. But then I began asking myse whether I'd played any role in his turning to her and realized that he must have been experiencing a lot mo sexual frustration than I'd ever imagined. He and I began t talk about sex. Not all at once. In fact, at first I was very em barrassed. But something told me to try to overcome m inhibitions, and we began to talk, and we agreed to try t make love more often for a while. I have to admit that in th beginning I wasn't doing it for any reason but to save m marriage. I still wasn't very interested in sex. But little b little I started to come out of myself, started to be more a dent. It brought an end to his affair."

Altering a habitual sexual pattern isn't easy, and indeed fo sex to change and improve in a marriage, more than determ nation is involved. Close and supportive communication necessary. This woman made the leap from a routine of lim ited (and unsatisfying to her *(continued on page 130*

THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

continued

very hard for him to do as he kept expecting to be rejected. But finally he did it and he did get a new job and the next thing I knew, he had stopped seeing this other woman."

Dorothy had instinctively understood what so many of us have had to learn from psychologists like Dr. Daniel Levinson of Yale, who has for many years now been studying the mid-life "crisis" that afflicts great numbers of men. Levinson has found that a frequent symptom of the crisis is adultery. A man in his late thirties or early-to-mid forties will suddenly feel compelled, no matter how much he cares for his wife, to be sexually experimental. But what is plaguing the man in mid-life is not disappointment in his wife but disappointment in himself. Thus "crisis" adultery can, if sympathetically handled, be merely a transient or short-lived event. The wife of a man whose adultery is triggered by a mid-life crisis does well, Levinson suggests, to try to weather the storm until her husband has moved into a more secure life stage.

Unfortunately, most adultery doesn't occur because of an individual's internal or intra-psychic conflicts. Far more often, adultery is the result of an interpersonal conflict. A man's declining self-esteem may still be involved, but in adultery caused by interpersonal problems, the wife herself may be the cause of the man's damaged ego. She may be overly critical of her husband, or overly demanding, or sexually unresponsive, or even sexually rejecting. Or she may just be preoccupied with herself, her children or her job.

Dr. Helen Kaplan, the noted New York psychoanalyst and sex therapist says, "It used to be common to view an unfaithful spouse as a person who simply couldn't make a lasting commitment to someone else, a person whose psyche would



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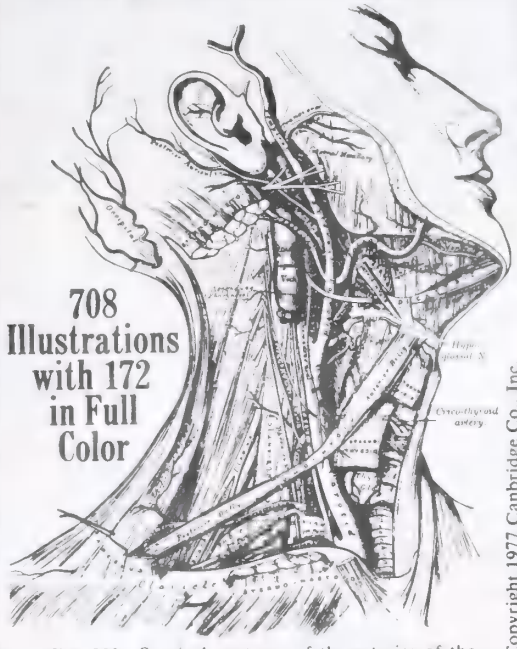
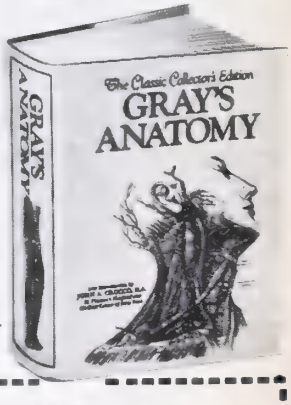


Fig. 283—Surgical anatomy of the arteries of the neck, showing the carotid and subclavian arteries.

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The toy dogs

By Roger Caras

Toy dogs seem tiny, but there's nothing small about the love they give —and demand.



The Caras household has many dogs. Right now there are seven. Six of them are large—some *very* large—but the undisputed king of the mountain is Ludo, a nine-year-old Yorkshire Terrier. Before Ludo, a toy Poodle named Brigitte was queen of all she surveyed—and before Brigitte, Winnie the Pug. Toy dogs —competing against Bloodhounds, Golden Retrievers and our average quota of six to ten cats—demand a place of attention, and they get it. Our family just isn't complete if there isn't at least one of these endearingly assertive creatures running around the house.

If you don't own a dog but would like one, or if you're thinking of buying another dog, consider one of the 17 breeds of Toys. They offer an awful lot in return for your fulfilling the demands they will most surely make.

All Toys have two traits in common: they require a tremendous amount of affection and they are small enough to pick up and go. The largest breed of Toy is the Pug—as large as 18 pounds—but Yorkshire Terriers and Poodles can weigh as little as 2½ pounds.

Though small, Toys need a whole lot of love. If you own a Toy (and are owned by it), you know your dog needs you, and that is very important to some people. While dogs in the other five Kennel Club classifications were bred to serve people in their pursuit of livelihood, security and recreation, the Toys were bred for love—to give it and receive it. That is very important to understand if one is to understand the Toy breeds at all. There are other small breeds, many not much larger than the Pug, and there are other breeds, of course, that are extremely affectionate, but no group demands and gets more attention than the wonderful, spoiled, canine children we call Toys.

For people who have not had children or whose children are grown, a Toy is the perfect niche-fitter. It will move in, look around and fill just about any emotional vacancy it can detect. But because Toys are very much like children, they may not be the best companions for young humans.

Some Toys require a lot of coat care; others, such as the short, smooth-coated breeds, need almost none. For the really long-coated dogs such as the Maltese, the Toy Poodle, the Shih Tzu and the Pekingese, the coat is the crowning glory. And they were bred just that way in part so that people would fuss over them.

Although what I call the "love-demand-factor" in Toy dogs is of paramount importance when selecting a breed, convenience is definitely something to consider. Toys can be carried in a purse or under the arm—and will even fit "under the seat in front of you" when traveling by air. Toys do not need a yard to play in and do not need much exercise compared with shepherds, retrievers and hounds. Toys do not even have to be walked at night or when the weather is unpleasant. If you do not like the weather at the moment, chances are your Toy won't like it either. Toys can be trained to use a cat box with paper in it.

As for feeding, the Toys were meant to be spoiled. They are often picky eaters because they are raised to be that way. The cartoon image of the smug little creature on a satin pillow being fed bon-bons accurately reflects real life for many of these diminutive dogs.

As for cost, good examples of these breeds can be expensive because litters are generally small. Since looks are so important, breeders have worked hard to maintain their standards and Toys should be purchased only from specialty breeders. No fine breeder who has worked 20 or 30 years to perfect his or her line is going to siphon off handsome toy Poodles or superb Yorkshire Terriers to pet shops. Pet shops get the mass-bred dogs from puppy mills or the overflow from accidental or backyard breeders. If you want a fine Toy, you will have to find a reputable Toy dog breeder and pay the price, ranging from $250 to $600. If you don't, you may get a Maltese that looks like a dirty mop or a toy Poodle that simply won't stop growing and ends up the size of a large hound.

None of the things we have said about these petite dogs should suggest they lack spirit. Just the opposite is true. The Toys make fine watchdogs. They are fiery, assertive, possessive, often sassy and full of fun and excitement. They do not need an acre to run on, because for their little bodies the living-room rug is enough. Like all dogs, they may become sedentary with age, but as puppies and young animals they are often clowns and little roughnecks.

TOY BREEDS

Coat Type and Probable Country of Origin

SMOOTH-COATED (almost no care) Smooth Coat Chihuahua (Mexico and possibly Asia); Italian Greyhound (Italy); Toy Manchester Terrier (England); Miniature Pinscher (Germany); Pug (China)

MEDIUM-COATED (some care) Affenpinscher (Europe); Brussels Griffon (Europe)

LONG-COATED (some to a great deal of care) Long Coat Chihuahua (Mexico and possibly Asia); English Toy Spaniel (Asia); Japanese Spaniel (China); Maltese (Malta); Papillon (Spain); Pekingese (China); Pomeranian (Northern Europe); Toy Poodle (Europe); Shih Tzu (China); Silky Terrier (Australia); Yorkshire Terrier (England)

Photograph by Walter Chandoha

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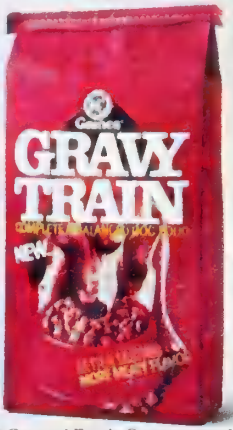




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THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

continued from page 126

husband) sex not just because she was frightened but because enough closeness and trust still existed between her husband and herself for them to begin to talk about what was wrong.

Another woman I interviewed had, similarly, discovered herself at fault for a husband's affair, although in this case not sex but something else was involved. Although the Careys, a New York couple, had a satisfying and frequent sex life, Tom Carey often felt neglected by Madelaine, a buyer for a glamorous department store, when she was out of town, working late or attending a social function without him. He began having an affair because he believed that while Madelaine wanted to make love with him, she didn't want to share the rest of her life. Madelaine, learning about his affair, was able to make changes in her own work pattern so that she included her husband in some of her work-related social activities, and their marriage has not only survived but thrived.

Unfortunately, examining one's husband's reasons for having an affair, or examining the ways in which one may be pushing him into infidelity, does not always work without professional guidance. Thus, many women who want to cope with their husbands' adultery seek psychological or marital counseling. "A partner's extramarital sexual experiences are perhaps the single greatest problem bringing couples into marriage counseling," says New York psychotherapist Dr. Laura Singer, president of Save-A-Marriage Inc. "The couple doesn't want to break up, and they can't just look the other way and pretend the extramarital sex isn't occurring. But de ing with adultery all on one's own terribly difficult. Usually, both partn have feelings of tremendous anger guilt. It's very hard to untangle the er tions and get any sort of fresh persp tive without some outside guidanc Easy access to professional counselin something our mothers and grandmo ers did not have when they were try to cope with their husbands' infidelit

Of course, there are times when e with the help of a marriage counselo individual psychotherapist, adultery c not be forestalled. I interviewed a wo an I shall call Ellen who had, with husband Stewart, undergone therapy three years. During those years, Stew continued the affair that had brou them into therapy and, said Ellen, "I gan to feel that he was using the ther as a way of prolonging his affair. W talk and talk and nothing would e happen, since he really didn't have make a move one way or another as l as we were in therapy. I left both l and the therapist, finally, and I've ne regretted it. I'm remarried now to a r who wants only me, and I doubt t we'll ever wind up at a therapi Ellen's statement brings us full cir There are times when coping with ad ery by divorcing may be a quite sens solution to a stalled marriage after al

I felt this time after time when I in viewed women who were dealing v their husbands' infidelity by some of most uncomfortable mechanisms of by denial or by having retaliatory aff of their own.

Denial is the psychological device permits a woman to pretend to her that her husband is perfectly faithf even when he goes out of his way to g her evidence of his infidelity. In a typ

(continued on page 1



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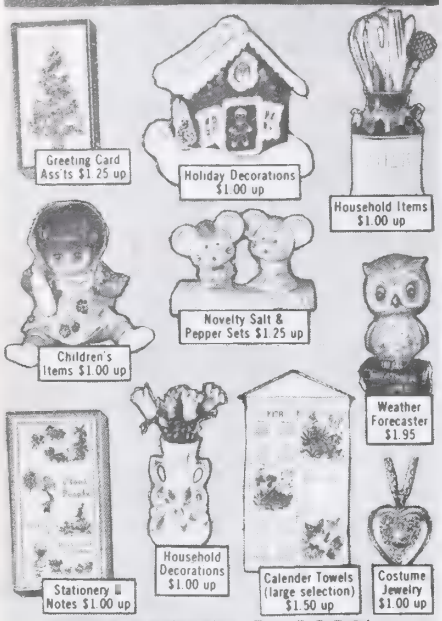
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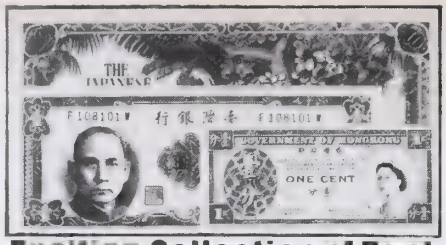
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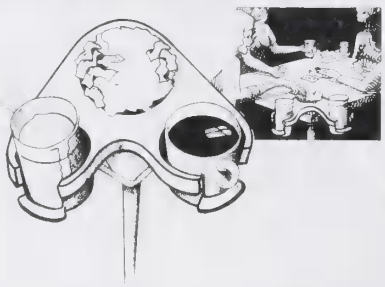


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THE ANSWER — AT LAST

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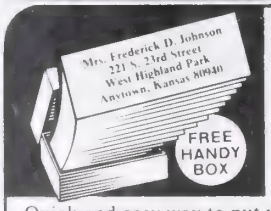
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BEFORE

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THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

continued from page 130

case, a deny-er manages to hold onto her marriage even when the marriage is nothing but a farce and her husband is almost never with her or is always seen with another woman. I have a neighbor who is a deny-er. I didn't interview her for this article because, despite the fact that everyone on our street knows her husband has been sleeping with another woman for years, Susannah has never acknowledged this. Her husband is blatant about the affair, even going so far as to bring his mistress to his and Susannah's home when Susannah is off with the children at their beach house in the summer. But Susannah doesn't seem to know about this, although the rest of us do, because she just doesn't want to know. And while, to the superficial glance, this particular coping mechanism might seem self-protective and clever, it really isn't. For one thing, all of us who know Susannah find we are uncomfortable being around her. We just can't be honest with her, so we avoid her, and she has suffered not only the loss of her husband's sexual attention but the loss of friends as well. For another thing, she has put herself into so dazed and dulled a state of mind that she hardly seems a whole person anymore. She has kept her marriage but deadened her soul.

Coping vs. retaliation

If coping by denial is emotionally risky, what can be said for another quite common form of adultery-coping today—retaliation? The retaliator is the woman who starts having affairs of her own out of anger at what her husband is doing. But since the impetus for her affairs is revenge, rather than attraction or desire, almost any lover will do and often the retaliator finds herself keeping company with men who are socially or intellectually inferior to her. I have interviewed dozens of such women and have repeatedly heard them make remarks like, "My husband is a much finer human being than my lover. My lover is interested only in sex whereas my husband is a man of wide-ranging interests," or, "Sex with my husband is more satisfying than with my lover. I don't have orgasms with my lover, I guess because I can't stop feeling sneaky and dirty because of the motel room thing," or even, as one 35-year-old woman who had been retaliating for six years said, "All my lovers seem a little crazy to me. I think basically only emotionally sick guys get involved with married women. It's logical. Who else would want someone who couldn't join them for dinner or meet their friends? Only sick guys. You can go to bed with them, but you can't get much pleasure from knowing them."

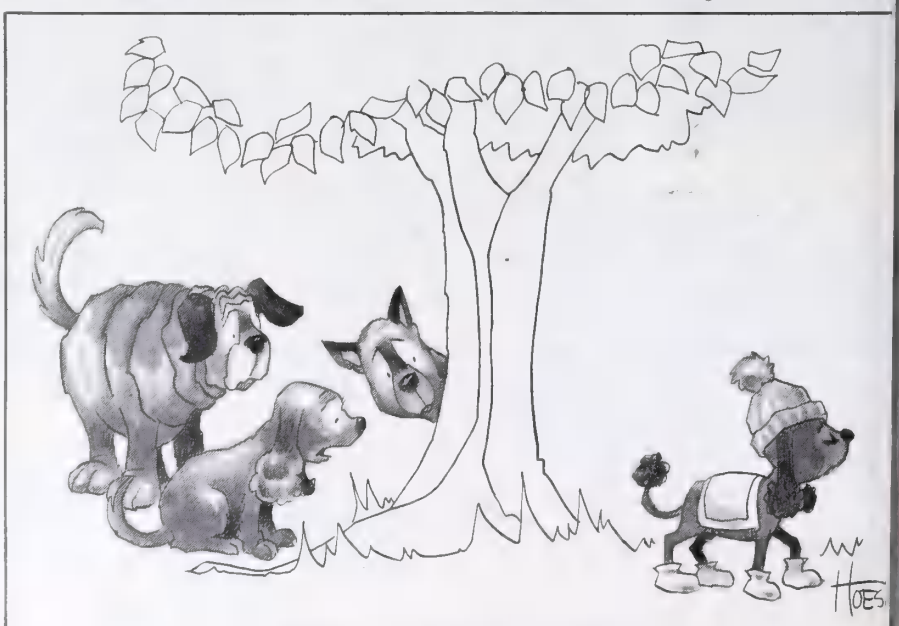
Why do such women pursue the course of retaliation when it seems to bring so little pleasure? The answer is that there is an undeniable satisfaction in getting even. While most retaliators do not *tell* their husbands of their affairs, even secret revenge is sweet and may help them tolerate the hurt their husbands are inflicting on them by having *their* affairs. But as a method for coping with infidelity, retaliation is usually quite unsuccessful, for in the end both partners are so secretive and so out of touch with one another that their marriage comes apart out of sheer disuse.

While denial and retaliation are clearly not advisable ways of coping with a husband's adultery, neither is accommodation. Accommodators are women who are so afraid of loneliness that they will do anything, even accept a life of extreme humiliation, rather than divorce. Such women do not try to deal with the whys of their husbands' behavior but merely try to go along with it. They accept so-called "open" marriages that rub completely against the grain of their own upbringings, or tolerate absentee husbands who visit them less often than they see their mistresses.

One such woman I interviewed had gotten her husband to agree to stay married to her by promising him several free nights a week in which he could pursue other relationships. But her husband, wanting to feel less guilty, insisted that she do the same. This woman, a suburban housewife, tried to satisfy her husband's request by having affairs with several men, but she found them all disappointing. Eventually she stopped having lovers, but she didn't want her husband to know because he had insisted that unless this sexual experiment worked for both of them, he would divorce her and marry one of his mistresses. So she took to pretending to her husband that she was having affairs eve when she wasn't. "I keep up a pretense, she told me. "I don't want him to kno there's no one. So when he's going out, leave too. I go to the theater, or I see ol girlfriends in the city. Sometimes I bu myself a piece of jewelry and leave it o the dresser a while, hoping he'll notic and wonder if it was a gift." This wom an, I realized, was leading a life of pe petual and deep humiliation, and he efforts to save her marriage by copin with her husband's adultery through a commodation hardly seemed worth th price she was paying.

If a woman can cope by bein sensitive to her husband's problems, an those problems are transient or shor lived, or if she can cope by seeing an doing something about problems of h own that are contributing to his infid ity, then there is no reason to yell, "D vorce!" and rush for the lawyer. But i on the other hand, a husband's adulte is eroding a woman's self-confidence causing her to adopt demeaning b havior, then perhaps the most comm means of coping—divorce—is desirabl

Curiously, marriage itself has becom a far richer experience today precise because today's women take adultery f more seriously than their forebears di There also are couples who would agr with President Carter, who told a rece Sunday School class that "there is a tim when love wanes," and that faithfulne can "tide you over," healing that temp rary absence of love." Undoubtedl we are more psychologically-attuned our mates, more sexually-aware and pa ticipatory, because we know that if we not, adultery may result and, hard on heels, divorce may quickly follow. Mo of us today start coping with male in delity before it ever occurs by trying keep our marriages constantly renew and vibrant.



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VOL. XCVI, NO. 9
SEPTEMBER 1977

LADIES' HOME **Journal**®

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®



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Photograph of Valerie Harper by Douglas Kirkland; hair and makeup by Carrie White.

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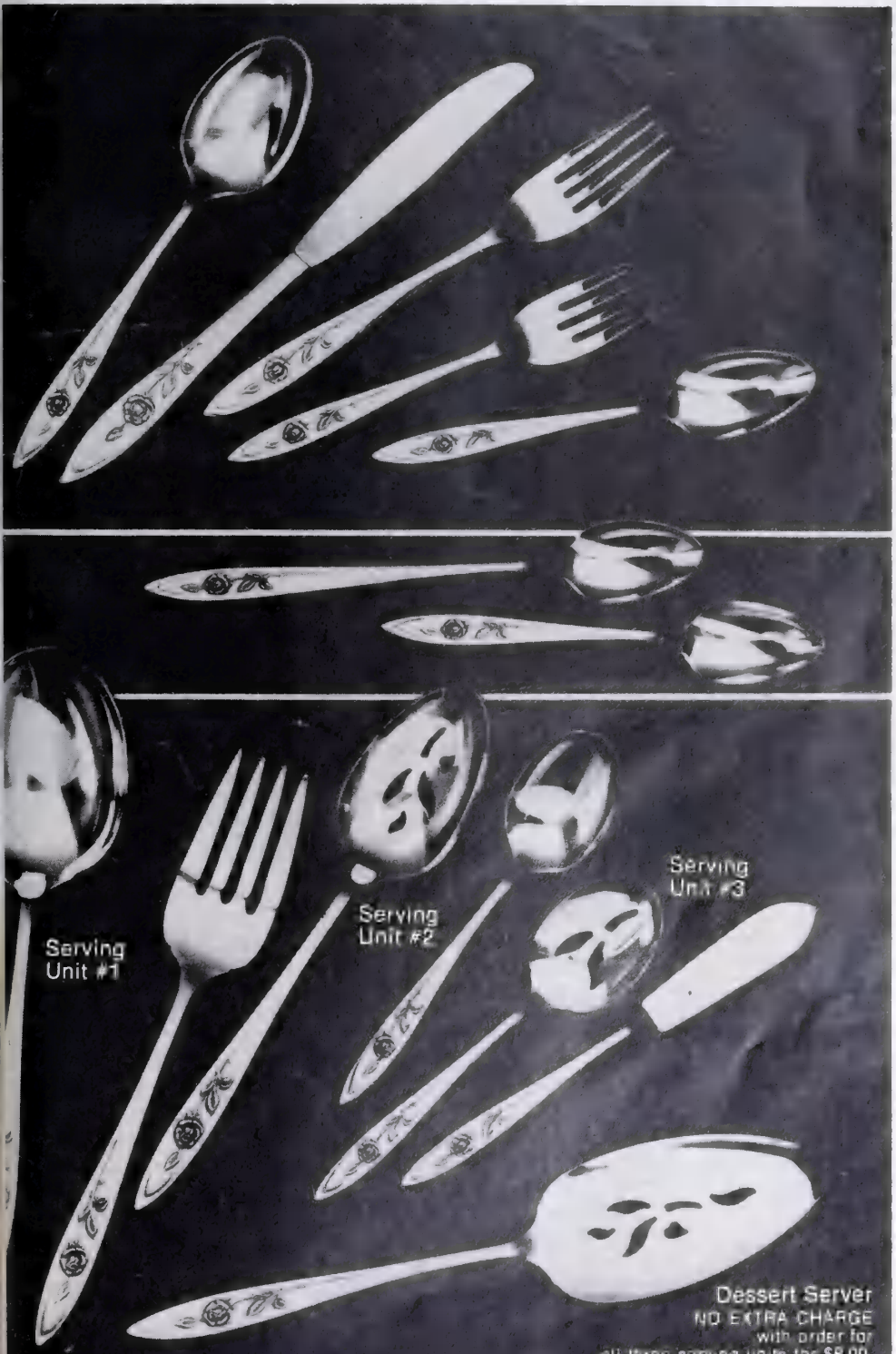
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What's happening

By Gene Shalit



Gene talks to Liza Minnelli about why she sings the songs she sings. Later, he gives his views of what may be the biggest movies of the year.

Why doesn't Liza Minnelli sing the songs made famous by her mother, Judy Garland? I asked Liza that question during a chat not long ago in her hotel suite high over Central Park in New York, to whence she had hied for her *New York, New York* movie premiere. *Liza!* I won't forget *The Sterile Cuckoo* (it won her an Academy Award nomination). Later, *Cabaret* (she won the Academy Award). At 19, in her first Broadway lead as *Flora, The Red Menace,* she won the Tony Award. Her most lavish TV special, *Liza with a z,* dazzled with two Z's, and won an Emmy. Her prizes seem appropriate since a garland was a wreath presented to winners in ancient times. Garland having been broached, I asked Liza why she never sings her mother's biggest hits. *Do you have a block about them?*

No, not at all. I just don't sing them. I don't think that *anybody* should sing them because they're only going to be second class. I don't sing them because I couldn't sing them as good as *she* did. I'd rather be a first-rate version of myself than a second-rate version of anybody.

Does this new movie have special meaning to you?

Yes, because it's so personal. They've always cast me as a kook, you know, like *Cabaret.* This movie is the closest to what I'm *really* like, which is a woman who does not want to fight. I *don't* want to fight. I don't care what I have to do, I will just deal with it.

When you were a child, were yo shy?

Yes, I went through a period wher if anybody laughed at me, I burst int tears. That lasted about a year and half.

Are you still shy?

Very.

That seems odd for an actress. D you want to be an actress for the res of your life?

All I know is that it's fun and I lik it. And it's *acting.* In acting, you ge to play all of the people who do all o the things that you'd *like* to do in rea life. But you can't take this busines very seriously because you're dealin in fantasy. Your *job* is fantasy, so yo have to struggle to stay in touch wit reality. I've always *known* it was fan tasy. Forewarned is forearmed, so t speak.

What would you be doing if yo weren't an actress?

I'd teach dancing.

Do you like dancing as much a you like singing?

Better.

That was an unexpected response I can't imagine anyone else singing the way Liza does in *New York, New York,* a movie so good they named i twice. It's a blazing romantic drama with songs that shake the walls, shim mer the ceiling and lift you out o your seat. *New York, New York* be gins as World War II ends, the twi light of big bands, a fresh dawn fo jazz. In the 1940s and early 50s, the music swelled from sweet *(continued*

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to scorch in a crescendo of cacaphony. Robert De Niro is a tenor sax player of base emotions. Liza Minnelli's a reticent vocalist in a make-believe whirl. They tumble into a love-hate affair, auditioning together and joining a by-bus band of one-night stands through resume-speed towns they hope they'll never see again—singing, clinging, flinging themselves into a cascade of hurts and hugs. There hasn't been a musician like De Niro since Pal Joey. He is denomic in this masterful performance. The film is long—some folks find it much *too* long—but that extraordinary director Martin Scorsese uses every moment to reveal the nerve-raw feelings of this soothing-seething love. *New York, New York* is a wallop of a musical drama with stunning performances by De Niro and Minnelli. Now, *that's* entertainment.

Will you please explain to me why so many fine films are shown in empty theaters, while millions stand in line for dross? Two recent jumbles of junk are reaping fortunes by luring audiences with alluring ads. They are *The Deep* and *The Other Side of Midnight*. Each is based on a pulpy novel, each has been merchandised with slippery skill.

SOGGY SAGA

A couple of years ago Peter Benchley knocked off a novel called *Jaws*. It was turned into the biggest money-maker in movie history. Now he is knocking off the public with *The Deep*, a soggy saga. A young couple on vacation in Bermuda go scuba diving. They discover the remains of a ship loaded with morphine, from whence cometh heroin. Our heroine (Jacqueline Bisset) wants to forget the whole thing and play tennis, but her dead-expression boyfriend (Nick Nolte) goes looking for Robert Shaw, figuring if Shaw was so good in *Jaws* maybe he can save *The Deep*. Shaw, sniffing narcotics, joins them in a dive. He deserves a bonus: he's such an exceptional actor that he almost turns this into a movie. Okay, cast, your lips are turning blue. *Enough* already. Everybody out of the water. Better yet, everybody get out of the theater.

WRONG BY WRONG

The other nothing novel turned into a money-making movie is Sidney Sheldon's *The Other Side of Midnight*. People who say the book is better than the movie should keep in mind that John Beck was not in the book. Beck and Nolte give two of the worst performances of the decade. (Hollywood speculation that either one will be the new Robert Redford should have Redford laughing hysterically.) As to the movie: it is World War II and a pretty French girl meets an American pilot who gets her into bed with a line about love and marriage. Then he scrams, leaving her betrayed and pregnant. Now we are in Washington, where a wide-eyed young American woman is trying to be a public relation hotshot. Guess whom she meets? Right: that same pilot. He gives her the same line he gave the French girl and she *marries* him. Meanwhile, back in Europe, the French girl is getting ahead by having affairs with richer and richer men—what somebody once described as climbing the ladder of success wrong by wrong. Pretty soon she is the mistress of the richest Greek in the world. He gives her her own private plane and guess who he hires to be her private pilot? Right again! At last the picture crawls to its dreary denouement. The thought occurs that this is such a trashy movie that if you put it in front of your house, even the department of sanitation wouldn't pick it up.

PROSE AND POSE

World War II is suddenly in vogue, and two sweeping war films have been released—one on top of the other—one about a famous general and one about an infamous battle. First, from those wonderful folks who brought you *Patton . . . MacArthur*, the story of America's supreme commander in the Pacific during World War II—the general who led America's forces in Korea, the general who was stunningly fired by President Harry Truman. Douglas MacArthur was called a megalomaniac, but he had plenty to be megalomaniacal about: he had one of the most thoughtful and daring military minds ever sharpened at West Point. MacArthur didn't speak, he *orated*. His words were floral and elaborate. If he had been a journalist, he would have written Corinthian columns. As revealed in Gregory Peck's powerful performance, MacArthur was consumed by himself, expecting to be saluted by the sun and moon while he wore all the stars. Peck bestrides the film, trying to flick off President Truman, his civilian superior, like a bull swishing his tail at a pesky fly. But Truman would not buzz off. Truman, gorgeously played by Ed Flanders, admires MacArthur's genius but despises his pomposity and insubordination. At a meeting on Wake Island, when MacArthur keeps him waiting, Truman says: "I guess he's having trouble getting down from the cross." And MacArthur could smile at himself. When he waded ashore at the Philippines ("I shall return"), he said: "Now the people will see that I can't walk on water." There are times in this 2½-hour movie when you may long for more action. But this is not Patton, this is MacArthur—reflective, olympian, in love with prose and pose. It is biography and history and drama mobilized into a major movie.

EXTRAVAGANT PANORAMA

When you spend $26 million to m a movie, you'd better have something show for it. Joe Levine has spent t kind of money for *A Bridge Too F* and he *has* something to show for it three-hour drama about one of the m audacious Allied attacks of World W II. More than 35,000 parachute tro were dropped behind the German li in Holland in 1944—an attack t looked good on paper but was a disas when it hit the ground. A squad of st has been trooped out, many unneces ily. For example, Ryan O'Neal as G eral James Gavin is preposterous. there *are* some splendid performanc

Anthony Hopkins as an eccen British colonel who brought his g clubs and white dinner jacket into ba . . . Edward Fox, Maximilian Schell a Sean Connery as generals, and Laure Olivier and Liv Ullmann as civilians.

Director Richard Attenborough ke this enormous pageant moving inex ably toward its clamorous doom. T assault was an Allied disaster—*A Bri Too Far* took an enormous toll—but i a panorama of men at war. **E**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new movie more than his best film; it is an event. W a treat! Diane Keaton is marvelous; Alle genius.

Black Sunday is a political thriller turn on an Arab plot to slaughter 80,000 peo attending the Super Bowl. Strong acting frenetic plot. Chilling.

Black and White in Color, a French film in West Africa, is well-acted comic op stuff . . . but hardly worthy of its Best F eign Film Oscar.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from D ney, takes a madcap look at a moth daughter relationship. What a pleas *good* Disney can be.

Jacob the Liar, poetic and painful, is set the Polish Ghetto during WW II. An Ac emy Award nominee for best foreign film

Man on the Roof is a good thriller, vivi acted, with attention to every tiny det But it *is* violent, so be forewarned.

Raggedy Ann and Andy, a full-length a mated film, may leave parents impatie but wee tots may say, Whee!

Rocky is one of my favorite movies, a mo to make you feel good all over. It's ab people you'll *care* about.

Shining Star is a smaller scale *Star Is Bo* and far more believable. A small, well-ma movie loaded with energy.

Smokey and the Bandit, the latest B Reynolds film is no movie: it's all cha Affable.

Star Wars is a super picture filled with ima ination, humor and joy, with stunning effe that use the visual power of pictures to p vide pleasure. The whole family will have holiday.

The Car is a horror film, wretchedly writt and tiresomely performed. A lemon.

Three Women is a beautiful and profou movie from Robert Altman. Extraordina performances, dialogue and photography. stunning film to see, to be enveloped by a to remember.

Wizards comes from that master of anim tion, Ralph Bashki. The artfulness ca cover a weak story, which is a pity. F adults only.

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



This month the whole gang is in the picture

Our column this month is in response to a letter from Beatrice Z., of La Jolla, Calif. She wrote: "I don't mind seeing your picture up there month after month, but someday, how about giving the rest of the staff a chance to say hello?" Properl chastised, I had the whole gang photographed (sneakil in three sections) as a group. And here we are—abo 38 of the most dedicated, interested and *interesting* magazine people in the whole U.S. We didn't print all the names in the usual left-to-right fandango, but relatives and friends can spot the familiars—and the curious will get identificatio upon inquiry. Meanwhile, from all of us at the *Journal*, to all of you who continue to support our work and make us the most thriving and *interesting* magazine in our field, happy harvest season and a super September!—L.H.

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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

How much homeowners' insurance is enough? What's the right way to get refunds from door-to-door salesmen? America's top financial counselor gives money-saving answers to your questions.

We built our house for $40,000 in 1965 and now have it insured for $50,000 under our homeowners' policy. Our insurance agent says it's badly underinsured. Could he be right in urging us to increase our policy?

He's right. That house you built for $40,000 would cost you, on average, $85,880 to replace today—$45,880 more than its original cost. The rule of thumb on proper homeowners' insurance is that your coverage should equal at least 80 percent of the house's replacement-cost value. Your current coverage of $50,000 is far too low. Note: this answer should be of direct money-saving importance to more than half of all owners of single-family homes. An informed estimate is that, as a result of the upsurge in building costs in recent years, this vast proportion of homeowners are woefully underinsured today, and they are risking destruction of their biggest investment. In fact, a home you fully insured when bought in the early 1960s may be no more than 50 percent insured now.

When we applied for a loan against the cash value of our life insurance policy, we found out we would be charged 8 percent interest a year. To borrow back our own money! When my husband complained, our insurance agent shrugged and said it had been the rate stated in our policy when we bought it and we should have been aware of this from the start.

Your insurance agent should have told you that 8 percent was his company's loan rate. He is to blame for not being openly honest with you, and you are to blame for not having asked what the interest rate would be if you wanted to borrow against your life insurance policy's cash value. There is a movement to boost the interest rate ceilings on life insurance policy loans above the traditionally low 5-6 percent rates to 8 percent or more, and the number of states with the once familiar low rates is steadily dwindling. That great selling point for ordinary life insurance—the stable low interest rates on loans—may soon fade into history.

1) If you are buying life insurance, before you sign any contract, ask what interest rate you would be charged for loans in the future. Demand an unqualified, clear, honest answer you fully understand.

2) Be on guard, and do not take cheap policy loans for granted any longer. Shop for loan rates, and if your insurance agent tells you your loan rate would be 8 percent, keep shopping.

3) Recognize how significant a difference of only a couple points in interest rate charges can be, particularly when you borrow the money for a long time in a phase of steep interest rates and hard-to-get credit.

Because of my father's death, and because I'm a college student, I am drawing Social Security benefits. I have been working part-time, and this past summer I worked full-time, which I hope will lift my annual earnings to at least $3,500. Will this affect my Social Security benefit payments?

It very well could. If you expect your earnings to be this high, report to your local Social Security office. You are under the same earnings limits as others on Social Security, meaning your benefits are reduced $1 for every $2 in wages or salary exceeding $3,000 for 1977. However, you may get your full Social Security check for any month in which your earnings are $250 or less and you do no substantial work as a self-employed individual.

My husband is transferring his dental practice to a small town about 250 miles away, and we are moving into a new home that won't be quite finished by the time we must move. It's my job to keep a record of all expenses to be sure we claim every tax deduction to which we're entitled. Can you help me make a list that won't omit any major items?

Practically all your expenses, including whatever you spent for house-hunting before you bought your new house, will be deductible. And you apparently meet all the qualifications to be eligible for the tax breaks. So include in your list: All your expenses for travel, meals and lodging during your house-hunting trips to your new town; food, hotel or motel bills for up to 30 days in your new town while you wait to move into your new home; your family's travel expenses while moving, including meals and rooms; the expenses connected with selling your old home or settling up your lease, in addition to the expenses of buying or leasing your new home. Among your expenses, include brokers' commissions, lawyers' fees, title costs, similar charges (if you deduct these costs as moving expenses, though, you cannot use them for other purposes, such as to cut the profit on the sale of your old home or to increase the cost basis of your new home); all the costs of transporting your household goods, furniture, appliances, personal belongings, etc. (Don't forget costs for packing, crating, storage, insurance, shipping pets and cars.) Caution: There are ceilings on these deductions. Ask *(continued)*

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Spending your money

continued

your local Internal Revenue Service fice for the IRS' free booklet, *Tax In mation on Moving Expenses.*

To save money on the food we g in our garden this summer, bought a new freezer, and I h been freezing all our excess p duce. But I've noticed that whe defrost the fresh radishes, lettu onions and tomatoes, they becc soft and seem to lose their textu Instead of saving on the produ I'm throwing it away because family won't eat the soft ve tables.

Use your thawed vegetables in so and vegetable medleys, even tho they're too soft and not suitable salads. You can also use your fresh v etables for making soups or sauces f then freeze them.

General Electric has many pamph telling you how to use a home free for maximum benefit. Send for one ca *Freeze it Right*, Consumers Instit General Electric Co., Appliance P Louisville, Ky. 40225. It's free.

I recently bought a hair dryer a electric curling iron from a sal man who was touring our off building, but on the way hom noticed that I could have bou the same items cheaper at a lo store. I telephoned the compa left a message for the salesman cancel my order and asked fo refund. My request was deni Doesn't a government regulati give me the right to cancel and my money back?

Yes, if any item costing you $25 or m is sold to you anywhere other than place of business of the seller, you entitled to cancel within three d under the Federal Trade Commissi so-called "cooling off" regulation door-to-door sales. You are also entit to a full refund, if you do cancel a return the goods in as good condition when you received them. But to canc you must send the notice or other n fication to the seller *in writing*. Y obeyed the three-day deadline on co ing off, but your phone call was enough. Next time you cancel a purcha of this kind, follow all the rules.

I've never understood the value an "implied warranty" on app ances we buy. How can any guara tee have value if it's not in writin

An implied warranty does have val because it means that the seller is sayi that the product must do the job produced to do—and you have the rig to get your money back if the produ

(continued on page 7





At Singer, we find out ow long a sewing machine will live by trying to kill it.





hen a new Singer* sewing ine is developed, it has to ve something far more deadly the cold, cruel world.
nas to survive the Singer labs. freeze it at −40° Fahrenheit; minutes later, we bake it at Fahrenheit to see if it cracks, or swells.

We test its finish under infrared light to see what would happen under the most violent sun rays.

We make it sweat for ten days in a humidity chamber to see if the metal parts corrode.

And we make it sew. And sew. And sew. The needle penetrates heavy denim over forty million times. For most people, that's thirty years' worth of sewing. Our machine does it in just forty days and nights, with no more than normal maintenance.

All of which means that at Singer, we don't just build machines to sew. We build them to last.

SINGER

Anybody can make a sewing machine. Only Singer can make a Singer.

mark of The Singer Company.

"Vantage is solving a lot of my problem about smoking."

"You see, I really enjoy smoking.
To me, it's a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.

"Of course, I used to kid myself a lot about giving up the taste of my old high-tar cigarette for one of those new low-tar brands.
But every one I tried left my taste unsatisfied.

"Then someone offered me a Vantage.
Sure I'd read about them. But I thought they were like all the others. I was wrong.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC

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"Vantage was right.
It satisfied like my old brand.
Yet it had nearly half the tar.
"It's been about a year
since I started smoking
Vantage.
And it looks like I'm
going to be smoking them
for a long time to come."

Bernard Schoenfeld

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.



Beauty Journal

September signals—a float of new fragrances, makeup tricks, a flaky problem called dandruff.

THE DANDRUFF DRIFT

Dandruff is a catch-all word for snow and itch. It, in fact, can be anything from dry scalp to a serious skin problem. If you have it, you'll know it (or your best friend will tell you). Start by switching shampoos to clear up dry scalp. If that doesn't work and itching persists, you may have a skin condition called seborrheic dermatitis. *What Causes Dandruff?* Stress can. It happened to our assistant beauty editor overnight—with just the right combination of 3 kids, 2 dogs, a new job and romance, a visiting mother and a broken washing machine. Dry air in homes and offices can also cause an exceptionally dry scalp. White flaking can invade other parts of the body besides the scalp, such as eyebrows, underarms, etc. *Facts, Not Folktales.* Dandruff is controllable—although not totally curable. The first signs usually don't show up until after puberty. It afflicts oily scalp as well as dry. Dandruff is not conquered by an abnormal amount of brushing or massage. You can't catch dandruff and it's not the cause of baldness. *What Helps?* No one likes t have the proverbial "snowstorm" on dark dress. There are remedies to us according to the degree of severity your problem. • Mild itching and flak ing may be helped out simply by changing ordinary sham poos—on a trial-and-error basis. Or, failing that—a good, mil anti-dandruff shampoo used regularly. Recommended: Hea & Shoulders, Enden, Fostex, Sebulex, Selsun Blue, Ionil. The remove scales, ease the itching. • For more severe or persis tent scaling, a tar-ingredient shampoo is the next step. Ta digs deeper, below the surface scales and has a positive effec on the skin (reason unknown). Good tar-containing products Zetar, Pentrax, Sebutone, Ionil T, Tegrin. • If your scal doesn't clear up, medical help is required. According to Dr Laurie Tolman, dermatologist at the Lahey Clinic in Boston one effective treatment is a prescription lotion (with corti sone)—plus a tar shampoo. The lotion controls inflammation is discontinued once the "dandruff" problem is under control

PICK-UP TRICKS







At our photography session for this month's beauty feature (pages 90–95), we worked with makeup experts, Electa and Corrado, a talented husband-and-wife team from Canada who have some pretty nifty tricks up their sleeves. We gleaned these . . . all nice touches that lend a professional finish to your makeup. **Top:** Peachy Keen—to lighten up the area from lashes to brow, apply peach or apricot pressed eyeshadow. Use as base. **Center:** Dewy Lips—outline with lipstick. Slick on gloss *only* dead center on top and bottom lips for moist, dewy look. **Below:** Better Brows—lengthen with pencil or cake liner, to balance, to frame eyes. Slight upward stroke gives pleasant expression. Note: avoid black or deep brown. Newer, lighter—the gray/browns, beige-y tans. Extra Points: Touch top of cheekbones (and center of eyelids) with a pearly highlighter for a younger look.

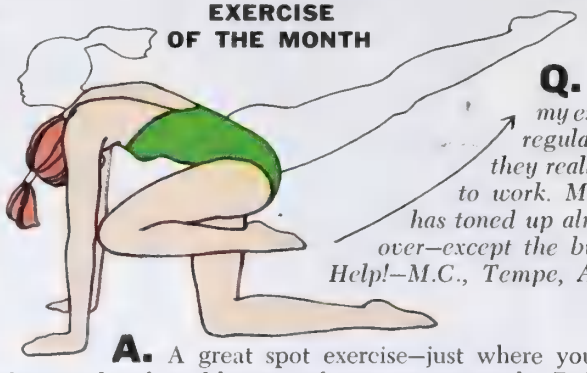
NEW FRIENDS

A friend is someone who'll never let you down. • A good pal for skin—completely fragrance-free—this moisturizer sinks in, smooths. Skin Quencher by Chap Stick, 4 oz., $1.50. • Playmates—makeup geared for teens. Liquid makeup, $3; cheekbrush, $3 (both, oil-free); mascara, $2.75; eyeshadow, $2.50; lip gloss, $2.50. Colorworks by Avon. • Life companions—a group of skin products to simplify the cleansing/moisturizing routine. Formula 2 New-Face-Hygiene from Revlon: one cleanser, one moisturizer, each for normal/dry or normal/oily skin. $3.50 for 4 oz. of cleanser, $4.50 for 2 oz. moisturizer.

FRAGRANCE MEMO

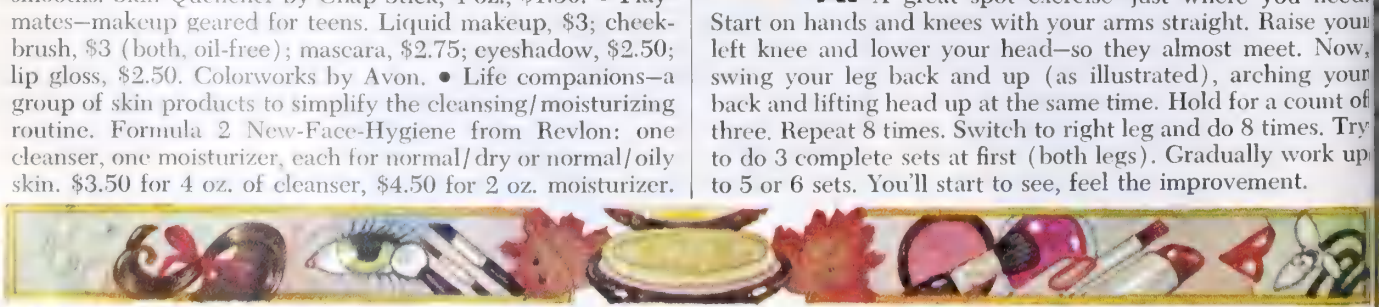
Autumn falls . . . and so doing, wafts in new fragrances to fil the crisping air. • For "putting on the Ritz" or simply feelin "ritz-y," a scent that revs up the high-life. Charles of the Rit Eau de Toilette, 4 oz., $16. • What Oscar de la Renta did fo fashion (romantic fantasies), he's now created in a fragrance Sensational. Oscar de la Renta Eau de Toilette, 2 oz., $15 • If you place imagination before fortitude, the lively blen of flowers and spice called Cabriole spells you. By Elizabet Arden, cologne, 2.1 oz., $9.50. • Are you in the mood a noon? Carry a portable spray, Aviance Touch-Up Cologne b Prince Matchabelli, ⅞ oz., $3.75. • It's your life. Pep it up t the *n*th degree. Zippy new Just Call Me Maxi by Max Factor amplified cologne, 3.7 oz., $10.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q. *I d my exercise regularly an they really seem to work. My body has toned up almost al over—except the buttocks Help!—M.C., Tempe, Arizona.*

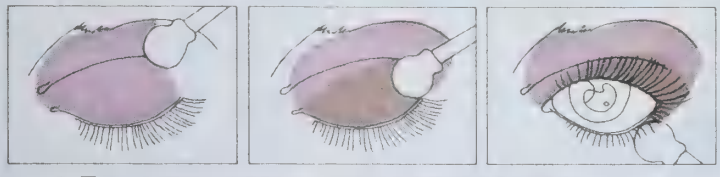
A. A great spot exercise—just where you need. Start on hands and knees with your arms straight. Raise your left knee and lower your head—so they almost meet. Now, swing your leg back and up (as illustrated), arching your back and lifting head up at the same time. Hold for a count of three. Repeat 8 times. Switch to right leg and do 8 times. Try to do 3 complete sets at first (both legs). Gradually work up to 5 or 6 sets. You'll start to see, feel the improvement.



AZIZA DEMONSTRATES FROSTY LUSTRE SHADOW.

(THE HIGH-FROST SHADOW THAT'S GLAMOROUS, NOT GAUDY.)

Most high-frost shadows imply ordinary colored ows blended with flecks of llic frost and they can look ry and garish.
But Aziza has found a way eld color and frost together mpletely, they glisten ne.
That means colors look with no shiny build-up, her you use one or more ious shades.
And whatever shade you se, your eyes will glow with a rich, mellow lustre far lovelier than what you rom similar shadows.



1. For a natural look, smooth Peachy-Pink over the entire eye area from lashline to brow.

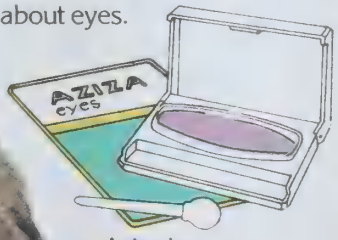
2. Next, you can stroke Rosy-Cinnamon over the eye lid and out toward the temple in an oblong shape.

3. For more glamour, draw a line of Rosy-Cinnamon under lower lashes.

And when you're done, the lovely, luminous look you see will last and last, without creasing or fading. Because color and frost can't separate on your eye lid even after hours of wear. What's more, all 12 luscious hues are made to reflect light and make your eyes look even bigger and more glamorous.

Questions about eye makeup? For our free book, "Aziza Demonstrates All About Eyes," send 25¢ to cover postage and handling to Aziza, Dept. 734, 33 Benedict Place, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Because Aziza knows all about eyes.



Aziza by Prince Matchabelli.




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Sears wants you to be able to buy beautiful new carpeting and be able to feel confident that it will *stay* new-looking for a long time. We are most proud to offer you Enduring Beauty. And here is why we think it's such a sound investment.

$13.99* sq. yd.

100% nylon pile, the most durable carpet fiber
No other carpet fiber lasts so long. Sears Enduring Beauty is 15-denier, 100% nylon pile to stand up to heavy traffic, heavy dirt and heavy cleaning. Better yet, the nylon in Sears Enduring Beauty is 2-ply and heat-set to retain its resiliency.

48 ounces of nylon packed into every yard
The more nylon per square yard, the longer the life of your carpet. But even more important is the *quality* of the raw material and the *careful treatment* it gets through all stages of production. Sears Enduring Beauty is examined 120 times during its manufacturing process. Because we wanted it to be designated a Sears Best, we had to set the standards high.

The advantage of Sears "Label of Confidence"
Tucked under the corner of every Sears carpet sample, you'll find Sears "Label of Confidence." It tells you everything you'll ever need to know about the make-up of any carpet you buy at Sears. And it's the most informative label offered in the carpet industry today.

Scotchgard® Brand carpet protector
Sears Enduring Beauty is treated with Scotchgard® carpet protector to help keep soil loose on the surface so it can be easily vacuumed away. That's why it won't need shampooing as often as unprotected carpet. Plus there's a durable static control treatment to help keep it soft and comfortable.

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Sears chose a new style for Enduring Beauty that's more practical than a shag, more elegant than a conventional plush. Its subtle, tone-on-tone, cut-and-loop style goes in any room, with any decor.

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We did months of research to find out what colors people really want when they're creating or matching a decor. Some are soft, some bold, some vibrant, all versatile.

Free House Calls. Convenient Credit Plans
Our sales people are experts. We train them. Feel free to ask them any questions. A call will bring one to your home—no obligation—for a leisurely, reassuring discussion of what's right for you.

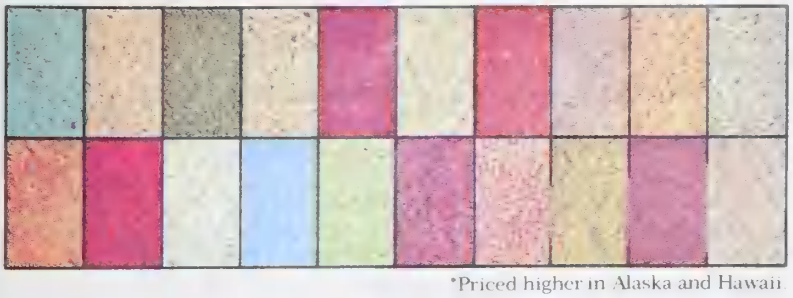
And once you decide, you don't have to pay all at once. Sears has a credit plan to suit most any need.

Enduring Beauty. Enduring value. Find it now at most Sears larger stores.

Only at **Sears**

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Part of Sears Soft Shadows carpeting line.



the label of confidence

*Priced higher in Alaska and Hawaii



By Geraldine Carro

Mothering



PREGNANCY NO-NO'S

Substances that may be risky to your baby

For women in their childbearing years, following the news can be unnerving. You never know when the media will report that something else we eat, drink or take may be dangerous during pregnancy and since the news items often appear piecemeal—and sometimes contradict each other—you need a mental computer to keep track of the evidence.

The easiest course is to leave the responsibility to the obstetrician. The hitch is that obstetricians usually wait for a positive pregnancy test to issue their warnings. Because many pregnancies go undetected during the early weeks (when the greatest number of birth defects occur), those warnings often come late.

Then, too, not all physicians are as conscientious as Spokane, Wash., obstetrician William Harvey Frazier, who asks his pregnant patients to list all medications they take. Dr. Frazier bars all medicines, both prescription and over-the-counter, he safely feels he can. There are times, when a pregnant woman is ill, for example, that the danger of not prescribing medicine poses the greater risk. "It's something a doctor has to weigh very carefully," he says. However, if a patient smokes, Dr. Frazier doesn't hesitate. "Is that baby still smoking?" he asks. "That child's too young to smoke."

Dr. Marion Finkel, Food and Drug Administration official, agrees with the cautious approach of physicians like Dr. Frazier. "When it comes to drugs, we flatly don't know if most are safe during pregnancy. For obvious reasons, we don't test them on pregnant women."

Most drugs bear the F.D.A.'s caveat that their safety when taken during pregnancy and lactation has not been established. Accompanying enclosures urge doctors to balance carefully the benefits of treatment against possible risks to mother and child. As a patient, chances are you won't see the warnings unless you ask, since pharmacists repackage most drugs before sale.

The F.D.A. also issues special warnings about drugs linked to actual defects. Among them are the sex hormones: Diethylstilbestrol (DES), which has caused vaginal cancer in daughters of women who took it to prevent miscarriage; and progestin and estrogen, suspected of causing limb, genital and heart anomalies. (Birth control pills contain these hormones, and should be avoided if suspicion of pregnancy exists.) Other common drugs on the no-no list include tranquilizers such as Valium, Librium and Miltown; Flagyl, a remedy for vaginal infection; Tetracycline, an antibiotic, which taken in the fifth month, can cause permanent discoloration of the baby's teeth; and pain-relieving narcotics such as Demerol, codeine, morphine and paregoric. Heroin and methadone, used by drug addicts, cause a variety of defects.

Medicines you don't need a prescription for can also be hazardous. Laxatives, antacids and diuretics in large doses, can cause kidney damage to a fetus. And while an occasional aspirin isn't considered dangerous, there is some evidence that taking large amounts late in pregnancy can prolong bleeding during delivery.

There are three important non-medicinal no-no's:

- **Cigarettes,** studies show, constrict the blood vessels, depriving the baby of needed oxygen and nourishment. Heavy smoking can lower the baby's birth weight and retard mental and physical development up to age seven.
- **Caffeine,** not only in coffee, but in tea and soft drinks, when consumed heavily in late pregnancy can sometimes produce babies with *coffee nerves*, a condition doctors may mistake for neurologic impairment.
- **Alcohol,** despite recent scare stories, is probably not dangerous when limited to an occasional drink or two at a party. But the equivalent of four or five shots of 100 proof alcohol may be hazardous. Women who drink heavily place their babies in serious jeopardy.

While it makes good medical and common sense to avoid suspect substances during pregnancy, the dangers can be over-dramatized. "Most babies are born healthy," Dr. Frazier points out. "The body seems to have a number of built-in systems to protect mother and child."

How much protection? "That's harder to answer," he says. "But it's better to be safe than sorry."

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with us? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

SUPER HEROES:

Is it dangerous when young children play at being TV or comic book heroes? Do programs such as *The Bionic Woman*, the *Six Million Dollar Man* and *Wonder Woman* lead children to over-test reality and perhaps harm themselves? One worried reader writes that her five-year-old says cars can't hurt him when he crosses the street. He claims that he's bionic!

Child psychiatrist Richard Sarles offers some reassurance: Three-to-six-year-olds typically engage in what psychiatrists call "magical thinking," the belief that wishing something will make it come true. By extension, they also think that all events, including death, are reversible. Super heroes fit in naturally with the way children this age see the world. Moreover, these children love to emulate grownups. What could be more fun, he says, than emulating someone who is even more powerful than Mom and Dad? This fantasy play gives children a sense of strength and mastery. And, fortunately, most don't push the make-believe too far. They've had enough falls and bruises to know they can get hurt. From infancy on, children test reality, and parents set limits. All children, except perhaps those who are hyperactive or retarded, learn what those limits are. (And yes, the five-year-old should be reminded that he's not bionic.)

INCLUDING ME

Don't miss this moving PBS family special about some special kids who will be going to the public schools this fall. "Including Me" is about handicapped children, who, thanks to a new federal law, PL94-142, now have a chance to attend class with everyone else. Linda Janower, whose own child is handicapped, produced the show. Afterwards, on-air experts offer parents help. Date: Sept. 15, check evening TV listings.



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Without AQUALIA
a moisture loss of up to 56%.*
Far more than your skin can afford.

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Now Aqualia challenges your moisturizer to a very fair 14-day comparison.

If you want soft, smooth, young-looking skin, you really can't afford not to take us up on this offer.

As you know, the more moist your skin—the softer, the smoother, the younger it looks. So nothing is more vital than maintaining your skin's own natural moisture. And that's what L'Oréal's unique Aqualia® is all about.

We're so sure you'll find Aqualia retains more moisture than the moisturizer you're using now, we'll send you a 2-weeks' supply—so you can make the comparison yourself.

We're so sure—because of the results of laboratory tests*. They've shown that with no protection, as much as 56% of natural moisture is lost during 24 hours. But Aqualia's patented formula reduces moisture loss to a minimum—less than 5%. That means 95% of the natural moisture is effectively maintained.

Another remarkable fact: Aqualia is designed to let your skin *breathe*.

There is never a problem with clogging pores. Yet, it's so concentrated, all you apply is a precious tiny drop.

So see for yourself. Feel for yourself. If you want soft, smooth, young-looking skin, you really can't afford not to take us up on this very fair offer.



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Free Offer!

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Simply fill in this coupon, enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling, and we'll send you a 2-weeks' supply of Aqualia, free. Mail to: L'Oréal/ Aqualia, P.O. Box #9806, St. Paul, Minnesota 55198.

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(The moisturizer I am currently using)

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

How to treat a "know-it-all" friend (and why she acts that way) . . . advice for women facing hysterectomies . . . why some people behave like Santa Claus all year round . . . do military schools make boys better men?

I have a very dear friend who periodically gets what my husband calls "know-it-all" attacks. At these times she is overbearing and impossible; she will argue with just about anyone, regardless of their expertise. What makes her become so arrogant?

In one word—fear! People who are chronically arrogant are usually very fearful people, although they don't let themselves or anyone else in on it, posing instead as strong and all-knowing. Perhaps your friend's intermittent "attacks" are provoked by her fear of particular social situations. When she feels comfortable, she drops her defensive mantle of arrogance, but when she feels threatened—perhaps by the presence of certain people (maybe the very expert she argues with)—up goes the protective shield. She will need your continued compassion and tolerance, not advice, because, of course, this happens to her automatically, without conscious awareness on her part.

My sister always gives extravagantly generous gifts no matter what the occasion—sometimes when there is no occasion at all. Is she trying to "buy" love and approval?

Yes, that's one possible explanation—but there are others. Some people are so unsure of themselves, and in such terror of being embarrassed by not "doing the right thing," that they grossly exaggerate their notion of "right." Others give inappropriately to further cover up repressed anger. Some do it (unconsciously) to embarrass and manipulate the recipient, sometimes as part of a vindictive maneuver. Some people "overgive" to others to compensate for an inability to give to themselves. (Some people, in fact, can't give to themselves without attacks of guilt until they have first given to everyone else.) And then, of course, some people are just plain generous, and greatly enjoy sharing their good fortune with others.

I must have a hysterectomy sometime within the next few months and I'm so upset about it that I hardly sleep. I've been reassured that the operation and outcome is without danger, and I believe it. I'm 43, have two wonderful children and certainly do not want any more babies. So why am I feeling so afraid?

A hysterectomy has great symbolic meaning for just about every woman, regardless of her age or desire to have babies. Contemplation of surgery always—and appropriately—makes a person anxious, and this is doubly so when highly symbolic organs are involved. However much you are reassured, the prospect of being in unfamilar surroundings to undergo an unfamiliar process is upsetting. In addition, the removal of the uterus is often felt as an attack on one's femininity, a loss of youth, fertility and attractiveness. Even though you may well know that fertility is all you will lose, it is not easy to get over a sense of sadness, especially since in your case the hospital is also a reminder of another time—when the very same uterus produced babies. Many women feel terribly angry when they have to undergo this operation, but since they realize that no one is at fault, they find it difficult to vent their "irrational" anger. This repressed rage makes them feel much more anxious than they would otherwise.

It is often a great relief to let yourself experience the anger and to "let it out," however inappropriate that may seem. Several sessions with a good psychotherapist before and after any major surgical procedure can be very helpful in reducing anxiety—and even promoting the healing process after surgery. This is especially true when sexual organs are involved—for men facing prostate surgery, as well. Your physician should be able to put you in touch with a therapist.

I recently saw a television program about military schools. It said that early, tough military training makes boys into better men. I just feel this theory is wrong. I would like your opinion.

Both men and women need to develop those qualities that enhance their humanity. Such characteristics as a capacity for openness, tenderness, intimacy, compassion and humility make "real men" and "real women." As far as I know, military school or training does not attempt to teach or encourage these characteristics. I do not believe that military training and discipline directly help a person to get in touch with feelings or become more flexible or empathetic, and these are character traits that make for real strength. In this profound sense, military school is in no way "character building." Real maturation largely occurs in compassionate households whose family members genuinely care for one another. Indeed, some highly intelligent, sensitive and creative boys suffer irreparable damage when they are subject to callous treatment by military men who have confused notions about what constitutes "manhood"—and who are threatened by anybody who is "different." **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections in a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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Stress on the job

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

Headaches, insomnia, overeating, panic all can be symptoms of job pressure, a malady that afflicts more and more working women. Here's how to relax and overcome the demons of stress.

Whether you're juggling a job and a family, or just coping with a career alone, you undoubtedly don't have to have the word "stress" defined for you. Sometimes it's just a sense of high pressure, and there are those who enjoy the pace. But often, the demands being made on you will put your stomach in knots, cause headaches and other ills, and affect both your work performance and your personal relationships. Working women today are sharing the tensions of "rat-race," and they have many special added hurdles and curdles with which to deal.

For instance, Letitia Baldrige, former social secretary to First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy and now president of her own public relations company, gives a perfect example of the tug-of-war between family and work that can stretch a woman to the breaking point: "Between 6 and 8 P.M. tonight, a client of mine is hosting 1,000 people at a party that I've planned for nearly a year. At the same exact time, my 12-year-old daughter is being confirmed at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. What in heaven's name do you do?"

The answer seems to be, you have an attack of acute stress. Then you make a choice based on your best judgment. In this case, Ms. Baldrige felt the client wouldn't tolerate her absence but that her daughter would understand. Tish got a favorite aunt to fill in at the confirmation—and compensated for her guilt by spending an entire day shopping for a dress with her daughter.

Women don't have housewives

Even without children in the picture, Joan Ganz Cooney, president of Children's Television Workshop, says the challenge of managing personal and professional responsibilities is a prime stress-producer. "We don't have time to unwind," says Cooney. "Women don't have housewives. Even a man married to an employed wife somehow has a housewife who handles the domestic trivia for both of them. At work, we also have to worry about personal trivia in ways that men don't. They can go to dinner in the business suit they wore all day. We have to change to a long dress or worry about our hair. Whether we like it or not, women executives are judged not only by what we do, but by how well-dressed and presentable we look."

While women's role has been changing radically in the last ten years, doctors and social scientists don't agree about what effect this has had on women's experience with stress illnesses. Scientists have never been able to connect occupational or emotional stress to *men's* ulcers, says Dr. Charles F. Code, an ulcer specialist at UCLA. So increased job responsibility can't be blamed for the rising incidence of female ulcers. Dr. Harriet Dustin, a blood pressure expert at Cleveland Hospital, calls it premature to attribute the increasing stress to women's expanding roles because "we don't yet know how to measure stress, how to study it, or what it is."

Paying the emotional price

On the other side of the controversy, Dr. Hans Selye, University of Montreal endocrinologist and founder of the International Institute of Stress, claims that the more women assume so-called male jobs, the more we are "subject to so-called male diseases, such as cardiac infarctions, gastric ulcers and hypertension. They get the same satisfactions, of course, but at a price."

While the experts debate the issue, and business and unions hold conferences on occupational stress, women's personal stories suggest that we are prone to the same workaday tensions as men—*plus* some critical stress factors unique to women.

Several members of the Women's Forum, an organization of New York City's top corporate and government women, agreed at a recent seminar that the problem can be traced to female conditioning. We were raised to be No. 2 to a No. 1 man; we were expected to "mother," to comfort others and be likable. No one prepared us for leadership, competition or confrontation —all of which are endemic to business. We worry about becoming successful and "losing our femininity." (Though few women can define femininity in ways that make sense, the culture defines it for us and uses it as a club to keep us in our place.)

As we rise in the hierarchy, we wonder if we'll have to trade personal happiness for professional achievement, or if we'll ever learn to order our priorities, manage our guilt, the male ego and our children's demands. We're not even sure we have the *right* to earn a lot of money or find satisfaction in our work. On top of these internal conflicts, we suffer from external oppression like sex discrimination in pay and promotions, not being taken seriously, or finding ourselves excluded from the power centers. For poor women and for single mothers supporting their children, this dynamic is compounded by real survival questions: Should I stay home with my sick child and risk being fired? Will I be able to pay the food bills this month? What if I'm disabled or laid off?

All these feelings and fears often add up to stress symptoms you'll recognize: a headache, clammy hands, overeating or excessive smoking, insomnia, irritability, even a wild sense of panic. *(continued)*

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The working woman

continued

"It's been demonstrated in the laboratory that the same physiological symptoms occur whether the stressor is negative or positive," says Dr. Sidney Lecker of The StressControl Center in New York City. "Your body's mobilization mechanism doesn't discriminate between being mugged or falling in love. And one person's *angst* is another's ho-hum."

Too little stimulation can produce as much stress as too much. The woman who's been bored at home may be the same bundle of nerves as her husband who gets off the train after a chaotic workday. Psychiatrist Robert Seidenberg calls this "the trauma of eventlessness." He found it common to suburban housewives whose lives are secure and stable but so devoid of challenge, choices and stimuli that they dread the continuation of this "eventlessness" as much as a businesswoman might dread a hectic sales conference.

Some solutions

How should you cope with your personal stress demons?

It depends on what they are, who you are, and how fast you can recover from duress. Letitia Baldrige says she used to watch John F. Kennedy lean against a wall and go to sleep for eight minutes to revitalize himself. But since Tish can't sleep standing up, here's what calms her down: While sitting at her desk, she closes her eyes and cups her hands over them for three minutes; next she removes her hands but keeps her eyes closed for two minutes more; then she squeezes her eyelids shut, opens them and feels refreshed. For tension in the neck and shoulders, she rolls her head slowly in a full circle and then lifts and lowers her shoulders in a circular motion. When nothing else works, she takes a 45-minute session with a medical masseur.

Travel executive Frances Koltun thrives on stress—unless it's the result of anger or fear. "My energy is the lifeline of my creative activity," she says. "So I eat steak for breakfast and watch my health. When the workload is too heavy I follow Henry Ford's advice. He said any job can be done if it's broken down to its smallest components. Instead of a bound book, I use a looseleaf binder in which I break down the work I want to accomplish each day. I feel in control of my life because I can tear up today's looseleaf sheet and start a fresh one without leaving evidence of my mistakes."

At The StressControl Center, Dr. Lecker and two psychologists, Stephen Levy and Bernard Gertler, have developed more elaborate systems for identi

(continued on page 46)

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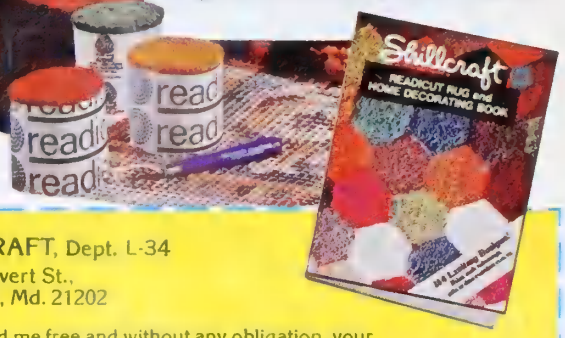


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Carol Burnett & Dick Van Dyke:

WHAT ALCOHOLISM DID TO THEIR LIVES

They say comedians laugh to hide some inner pain. Here, TV's newest comedy duo talk candidly about how they triumphed over sadness.

By Lacey Fosburgh



Carol Burnett and Dick Van Dyke are both very private, almost remote, individuals in the Hollywood arena—where the public eye is virtually omniscient—and they have just brought their lives together in an arrangement that has surprised the entertainment world.

Dick Van Dyke, long a recognized star in his own right, will co-star on "The Carol Burnett Show."

And that, in entertainment circles, is a no-no. Show business has as much to do with ego as talent, everybody says, and in the ego department, one star just does *not* take second billing to another star.

"I never thought he'd do it," Carol herself admits. "He's a star too, and he's breaking a taboo to co-star on somebody else's show. I don't know anybody who'd do what he's doing."

Why then are they doing it? Because, by all accounts, it seems, as she puts it, "perfectly natural" to both of them. Some of the reasons for the partnership stem from serious professional necessity on all sides, but the rest can be ascribed to the nature of the personalities involved. They are both loners and they are both something of Hollywood iconoclasts.

In real life, in her own living room, 44-year-old Carol Burnett is little and delicate and vulnerable—not quite the gangly, sprawling trouper her television show sometimes suggests. She still comes on strong, but she has little wrists and little fingers and eyes that recurrently lapse into a tentative or hiding look. There are none of those false eyelashes that swoop out like ski jumps on the screen, or the black strips on the eyelids that rise and fall like thunderbolts. There is none of that Oh-My-God, Larger than Life, tender, hysterical exaggeration that has made her wealthy, famous and successful.

Instead there is perhaps one of the most private, difficult-to-know people Hollywood has produced. She admits, after a lot of questioning, to being nervous, insecure and still scarred emotionally from a difficult childhood as the daughter of two impoverished alcoholics. They lived in a furnished room in a rundown section of West Hollywood and received welfare checks twice a month. Her parents were always drunk. Carol slept on a daybed and kept her clothes in the bathroom. This left her, she said, "wanting a lot of love." It also helped create the tough, "I'm okay" exterior she wears like a coat of armor, and her "determination" to find success and personal happiness. And today she has, for example, a whole closet full of thousands upon thousands of vitamin pills and health pills. She consumes as many as 200 a day and follows a strict vegetarian diet.

There are hidden, cave-like rooms high up in Carol Burnett's house, to which she retreats every day. In one windowless room decorated with Indian prayer rugs, beads and the scent of sandalwood, she meditates. In another she sits on a couch in silence and solitude for perhaps half an hour at a time. The walls around her, a soft grayish blue, are covered with dozens of old photographs, now an aging color of brown, of her mother and father, her grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts and uncles. These are all the people who left her, she said, with the motivation to get where she is today. All of them are dead now.

Fifty-one-year-old Dick Van Dyke is harder to figure out than Carol. He refuses, for example, to let reporters come to his house; he meets them instead in public restaurants, where he is repeatedly interrupted by people asking for autographs. He laughs after almost everything he says, even if it is not funny, and when asked a question about himself, rarely answers directly.

He admitted in the course of one recent conversation that he has difficulty listening, lacks empathy and tends to find it hard to relate. People who know him well maintain that in private he is relaxed, but he is, they say, nervous around strangers, afraid of intimacy and so basically uncomfortable in the Hollywood milieu that he has never, for example, lived there. He always commutes —sometimes hundreds of miles—to his work, and has lived most of his adult life in suburban tracts. Now he owns a small house in Coronado, near San Diego.

He is much more handsome in real life than he is on the screen. He's also more thin (almost two dimensional) and more old and more noisy. He admits he is much more at home on his 30-foot sailboat than he ever has been in a theater, and he has the kind of tan and physical fitness that only an outdoor life can produce.

Surprisingly, he views his talents as "a product" he has to "sell." If he sells it well enough, he said, he can live the private life he likes. And these days that means camping, hiking, sailing and walking with his wife Marjorie, their four children and two grandchildren. They don't do any of this with retinues of servants or outfits from Gucci, but instead, characteristically, in the manner of real folks who have to work to pay the bills but get their real pleasure after five and on weekends, when they pile in the car with the kids and go.

(continued on page 39)

Photograph courtesy of CBS

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Valerie Harper:

WHAT "RHODA" TAUGHT ME ABOUT MARRIAGE & DIVORCE

The actress who plays Rhoda reveals why her TV character is getting divorced—and what secret has saved her own *real* marriage.



The two biggest events in the history of television situation comedy were the 1950 birth of Lucy's baby on *I Love Lucy* and the 1974 wedding on *Rhoda*. About 50 million people watched when Rhoda took the subway across town in her wedding gown to get married to Joe.

Despite this audience enthusiasm, Rhoda and Joe separated last season. This season they will be divorced. Rhoda, endearingly played by Valerie Harper, will be single again—and actor David Groh, who played her husband Joe, will star in a new series called, appropriately enough, *Another Day*.

Why this unlikely split? It was not one of those complicated legal hassles over a performer's contract; it was not a personality dispute (Valerie and David got along just fine). It was simply that the writers—like some couples these days?—found a rather conventional, happy marriage an insufficiently stimulating situation. They just couldn't come up with enough interesting story ideas for Rhoda and Joe. So goodbye, Joe.

Rhoda will thus become the first situation comedy in TV history to venture its star into legal divorce, despite the enormous increase in divorce in recent years. Perhaps it's the shock of this historic move that has sparked so many rumors about the real-life marriage of Valerie Harper and her husband, actor Dick Schaal. The *Journal* decided to ask Valerie to express her own opinions on separation, divorce—and her own real marriage. Her remarks, given with great candor and Rhoda-like enthusiasm, follow.—by MARCIA FRIEDLANDER COHEN

There has been a lot of gossip recently about my own marriage breaking up. Letters about it come in from all over the country every week. It started, I'm sure, when Rhoda separated from Joe. People seem to confuse Rhoda, the character, with Valerie Harper, the actress.

The truth is that my husband Dick and I have been more together this past year than we have in other years when I had to spend time away from him appearing in a Broadway play or something like that. Our marriage has never been in better shape. In fact, we have shifted up into a new level and it is working like no other that I know because there is space in it for complete truth. Dick can tell me things that I might not want to hear, but that I'm able to accept—and that works both ways. Recently, for instance, he said, "Valerie, I really want to clean up some stuff with you." And I said, "Okay. Great!" Then he said, "You do the same, if there are things that bug you."

So he made a list, on a piece of paper, of all his peeves, angers, things he's been withholding, lies, or things he considers to be lies, etc. Most of them were little things like, "I hate it when you use my hairbrush."

And I made a little list from some stuff that I had put in the closet of my mind—things that had been annoying me such as being taken for granted (that happened to be one of the things on his list, too).

Then he read his list to me, which took about a half an hour, and I answered each one of his points. Then I read my list. Some of the things sounded silly, for example, the time that he brought me flowers that were not the color I wanted. I told him: "I resent the fact that you didn't know the color." (I had wanted yellow roses, I think, and he brought coral ones.) He was beautiful when I told him that one. Instead of defending himself, he said, "Oh, okay, good, I understand." When I realized that he understood, it suddenly didn't bother me anymore. Of course, these little things are usually tied to some other resentment, but sharing your feelings dissipates the anger. We realized why people get divorced over something as silly as leaving the toothpaste cap off; over the years, they've built up a reservoir of resentment.

The listing worked like a clearing process, and afterward we felt so light and so happy that we ran in the street together. I can't explain it except to say that it really works to tell the truth—not the TRUTH with capital letters, because there is no absolute involved. It's just what's so for each of us.

Dick and I have never sat down and discussed divorce. Perhaps that isn't to our credit. Neither of us has ever left the other, although I realize that leaving sometimes can be good for people. Also, though the romance is always there, it is never stronger than the friendship. We have always had a great friendship, as well as strong shared interests.

The fact that we're both actors is not a problem. I'm never up for the same roles that he is and I certainly hope I never will be! My making more money than he does has no effect, either. Our love and relationship is not based on my subservience to Dick. If a good friend of Dick's got an important role in a series, he would be thrilled—and that's how he felt when I got Rhoda.

Dick is just a fabulous human being—so full of life, so creative and great to live with. Just recently, we passed through a lot of wonderful spaces together, partly because of those lists, I guess. We almost can't have a fight anymore; the person who's yelling *(continued on page 44)*

Photograph by Douglas Kirkland

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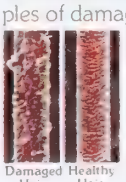
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Carol Burnett & Dick Van Dyke

continued from page 34

The new partnership between these two unusual stars is robably not that critical for the successful Carol Burnett. In ict, the word is that it is a very smart move for her.

For Dick, on the other hand, it is crucial.

Nobody doubts that he is one of the most talented come- ians of his time, but his career has long been plagued with ery real ups and downs—including, of course, the much- lked-about years he spent as a full-fledged alcoholic. De- pite his fame, the man is still obliged to try to prove himself every new venture.

His most recent TV program made its debut last fall. It was lled Dick Van Dyke and Company, and in the ensuing onths the network booted it around all over the time charts. hen, finally, NBC announced it was canceled. It had been the air only 12 times.

Once Dick had a show of his own that was as successful as arol's, the show in which an unknown actress named Mary yler Moore was picked to play his wife. It consistently won l the Emmys. But that was ten years ago, and now, the fact that Dick needs a hit again.

For The Carol Burnett Show itself, the implications of the ew partnership are multi-faceted as well. Insiders say it may ive the show a new lease on life—or, on the other hand, erald the beginning of the end. The Carol Burnett Show has een on television longer now than any other program on the r—11 consecutive years. It's consistently placed somewhere the top 20 in the Nielsen ratings.

In the business, though, people say the show may well be etting tired or old, and that its day may just come one of ese seasons. Other people say that's absurd. Carol is widely cognized as one of the most successful performers, male or male, in America. She can write her own ticket, they say. he recently was voted one of the most admired women in merica, according to a Gallup Poll, and no network in this me of fierce rating competition is going to cancel the only ccessful variety show on the air.

Insiders still insist, however, that one last year featuring an ectric, highly unusual partnership between two of the lead- g comedians in the country may just signal the final curtain ll for Carol's show.

Speak like press agents

Neither Carol nor Dick is any help on this question. Asked out their career plans, anxieties or hopes for the show, they eak—as perhaps they must—like press agents. They seem en only when they talk about each other.

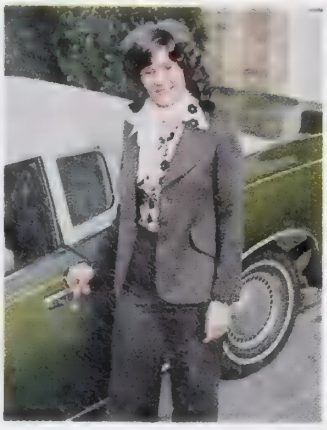
"I don't care what anybody says about the reasons Dick nd I are getting together, or about his career or my career," arol says. "All I know is that we work together better than y two people and it's a very exciting proposition. It's going give the show a whole new lease on life and be fun—and r me that's all that counts."

"It doesn't matter to me at all what people speculate," Dick ys. "What I want to do, at this point in my life, is to do hat I want to do and enjoy it, and right now I can't think of ything more enjoyable than working with Carol. Besides," adds, "we think alike. Our instincts are alike. We're almost one-man show."

Dick and Carol first met—and, they both claim, "fell in love rofessionally"—almost 20 years ago. They were both un- owns, living in New York, struggling against incipient pov- ty and the hardships of breaking into show business.

They appeared as guests on the daytime Garry Moore ow. They did a brief skit on a beach. Afterwards the two lked and agreed that they'd had such a good time working gether they should do it again sometime. *(continued)*

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Carol Burnett & Dick Van Dyke

continued

Periodically through the years, as their careers developed with shows on Broadway and, later, on television, they made guest appearances on each other's programs. They never have become personal friends, however.

Then last fall Dick was scheduled to appear again on The Carol Burnett Show. The very day they were taping the program, he got a memo from NBC announcing that his show had been canceled. It was a real blow. He admitted he was depressed and, typically, laughing all the time, said to Harvey Korman (who had just announced he was leaving Carol's show), "How can you go? Boy, if I had this job, I'd stay forever."

Dick told Carol the same thing: "I'd sure love to work with you."

"That's be great," Carol said. She admitted afterwards, though, "I never dreamed anything would come of it. But then, gradually, the talk got serious."

Carol is famous throughout the entertainment business for two things—one is that she is Ms. "Nice Guy"; the other is that she came up the hard way. Even TV critics admit she is a decent person who appreciates other people's needs.

Pervasive negative

Privately, though, some acquaintances maintain that she is difficult to get to know, and some even put her down for being "hard," "tough as nails." This question about her character emerges as the most pervasive negative comment about her.

Asked about this, Carol was taken aback. "If . . . well . . . I'd . . . Well, it depends on who says I'm hard. I'd have to consider the source, because I'm really . . . very . . . you know, I'd do anything for somebody . . . if I can. I know I'm not hard. If I'm cold, it's unintentional. And the idea just kills me, frankly. I can't bear the idea that I have hurt somebody.

"But, you know," she went on, "I think there are very few people I'm close to, that I open up with. I have about two or three close friends. I do have a guard, a wall up around me. Dick does, too, I think. It probably has something to do with this business—it's a hard business—but it's also in my nature, and Dick's, too. He's friendly and open, but there's a reserve about him. I've never been psychoanalyzed, so I don't know, there might be something in my psyche that says, 'Put the wall up. Don't let anybody get too close.' I've been accused of that a lot of times. But I don't think I'm really hard inside. I know I'm not."

She talked about religion, something that became important to her three years ago. She was raised a Christian Scientist, but then, when she started doing Yoga exercises to heal an injured neck, she responded emotionally to meditation. She began to read philosophy. "I think we are all a reflection of God," she said, "and that people have their individual personalities, but that the closer you get to the center, the more you find that everybody is a reflection of one mind or being."

What she has tried to learn from this, she said in complete seriousness, is: "I try not to be phony. To me that means treating people well."

She talks a lot about what she calls "good values" and "morality" and there is probably, beneath the Hollywood veneer, the large house, the pool table and the tennis court, some strait-laced sense of morality.

Family life, for example, is very important to her. She and her husband, Joe Hamilton, producer of the show, are home from work every day by five. She often drives her three young daughters to school herself and shops with them for things like skateboards and birds. Through the years, her husband's eight children by his first marriage have all lived with them, but now they are grown up and away.

Recognition at college

This sense of a rich family life, however, was something Carol never had herself. "I always wanted to be loved," she admitted. "I had love at home—my parents were never mean—but I wanted more. More love, more attention. I wanted acceptance, too. I was never attractive, I wasn't very popular at school. I didn't have many friends. It wasn't until college that I began to get any recognition and that was for acting, for making people laugh."

To this day, though, she says she has a lingering "sense of pain, sense of resentment."

"My parents were alcoholics. I would go in . . . my mother would be . . . I couldn't talk to her . . . I mean, she was drunk. That would hurt. My grandmother raised me.

"The resentment I have has come as an adult looking back, seeing what wasn't there. I didn't resent anything as a child. I only had one resentment then—and that was when I was nine or ten. My father disappointed me. He'd stopped drinking for about two years because my grandmother had leukemia and he was living with her down at the beach. He stopped drinking for her sake, because she was dying.

"He was working as a door-to-door salesman for a photo company at that time, but he wasn't making any money and I would go down there on weekends on the bus. He and my mother were living apart then. I had wonderful weekends with him. I finally had a father. It was wonderful. And then his mother died.

The day of the funeral, he came to where I lived to get me. I hadn't seen him weaving in two years, and well . . . it was just . . . my idol . . . it crumbled . . . I got so upset. I worshipped him and he was passed out on the street. I remember I beat him up. I literally went berserk. I was yelling and screaming and pounding on him with my fists and telling him to get up, to get up, get up; and five neighbors had to come and pull me off.

"It was the only time I've resorted to physical violence in my life. But that was a painful time. It was the only time I've ever let my emotions come out. Usually I swallow them whole."

Dick, for his part, grew up in Danville, Ill. "It always makes me think of the author Booth Tarkington," he said. "It was a real small-town life. Little houses on the street. My father was a traveling salesman, but before I was born, he played a clarinet in a jazz band and once he was a professional ballplayer. I guess we were poor, it was the Depression, and there wasn't any money but I never knew it until I was a teenager and my mother told me. We had lots of uncles and aunts and cousins and there were always people around."

After World War II, he and a buddy, hard up for work, signed on to entertain guests in a nightclub. It turned out that they could make people laugh. After a while they worked in other places, and gradually made their way closer to New York and Broadway. He married his childhood sweetheart, Marjorie, and they settled with their babies into the Long Island suburbs.

Drinking problem starts

The drinking didn't start until he was in his forties and living in southern California. He had always been a teetotaler but then, in 1966, the famous Dick Van Dyke Show went off the air. Dick opted for semi-retirement and hoped to devote more time to making movies. He and his family moved to a ranch in Carefree, Ariz., and he commuted back to Hollywood to work. In the following years he did movies—*Mary Poppins, Lt. Robinson Crusoe, Some Kind of Nut*—and more television shows, but things didn't work out as well as he'd hoped.

By this time he had become a social drinker, he said, but little by little, the drinking became chronic. In time his wife joined him. "I was always a happy drunk," he said. "Nobody ever knew about it until I revealed it afterward when I was all cured." (That was in 1974.) "I never drank at work or during the day, but boy, at night. . . . I always waited until the day was over and then made up for lost time.

"I never got depressed by it, though until it began to interfere *(continued)*

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3 to 5 drops red food coloring
⅓ cup chopped, drained red maraschino cherries

Prepare cake mix as directed except add almond extract to chocolate batter; pour into prepared pan. Add food coloring and cherries to macaroon filling before spooning over chocolate batter. Bake at 350° for 45 to 55 minutes, cool as directed. **To glaze:** Combine Glaze packet, 1 to 3 drops red food coloring, ¼ teaspoon almond extract and 1 to 2 tablespoons water; spoon over cake. Garnish with cherries. Store tightly covered. Makes 10-inch ring cake.

Lemon Blueberry Cheesecake

1 package Pillsbury Lemon Blueberry Bundt® Cake Mix (plus required additions)
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 packages (8 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
¼ cup milk
Powdered sugar

Prepare cake mix as directed, omitting blueberries; cool. **Blueberry Sauce:** In small saucepan, combine blueberries and juice, sugar and cornstarch over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture is thickened and follows spoon. Remove from heat; set aside. Prepare **Filling:** In medium bowl, beat Glaze packet with cream cheese and milk until smooth. Slice cake into 3 layers; fill bottom layer with half of Filling and second layer with remaining Filling and Blueberry Sauce. Replace top layer, sprinkle with powdered sugar. Store covered in refrigerator. Makes 10-inch ring cake.

Orange Upside Down Cake

⅓ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup firmly packed brown sugar
11 oz. can (1 cup) mandarin oranges, drained
¼ cup whole blanched almonds
1 package Pillsbury Bundt® Pound Cake Supreme Mix (plus required additions)
½ cup orange juice
1 to 2 tablespoons grated orange peel

Melt butter and brown sugar together, pour evenly into bottom of generously greased 12-cup Bundt†pan. Place mandarin oranges and almonds in melted butter mixture. Prepare cake as directed on package except decrease water to 1 cup and add orange juice, orange peel and Topping packet. Pour batter over fruit in pan. Bake as directed, cool in pan 5 minutes and invert onto serving plate. Store cooled cake tightly covered. Makes 10-inch ring cake.

Cinnamon-Nut Crunch Cake

1 package Pillsbury Bundt® Pound Cake Supreme Mix (plus required additions)
½ cup finely chopped nuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Prepare cake mix as directed except add nuts, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg to batter before beating. Continue as directed; pour into prepared pan. Bake at 325° for 45 to 55 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool 45 to 55 minutes; invert onto serving plate. Combine remaining ¼ teaspoon cinnamon with Topping packet. Sprinkle or sift over completely cooled cake. Store tightly covered. Makes 10-inch ring cake.

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Carol Burnett & Dick Van Dyke

continued

with my work and get out of hand. It showed on my health, my emotions, and everything just went down the drain until I finally put myself into treatment. Marjorie and I did that together."

"Even after I stopped drinking and was all cured, I was still in poor health. I was always vaguely depressed. That lasted about a year until I finally realized it was my bad physical condition."

That's when he began to devote time and energy to physical fitness—something he had never done before—and, in time, developed a whole new attitude toward life.

"I've never really gotten into my work," he admitted. He discovered, though, that his absorption with sailing and other outdoor activities provided the dedication and satisfaction he never had before. "I'm lucky," he said, "to find something I love so late in life."

He still spends some time making speeches at alcoholic treatment centers, but not as much as he used to. "That gets old fast," he said. "Besides, I don't want to be Mr. Ex-Alcohol."

This last summer, both Dick and Carol spent most of their time at home, relaxing, swimming, being with family. The Carol Burnett Show went into pre-production in August—in preparation for the new fall season—and then the 11-to-five day began again.

Dick has rented a two-bedroom apartment in the Hollywood Hills, where he will live during the week, taking the 20-minute flight home to Coronado Saturday morning for the weekend.

Carol is still at home with her husband, her daughters and the elderly Scottish couple who cook and clean. There is also the dog that limps, the parakeet named Vinnie Barberino and the pet mouse known variously as Myron, Butter Baby and I-Don't-Believe-It's-a-Girl.

Family homes

Though these are both celebrity households, they are even more homes where family lives and children—and even, in Dick's case, grandchildren—are the most important concern.

"My family was always the one thing that mattered to me," Dick said.

And Carol, for her part, will invariably say, when the subject of values, morality or decency comes up: "I'm always talking to my girls about that. I'm always trying to get them to understand what I think's important about life.

"I'll be happy with whatever happens to them," she added, "as long as they're happy and decent. That's the most important thing in the world to me." **End**

Valerie Harper

continued from page 36

suddenly takes responsibility for being the cause of it and instead of piercing each other with words like arrows, the fight becomes a discussion. That's where our marriage is.

But the situation on the show—Rhoda's marriage to Joe—is entirely different and I have strong feelings about that, too.

Working on the separation scenes in the show was sad because I have a definite relationship with David Groh. He's a sweet, lovely guy who worked very hard, very diligently, and I felt for him. He was the one who had to leave the show knowing that I would still be there. It was painful because I have a love for David and because it was the end of something that we had all worked on for two years.

As an actress, I experienced *loss*—the sense that something was over. I had to live that and then act it in front of a lot of people, which meant sharing the experience of the loss, the anger that comes from it, the feeling of disappointment and the fear of what was going to happen next.

Even now, I'm not sure what's going to happen to Rhoda. She's not going to get a divorce on television because the writers decided that it would be too heartbreaking and awful. That's why she's coming on this year already divorced.

The first show of the season is going to be in the lawyer's office, I think, and Rhoda is going to meet someone this year who doesn't want to get involved, so the audience won't think he's a replacement for Joe. He'll be a very different type of guy.

The show would have continued without the divorce, but the writers did something unheard of in television—they changed a format that was working so they could write more creatively. They needed new stories, more action, and with Rhoda stuck in that apartment with Joe, they had trouble generating ideas. But after Rhoda's separation, about 12 story ideas appeared immediately.

I'm really pleased about Rhoda's divorce because the writers are pleased, although I do get a lot of feedback from people who say, "Oh, you guys were so cute together." Some people even ask me if I think the show will be the cause of more separations and divorces. One letter said, "Please stay with Joe or I won't stay with my husband." But the way I see it, the *Rhoda* show is doing a service for the country by assisting people who are in marriages that should not be perpetuating themselves. If a marriage breaks up because the partners watch a half hour situation comedy, that marriage was breaking up anyway. They might as well blame it on the wall or on the toaster or on the man in the moon.

Divorce accepted

The fact that Rhoda will be divorced proves that divorce is accepted today. What we say we are doing is always 20, 50 or even 1,000 years behind what we're actually doing, so I think it's just a matter of catching up.

When the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* began nine years ago, the writers suggested that Mary be a divorcée, mainly because they didn't want her to be a virgin. CBS said "absolutely not" to that, and now the same network is applauding the idea.

When I was a child, my mother used to lower her voice when she spoke the word "divorce" or "split family" or "broken home." Then it was a stigma. Even ten years ago, if someone told me they were getting a divorce, I would have said, "Oh, my God, how terrible," but now I say, "How do you feel about it? If they answer, "I've never felt better in my life," I say, "Fabulous!"

What we had in the past, I think, were fewer divorces but more unhappy people. I would rather see a million more divorces than see people's lives go unfulfilled. Wasn't it George Bernard Shaw who asked: "If the prisoner is happy why the bars? Why lock the door?"

I think the time has come for religious groups to realize that some marriages do not work. Instead of viewing divorce in terms of morality, religious leaders should ask whether or not lives are being nurtured—children's lives and the lives of people in unhappy marriages.

Must we *force* people to submit to marriage "to have and to hold till death do us part?" There's something very sick about that! It does not allow for change. Taken to the extreme, it means burning the Indian widow on the pyre with her husband because she was a possession in his life.

We don't have to condemn people. We don't have to say, "You made your bed; now sleep in it." The universal flow tends to take care of that anyway.

I do not believe that divorce promotes crâzy wildness or a dissolution of morals. In fact, I think divorce can be a very moral step. When Joe leaves Rhoda on the show, he says something that is true for him: "I love you, babe, but I just don't want to be married." By saying that, he is taking responsibility instead of avoiding it by staying in the marriage, remaining silent and living a lie.

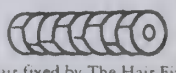
If one person is being lied to, that's not good because it eats at both of them. If my husband were involved with someone else and wanted to be with her, I would definitely not want him to lie to me. I would want him to be with her. Of course, I can support *(continued)*

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Valerie Harper

continued

myself and I don't have little children. It is too bad when women or men are locked into marriage for one reason or another and are forced to put up with infidelities.

The painful thing about divorce, I suppose, is facing the fact that you have made a mistake. People forget that it's okay to make mistakes. I don't mean to sound cynical, but a lot of times, people get married, not because they really want to, but because they don't want to do something else, like live at home with their parents.

I think kids sometimes are better off when there is a divorce, other times not. My mother and father didn't get their divorce until my brother was 16 years old, I was 18, my sister was 20 and already into her own family. In fact, I remember, as a little girl, feeling very panicky at the idea that my mother and father might divorce. I have a very clear memory of that time. I was 11 years old and we were all in a Catholic boarding school for one year because Daddy was traveling around trying to get his company together. Mom went with him and they both came to school on visiting day and took us to dinner. I knew they were fighting or unhappy about something and I remember saying, really manipulatively, "Oh, Mommy and Daddy, I'm so glad you're together and not divorced. There are so many kids here whose parents are divorced." I remember that they both sort of smiled at each other knowing that the divorce was coming.

However, I do think that many divorces would not happen if people would just hang in together and try to share what's soured for them about life. But it's important that each one not take this information as a personal affront. If a husband or wife can say, "I'm really bored," or "I hate it when you do such and such" and the spouse does not feel attacked, lines are kept open.

And if the lines are open, marriage partners can get rid of those minor problems that, over the years, can build up until the husband or wife has to say, "I can't stand it. I want a divorce." **End**

The working woman

continued from page 32

fying, managing and preventing stress. Corporations such as TWA and Avon hire them to handle employees who disrupt the work environment due to an emotional crisis, to counsel valued executives whose job performance is declining and to provide an ongoing StressManagement plan.

"Stress prevention can save money," says Lecker. "For example, when a corporation transfers an executive, it usually transfers a whole family. The move is a major life change that will tax family bonds and take its toll on each member. Why not select people most likely to handle the relocation well? It cost one company $12,000 to bring an executive and his family back from South America because the wife had a nervous breakdown. Before the transfer, we could have screened for that vulnerability or provided family therapy. Weekly meetings and improved communication patterns might have helped everyone in the family to cope with the stress of being dependent only on one another in a strange new place."

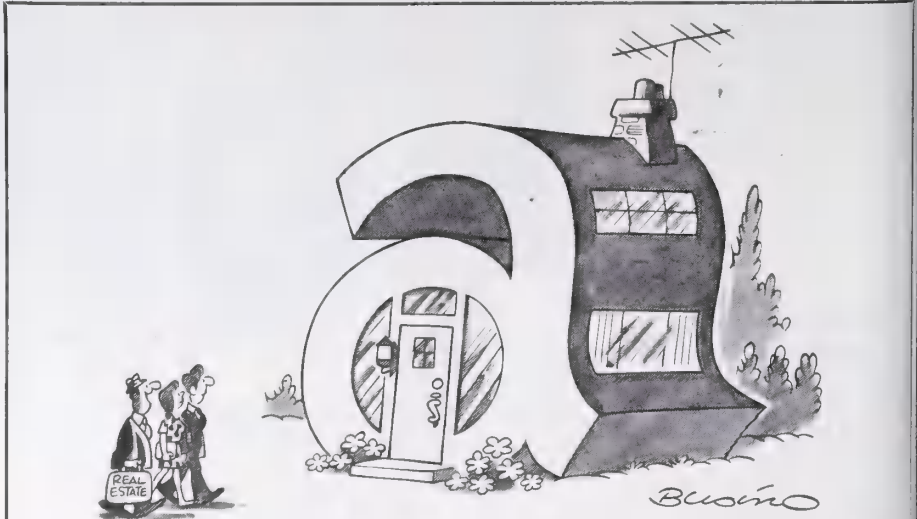
Although Doctors Lecker, Gertler or Levy have less experience treating women under stress than men, you may be helped by this brief summary of their overall methods:

Modifying your attitudes

- Learn to recognize your own stress signs and don't repress them. Under tension, my mouth may become dry and you may get a migraine headache, but each of us is experiencing a physical clue to emotional or social stress—and both of us need relief before we can function well. Stress isn't a sign of weakness. It's a response to change and a warning system that tells your body to relax—except when you need the fight-or-flight response to escape real danger.
- Recognize that you may be looking for the right things in the wrong place. A job is the right place to look for power and prestige, but the wrong place to seek love, nurturance and support.
- Don't medicate away your symptoms of stress. Medication is only useful to prevent panic and disorganization so that you're able to *manage* your stress, not *mask* it.
- Guilt is a trip others lay on you. Shame is what you feel when you don't live up to your own expectations. A woman who tries to deliver 100 percent at home and 100 percent at work is doomed to suffer guilt for shortchanging her children and shame for her work inadequacies. Just knowing that studies show that even full-time mothers rarely spend 20 minutes a day entirely devoted to one child can be a guilt-reliever. What each child benefits from most are short periods of intimacy, not long periods of your mere presence.
- We're each responsible for our own self-esteem. When the husband is unemployed or is less successful than the wife, she should not have to make herself powerless to buttress his ego. A person can grow without having to cut down someone else.
- A man who breaks down or cries at his desk is sounding an alarm for attention. When a woman cries or has a tantrum people may dismiss it as "normal feminine behavior" (according to stereotype). Therefore, women often need to *ask* for help or else their distress may go unnoticed.

Modifying your behavior

- Habits are false solutions to tension. If cigarettes, liquor and food really solved the problem, we wouldn't have lung cancer, alcoholism and obesity. Biofeedback and coping therapy (see below) can defuse tension before habits short circuit the body even further.
- When you first feel stress, give yourself a mental X-ray to locate its source. Are you getting a headache before each executive meeting because you have to deal with other people's authority over you? Or because you have to assume the pose of a tough, authoritative decision-maker? Are you *(continued*



"Now then, if you'd like to see an A-frame house that is really different."

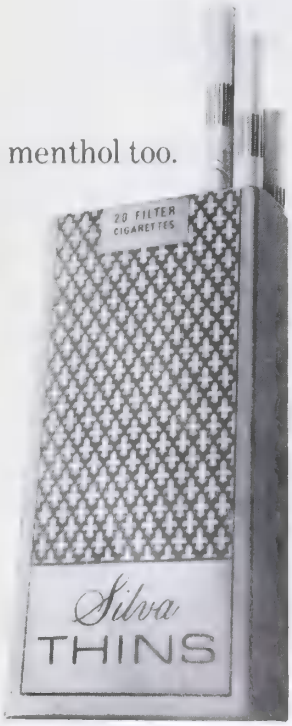

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The working woman

continued

confusing your boss with your father? Afraid people won't like you if you're assertive? Think about the very worst thing that can happen to you in that meeting. Could you handle it? Would it really be so terrible?

- Instead of internalizing your stress, becoming passive or hostile, try to use your energy to take charge of the situation. Plan how to tell your colleagues why you feel they've set you up for a fall, or how they can give you better tools to do your job effectively. You've made a contract with your employer to perform certain tasks. There's nothing wrong with challenging someone who prevents you from fulfilling that contract.
- The token woman in management can be a victim of the "Lone Ranger syndrome." If you're given the promotion and the accoutrements of power—but no psychological support within the corporation—plug into a women's network and develop friendships with other similar women in other companies.
- Once you identify the source of your stress, challenge its logic. Suppose you're meeting your supervisor for the annual review of your work performance. Instead of spending a sleepless night or waking up with a knot in your stomach, analyze the situation. Is it in your supervisor's interest to put you down? Or wouldn't she want to find you doing well enough to reaffirm her choice of you to do the job? Even if she identifies a shortcoming of yours, where's the tragedy? Why defend your shortcomings when you can use her constructive criticism to strengthen your skills?
- Stress isn't harmful as long as the body quickly returns to a restful state before physical and psychic resources are depleted. You can learn to relax with these biofeedback techniques:

(1) Diaphragm breathing: breathe slowly through the nose, expanding the stomach area, not the chest, and concentrate on the breath exhaling on your upper lip.

(2) Warm your hands: to raise the blood temperature in your cold, clammy hands, sit quietly and imagine your hands growing warm in the summer sun or soaking in warm, soapy water.

(3) Relax muscular tension: lie down (or sit comfortably in a chair), close your eyes and think only about your limbs getting limp and heavy and all the tension flowing out of your body through your toes.

These three exercises may sound bizarre, but I've tried them and they work. What's more, my two 12-year-old daughters have found biofeedback the answer to stress aroused by their 9-year-old brother! **End**

Patty Hearst: My Prisoner, My Friend

BY JANEY JIMENEZ
as told to
Ted Berkman

They were an unlikely pair: Patty Hearst, the kidnapped heiress facing trial, and her Mexican-American deputy federal marshal, Janey Jimenez. Then, in prison, their lives became interlocked, and the girl from Nob Hill turned to the chicana from the tough background as friend and confidante. Here, in an exclusive condensation of her revealing new book, Janey lets you see a Patty Hearst no one else knew.



The door from the cellblock area swung open and the wispy figure of a young woman appeared. Her short hair was a shapeless tangle. Battered blue corduroy pants, too baggy for her narrow hips, flopped aimlessly. She wore no bra, and under her bright red sweater were the outlines of small, almost childish breasts.

I turned to my chief. "That can't be Patty Hearst!"

"Yes, it is."

"But she's so tiny!" I stared again. This was all wrong. The FBI "Wanted" photo, Patty's high school graduation picture, had shown a smiling, attractive girl with soft, wavy hair framing a wide-mouthed, cheerful face. The strong, regular features in the photo suggested a fairly tall figure, at least matching my own five feet five. I had built up the mental image of a hard-swearing, gum-chewing, woman bandit. This girl, with her thin, taut face and puny shoulders, looked about as threatening as a baby rabbit.

It was September 29, 1975. Patty Hearst, picked up by the FBI 11 days earlier in nearby San Francisco, had been ordered to undergo a gynecological examination at Stanford Hospital. The escorting officer would be me, Janey Jimenez, sworn in just two hours before as the first deputy marshal of either my sex or minority background to serve in the area. Fresh out of college a year earlier, I was, at 22, one of the country's youngest federal deputies, and certainly its most nervous.

I took a few steps forward. "You know," I told her in what I hoped was a firm voice, "I'm going to have to search you."

She nodded without apparent interest.

I told her to stand with her legs well apart, and to spread out her arms: standard position for a frisk search. I carefully went over her body. Her personal grooming, I noticed, had fallen into neglect: nails unpolished, legs and armpits unshaven. Streaks of auburn discolored her chestnut-brown hair.

Patty didn't say anything, although she looked a little startled when I proceeded methodically to go through her hair. That's where prisoners often hide things. Patty spoke up: "I've never had to go through all *this* before." Her voice was flat, detached, with a kind of hollow, echo-chamber quality, as if coming from another world.

There was nothing sullen or hostile about her; just a calm, remote curiosity. The toughness that one of the deputies had forecast had not materialized. She remained cool—cooler than I was—through the exam.

During the 10-mile trip from the Redwood City jail to the hospital, Patty continued to surprise me. She tendered a soft, polite "thank you" whenever I lit a cigarette for her—it's not easy to light up by yourself while wearing handcuffs—and she didn't rant about "the Establishment." Invited to take her shoes off, she shook her head: "In this car? Look how dirty it is!" For an alleged fiery revolutionary, and despite her bedraggled appearance, she was displaying a disconcerting degree of old-fashioned delicacy.

Then she seemed suddenly to slip away. I looked over at her, and although of course she was still bodily present, I could swear Patty Hearst was no longer there. Beside me was a silent, mummy-like figure, staring straight ahead, seemingly unaware of my scrutiny or even of my presence.

The hospital visit had been ordered by the jail doctor for diagnosis of excessive vaginal bleeding. Patty was eating poorly and suffering headaches. Her weight had dropped from its pre-kidnap 110 pounds to less than 100, and the medical people were worried.

She was a human being, a woman, and a contemporary in distress. I had to let her know she was not alone.

We checked in, were assigned to an examining room and then ran into a snag. The hospital required a release before starting tests; Patty wasn't signing anything except in the presence of a legal adviser. Those were her instructions, she insisted, and nobody could budge her—no lawyer, no signature. Calls were placed to the Hearst Corporation, but the people she wanted couldn't be reached. So, alone, we settled down to wait in that cold, bare, windowless examining room.

Inevitably, after going through two pots of coffee, we both needed the rest room. But several threats and suspicious calls had come in to the hospital asking for details of the floor layout. We didn't have much choice; we had to have a bedpan sent to the room.

Well, I've been through some peculiar experiences in my life, but taking turns with a stranger on a bedpan! I was beginning to feel like a prisoner myself.

It was a funny way to start a relationship, but, in a sense, that icy bedpan drew us together. After that dignity-robbing moment, we could hardly go back to our distant guardian-prisoner connection.

Soon we were comparing notes on colleges, courses, interests and clothes. During our conversation I recognized in Patty Hearst a kindred spirit. We shared the same penchant for off-the-wall foolery, the same perception of humor in the absurd.

The door to the room opened, and the lawyer Patty had been waiting for at long last came in. Within minutes she was ready for the doctor.

The gynecologist arrived: a slim, nervous man in his forties. He told me to undress Patty. Helping her out of her clothes and into her white surgical gown, I couldn't help noticing again how extremely thin she was. The bones stuck out of her skin.

As she lay down on the table, I saw her tremble slightly. When the doctor adjusted her feet in the stirrups, her legs began to shake. She was fighting for self-control.

"I'm not going to hurt you," the doctor assured her. Patty gave no signs of believing him.

Hadn't she ever had this kind of examination before?

Yes, yes, Patty nodded. Then she cringed, shook her head desperately, closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. Suddenly, she let out a piercing wail and started crying.

The doctor tried to hold her still. "Please, Miss Hearst, relax. I can't examine you if you fight me. It will take just a moment."

"Oh, my God," Patty sobbed. "Oh my God." She struggled for an instant more, then went blank. I had never seen anyone so beaten, crumpled, totally helpless.

The doctor told her he was finished; she could sit up. The tears started again; she cried uncontrollably.

I had seen women disintegrate on the examining table before, although never to such an extreme. Instinctively, I felt she was responding to some earlier violation of her body, the memory of which had been triggered by the exam—and that it was a memory she could not endure. At that time, no public mention had been made of Patty's treatment at the hands of her SLA abductors—it was not until several months later that her claim of having been sexually assaulted by SLA "soldier" Willie Wolfe and his black leader, Cinque, went into the trial record.

As the doctor left the room, I went to her and cradled her head in my arms. For an instant it occurred to me that I was stepping out of my guardian role, not acting strictly by the book; and I wasn't sure how she would react. But she was a human being, a woman and a contemporary, in distress. I had to let her know she was not alone.

Patty clung to me like a child. She cried and cried.

I handed her a tissue and helped her dry her tears. "C'mon," I said. "Time to get dressed. I'll get you some coffee, and you'll be all right."

Then I took my prisoner back to jail.

I had no reason to assume I would ever see Patty again, or that the adventure at Stanford Hospital would be anything but an isolated episode. Within

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ew days I would be flying to Glynco, Ga., to begin the 13-week training program for deputy marshals.

I returned to San Francisco in late December, but it wasn't until mid-January of 1976 that I was assigned to pick up Patty again. By this time, she had been a prisoner for four months, and I was to bring her from the Redwood City jail to federal court for pre-trial motions.

When she came into the booking room, I scarcely recognized her. The near-ragamuffin of September had given way to an attractive young woman in a well-tailored dark suit. The once-neglected nails had been trimmed and polished, her legs had been shaved. When I finished my shakedown by riffling through her hair, this time she paused to recomb it.

The search completed, I slipped a steel waist chain around her, to which handcuffs were attached. Patty eyed me curiously. "Hey, that's a shiny set of handcuffs!"

"All my own." I adjusted them to the last notch. On Patty's skinny wrist, they hung a bit loose.

"These are so stiff—and new!"

I grinned at her. "Don't worry, Patty. By the time I get through with you, they'll be old!"

Now we were both laughing.

I had begun calling her Patty as naturally as she called me Janey, although later I found out that with other officers she insisted on being addressed as "Miss Hearst" or "Patricia." But we remained Patty and Janey except when, weeks afterward, we fell into the affectionate abusiveness common to good friends, greeting each other as "Weirdo" and such.

Still, I was cautious at the beginning, determined to steer a course between undisciplined fraternizing, which could be dangerous for both of us, and military rigidity. "We're going to spend a lot of time together," I told her, "and regardless of how we get along, we're going to have to make the best of it." I wanted her to know that I had a job to do, and that I'd appreciate her cooperation in helping me do it. I, in turn, respected her dignity.

A couple of days later, Patty had to be taken from a holding cell to the courtroom a floor below. That required handcuffs.

I found her—as usual—smoking.

"Put out the cigarette. There's an ashtray over there." I pointed to the steel bench running along the side of the cell.

Patty dropped her cigarette butt to the floor absentmindedly and ground her heel into it.

I felt it necessary to establish who was in charge—and this was as good a time as any. "Okay, Patty. Pick up that cigarette and put it in the ashtray."

She looked at me disbelievingly. "You're kidding."

"No. That's why I told you there was an ashtray."

For a second she seemed to contemplate putting up a fight. Then she bent down and put the crushed cigarette where I had told her.

A couple of hours later, Patty was sent to wait in an adjoining jury room. When the judge resumed proceedings, one of the male deputies told Patty to get rid of her cigarette and come back to her attorneys' table. Patty shook her head.

"Come on. What's the matter?" he asked.

"There's no ashtray. That lady marshal will get really mad at me. She told me I had to use an ashtray."

Finally, Patty was persuaded that it would be all right to stamp out her cigarette. But it didn't take long for word to get around the building that the awesome Patty Hearst, before whom everybody had been walking on eggshells, had been reined in by Janey Jimenez.

We were squeezed together for about 350 hours, my log shows.

After that, Patty never balked at orders. She didn't even complain when I had to grab her suddenly—and not always gently—to move her away from possible danger. If anything, she seemed more able to relax, as if she gained confidence from the feeling that I knew what I was doing. She started talking more on the rides to and from court: at first, about the meals at the Redwood City jail. Patty had gourmet tastes, and I gathered that the chef at the jail didn't quite come up to her standards.

From our chats over the next couple of weeks, before the trial actually began, I was able to piece together a somewhat eye-opening picture of Patty's relationship with her family.

To begin with, she wasn't particularly impressed with the exploits of her famous grandfather, William Randolph Hearst. She was aware that the old man had made a lot of money—and intrigued by the "little cemeteries for animals" he had scattered around San Simeon, because she was an animal-lover herself. But she had never read W. A. Swanberg's 1961 biography *Citizen Hearst* nor seen Orson Welles' movie classic *Citizen Kane*. She didn't enjoy being identified as Hearst's granddaughter, but she didn't have any terrible hangups about it, either.

Steven Weed, Patty's former fiancé, had claimed that her name was a burden and that she thought of changing it. But from everything she said, that idea never crossed her mind. The family name rang no bells with people, she told me, except for those who were connected with the Hearst enterprises.

As for Patty contemplating suicide to escape the "burden" of her heritage, as intimated by a prosecution psychiatrist: hogwash! Even under extreme stress, she had no such leanings.

Patty gave me plenty of reason to conclude that she enjoyed her family situation. Her father, in particular, she talked about as a genial, easygoing man, not always predictable or consistent, but always fun to be with. I got the impression that he was definitely the centerpiece of the family, adored by all five daughters, even though he changed his mind a lot.

Her feelings for her mother didn't seem quite as strong, or maybe more mixed. Mrs. Hearst was the one who insisted on sending her to strict Catholic schools, who was a stickler for the social proprieties. Yet when I showed Patty a snapshot of my mother, she commented with evident approval: "I like the way she holds herself—tall and erect, like my mother." And she was proud of Catherine Hearst's wide knowledge of art.

What seems to me significant is that her memories of childhood—unlike my own—were essentially cheerful, affirmative. Never once, in all the spontaneous, impromptu comment I've heard from her, has there been any overt bitterness, or even an unconscious "slip" indicating resentment of her family.

My association with Patty was unique. We were squeezed together, pressure-cooker style, isolated in a special universe of our own where we were dependent on each other for company and diversion—or, as we frequently if inelegantly put it, "to keep from going nuts."

I was at her side as shadow and companion, keeper and protector, during long drives to and from courthouse and jail, through endless hours of trial testimony and the welcome breaks of recesses, joining in her moments of laughter on the highways and her days of anguish.

My log books show we were in close contact for about 350 hours—or about as much time as a psychotherapist would have spent with Patty if they had met three times a week for a whole year.

The Patty Hearst I came to know is a far cry from either the devil caricature perpetrated by the SLA or the demure angel fashioned by her lawyers. She laughs easily, weeps when she is hurt, is quick to sympathize and is almost fanatic about fairness. She can also be sarcastic, fussy, pampered and absurdly suggestible.

Several people have portrayed Patty as willful and stubborn, citing her rebelliousness at the Catholic girls' school she attended in Monterey. My experience was that if you gave her the reason for an order—took the trouble to explain the logic behind it—she always went along. Like my command to douse

her cigarette in the ashtray. Once she reflected on it for a moment, she recognized that, surrounded as we were by potential menace, it was necessary for somebody to be consistently in charge.

I suspected she didn't relish the daily morning shakedown, so I tried to keep things light: "Hey, if you keep losing weight I'm not going to be able to tell your front from your back!"

It was easy to see why she wasn't regaining weight. I caught a glimpse of her breakfast tray at the jail a few times, and it was depressing: a kind of messy-looking gray mush without any flavoring, or cold fried eggs. Now and then, tucking a roll hastily into my purse as I left the house in the morning, I would add an extra one for Patty. We would nibble together contentedly on our ride into the city, Patty bending over her handcuffs. And if time permitted, I might get another snack to her before the trial session began.

Our main food binge would come late in the afternoon, on the way back to Redwood City jail. Once I loaded my purse with popcorn, soda, pickles and cake, and we had a real feast. Patty loosened up, handcuffs and all.

The next morning, we clowned about shipping her to court in a mailbag, as had reportedly happened to a Mafia figure.

"No, thank you, Deputy! I've already had my experience along those lines!" She was referring to the time the SLA transported her in a garbage can.

"Deputy" was a term of endearment to her, reserved for the times when she thought I had said something dumb. We were beginning to feel at home with each other. The contrasts between rich and poor, indulged and embattled, were falling away; now we were relating as two women in their early twenties. Patty and I both saw people as individuals, and that was always in the background of our relationship. I never pushed her for confidences, or asked anything that I thought she might be reluctant to tell me. In fact, I made a point of saying, "Patty, if you ever feel I'm bringing up something that's none of my business, say so." It never happened.

I even held off from the usual commiserations: "I'm so sorry for you; I know what you've been through." *Nobody* could know who hadn't experienced her particular terror. It would have been phony to pretend that I knew how she felt.

I did understand her day-to-day pressures. I could see what it was like to be constantly under surveillance, and had enough sense to leave her alone when she didn't want to talk.

Publicity was also a problem—and to make the problem endurable, we turned it into a game. Patty was under standing instructions from one of her attorneys, Al Johnson, never to let a photographer get a picture of her smiling. Johnson was afraid that people would think she was frivolous, taking her trial as a lark.

So at the close of every session, as we headed toward the photographers, I would urge her: "Put on an unhappy face." It might take five or ten seconds, if she was in a good mood, to work up the required solemn pose.

Once I asked if she wouldn't like to forget Johnson's theory and come out as her natural self.

"You mean like this?" She leaped out toward an imaginary camera, flung her arms wide apart and flashed a dazzling smile. I hardly recognized my glum prisoner.

But that was a private show for my supervisor Glen Robinson and me. With the photographers, who were always trying to get a rise out of her, she was stubbornly determined not to yield an inch. On her birthday, they did everything but handsprings to provoke a reaction. But Patty held firm. As I joined her in the car, she turned to me proudly: "They didn't get a thing."

Patty and I talked a lot about our role as females, the way any two women of our ages might. Our conversations covered all sorts of issues: how we felt about marriage, fidelity, physical vs. emotional involvement, feminism. Our basic attitudes turned out to be remarkably similar.

Late in February, she noticed a ring on my left hand, a pink star sapphire with four small diamonds.

"Hey, that's a real knockout," she said. "Where did you get it?"

"From a guy I almost married—but didn't."

Our broken engagements seemed to create a bridge for Patty, a thin edge of security along which she could extend her trust. She started to tell me about Steven Weed, how she had half-drifted into the relationship because he was an "older man," the sophisticated, former captain of the Princeton track team.

I don't think Patty's feelings about Weed really crystallized until he started working on his book. She was still in jail when he was scurrying around trying to track down letters they had exchanged. Patty was indignant: "How can he expose my personal life like that? I think it's despicable."

Then, just before his scheduled trial appearance as a witness on her behalf, Weed gave a press conference. Patty's lawyers were incredulous; they decided not to have him testify.

The book itself drew more angry comment from Patty: "Even the pictures that he claims are his were mine, taken with my camera! And he's still hanging on to china, personal gifts from my grandmother, meaningless to him . . ."

Her final blast was over Weed's reaction to the SLA kidnappers who burst into their apartment. As Weed reported it in his book, he said, "Take anything you want and leave us alone." Patty's version was, "and leave *me* alone." She interpreted that as an invitation to the SLA to carry her off. "If you really love someone," she stormed, "how can you say, 'Take anything, but leave me alone!' So they took *me*."

Patty and I talked a lot about our role as females, the way any two women of our ages might. Our conversations covered all sort of issues: how we felt about marriage, fidelity, physical vs. emotional involvement, feminism. Our basic attitudes turned out to be remarkably similar. For instance, we agreed that women should have equal opportunities for jobs and education. And Patty wouldn't let the male deputies get away with sexist gibes. Not that she ever got on a soapbox about it; she simply knew where she stood and took a firm stand. She also felt that women should be as free as men to take the initiative socially, rather than have to wait to be asked. We agreed on these points, but our taste in men differed.

On some days the in-transit boredom was so desperate that, to pass the time, we would watch other cars and jokingly tick off our preferences in male passengers. Patty's choices astonished me. She would invariably go for some square-jawed, neatly-dressed character right out of an old shirt ad—the very opposite of shaggy, rumpled types like Steven Weed. My tastes were more off-beat, and Patty, in turn, professed to be baffled by them. Once we were stuck at a traffic light alongside a really fat, slovenly man. Patty nudged me: "There's your boy, Janey. Go get him!"

Patty cannot tolerate sloppiness, disorder or any kind of careless performance. Her belt had to be tied properly, not hanging loose. Getting into the car, she would always warn me not to toss her coat casually in the back: "Hang it up, Janey. Fold it properly." As Al Johnson observed in an interview, any room she occupied—even the grubbiest cell—had to be meticulously organized, with her toothbrush and books in their assigned places.

One afternoon, handcuffed, she asked me to get out a cigarette for her. I ripped the package open across the top. Patty was very upset: "Look what you've done to my pack! Now they're all going to fall out. The right way to do it is like this. . . ." She demonstrated with painstaking care. That was the way everything had to be with Patty: perfect, finished, never halfway. She had

e same attitude about learning things. ıything she studied had to be pursued the end, rounded out to the nth de-ee.

Once, riding out to the courthouse, e talk turned to weapons. I mentioned a fellow deputy that I was using the volver issued to me. Patty frowned: n view of my training with firearms—d I did have a lot of training—you ould always know your weapon thor-ghly, and be sure whether it's going go off or not. You may fire that thing d it may not go off at all." She went and on with a lot of technical detail out firing pins and jamming, with the me kind of academic thoroughness at she would have devoted to a dis-ssion of art history.

A similar scene, with black-comedy ertones, took place a few days later, ıen Patty had to identify the M-1 car-ne rifle she had carried in the Hibernia ık hold-up. During recess, she flipped e weapon around a few times and gled the bolt lever, scaring the pants Lee Bailey, who had never handled carbine.

Yet Patty's a small woman, delicate-ned, very aware of her fragility in an predictable universe. At 19, when e was kidnapped, her character had t really taken on definition. Although perficially well-traveled and sophisti-ted, she had been little exposed to the tualities of living. It was her sense of r own inability to cope that made tty so susceptible to the influence of ıers.

Patty's lawyer, Al Johnson, could dic-e the length and color of her finger-ils, coax her to scrutinize a closet at held horrible memories for her, ange her mind about liking or dislik-g a variety of people, forbid her to ıgh in front of a camera. Once, when skirt was ripped and I had to cover with Patty's coat, that instruction ckfired. To Al's great annoyance, she uldn't repress a guffaw. But generally e was his obedient pupil. I felt this ndicapped her, stifled her chance of couping her confidence, of growing and standing on her own feet.

Like her father, Patty is quick to ıgh. The SLA has an official "theme ng," a record by a rock group. Every ne the song came blaring out of the eaker, according to Patty, the SLA embers went bananas, acting as if ey were French patriots responding to e "Marseillaise." The recording was ayed in court one day, and Patty had hard time keeping a straight face. So d I, sitting behind her. Before going the witness chair, Patty begged me t to laugh out loud: "I can hear you d I want to laugh with you."

During the recess, she bubbled on: ou know, I just wanted to run out of urt and start laughing at that record—t, of course, I couldn't. That's the dumbest song. How could they have ever listened to anything like that?"

After 39 days of courtroom sessions, 74 witnesses, 536 pieces of evidence and 1,250,000 words of trial transcript, the case of the United States vs. Patricia Campbell Hearst went to a jury of her peers on March 19, 1976. The jurors reached no verdict that first day. The next afternoon—Saturday, March 20—at 3:40, word came that we had a verdict.

Patty reacted with a burst of nervous gaiety: "It's all going to be over now, Janey. I'll be out pretty soon!" She was seated directly across from me, with Al Johnson behind her, rubbing her back. "Remember the good times we had, the fun dodging in and out of elevators?" She bubbled on and on about how relieved she was, how she looked forward to her freedom." Now we'll really be able to talk and laugh!" Her words tumbled out a mile a minute.

Patty whispered, "I knew what was coming, but I couldn't face it. Who was I fooling?"

I kept smiling and tried to keep up with her, but deep down I felt melancholy; Patty was so obviously whistling in the dark.

On the way to the elevator, she said, "What kind of drink are we going to have to celebrate? I want a tall Margarita."

When we arrived at the courtroom, her father and mother were already in their seats. Mr. Hearst looked trim and sporty in a tan jacket with elbow patches. His wife was in a dark jumper.

The jurors filed in, and the foreman handed over a sealed, white envelope to the court crier. The judge glanced at it, and seconds later his clerk was making the formal pronouncement: guilty on two counts, of armed bank robbery and the use of a firearm to commit a felony.

"Oh, my God!" The gasp came from Catherine Hearst, a few feet to my right. Her husband bolted forward in his seat.

Directly in front of me, Patty inclined her head slightly and murmured something to Lee Bailey. Then she turned back and stared straight ahead, her face suddenly a frozen mask. But I had some idea of what was churning inside.

I was stunned myself, shaky, dimly aware of a trembling in my limbs. All I could think was, "I've got to get her out of here, away from people."

Lee Bailey was consoling her. I came up quietly and took over, slipping an arm around her waist and guiding her toward the door. We were both tense but dry-eyed, each hanging on to her feelings—each for our own reasons. Patty was not going to become a pitiable public spectacle; I had an obligation to the dignity of the Marshal Service.

But when we reached the privacy of an empty jury chamber, both of us broke into tears. We clung to each other, sobbing out our sorrow. "I knew what was coming," Patty whispered, "but I couldn't face it. Who was I fooling? They made up their minds about me two years ago—from the night I was kidnapped in Berkeley. That's what I was asking Lee in the courtroom: did I ever have a chance?"

A week after her conviction, an order from Los Angeles required Patty's presence for arraignment in Superior Court there on Monday, March 29. We were assigned a special Coast Guard plane for the trip down to Southern California and back. For Patty, who had seen nothing but cells, courtrooms and crowded highways for weeks, the occasion was an outing. She looked forward to soaring through the clouds, high above her troubles.

"Presidential special," she quipped as we entered the passenger section; there were rows of empty seats to choose from. She seemed delighted to have her hands free—at 10,000 feet, where could she go?

The plane carried a five-man crew, a young, clean-cut bunch who might have been college athletes a few years back. From the glances directed at Patty, it was clear that this 22-year-old convicted bank robber was not their candidate for prom queen.

However, one of the mechanics, Mike Stubbs, had a nice manner and a friendly grin. Soon he and I were chatting away. Mike wore the silver insignia of the air crew: eagle's wings stamped "A.C.," with the Coast Guard shield in the middle.

Wings—like rings—are among my weaknesses. I asked if I could have them.

"Sure." He started unpinning the clip.

Patty, at the window seat, leaned forward to catch his eye. "Me, too! Anything Janey gets, I get half."

"Uh-uh." I shook my head. "I'm the boss. That gives me unusual privileges."

"That isn't fair," Patty protested.

"Oh, yes, it is."

After a few minutes, I asked if I could go up front to the cockpit. Mike nodded.

Again Patty didn't like being left out. I said I would check with the crew up front to see if it would be all right to bring her. It wasn't. To a man, the response was negative.

"Come on, fellows," I told them. "Don't make a judgment till you've given her a chance. She's really nice. You have to get to know her, then see if you can still say you don't like her."

"Well, okay. Just for a minute."

Patty came running in, brimming over with childlike excitement. Personally, I was content just to enjoy the view, but she couldn't rest until she had satisfied her curiosity. She asked every question in the book, and her enthusiasm was

irresistible. Soon the "just-for-a-minute" restriction on her visit was forgotten.

Was there any chance, Patty wanted to know, that we would get to see San Simeon from the air?

"We fly right over it."

Then the vast Hearst estate was spread out below us, the largest privately owned acreage on the Pacific Coast. Directly ahead loomed the castle complex, a marble and alabaster fairyland gleaming in the early morning sunshine.

"Wow, that's really a castle," one of the fellows said. "Must have 60 or 70 rooms."

"Exactly 100," Patty told him. "Thirty-eight bedrooms, 31 baths. The first-floor vestibule is paved with Pompeiian mosaic from the year 60 B.C. The assembly room is 84 feet long and 35 feet wide."

And this girl, I thought to myself, has been cooped up without complaint in a windowless, nine-foot cell!

Patty rattled on happily about the white marble Roman pool with its quarter-million gallon capacity and the stately colonnades leading to a Neptune temple; the private chapel, furnished with the treasures of a half-dozen European monasteries; the guest houses, which were really Italianate palaces. She just couldn't shut up—eyes sparkling, cheeks aglow—and the effect was really lovable. I could see the astonishment—and appreciation—breaking out on the faces of the crewmen.

We stayed up front for practically the whole flight. When it was time to go back to our seats, one of the crewmen—I think it was the co-pilot—came up to her. "I hear you've been looking for wings. Try these." He took off his insignia and handed them to Patty. She couldn't have been happier.

On April 12, Patty was ordered to appear again in court in Los Angeles. After that, she would be transferred to the Metropolitan Correction Center in San Diego: technically, under formal sentence of 35 years; practically, for a 90-day study of her mental condition before imposition of her actual sentence.

She had not yielded an inch in morale. Her triumph with the Coast Guard two weeks earlier had demonstrated that despite the bruising hours of SLA terror, endless flight from the FBI, seven months of stifling incarceration and nerve-pounding trial, her spirit remained intact.

It was her body that crumbled.

Our follow-up trip to Los Angeles, this time by helicopter, was scheduled for Wednesday morning, the 14th. For me, it would be the end of a grueling ten weeks, during which I had had little rest and virtually no time for myself. I was looking forward to an Easter holiday with my family in Van Nuys. For the moment, at least, Patty Hearst and I would go our separate ways. Our period of intimacy, I thought, was over.

Actually, it had just begun. On April 13, Patty was rushed to Sequoia Hospital in Redwood City for a collapsed lung.

When I arrived at the hospital, I saw a tiny figure lost in the big white bed, her thin, pale face framed against the pillow by masses of chestnut hair.

The instant Patty saw me, she began sobbing. "Thank God!" she whispered. "If I can't have my family here, there's nobody else I would want to have."

It was an eerie moment for me, terribly moving and not quite believable. This girl, who had been brought up with everything, actually needed me.

"What happened?" I blubbered. "Is this your idea of an Easter present? I know—you just don't want me ever to get home, you old stinker! What are you going to pull next? We just can't get rid

Patty began sobbing. "Thank God, if I can't have my family here, there's nobody else I would want to have."

of you!" I rattled on, afraid to stop. It was one of those times when you joke to avoid falling apart completely.

I bent over the bed and put my arms around her. "How did it happen?"

She had just finished a lengthy afternoon of interrogation by the FBI, Patty said, and was walking back to her cell, when she was hit by a sudden, uncontrollable attack of coughing. Afterward, she couldn't breathe. Panic swept over her. "I knew that sooner or later, something would happen to me physically: all that smoking, and not enough sleep, and the food that I couldn't eat, plus the pressure of the trial, and then the FBI interviews. I just never expected trouble with my breathing."

The fourth night of her stay, her attorney, Al Johnson, spent some time visiting with her, then called us from outside to say Patty was at the pit of despair: "She gets that way once in a while, when she feels totally alone, abandoned, and she won't trust even me."

I went into the room. Patty was staring at the ceiling listlessly. "Nobody cares," she told me. "My big mistake was to carry out orders so carefully for those 20 months while I was out there. Maybe I should have fouled things up some way so that now I would be dead!" She turned her head away.

After a while, I went out and peered around the corridor.

"Get back in there!" Glen ordered. "I don't want her left alone. I don't trust what she might do to herself." He suspected that the lung collapse was a kind of involuntary attempt at suicide, a reaction by the body to a diminishing will to live. If it had indeed been brought about by depression, he said, the next time she might be provoked to a more active attempt on her own life. Certainly, she was showing the classical symptoms for potential-suicide: physical illness, sleeplessness, a sense of isolation, withdrawal.

I went back to Patty's room and started scouting around, checking tables and drawers.

"What are you doing?"

"Just looking to make sure there's nothing you can kill yourself with." I figured that with Patty, a blunt thrust was the way to flush her out.

She managed a weak laugh. "Forget it, Janey. That's one thing I wouldn't do—now or ever."

The Hearsts were on Patty's doorstep from the very first day after her surgery: father, mother and a stream of sisters. They came to the hospital bearing candy, flowers, magazines—and love. Mostly it was expressed in a form dear to Patty's heart—or at least her stomach. Patty was a gourmet who had been confined to jail rations. As long as she was a federal prisoner, she could not have food brought in from outside. But now, in her ambiguous status as prisoner-patient, gift packages were permissible—even a glass of wine, on the grounds that it might stimulate her appetite.

Her parents started by apparently buying out a Jewish delicatessen. Patty sat up for a feast of bagels, lox, cream cheese and herring. Every time the Hearsts came to visit, they would wind up by taking her room-service order for the next day. Mr. Hearst in particular was sweet, approachable. I marveled at his devotion, frankly envious. I was sensitive on the point because I was going through a painfully contrasting experience of my own. I had expected to be home for Easter dinner with my mother, brother and sisters. I hadn't seen them for some time, and occasional letters and phone calls weren't enough. I missed them.

Like Patty, I was part of a five-sister household. But unlike Patty, my mother was at the center of the family. When it became obvious by Good Friday that I wasn't going to be able to get away from the hospital for the weekend, my mother was the one I called. I explained the emergency, expecting her to share my disappointment.

She hardly seemed aware of it. "That's all right," she said calmly. "It's just another holiday." I groped once more for some expression of caring. Was she *sure* she didn't mind?

"Well, I have five more children. One child less at the table isn't going to make any difference. We've kinda gotten used to not having you around."

I was crushed.

Good Friday was a bad day in the hospital room. Patty's morale was shaky and mine was worse. Not only was I smarting from the canceled visit home-

nd my mother's indifference—but I had ıst been informed that I would have to ork through the entire weekend. Patty w me brushing away a tear. "Now *u're* all bombed out," she said. What's the matter?"

"Oh, not a thing. I merely have to ake a pick-up at dawn tomorrow—hich means practically zero sleep to-ght—work through the whole Easter eekend . . ."

We were both silent a moment, star-g at the whitewashed walls. Finally atty spoke. "If it wasn't for me," she id slowly, "you'd probably be home ght now, enjoying your family and ur vacation."

"Oh, that's no way to look at it, Patty. ou didn't do anything; you were *done* . And then things just piled up for erybody."

Again we lapsed into silence and long ces. It was Patty who put a stop to it. Hey," she said, "we haven't got room r *two* droopy-drawers around here—ıd I'm the one with the tube stuck in y chest! So, Deputy—stay out of my t!"

I had to laugh, and things eased up. n Easter Sunday she was under strong- medication and complained of feeling red. Her parents came to visit, but dn't stay very long; they agreed to put f their holiday celebration until the llowing day, when perhaps Patty ould be feeling better.

Monday afternoon they were on hand gain, laden with all sorts of goodies. told Patty her parents were out in the rridor: "And they've got a stack of esents for you."

"I don't want to see them," she said.

"What?"

Very deliberately, she repeated: "I n't want to see them." And she amped her jaws shut.

I went out and gave the word to the earsts.

"She doesn't want to—" Randy Hearst hoed. He seemed hurt, baffled. "Why t?" I went back to the room, feeling ry much the helpless dummy caught the middle, and asked Patty why.

"I just don't." Again the grim turning-f.

Back to the hall I went, relaying the essage: "She's not saying why. She st doesn't."

"Doesn't she love us?"

Gritting my teeth, feeling like some nd of human shuttle-car, I made one st try with Patty. Didn't she love her rents?

She did, she said, but she still didn't ant to see them. I passed along that ıbious reassurance, and sent word of e deadlock to Al Johnson in the wait-g room upstairs.

Al came down and hustled into tty's room. He came out after a few inutes and motioned the Hearsts in: ive her the presents, but don't stay more than ten minutes," he said.

Patty's father and mother came in, almost timidly, with me behind them. They showed Patty the Easter eggs and baskets, the books and sweets and clothes they had brought. She accepted the gifts politely but without any real enthusiasm. Nobody mentioned the previous impasse. There was some desultory conversation for a few minutes, a dutiful kiss or two, and the Hearsts left.

It was just too much. I pushed open her door and marched in.

"Everything I ever heard about you," I began, "all the things people were saying about your coldness and selfishness, that I kept denying . . . well, I should have been listening, not denying.

"You don't give a damn about your parents, you don't care about all the people who are knocking themselves out for you. What you said last night about all of us being here on account of you is true. There must be ten guys on duty here who could be home with their families.

I told Patty her parents were out in the corridor with presents. "I don't want to see them," she said. And clamped her jaw shut.

"I really see now the way you look to a lot of people: the spoiled, selfish, little rich brat. I didn't see those things before—I guess I didn't want to. I used to feel sorry for you, Patty, but not any more. In fact, I couldn't care less. From here on in, you're on your own. If you want something, I'll get it for you. But that's it. I don't want to talk to you. I'm sick of you. I feel like leaving you here by yourself, and taking all these guys with me so they can be home for Easter!"

I let her have it, Latin-style, all stops out. Patty didn't open her mouth through the whole tirade. She just lay there watching me, as if half-hypnotized, with a kind of little-girl guilt on her face.

The next morning, she was full of apologies: "I'm sorry, Janey, I was wrong. I was getting uptight about my privacy, about never having a minute to myself—but that's no excuse for turning away my parents." She was feeling like an animal on parade, she said: doctors poking at her, nurses sliding in and out, deputy marshals hovering around; she longed for an undisturbed sleep.

My outburst seemed to clear the air between us. Rather than creating a rift, it prepared the way for a deepening of our relationship. In her second week at the hospital, as her strength started coming back, her sense of humor returned with it.

One night, while she was still hooked up to the respirator, a furious wind was blowing outside. I peeked out through the always-drawn curtains at the big trees swaying over the parking lot a hundred feet away: "Wouldn't it be funny, Patty—I mean exciting—if the electricity in the hospital were blown out?"

"Sure, Deputy. Real exciting." She glanced over wryly at the machine pumping air into her lungs. "Especially for me."

Patty had her moments of self-involvement. But one thing they did not include, in spite of magazine reports to the contrary, were illusions of Hollywood-flavored glory. When Al Johnson brought in a photo that one of the deputies wanted her to sign, Patty pushed the picture away. "I'm not going to sign that thing! It's like being a movie star—and I'm *not* a movie star." The ritual offended her sense of honesty.

She also thought the whole business of collecting autographs was crazy: "When we were young, there were prominent people coming to the house all the time. I'm sure we could have gotten their autographs, but we wouldn't bother them. We thought of them as friends of the family."

Yet Patty was a collector of sorts. *Things* were surprisingly important to her. And they didn't have to be things of obvious value. One of the Easter gifts from her father was a basket of flowers with a cute little duck sitting on it. I really liked that duck, and asked Patty if I could have it.

"Uh-uh," she said. "No duck."

"Oh, come on. I dig that duck."

"Too bad."

"When you're asleep, I'm going to take it." Which I did that night, leaving my calling card in its place.

The next morning I was greeted with an impatient, "Okay, Deputy, where's my duck?"

I tried to argue and bargain, but she wasn't having any. "Give it back. The minute I woke up I looked for it. I knew you would take it, and sure enough, you did."

After I returned the duck, she had something else for her collection: my calling card. It had a permanent niche in her address book.

While she was in jail, an admiring stranger sent her flowers—one every day. When she was taken to the hospital, he finally sent his picture. He was much older than Patty, and not particularly attractive, but she hung onto that picture carefully. When it was momentarily mislaid as she packed to leave, she was concerned: "I don't know the man, but he took the time to send a flower every day."

Yet the yearning for tokens of personal appreciation was always sharply discriminating. Where there was no genuine feeling, she responded with indifference or even contempt.

A case in point was a jar of green olives sent to her in jail the previous Christmas by the FBI. They knew of

her partiality for olives because of their research into her background. Patty felt that for an adversary to send such a gift was a breach of taste, a tactless reminder that under normal circumstances she would be enjoying the olives at home with her family.

Following the hospital stay, Patty was transferred to the Metropolitan Correction Center in San Diego. After dropping Patty off at the MCC, I had no direct contact with her for several weeks. However, Al Johnson kept me informed, and indicated that she was getting along nicely.

On June 17, I was told I could drop in on Patty. I found her parents visiting her on the hospital floor, and we all had quite an emotional reunion, with much embracing and—among the females at least—many tears.

Something had come up that I wanted to discuss with Patty, but didn't quite know how to handle: I had been approached to write this book. Under no circumstances was I going to tell her story without her full permission; but, remembering her resentment of Steven Weed's account, I hesitated to ask for it. What if she reacted in anger to the idea? I certainly didn't want to risk losing her friendship.

As I was preparing to go, Lee Bailey turned up. He had always said he would be available if I ever needed advice. Well, I needed it. We were both flying back to Los Angeles that afternoon, and on the way I outlined my dilemma.

Within the week he phoned me from New York to say that the project had Patty's full blessing. I could go ahead and plan my resignation from the Marshal Service. "Patty wishes you the best of luck," Bailey concluded. "She says she can't think of anything that would be better for you, in terms of your future."

I thought to myself, isn't that just like Patty and me? Here am I, wondering what effect a book would have on *her* life—and all she's concerned about is what it will do for *me*. Patty made the point herself in a phone call on July 31, the day after I formally left the Service. After that, she started phoning regularly. Patty was running over with impressions and opinions on her prison experiences, and she couldn't wait to tell me about them.

On November 19, Patty's attorneys struck pay dirt. After 14 months behind bars, she was released on $1,500,000 bail, pending appeal. Patty would still be surrounded night and day by squads of armed guards, but at least she was going home.

Home for Patty was a sixth-floor penthouse atop the loftiest corner of Nob Hill. It shared a sweeping view with the Mark Hopkins Hotel, the Fairmont and the Pacific Union Club.

For 36 hours Patty luxuriated in the bosom of her family, drinking Mai Tai cocktails, making guacamole in the kitchen, and catching up on gossip with various cousins. On Sunday morning she phoned me in San Diego. High-pitched and bubbling over with animation, she sounded like a totally different person. How soon, she demanded, could I come up to see her? Never mind about a hotel; there was plenty of room in the apartment. Yes, she said, late tomorrow would be fine.

I hung up, aware of misgivings. Would Patty at home, in her own circle, be the same girl to whom I had become so attached? I was concerned about the contrast in our backgrounds. One reason I had turned down private guard duty with her (Mr. Hearst was paying $8 an hour) was out of the fear that I might find myself working for a stranger, a little rich girl I preferred not to know. There had been an incident or two at the hospital, after she was out of bed, when she absentmindedly relegated some chore to me, and I had to remind her that I wasn't her maid.

But the young woman who came running to greet me the next day at Nob Hill was all affectionate generosity: impatient to share her private treasures, eager to draw me into the intimate family group. I knew nothing had changed between us when, as I was heading for the bathroom, Patty eyed me mischievously: "Shall I go with you, Deputy?"

I brought a couple of fellows to Patty's apartment, and we went dancing. But it didn't take too well.

The Hearsts were an amiable lot. Patty's father set a tone of mild bantering, and his daughters joined in. Anne and Vicki went out of their way to make me feel at home. Mrs. Hearst was also extremely cordial, in her reserved, Southern-belle fashion: "We'll never forget you, Janey, as long as we live; what a sweet and wonderful person you were to Patty when she couldn't have us. God sent you." Patty's mother brought tea and served it herself. I noticed that, contrary to various reports of her aristocratic ways, she also did her own dishes.

Patty and I talked for hours, hardly able to realize that this meeting "on the outside," so wistfully anticipated during her months in jail, was actually taking place. Around 10 o'clock I wondered aloud if we might spread our wings and venture away from the apartment, perhaps have a drink at a nearby hotel?

Patty jumped at the idea: "Let me ask my Dad."

While I was changing clothes in my room, Mrs. Hearst came in. "I'm so glad you're doing this, Janey. It makes me happy to see Patty having fun again."

I thought I detected a note of anxiety. "Look, Mrs. Hearst, if you're worried—we can stay right here. I talked Patty into this, and I can just as well talk her out of it."

"No, no. I want her to get out and start doing things again. It's the best thing in the world for her; she needs it."

So we went out and had our fling at the Top O' the Mark. It was 2 A.M. before Patty and I got back, chattering away noisily, bursting into fits of merriment. Patty's father, who'd been asleep for hours, stumbled out to see what was going on. He took one look at the pair of us—we were doubled up with laughter—and started to laugh himself. If he had intended to complain, he forgot about it. It was a loving, warm reaction, and I loved him for it.

After breakfast with Patty on Tuesday morning, I spent the day with other friends in San Francisco. But on Wednesday, November 23—Thanksgiving eve—I was invited back to the Hearsts' for dinner, and stayed till midnight.

Early in January, I brought a couple of fellows to the Nob Hill apartment, and we all went dancing. But the experiment didn't take too well. Patty is her mother's daughter on the dance floor, rather stiff and proper—which is fine for the waltz or even fox-trot, but doesn't suit the casual, free-swinging rock styles. I'm sure that soon she'll make peace with herself and will learn to relax more around others.

As for myself, the turbulent past year has brought some good side effects. I'm learning now that I need my family—especially my mother—and that the little gripes left over from childhood aren't as important as the love that flows, however quietly, between us.

Some of this realization came to me out of my experience with Patty and her parents. The upshot of it all has been that the long-time breach with my mother is closing: she recently made me a surprise gift of her cherished wedding-and-engagement ring set.

My career goals have not changed—only expanded—from what they were when I began work in the penal system two years ago. I'm still eager to help my people, but now within a broader framework of justice. For that, I must equip myself better, starting with a graduate degree in law administration.

My most recent talk with Patty was full of the old rough-tender affection. I had been in San Francisco for a few hours on business, but did not get a chance to call her. The next morning my telephone rang: "Hey, Stinker, my spies tell me you were up here yesterday! Next time send me a telegram so we can go out and tear up the town!"

It will be nice if Patty and I can move forward together. But even if our paths should diverge, I'll never be far in spirit from her corner. And I'll always remember her gallantry as my prisoner, her warming presence as my friend. **End**





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Many men are simply not prepared for fatherhood. They have to be led by circumstance and love. And sometimes pushed. A short story by Morton Fineman

FROM TWO TO THREE

Effie telephones me at the office.

"Prepare for fatherhood, Lionel Henry," she says in her best harken-unto-me voice. I know Effie. It is a dead give-away that she is smiling. "That's what comes of being in cahoots with me."

Effie's the only one I know who says *cahoots*.

Lunchtime, I walk instead of eat. I can't eat. I walk down to Battery Park in sight of the harbor. I watch kids and parents waiting for the excursion ferry to the Statue of Liberty. I will state under oath that I have never done this before.

A little girl waves, as if summoning me to join her. Next to her, a boy tosses a baseball up and down. He ignores me; he also ignores his mother who wants to know why he has to carry a baseball to the Statue of Liberty.

"This is a genuine, big league baseball," the boy says to me suddenly.

The mother stands between him and the girl.

I, too, am between them. A boy or girl, I wonder.

My secretary, Sylvia, looks critically at me when I return. "What happened?" she asks. "Something nice? *Something* looks terribly obvious."

"Effie's pregnant."

"Congratulations."

Sylvia has two, a boy and a girl. Framed, color photographs adorn her desk. My desk looks incomplete.

I tell Effie back on East 73rd Street, "My desk is incomplete."

"I thought you didn't like pictures on your desk. You've never used the one of us I had framed."

"Sylvia has pictures on her desk," I say.

Effie laughs. "I can see you're going to be very big on snapshots in the wallet and pictures on the desk," Effie says.

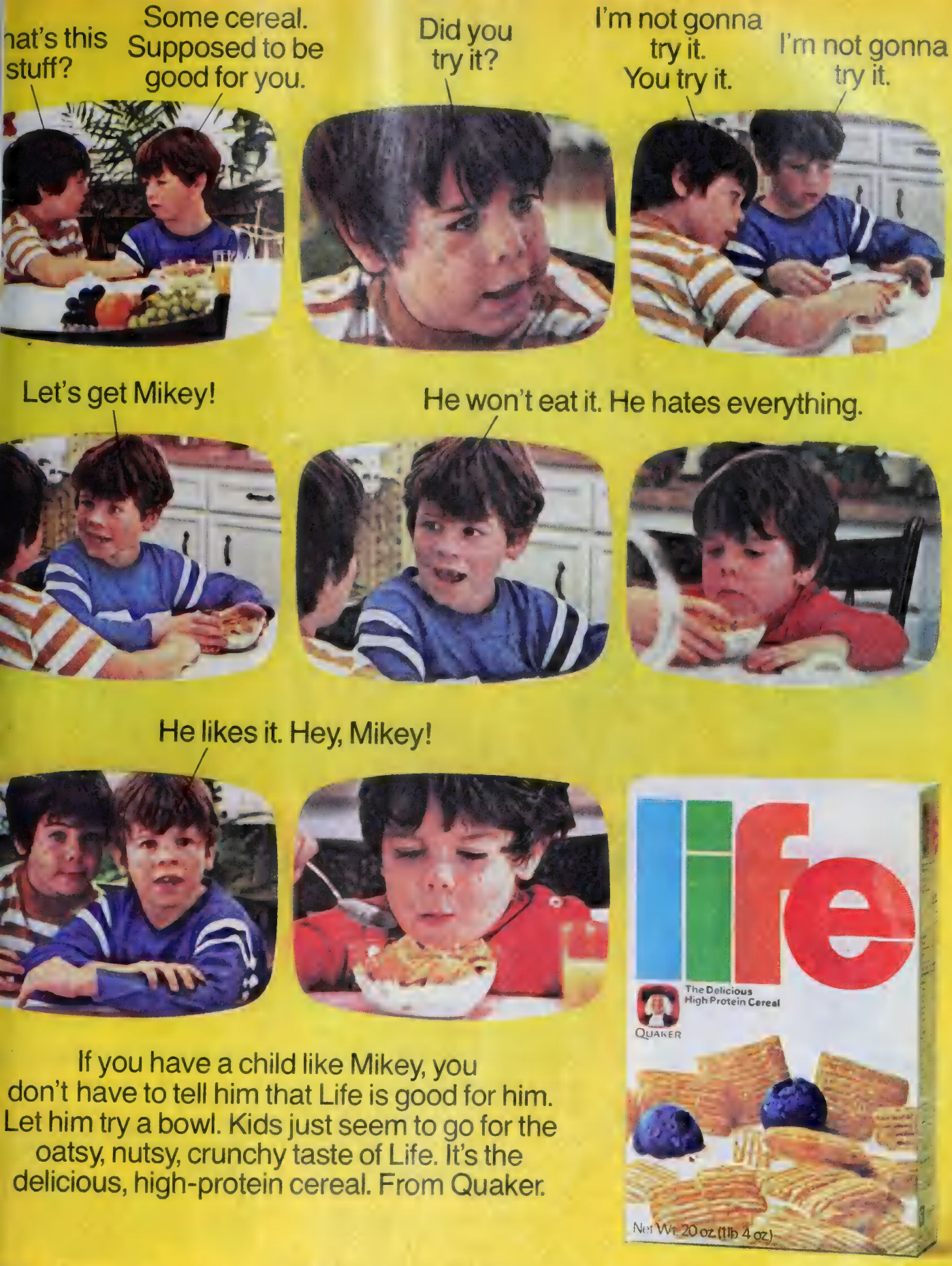
That's how it is now. Things are different, focused sharply in my thoughts. I suddenly debate gender with myself at the most improbable moments. I see kids I've never seen before, kids in every nook and cranny of Manhattan; kids indigenous, kids brought in for visits, kids in lines, kids in crowds, sloppy kids, neat kids, crying kids, smiling kids. The city is like a giant, living-sample catalog of kids open for my inspection, and I can't decide. Boy or girl?

All this time I have the feeling I am trying to catch up with Effie. It is a new winding course, a new track to run, and Effie is always out ahead of me. I can't figure out why she hasn't changed and yet is manifestly different. I don't mean just showing that she's pregnant.

Effie is a flutist. She practices every day for hours, even pregnant. Sometimes, in the morning when I leave, she is already hard at work. One morning I stood there listening and wondering how she already knows so much about kids, even Annabelle.

Annabelle is one of the kids of New York, a fairly recent, 12-year-old neighbor staying with her aunt in apartment 17C. We are in 17A. Effie is Annabelle's first pregnant friend. Annabelle wants to include me. She wants to be a friend of the couple who are having a baby.

Annabelle is nearly always underfoot and when she isn't she's *arranging* to be underfoot. Effie wishes I wouldn't keep saying Annabelle is *(continued)*



If you have a child like Mikey, you don't have to tell him that Life is good for him. Let him try a bowl. Kids just seem to go for the oatsy, nutsy, crunchy taste of Life. It's the delicious, high-protein cereal. From Quaker.

Kids like Mikey like Life® Cereal.



Corky learned a lesson about skunks, and the kennel taught us a lesson about Gaines·burgers® DOG FOOD He loves it.



When Corky got into a friendly argument with a wild skunk, we had to take him to the kennel for a special bath.

And while he isn't particular about his friends, he is particular about what he eats. Canned dog food. Period. And when the kennel had to keep him overnight, I was worried that he wouldn't eat.

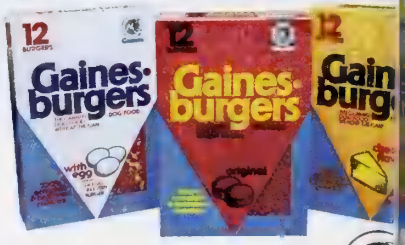
Was I in for a surprise.

When we picked him up the next afternoon, he was devouring a bowl of Gaines•burgers like he'd been eating it all his life.

The kennel owner explained that not only is Gaines•burgers® dog food nutritionally balanced, but it's moist and meaty like canned dog food, too. And Corky was evidence that it must taste terrific.

Well, to make a long story sh Corky now eats Gaines•burger every day and loves it. And I lo the convenience.

It seems like that poor little sk taught us all a lesson.



The canned dog food without the can.®

A nutritious combination of meat by-produ vegetables, vitamins and minerals.

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FROM TWO TO THREE

continued

underfoot: she's not a dog or cat. She reminds me that Annabelle is transitory, staying with her aunt so she can finish the year at school and her sessions with the orthodontist. Then she is joining her parents in London. Her father, a vice president in charge of something, labors in the many vineyards of a multinational corporation. When summoned, he must trot off to the assigned vineyard.

His enforced mobility has brought Annabelle to four countries of Europe. She has splashed in the Mediterranean, sunned herself on Spanish beaches, been lost in Malta, had a new bicycle stolen in Paris, thrown up in the *prater* in Vienna from too much junk food, taken ski lessons in Gstaad, accidentally struck her mother in the eye with a snowball in Cortina in the Italian Alps, refused a trip to the top of the Eiffel Tower because she was afraid it might topple, and fractured a big toe in Seville. Now she is underfoot in apartment 17A with her first pregnant friend.

I don't even know the name of our imminent child, boy or girl, because Effie and I keep finding names we like more. Annabelle has taken it upon herself to do research on names to help us out of our dilemma. She copies out long lists of names and their origins for our inspection. She has worked out an elaborate codification of preferences, pluses and minuses, complete with a scheme of footnotes, asterisks, and stars, and circles and squares.

One day it occurs to me that I still can't decide the preferred gender of our child. I still don't know the name we'd like for our child. But I know practically everything about Annabelle.

"You and I are in her steely grip," I say to Effie.

She laughs. After a second or two, I laugh too because it really is sort of funny to be adopted by a 12-year-old, inexhaustible kid.

Annabelle is making a present for Effie, and I am sworn to silence even though she has refused to tell me what it is or when it will be revealed to Effie. The vow of silence is taken by me one morning when I'm leaving the apartment to start my daily trip downtown to the office.

Annabelle, a crazy patchwork of colors, is waiting for her school bus. Her head is fitted into an orange wool balaclava helmet. She wears knee-high scuffed boots, a bright yellow parka, red ski mittens, and she stands bent forward under the weight of a nylon knapsack jammed full of books. The cold vapor of her breath mists her glasses and she keeps wiping them with her mitten as she confides in me.

"Don't even utter a syllable, *please!*" Annabelle whispers, as if otherwise Effie, 17 floors up, would somehow hear us, and her entire, grimly hoarded secret would be out. "I've been working on it at school for a couple of weeks. She'll never, *never* guess!"

Effie's certain failure to guess produces a lopsided grin on Annabelle's skinny face, offering me a wide angle view of the silvery-gray orthodontic sculpture fastened to her teeth.

"What is it, Annabelle?"

Her grin describes a new series of loops and curves. "*That* is the surprise," she says, rushing for her bus, now at the curb. "Take your vow of silence, your solemn, sacred, swear-to-God vow! Because I don't want anything to spoil it."

"My lips are sealed, Annabelle." Despite all my occasional wishes that she'd leave us alone, amuse herself in 17C instead of 17A, I find myself liking Annabelle because of the loneliness implicit in her bone-rattling intensity and her need to include me in the drama of making Effie's present.

She waves from the bus window. I am enlisted in her great cause.

But when you are about to go to dinner and a 12-year-old girl appears at the door to inform your wife that this very day is Mozart's 221st birthday, underfoot is more than a compound word and head shaking is a small, last ditch comfort against vexation.

Of course we end up three instead of two in a cab to Emil's because Effie thinks celebrating Mozart's birthday is just super. I wonder aloud why Annabelle doesn't have homework on a school night.

"I had two study periods today," Annabelle tells me. "Besides, I do homework very quickly because I'm pretty smart in most subjects. Geometry is my only true stumbling block."

"Now I'll always remember Mozart's birthday," I say.

Effie squeezes my arm and grins. It is an admonition to behave.

Annabelle joins in the grinning routine and pushes her glasses up on her nose. They talk about a boy or girl, a matter I have not yet resolved. For every grinning, fully inverted boy I see hanging from a jungle gym, I see a girl, tousled and shiny, journeying on a sliding board. Annabelle is full of cautionary advice, curious about Effie's visits to the doctor, eager for news, revelations about Effie's status. I sit, bemused by the choice: boy or girl? As bemused as I was the day Effie called me at the office and said I was going to be a father.

It is snowing tonight on East 73rd Street, on New York, New Jersey, falling as far south as Virginia. At one of the living room windows, Effie smiles as if each jeweled snowflake is a signed original, created expressly for her pleasure.

Effie turns away, holding her evening glass of skimmed milk. About her head, the snow frames itself into a misty aureole. We see different things in the snow. What I see is probably mundane by comparison to whatever Effie sees.

She sighs contentedly, puts down the empty glass, takes her flute, and, returning to the window, begins to play—softly, tentatively. The silver flute seems to float on her cushioning hands. Pellets of light roll up and down its shiny surface. Her lips pucker gently, driving controlled breath across the embouchure. Vivaldi springs resonant and alive in the living room, like a sudden brightness of a season waiting for us beyond winter.

I listen and try to imagine what Effie sees in the snow.

When she stops, Vivaldi lingers like a promise.

I think of the child moving toward the threshold of birth. She sees me looking at her belly.

"Visibly pregnant," she says.

I pat her belly. It is tight as a drumhead, yet curiously supple, cupped protectively over its treasure. "What did you see in the snow?"

Effie leans back, arms folded behind her head, wheat-brown hair polished by overhead track lighting. "Well," she says, murmurously "it made me see things to come. We'll have to decide where we stand on the concept of the tooth fairy, elves, leprechauns, magic wands, good and bad witches, scary shadows, the house where night goes when morning comes, why fish live in water and dogs wag their tails. That's only a partial listing, Lionel."

She laughs and gathers me into her arms.

In the morning, I spy Annabelle in the lobby near the troughs of artificial plants, waiting with a tale of woe. As always in the morning, she is a rainbow of colors. She whispers my name, beckoning urgently, and her mittens seem to fly about her face like agitated birds. The knapsack rising above her shoulders is boulderous again; even the pockets of her yellow parka are puffed out with books.

Tears begin to blister her cheeks as she tells me in a quavering voice that Effie's present has been stolen right out of the school woodworking shop by some unknown lousy rat now her enemy forever. She doesn't have enough time to make another birdhouse because this trimester is almost over, and next trimester she doesn't have shop.

"I thought only boys have shop."

"Girls have it too, if they want it."

She is grief unbridled, rushing blindly against me for comfort and I discover how complicated it is to put your arms around someone with a fully loaded knapsack. I imagine Effie 17 floors above, debating what to do with *(continued)*

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FROM TWO TO THREE

continued

a birdhouse. Finding a use would stymie even her inventiveness, I decide, but I am careful not to smile. Annabelle is too woebegone to be taken lightly.

"Annabelle, what made you think of a birdhouse for Effie?"

"Because one day I told her about the birds in Central Park and she said she never even saw a birdhouse in the park. She said the park ought to be full of birdhouses in many different beautiful colors. She knew practically nothing about birds though and I was *really* surprised because she knows so many things! But she said that the way she felt about having a baby was that she wanted to know everything about everything. So I told her the park is really jam-packed with birds. There are cardinals, blue jays, titmice, house finches, juncos, robins, chickadees, purple grackles, red-winged blackbirds, catbirds and mockingbirds. Besides pigeons and starlings. And herring gulls always coming in from the ocean. She said it was amazing."

"I think it's amazing that you know so much about it, Annabelle."

Just then we both realize that the school bus has arrived and departed. I ask the doorman to get us a cab. It takes a while because traffic is moving gingerly in the snowy streets.

On the way to her school, Annabelle and I make plans. We are together, I think, like conspirators for a happy purpose as the cab bumps and crawls along. Her look of grief changes to one of surprise, then conviction that all will be well, and her present for Effie not a lost cause.

"Oh, you are good at making plans and saving people from desperate situations," she says. "I knew in my bones you would stand by me through thick and thin."

"Thanks, Annabelle."

"I was numb with despair until I thought of you. I think you just knew from the very minute you ever saw me that I could never *bear* a lost cause."

That is why Annabelle and I are driving in secret to my parents' house in Bronxville. Only her aunt knows why our destination is Bronxville. Effie knows only that I am going there to check on the house because my parents are vacationing in Florida.

"You didn't even have to tell a white lie," Annabelle says. "Fate with a capital F is really on my side. May I turn on the radio, please?"

Peter Frampton, Rod Stewart, Chicago, Bruce Springsteen, the Who all rush in turn from the rear mounted speakers and I know Annabelle is saved for a glorious Fate with a capital F. I am the sunny visage of Fate with a capital F because my father has a complete little woodworking shop set up in his garage and building a birdhouse there is a simple task.

Effie adores the yellow birdhouse. Annabelle fairly quakes with excitement at the response of her first pregnant friend. "Tomorrow," Effie decides, "we'll hang it from a tree in the park."

"Perfect," Annabelle says. "That is exactly what I dreamed you'd say."

And that is why Annabelle and Effie and I are walking single file, westward to the park from East 73rd Street. It is a continuation of the journey Annabelle and I took yesterday to Bronxville. But now I am carrying a ladder and a coil of rope and Annabelle is carrying the birdhouse and questioning me about the proper knots to use.

She is undecided between bowlines and half hitches and she wants to know if I know how to tie a sheepshank. I tell her no, that I will just content myself with plain old garden variety knots. She shakes her head firmly and tells me we'll just have to resolve proper rope tying *(continued)*

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FROM TWO TO THREE

continued

when the moment comes. A few hardy souls braving the cold, very early Sunday morning stare at us because, taken in any context, we are an uncommon sight with Effie leading us like a merry parade marshal.

I wonder a little nervously if the ladder will be high enough for the tree they'll select when we reach the end of our westward trek. I turn out to be prescient about the height of the ladder; the branch of the tree is far too high. I have to leave the ladder and climb. I look down at them, wonder aloud if it is safe. I'd hate to be in a leg or arm cast when Effie has the baby. The branches are slippery with ice.

I go upward cautiously, high enough to see the snowy fields of the park glistening in the cold sun. I settle on the branch so I can tie ropes without falling and Annabelle throws the end of the rope to me because, like the rankest tree-climbing, birdhouse-hanging amateur, I failed to take a rope end up with me. After half a dozen attempts, I still don't have the rope because I'm afraid to reach out too far and too abruptly, and the wind keeps blowing it away from me.

"I'll solve *this* problem," Annabelle says.

She ties the end of the rope about her wrist and comes scrambling up to me.

"Annabelle, you are super," Effie says.

Annabelle climbs even higher. "Come on," she says to me. "The birds have to feel safe from all dangers." Her face glows from the cold. "Who knows?" she says, heaping mysteriousness onto the words like sauce. "Unknown to any of us mere mortals, maybe there are secret snow tigers who prowl the park at night looking for poor unfortunate birds."

"We'll make this birdhouse safe from all prowling snow tigers in the night, Annabelle," I say and join her on the higher branch.

"By spring, we might have a whole family in this birdhouse," Annabelle says.

"I hope they're birds who aren't afraid of high places."

"You always say such ironic things, Lionel," Annabelle says. "Sometimes I could simply die laughing at the things you say. I happen to know all about irony because we just studied it in literature. It makes you feel so grown up when you understand about irony. But we better start discussing knots because Effie is alone down there waiting to see her birdhouse."

"We're discussing irony and tying knots," I yell down.

"I can hear you," Effie yells back through a megaphone of gloved hands.

I hold the birdhouse as Annabelle shapes and ties off the bowlines. Then I crawl out on the branch to position the birdhouse so it will hang clear of other branches.

"Perfect," Effie says with her improvised megaphone. "Annabelle, yellow is the perfect, perfect color. You can just tell from here."

I descend, maneuvering sedately toward the ladder. Annabelle comes down through the branches, arms and legs working like windmills, and drops to the ground from the lowest branch before I can reach the ladder. I slip, hearing Effie cry *Lionel* and hang to the underside of the branch with hands and feet, imitating a three-toed sloth or raccoon.

"The hazards of fatherhood," I say and laugh, now astride the icy saddle of the branch.

Below, Annabelle and Effie watch. Their smiles are silent applause, and I, laughter ended, remain for an instant, caught in a precious sobriety, remembering what Effie saw in the snow from the living room window the other night. In the midst of elves and leprechauns, good and bad witches, tooth fairies, Annabelle's prowling snow tigers, I see new figures in the snow.

Within the snowy perimeters of the park, I see Effie and myself increased by one. From two to three, the grave and permanent complexity of simple addition. Love and arithmetic and figures in the snow. One plus one is two, I thi until love makes it three, the seco magical number of love; the first is tw

I stand with Effie and Annabelle, cure on the ground, adept now at t ancient calculations of love, thinking the difference addition makes. Annabe looks up at the birdhouse. She says, "Y have really exceeded my highest expe tations, Lionel. I think that birdhouse *very* safe from prowling snow tigers."

She looks at Effie.

I look at Effie.

"Absolutely," Effie says.

We trudge home from the park, An belle and I each bearing an end of t ladder. Effie walks beside me. I can se her glancing at me. Her scarf trails in t wind like a guidon signaling our line march. In the clear, cold January air t buildings ahead look as if they have be cut from ice of various hues and the s is a great plain of blue snow.

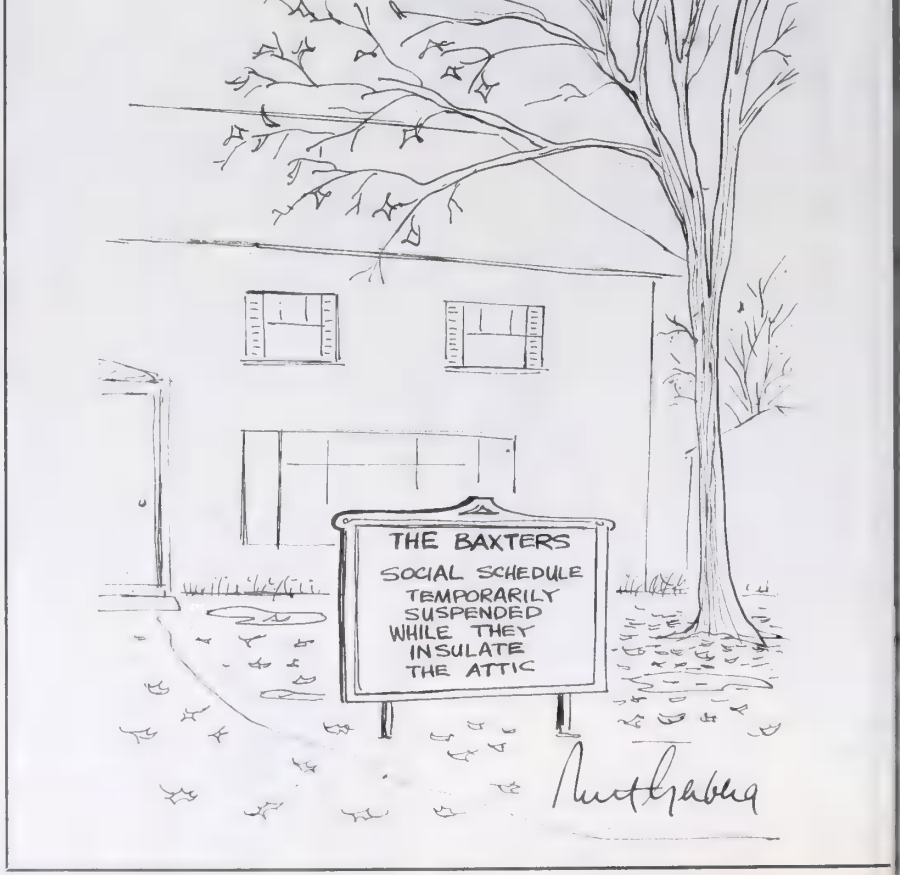
Effie takes my hand. "One hand f the ladder, one for me," she says.

"Effie," I say, "boy *or* girl."

"See how easy it is to decide," s says.

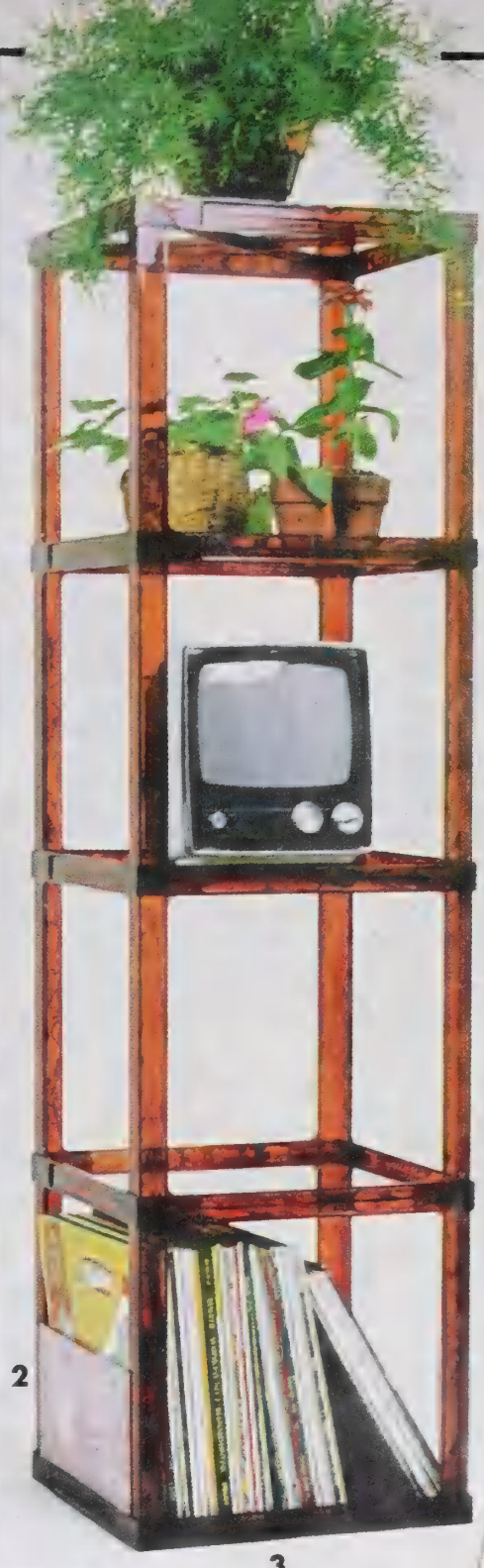
I look back. Annabelle hasn't miss a thing, and she is smiling.

"I just know," Annabelle says, "if i a boy or girl, it will be fantastica beautiful, because Effie is fated to ha a fantastically beautiful baby. But no we really have to settle down and g serious about picking names." E





1



2

3

ELEGANT ÉTAGÈRES

for home or office

These airy 5-shelf étagères provide a 5 ft. showcase for indoor plants or storage shelves for records, books or whatnots. Available in crystal clear (1) or tortoise-look (3) plastic, each shelf tray is 16 in. square and 5/8 in. deep, constructed to prevent water spills on floor. Can be lined with capillary watering mat or pebbles as a humidity tray. Precision built of sturdy styrene. Easy to assemble stackable units snap firmly into place. *New* snap-in panels (2) in clear plastic provide sidewall retainers for 100 LP records. Set of four provides sides for two shelves.

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Photograph by Susan Wood



4

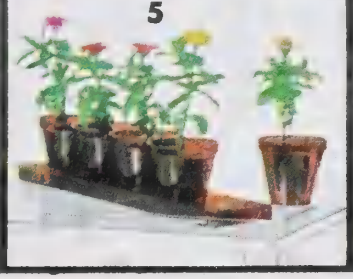
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5



4

Gobbledygook

Can't understand your insurance policy, lease or loan contract? You're in good company! Many legal experts now admit they can't fathom this mumbo-jumbo, either— and are doing something about it.

Have you ever suffered frustration, outrage or despair over your inability to understand your insurance policy, lease, warranty or installment loan contract? Well, cheer up. Even the specialists admit they can't understand gobbledygook. Such confessions have helped to launch the "readability" movement, which is focusing on those lawyers who make a business out of linguistic obscurity.

If genius can be partly defined as the skill of exposing the obvious, Herbert Denenberg displayed it five years ago as Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania. He began to admit to himself that he could not comprehend the meaning of insurance policy provisions sent to him for approval. He reasoned that if he didn't understand these policies— and he had a law degree and a Ph.D. in insurance— millions of policyholders probably couldn't, either.

In May 1973, Denenberg stunned the insurance world by turning down a policy that included a sentence 120 words long. He devised a scale of zero (incomprehensible) to 100 (readable). On that scale, *The Wall Street Journal* scored 43.39; Einstein's works scored 17.72; the standard auto policy scored 10.31; and homeowners' policies had zero or negative scores. In numerous speeches and TV appearances, he crusaded against the basic unfairness that required consumers to sign something they did not understand.

Exposing the obvious worked. Insurance agents, corporate executives, judges, even lawyers, began to confess that gobbledygook was not their mother tongue, either.

In 1975, attorney James S. Kemper, Jr., president of the Kemper Insurance companies, said, "A close reading of my homeowner's policy raised coverage questions in my mind that I couldn't unravel, no matter how carefully I read my policy. I had to spend a few hours with a technical expert before my questions were answered." One result was the issuance of a simpler homeowner's policy by Kemper and 500 other companies. Its features include simplified modernized language, 40 percent fewer words, type 25 percent larger and more white space between lines to make the policy easier to read.

In May of this year, another top executive at Kemper, Maxwell D. Rudgers, said, "It may be easier to understand your car's electrical wiring diagram than your auto insurance policy." Then he announced the introduction of a simplified personal automobile policy in Pennsylvania, Florida and Delaware.

As more states approve simplified insurance policies, the banks have also begun to recognize the language problem. The country's second largest bank, Citibank, started the trend in January 1975 by issuing a simplified, one page, consumer loan agreement that can be understood by anyone who can read. The new form contains only one-third as many words as the old agreement and is also printed in Spanish. Citibank President William I. Spencer said, "This new loan agreement represents a long-overdue step for the banking industry. It's what we think consumers should have: a clear understanding of what the agreement means to them before they sign anything."

Consumer demand for readability is not the only factor in the plain writing movement. Even the courts have become impatient with abstruse, fine-print language. One-sided, take-it-or-leave-it contracts, the judges have been saying, may lead to rulings against the seller. As a portent of the times, a bill was introduced into the New York State Legislature requiring form contracts and policies to be comprehensible.

Legislators are bestirring themselves in recent months against the inscrutable law itself. One tax bill in Congress last year was 1,500 pages long. The simplification movement has not yet reached Capitol Hill, but it has surfaced in the District of Columbia City Council. Council member Arrington Dixon has introduced the "Plain Meaning Legislation and Regulations Act," which would require that "all legislation passed by the Council shall be written in English words of common meaning and understanding." It would order the mayor to submit a format and style for plain, written regulations and would require all city agencies to rewrite their rules in plain English.

There are many legal agreements, such as life insurance policies and mortgage deeds, yet to be simplified. In *The Washington Star's* daily gobbledygook column, which prints examples of mumbo-jumbo, I read the following message by the Delaware insurance commissioner to homeowner insurance companies: "Initiation of a readability project affords the insurer a unique opportunity to rearrange the contract into logical thought outline-flow sequence." You tell me what this means!

So the price of readability will be continual consumer vigilance and pressure. Interested readers who want to persuade their bank or insurance company to "go readable" can write to the following addresses for further information: Tom O'Day, American Mutual Insurance Alliance, 1776 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006; and April Klimley, Citibank, 399 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. **End**

"Dear General Foods, imitation this. Artificial that. Synthetic this. What's wrong with real food?"



'RE MUST BE A REAL EGG HERE SOMEWHERE!"

ually, there's nothing wrong with od. Or with any foods, natural nade, that you're likely to come the supermarket.

there *is* some confusion regard- ition eggs or artificial bacon, or ose foods variously called syn- man-made. Now, the more you out what you eat, the better. So hat end, we'd like to clear up that confusion and provide a few ions here.

nade foods: who needs them?

with everything else you can buy, umers who determine whether or -made foods exist. If people are o buy these foods, supermarkets hem. So when we're asked who ese man-made foods, it isn't a ver to say that people do.

ay. People need them. But why? ause, for one reason, they can money. You actually spend less ncome on food than most people countries. Man-made foods are he reason. They usually cost less ice, and therefore to buy, than the fresh foods they may replace. other reason for man-made foods is simply that they taste good—not occasionally, but consistently. Since they can be made under conditions more controllable and predictable than the weather, man-made foods don't fluctuate in quality quite the way natural foods do. And, of course, they're produced and available year-round, winter *and* summer.

Then, too, most man-made foods store for a long time without spoiling and are usually easy to prepare—points so obvious we sometimes overlook them.

Finally—and maybe most important—man-made foods will help make sure the world has enough to eat. We're producing more and more people, and conserving less and less farmland to feed them. In a world with some 4 billion mouths to feed, man-made foods perform an important role now, and will perform an increasingly important one in the future.

How "imitation" butter became "real" margarine.

It's sometimes assumed that there are two kinds of food in the world: (1) real and (2) everything else. Actually, the distinction between "real" and man-made is nowhere near as sharp as it might seem.

Take margarine. It was invented over a century ago as a sort of "imitation" butter. The margarine people couldn't have been very happy with the "imitation" label, suggesting, as it did, some inferior version. But over the years, margarine came to be known as something else: a good-tasting, long-lasting alternative that's especially useful for people concerned about animal fats and cholesterol. It's not "imitation" anything, anymore. It's genuine margarine. Not "imitation" butter, but certainly "real" food.

And that's the point: there are any number of man-made alternatives to natural foods in the supermarket, and these are no less "real" for being alternatives. In fact, the alternatives usually offer some benefit the original doesn't, or else there'd be no need for them.

Take our Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix. It isn't whipped cream. But it is a good-tasting alternative that's readily available, low-calorie, certainly long-lasting, and probably more dependable (it virtually always whips). Or take our Tang Instant Breakfast Drink. It's made with natural orange flavor. A 4-fluid-ounce serving gives you a full day's supply of Vitamin C, and not even an orange can give you better Vitamin C than Tang. It won't spoil quickly, and you can mix up as little or as much at a time as you want, without waste.

What's wrong with "real" food? Not a thing. It's just that today it comes in more varieties, and with more alternatives, than even the inventors of margarine ever dreamed.

For more information.

We hope this brief discussion of man-made foods has taken a little of the mystery out of why they're made.

If you have any questions about them, please feel free to ask. Just write to Miss Peggy Kohl, V.P., Consumer Affairs, G.F. Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625.

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

GF GENERAL FOODS

©1977 General Foods Corp.

The Perfect French Fry

Thin is in! For sure, the best of all French fries are slim and crisp (rather than thick and mealy), salted lightly and served piping hot. Gadgets help. Spud-cutters make quick work of slicing baking potatoes into the perfect size, shape. And the new mini-fryers are a boon, saving oil and setting the exact degree for golden-brown doneness. Recipe, techniques and equipment information, page 72.



Zestimonial.



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My soap left a greasy line
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t's doing it on me. When I
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Sylvia Black



e above sentences are excerpts taken from hidden camera interviews
Sylvia Black. At that time, we asked her to bathe pictures of herself,
the ones above, in her favorite soap and Zest.® We also asked her to try
st at home. She found out Zest made her feel cleaner than her soap.

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ry Zest. Like Sylvia Black, you'll feel cleaner and fresher.

Perfect French Fry

continued

French frying, we found out after extensive testing, isn't a casual toss in a pan. Rather, it's an exacting science. Starting with firm, healthy potatoes . . .

• **How To Cut French Fries.** Latch on to a gadget that cuts uniform fries—to make life easier. By hand or by machine, from $2 up. Those pictured on page 70 are all hand cutters. Left: French Fry Cutter from Echo, about $5. Right: Adjustable Vegetable Slicer by M.E. Heuck, about $1.65. Tucked underneath, a round cutter, from a private collection. In addition, many of the food processors offer French fry attachments. However they're cut, we like French fries cut about 3 inches long, ⅜ inches square.

• **After Slicing.** One old-wives' tale we like to lay to rest is in soaking the spuds. That habit came from the time when potatoes were stored in the cellar or warehouse over a long winter. Soaking got rid of the excess sugar built up during storage. (Too much sugar causes the fries to brown too fast on the outside without cooking through and through.) Now, just rinsing the slices under running water is sufficient. • **Into Frying.** We discovered the crispiest fries came from double-frying. First in moderately-heated oil (to seal), later over higher heat. In between, they can stand at room temperature any time from 15 minutes (just to cool off) to 4 to 5 hours. Or you can freeze them after the first frying and re-fry later. After the final dip, they're best served immediately, before getting soggy. If you run into a small delay, hold them in a low oven. Don't cover over with a cloth or napkin—you'll wind up with limp fries.

LHJ's PERFECT FRENCH FRIES

3 baking potatoes (about 1½ lbs.)
Vegetable oil for deep frying
Salt to taste

Choose firm, smooth, uniform-size baking potatoes. Peel potatoes, rinse and place in a bowl with enough cold water to cover until ready to slice (keeps them from darkening).

Up to 4 to 5 hours before serving: fill frying utensil with oil 2 inches deep or up to line indicated on your fryer. If your fryer has a temperature control, set it at 325°F. to preheat oil. Fryers without temperature controls require 6 to 10 minutes to heat oil (check your use and care book). If your fryer has a basket, immerse it in the oil to pre-heat. (A cold basket will lower the temperature during frying.)

Slice potatoes, using a French fry cutter, into 3 x ⅜-inch thick strips. Use only the center portions of potatoes for French fries. (Reserve the end and side pieces in cold water for another use.) Rinse potato strips in a sieve or collander under cold running water. Do not soak. Drain thoroughly on paper towels.

To pre-fry: lift fryer basket from oil and place a generous handful (about 1½ cups) of potatoes in basket. Lower basket into hot oil. (If your fryer comes with a slotted scoop, place the potatoes on it and gently lower into oil.) In a fryer with a thermostat, pre-fry potatoes 4 minutes at 325°F. (without a thermostat, pre-fry for 3 minutes only). Remove potatoes from oil and drain on paper towels. Repeat pre-frying with remaining potatoes. Cool for at least 15 minutes* or leave at room temperature for up to 4 or 5 hours. Turn off fryer.

To second fry: Preheat oil to 375°F. (or preheat fryers without thermostats 6 to 10 minutes as directed above). Fry potatoes as before for 2 to 3 minutes until golden brown. Drain well on paper towels. Serve immediately. (If they cannot be served immediately, keep warm in a 250°F. oven. To keep from getting soggy, do not cover potatoes.) Sprinkle with salt just before serving, if desired. Makes 2 servings. About 110 calories for 12 fries, 3 x ⅜-inch thick.

**To freeze your own French fries:* Prepare potatoes as above and pre-fry. Drain fries on paper towels and cool. Place in freezer containers or plastic bag. Freeze 2 to 3 months. To serve, place frozen potatoes in preheated oil and fry as directed for second frying.

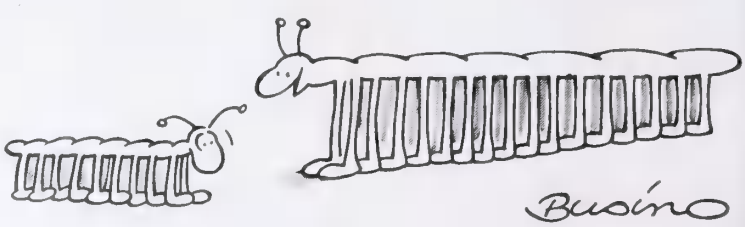
To reuse oil: For best results, strain oil through a sieve lined with 2 layers of cheesecloth. Store in refrigerator or at room temperature. Add fresh oil if needed to replenish. Do not reuse oil if it darkens, has a rancid odor or foams (without food added) while it is heating.

• **The Many Reasons for Mini-Fryers.** Of course, you can cook your fries in a deep saucepan or conventional deep fryer, but the trend in frying equipment is leaping and bounding toward the new mini-fryers. Most of the little wonders have built-in thermostats and can cook up a family's worth of fries—a batch at a time. They use a smaller amount of costly oil. Many have snap-on lids, letting you store compactly (oil and all) on shelf or in refrigerator and re-use with the same oil at another time. These mini-fryers are also just the right size for other delicious things—fried chicken, onion rings, fritters and donuts, for exan

• **A Fast Look at Fryers.** Picture page 70, left to right: Great Amer Frying Machine by American Ele Corp. Has a fry basket; holds 2 cup No temperature control. About Pint-Size Cooker/Fryer by Sunb Holds up to 1½ quarts, uses 2 cu oil. Has adjustable thermostat for trolled cooking; also can steam, soups and stews. About $28. The nificent Frying Machine by No Larger, holds 3 cups of oil. Contro slow cooking, simmering, boiling deep frying. Fry basket. Around Fry Baby by Presto. Fries up to 2 cu food. Holds 2 cups oil or 1 pound table shortening. Slotted scoop. No perature control. Around $28. O tested but not pictured. Fryette WestBend. Fries up to 2 cups. C with slotted spoon; without tempera control. Under $26. Mighty Min MacDonald's Home Products. Als cup capacity; slotted spoon to lift fries. No temperature control. A $16. Li'l Fritter by Oster. Oil cap up to 4 cups. Variable heat contro cooking and frying. With fry ba About $33. Mini-fryers, not teste LHJ at press time: Farberware, Nor General Electric, Black Angus.

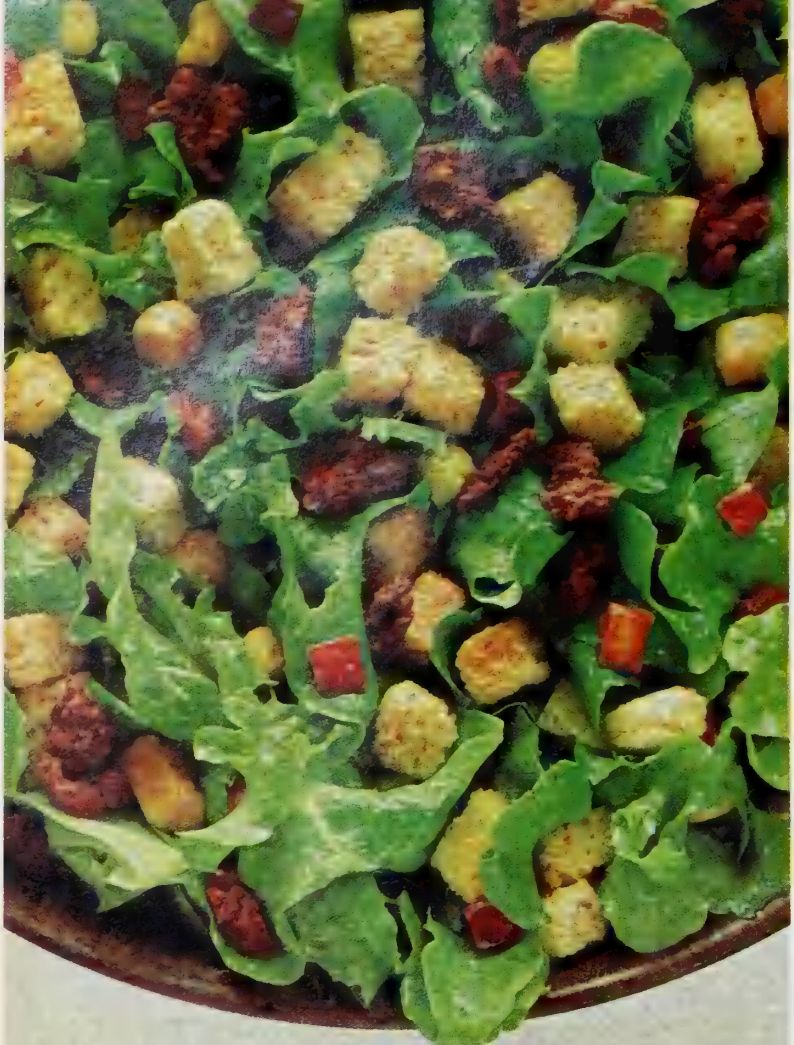
• **Safety Tips on Mini-Fryers.** Read booklet carefully. Every manufact has different instructions./If your fryer has a snap-on plastic lid, be su remove it before heating the oil./W cleaning, do not immerse the frye water./Drain foods well before fr Water can cause grease to spatter./I er foods slowly into the hot oil./ cooking, never pour out the oil whe still hot. Let cool to room tempera

• **On Oil.** Use vegetable oil or sho ing—never butter, olive oil or lard much smoke, fast to burn). Oil will better if it's strained through a fine or several layers of cheesecloth—kept in the refrigerator. Cooking a potato in oil will help absorb a fishy but not a rancid smell. How do you if the oil has turned? Odor is the clue. Especially when the oil is cold odor is noticeable. The color, also a dicator, is darker, cloudier. And if oil froths before food is added—it's bad. Switch to a new pouring of and happy frying.



"Don't think about it—just walk!"


enson&Hedges
100's
my
comment is
censored.
that's the breaks.
BENSON&HEDGES
100's
egular and Menthol
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
ar: 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.



Salad Crispins.® So much flavor, it's like a little salad bar in your kitchen.

Now you can enjoy special Salad Bar salads with Salad Crispins.® It's more than just a crouton. It's a delicious assortment of ingredients made to bring out the best in lettuce. There are meat and cheese flavored bits, real bell pepper and onion, crunchy mini-croutons and select seasonings.

Try Salad Crispins in all six delicious styles. For salads with a livelier taste, brighter look and snappier crunch, enjoy Salad Crispins. It's like a little Salad Bar in your kitchen.



Spending your money

continued from page 16

doesn't perform as implied, even if it has no defective pa For instance, a toaster is supposed to toast, an iron is s posed to iron, etc. That is implied. However, look out if seller states in writing that the product is sold "as is." Un these terms, you'll usually get no implied warranty.

My husband and I spent our honeymoon in Europe t past summer. While abroad, I was given several w ding as well as birthday presents. On our return a c ple of weeks ago, the Customs inspector insisted t I declare those gifts—and, as a result, we had to much more in duties than either of us had anticipat Has Customs the legal right to force us to pay—should we put up a fight?

Many types of goods that most Americans assume need be declared on return from a trip abroad must in fact formally declared. Among the four basic types the Comm sioner of Customs says *must* be formally declared are: 1. C presented to you while abroad (wedding, birthday, sim items); 2. alterations or repairs made to any article, eve free of charge—and, the fact that you have worn or used article acquired abroad does not exempt the item from d It must be declared at the price you paid for it, and the C toms officer will make whatever reduction in value is propriate because of wear and use; 3. articles you have b asked to bring home for another person; 4. articles you tend to use or sell in your business.

What's the average age at which women get marr today?

The average age at marriage is 21—the highest in U.S. hist with the exception of the great depression years of the e 1930's, when economic necessity forced millions of young men and women to delay their marriages.



"Well, what do you think? It's the Dorothy Hamill look!"

ORGANIZING



Paper Towel Holder
holds roll snugly in place.

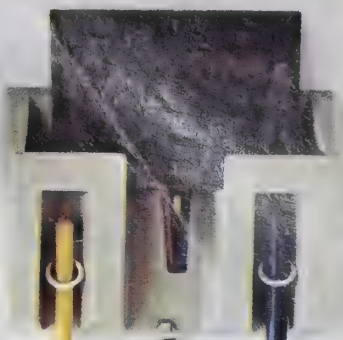


Ironing's
more efficient
with an
Ironing
Organizer.





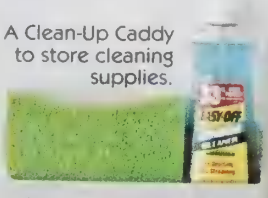
A handy Wrap & Bag
Organizer.



A Broom
& Mop
Organizer for
floor-cleaning
things.



A Clean-Up Caddy
to store cleaning
supplies.







Twin Turntable saves
both space and time.

A Cutlery Tray
gives knives, forks,
spoons a home.





Instant Drawer Organizers.
A neat idea to separate utensils.

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give you better value for your money.
Which is just what you'd expect
from Rubbermaid.

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You want your lips to be wet. And your complexion to be moist.

But the last place you want to be wet is under your arms. And we have three of the most effective ways to help keep you dry.

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They work because they contain a combination of two effective ingredients. Not just one.

And they contain a higher concentration of these active ingredients than any spray.

If you don't think anything can help your perspiration problem, try Mitchum. From the Mitchum Division of Revlon.



There's no better way to help you stay dry.

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Fifty metals and minerals called "trace elements" protect us against anemia, bone deterioration, heart disease, diabetes, arthritis and other ailments. A special report on scientific research now in progress.

We are what we eat, which means that besides the protein, fat and carbohydrate that are the principal parts of our diet, we also are made up of miniscule amounts of very important "trace elements." Fifty of these metals and minerals now have been detected in the human body. Vital roles, without which life would end, already have been identified for about half of them, and one trace element expert, nutritionist George K. Davis, Ph.D. of the University of Florida in Gainesville, believes that eventually, almost all will be shown to be needed for health.

Iron, which accounts for about one part per thousand of our blood, is the most abundant trace element. Too little iron means the *blahs* of anemia, while too much, laid down in the liver and other tissues, is present in a rare, sometimes fatal, disease called hemochromatosis.

As in the case of iron, the idea is to have just enough of all vital trace elements, but not too little or too much. The body has many mechanisms to balance trace element supplies and their use. But these mechanisms may fail, and may be overridden by elemental shortages or gluts.

Inhabitants of the Midwest, where the soil—and the food grown on it—are iodine-poor, are vulnerable to goiter, an unsightly swelling of the neck. Iodine now is routinely put into commercial table salt to protect Midwesterners. A recent U.S. Department of Agriculture report suggests that many Americans' diets now also are deficient in copper, an as-yet-uncorrected situation that may contribute to heart disease.

Trace elements—in ourselves, in our food and in the environment—are of vital concern to our health. Every year, scientists who study these substances meet in Columbia, Mo., where the University of Missouri maintains a world-renowned Environmental Trace Substances Research Center. Here are highlights from this year's get-together:

Yeast and diabetes. Brewer's yeast, which gives beer its bitter taste, is widely used as a health food supplement. Now a nutritionist finds that a special blend of this yeast may be specifically valuable in controlling mild, adult-onset diabetes—which afflicts tens of millions of Americans.

These diabetics continue to produce the hormone insulin, which normally triggers the breakdown of dietary sugars and other foods. But in many, this insulin is inefficient because they lack a necessary helper substance, or co-factor: the trace element chromium. Because the diets of many middle-aged Americans also appear to be chromium deficient, nutritionist Victoria J. K. Liu, Ph.D. of the University of Missouri, decided that chromium supplements might help counteract diabetes.

A dozen women with high levels of blood sugar, or *hyperglycemia*, a principal sign of early diabetes, agreed to take small doses of a special blend of chromium-rich brewer's yeast after each meal. Three months later, most had higher chromium levels and lower sugar levels in their blood serum, and all were using insulin more effectively—signs of improvement. For researcher Dr. Liu—who now takes the yeast herself in the hope of preventing adult-onset diabetes, which runs in her family—these are exciting results, and commercial suppliers seem to *(continued*

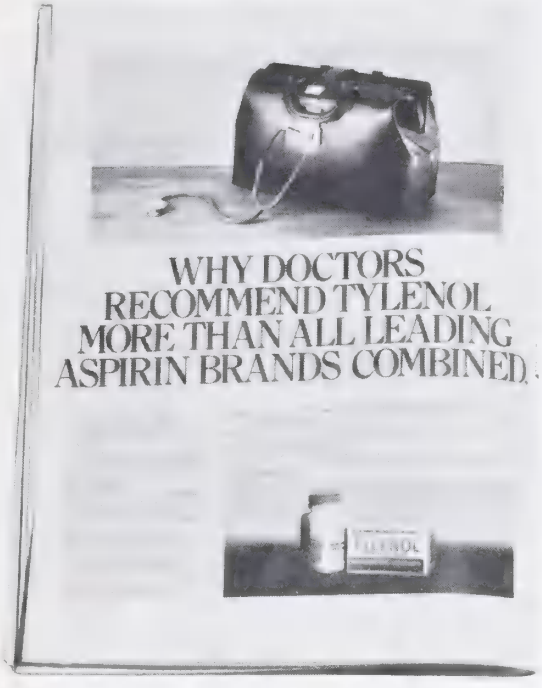
Makers of Tylenol, Shame on you!

yone who sees Tylenol ad-
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:a that doctors recommend
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at's simply not true.
ok carefully at the words in
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as often as they do Tylenol!

·oblems with Tylenol
ney don't talk about.

: same ad claims Tylenol is
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ave their own side effects.
ding medical experts have
sed great concern about the

Tylenol ads could fool people!



occurrence of liver damage with acetaminophen (the chemical name for the ingredient in all Tylenol products). These experts are currently recommending that all acetaminophen products' labels carry the warning, "Do not exceed recommended dosage because severe liver damage may occur."

In fact, when acetaminophen is misused, or taken in overdose, it is much more toxic than aspirin.

Aspirin's superb 78-year record.

Aspirin is the most studied and tested drug in the history of medicine. The medical profession has had over 78 years of experience with Aspirin. In America, people suffering from pain and fever take over 100 million Aspirin tablets a day—with very low incidence of side effects. In fact, a specialist from a world-famous clinic has stated that "Aspirin is undoubtedly the safest pharmaceutical known to modern medicine." No wonder that in the conclusions of the AMA Drug Evaluations, Aspirin continues to be "the drug of choice." Not Tylenol. Aspirin!

Tylenol has less to offer than Aspirin.

Tylenol advertising says it is "just as effective" as Aspirin. But what it doesn't tell you is that inflammation can be a major cause of most pain, and that Tylenol does nothing about inflammation. Absolutely nothing.

Aspirin, on the other hand, relieves inflammation. When people need pain relief, that's a difference to remember.

Now, makers of Tylenol, let's look at your advertising again. "Safer than Aspirin"? "Just as effective"? Shame on you!

th: Doctors recommend Aspirin 2 to 1.

BAYER®
ASPIRIN

Read and follow label directions.

Are you still douching with a full quart of water?

Gynecologists still recommend that, when you douche, you use a full quart of water for optimum effectiveness.* And that shouldn't surprise you. Because most women agree a full quart is what it takes to make them feel clean, fresh and feminine. That's why we've **Good.** made Massengill® Liquid and Powder to mix with a full quart of water. After all, if you want to wash out built-up secretions, or if you just want to feel really fresh after menstruation (or any other time), it stands to reason that you should stay with a full-quart douche.



Beecham Products
Div. of Beecham Inc.
Clifton, N.J. 07012
Beecham Products Ltd.
Weston, Ontario, Canada

*A national survey conducted in 1975 among 199 obstetricians, gynecologists, and general practitioners found that 72% recommended at least a quart of solution for douching.

agree. As yet, however, there has no medical confirmation of the supplement's value.

Copper and arthritis. Copper appe play a healing role in reducing the tenderness and redness that charac arthritic inflammation. We reporte eral years ago that medicinal cl John Sorenson, Ph.D. of the Univ of Cincinnati, significantly improv ability of aspirin to reduce inflamm (in test animals) by binding it to c salts. He now says he has found copper levels rise in the blood ser half a dozen different kinds of h arthritis—presumably because the mobilizes copper from the live transports it in the bloodstream lieve the painful swelling of the

Adding copper to arthritis drugs significantly increase their efficac Sorenson believes. But he has bee able to complete animal safety s that might persuade the Food and Administration to permit him t copperized drugs in people. He however, that a physician in Kiel, many, wrote to say that he'd had results treating a thousand patient a no-longer-available copper-a combination given by injection. I Sorenson's view, oral copper cou comparably effective. (Foods hi copper are liver, shellfish, mushr nuts.)

If copper is as promising for ar as Dr. Sorenson claims—and his w should be noted, is supported b copper industry—then what abou copper bracelets many arthritics bracelets that arthritis specialists have regarded as harmless quac Copper can be absorbed throug skin, says Dr. Sorenson, who su there may be at least a grain of peutic truth in arthritics wearing c bracelets.

WINTER BEACH

By Maureen Cannon

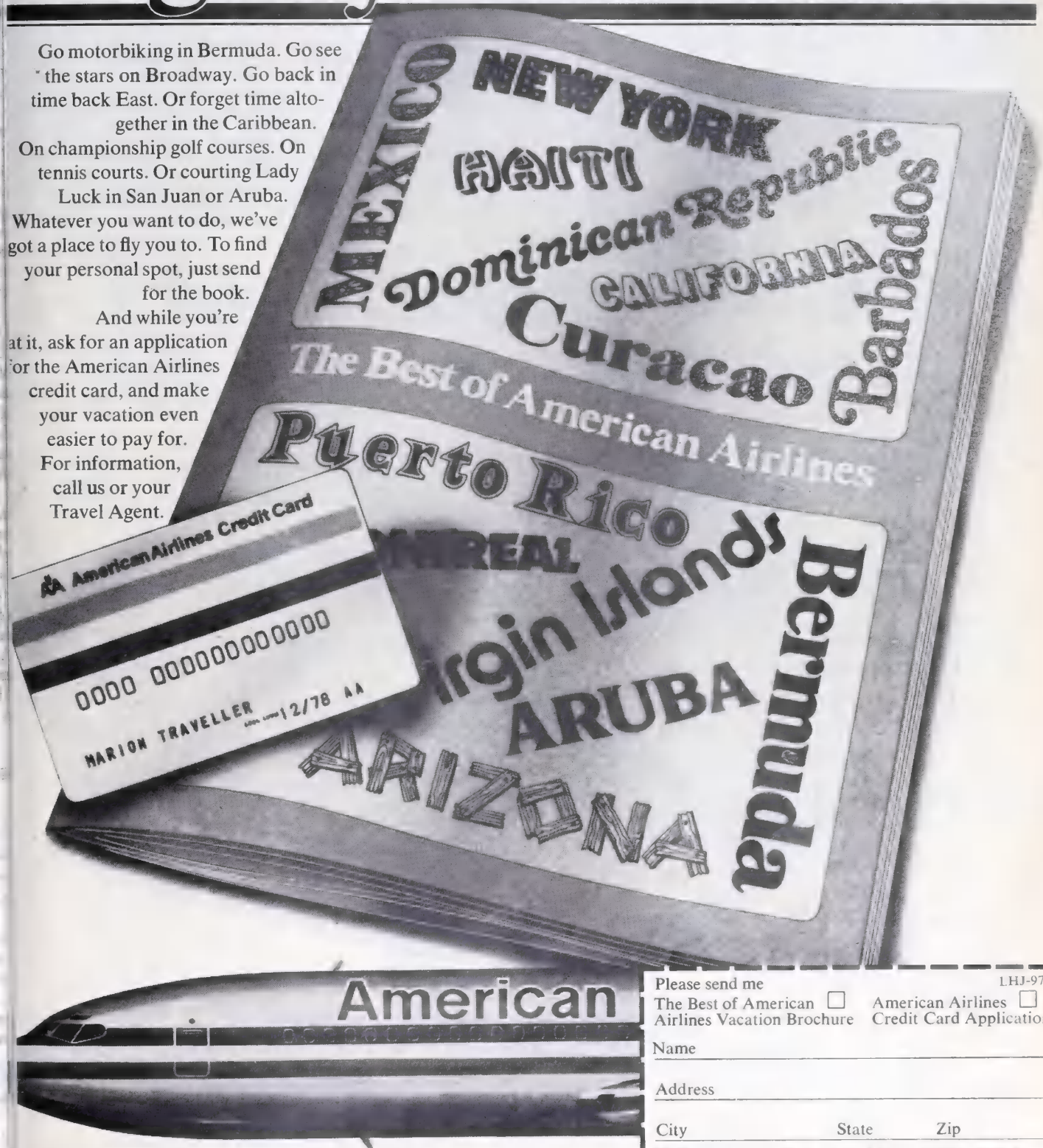
Now is the lull, the vast and lonely lul
Between the summers. Naked, elemen
The pewter sky, the wild careening gu
The January ocean mock the gentle
Remembrance of another beach, a tim
As simple as an antic nursery rhyme,
As half-forgotten. Once upon a dune
We built a day, a yellow afternoon,
A white-sail morning, dusk the color o
The lining of a shell, the shape of love
Now is the solitary season, and
The day we built was buried in the san
How many tides and truths ago? Com
teach
Me, gull. Now is the barren winter bea

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Before you buy a deodorant tampon, read the "caution" on the package. It tells you to discontinue use and consult your physician if irritation develops or if you have a history of sensitivity or allergies. Now, ask yourself if you want to take this risk with your body.

There is no warning on a Tampax tampon package

You won't find any warning on the Tampax tampon package. A deodorant, or cover-up scent, which may cause allergic reactions or be harmful to delicate tissues is unnecessary. When a tampon is in use, embarrassing odor does not form. So why take chances with something that isn't needed?

What's more, the Tampax tampon container-applicator—like the tampon—is flushable and biodegradable. It's as safe to dispose of as a few sheets of facial tissue. You can't say this about plastic applicators. And unlike some other tampons, Tampax tampons expand in all three directions—length, breadth and width—to adjust to your inner contours so that the chance of leakage or bypass is minimal.



No wonder Tampax tampons are the #1 choice of millions of women around the world.

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

The internal protection more women trust

Gray Flannel Room

pictured on pages 98-101

PADS FOR CHAIRS

Seat and back pads should follow the shape of the chair, so make a pattern using brown wrapping paper. Place the paper over the seat of the chair, clipping at the back posts so paper can be fitted or folded around them. Tape paper to chair so it doesn't shift as you crease it over the edges of the chair frame, or draw the outline with a soft lead pencil. Lift tape; cut out the chair shape. Fold it front to back matching side edges, then even these side edges so that pattern will be the same on both sides (and your chair pad, when made, will be reversible). Make pattern of back in same way. When cutting out flannel for your chair pads, cut ½" outside the edge of the pattern to allow for seaming, or enlarge the pattern itself. Cut two pieces—a front and a back—for each seat and back pad.

Cover cording with gray flannel to make self-welting; you'll need enough to go around all edges of each pad. Purchase sufficient yardage of grosgrain ribbon for pad ties keeping in mind that the wider the ribbon, the more you will need to make a bow.

Pin welting, starting center back, to the right side of one of the seat pad pieces, matching cut edges of the welting to cut edges of the fabric, covered cording toward the center. Taper the welting in where it meets at center back; baste welting close to the cording all around. Machine stitch welting to fabric at back between cut outs for chair posts. Pin lengths of ribbon for ties in proper places, cut ends even with cut edge of welting; baste welting edge. Pull ribbon in toward center and pin so it doesn't get in the way when you're stitching the two layers together. Place second piece of flannel for the seat pad face down on the first with welting and ribbon ties between. Pin layers together, then baste. Machine stitch, following basting that holds the welting in place leaving open the area where welting has been machine stitched. Turn right side out. Cut a layer of fiber fill to the shape of the seat pad, but ½" smaller all around. Insert into the seat pad, slip stitch opening closed. Remove all basting. Unpin the ribbon ties, and place pad on chair, tying it in place. Repeat for back pad.

PLACE MATS

For place mats 12" x 15" finished, cut flannel 15" x 18". With the wrong side up, fold over 1½" along each edge. Miter corners, clip and stitch in place. Turn under ¼" of folded edge and hem. Turn mat to right side. Measure in 1¼" from outer edges and draw chalk lines. Using a quarter, draw a circle inside each corner. Starting at the corner where line and circle meet, pin the end of the decorative cord to the line. Follow around the circle with the cord, crossing the beginning, and continuing to your right along a straight chalk line. Blind stitch as soon as you begin to follow the straight line. Continue around all edges, following the circles within the corners, until you reach the beginning. Slip the end beneath the first circle. Lift the circle, stitch the two ends of cord neatly together, then clip excess. Blind stitch the circle to the mat over the join of the cording.

FLOWER HOLDERS

Vases to be covered with flannel can be of different heights and diameters, but must have straight sides. Use light, medium or dark flannel, or even a pin stripe. Cut flannel ¾" longer and 1" wider than needed to go around the vase and to cover the height. Place a ruler upright against the side of the vase, end flat on the table; draw a line down the side of the vase. Place on its side

(continued on page 132)

CAT ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE

By Ruth Shaw Ernst

I wish to drink my orange juice,
And sip my coffee peacefully.
It is that quiet time of day
When solitude is ecstasy.

Your ample girth is spread upon
The paper which I yearn to read.
Your paws have firmly grasped the arm
Of which I have a patient need.

I do not wish to gaze into
Those eyes now fixed on mine.
Or be seduced by kneading paws.
I know that purring line.

I have some rights. Your feline whims
Cannot move me to cater.
I wish to see the front page now!
(Oh, well, I'll scan it later.)



How to squeeze a lot more protection out of your dentist's fluoride treatments.

Crest has important new proof of its cavity-fighting effectiveness.

In a recent test one group got the most widely used dentists' fluoride treatments and brushed regularly with Crest. Another group got identical treatments and brushed with the same toothpaste without fluoride. There's no question that the treatments are excellent. But guess what?

Crest brushing plus the treatments provided an extra 19% cavity reduction over the dentists' treatments alone!

The clinical test was run by independent researchers on nearly 1,000 students in their most cavity-prone years. After two years the researchers analyzed their results and presented them at this year's meeting of The American Association for Dental Research.

The results of this test indicate Crest can help you fight cavities up to 19% better than dentists' fluoride treatments alone.

Of course, Crest can't do it all. You still have to watch treats and have regular dental checkups. But when it comes down to the choice of which toothpaste to use, you just can't beat Crest for fighting cavities.



We're working to help make cavities a thing of the past.

Accepted COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care. Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

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The Chinese Kitchen

Taking Chinese cooking out of the restaurant and into the home can be done without any special equipment—but with woks and such, it's much more authentic and fun. We asked our resident expert, Irene Gee (left) to put together the essential tools of a Chinese kitchen. Clockwise, from top left: The wok. The most basic pot/pan. *(continued on page 84)*



© 1977 Avon Products, Inc., New York, N.Y.

"I'm basically a shy person. But selling Avon has brought me out of my shell. I've got confidence now, and it sure is a great feeling."

Sue Engelman

St. Petersburg, Florida

"I need Avon in my life. Avon gives me the opportunity to be a success, to really accomplish something on my own. It gives me a feeling of self-worth. My husband Phil can see a real change in me and he feels as happy as I do.

Because of Avon, I'm more conscious of the way I look. Now, I experiment with makeup. And, the more I work with my own Avon cosmetics, the more I'm able to help my customers. I find this very rewarding because looking better can help a person's self-image enormously. I know that from personal experience.

I feel I lead a full, rich life. Our two children bring me a lot of joy. I'm very involved with the church where Phil is a youth minister and assistant pastor. And being an Avon Representative has added a new dimension to my life–one of confidence and self-worth."

If Sue Engelman's story interested you, and you're 18 or over, find out how you can become an Avon Representative. Simply call toll-free 800-325-6400 (in Missouri call: 800-342-6600) and someone from Avon will be in touch with you to answer all your questions. Of course, there is no obligation.

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Chinese Kitchen

continued

made of steel, round-bottomed to stir-fry quickly, evenly, over high heat. Shape allows fast movement of foods. Sits over stove burner in a steadying ring. • Wok scrubber. Steel woks should never be scoured—just whisked out with hot water and this little broom; then dried. We liked this particular model because of its wooden handle. • Mongolian fire pot. A brass cooker much like a fondue pot. Charcoal heats from the bottom, broth simmers, thin pieces of meat and vegetables are dunked in. Broth-soup served as finale. Very friendly. • Fortune cookie maker. Batter is poured into four little molds, flattened by lid and cooked. While still soft, the mini-pancakes are folded and bent around some wise old saying printed on strips of paper. • Vegetable cleaver. Indispensable, used as a knife. When handled by a pro, a marvel to behold. For shredding, slicing, pounding. • Cutting board. Butcher block, cross-section of a tree, or this one, resilient plastic. • Shallow ladle and shovel turner. Of stainless steel, long-handled for agile, easy, safe wok cooking. • Bamboo steamers. Handsome holders to steam dumplings, fish, etc. Set in a wok over boiling water, food in each tier gets delicately cooked. • With both fresh products, such as snow peas, and canned exotics (such as *hoisin* sauce) becoming more readily available, why not try a quick hand at one of the oldest and most sophisticated cuisines of the world—Chinese cooking. **End**

Fire pot from Gimbel's; cleaver from Katagiri; steamer from Pottery Barn; remaining utensils from Bloomingdale's —all New York City stores.

SEPTEMBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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Merit Solving Smoker Dilemma.

'Enriched Flavor'™ breakthrough ends search for "low tar, good taste" cigarette.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

For years, smokers had to choose between real tobacco flavor or low tar.

Until MERIT.

Until a breakthrough in tobacco science resulted in a way to *boost natural tobacco flavor without the usual corresponding increase in tar.*

The result was 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

"A flash flood and a broken water heater showed me how great All-Temperature Chee works—even in cold water."



Dear Sir:

Last summer we were caught in a flash flood that filled our basement with dirty creek water. We found my sewing room and closet had turned into a muddy, jumbled mess.

I threw all those clothes into my washer with your All Temperature Cheer (luckily, the washer was upstairs). Since the flood had ruined the water heater, I had to wash load after load in cold water. I couldn't believe how clean my clothes got.

I just thought you might like to know I thoroughly believe in your All Temperature Cheer.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Dale Newland

All-Temperature Cheer.
Three temperatures, one detergent.

ALL TEMPERATURE cheer
THE HOT, WARM AND COLD WATER DETERGENT



MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

BY ROSALIND RUSSELL & CHRIS CHASE

She was a lusty, loving woman—and an unforgettable star. But her courage and vitality never shone more brightly than in these excerpts from her autobiography.

In a dazzling career spanning more than 40 years, Rosalind Russell brought to life some of the most vivid roles in theatrical and motion picture history. Nominated for four Academy Awards, she was honored with The Academy's Humanitarian Award in 1973. A woman of enormous dedication and enthusiasm, she endured 16 years of private suffering and illness before her death last November. Despite the pain of cancer, complicated by arthritis, she was able to look back over her life with humor. She wrote this account of that life, beginning with her childhood in Connecticut, on to a dramatic career that began on the stage and ended with movie stardom and a 35-year marriage to producer Frederick Brisson. She observed that life with wit and courage. But most of all, her autobiography is filled with strength and the driving energy that made her the remarkable woman she was.

{Rosalind Russell was born in Waterbury, Conn. in 1912. She was the fourth of seven children, and one of her sisters was an especially important influence in her life.}

My sister Clara, had a wonderful mind and a gift for making people happy. Men were wild about her; she'd float into a room and their faces would light up. She went through two divorces, and while there's probably no connection, she died too young of a stroke.

Still, Clara's legacy was — is — joy, not gloom. In the family, we always called her "The Duchess," because even when she was a little girl, she was extremely grand. She was forever saying, *(continued on page 163)*

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WHITE HOUSE BABY

James Earl Carter IV is his name, and he's First Baby of the Land. An exclusive look at the President's cuddly, six-month-old grandson. By Lynda Johnson Robb

Nine years ago, I was the young mother in the White House. Now, a pretty, poised 25-year-old woman from Georgia is changing diapers and mixing cereal for James Earl Carter IV, born on February 25 of this year at Bethesda (Md.) Naval Hospital. Sitting with the President's daughter-in-law, Caron Carter, I was reminded of my own experiences, bringing up a baby at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.

In 1968, I was pregnant with Lucinda, now aged 9, when Chuck Robb, my husband (now the Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, I say proudly) left to serve with the Marines in Vietnam. He didn't see her until she was six months old. I had stayed at the White House until the very last minute, then went to the hospital with my doctor and Secret Service man. Cindy was born at 12:03 a.m., also at the Bethesda hospital. Just as President Carter dotes on his grandson and namesake, so my own father was absolutely daft about baby Lucinda. He'd make faces at her to try and make her smile, and he'd actually have dinner up in the White House family quarters with the baby in her infant seat on the table in front of his water glass. It made quite a picture, President Johnson and his fascinated little tablemate.



Four-month tally: 13 lbs. 1 oz., and growing

Now, as I talked to Caron Carter, the newest White House grandchild played in his buggy, interrupting us with cries for attention. He's a handsome baby, alert and energetic, favoring both his father, the President's son Chip, and the dark, flashing-eyed Caron. We discussed many things, as mothers do. Caron told me she had never considered actually giving birth in the White House, and I confessed that I had. But safety triumphed over history, and I was persuaded to go to the hospital. Dr. Knab, one of the obstetricians who attended me, also took care of Caron. I told her, too, how Lucinda came back to the White House from the hospital and lived in the same baby bassinet my sister Luci and I had used—and later in Chuck's baby bed, which had been carved from a cactus by an Indian chief. It was an easy conversation, rather than an interview. And I was impressed by how much Caron Carter seems at home in the White House, and with what lack of pretense she spoke of "Jimmy" and "Rosalynn" and the new life she shares with them. Here are some of my questions and her answers:

Lynda Robb: Does the President play with James? Is he comfortable with children?

Caron Carter: He loves children, he really does. He's very comfortable with the baby. He holds him and experiments with sounds to make him laugh. Of course, it wasn't too long ago that Amy was a baby—she's only nine now—so he still knows how to treat an infant.

L: With his busy schedule, when does he get a chance to see the baby?

C: The whole family has dinner together almost every night, and he plays with James before dinner or afterwards.

L: So you call the baby James and not Jimmy?

C: It *is* a big name for such a little baby, but that's what we call him. Everyone except my doctor, who calls him Jamie. He told me, "I hope you won't be angry, but I can't call him James yet."

L: Does Mrs. Carter babysit for you?

C: She often does. When he was two weeks old, she kept him for two hours while we went to the Kennedy Center. Occasionally, after dinner or in the afternoons, she'll ask me: "May I keep him for awhile?" Most of the time she's very busy, and sees him just during lunch or dinner.

L: And your parents, when have they seen him?

C: They flew up the morning after he was born. Chip called them when we were on *(continued on page 116)*

At left: Caron and Chip hold an imperious James. But inside the White House, the President can make him giggle.

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

Autumn Beauty Trends

Winging in—a change of beauty looks for a change of seasons. Very fresh and exhilarating. New directions for hair...layers and lengths you'll want to go to...incoming waves of curls. For makeup...think richer, darker...from the colors of autumn leaves to good earthy browns. All are guidelines, depending on how far you carry the trends. And by trend-y, we're not talking about madcap fads, but looks you'll love for a long, long time.
By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

Layers for All Lengths: Not the old-time "shag" with chops throughout, but instead little layers that open up and free the edges. Works on straight or curly, short or long.

Baby's Halo, top right: For baby-fine hair, a permanent on the undersides (crown and bangs stay smooth). Layering starts 2/3 down the hair, giving the fluff an illusion of volume.
Light as a Feather, lower right: Hair is feathered to a soft frame, wisped around the face. Smooth and carefree, it's just washed and dried, gently combed forward.
Easy Does It, far right: The shortest layering, yet very soft at the edges, wispy at the nape. Let dry naturally, run fingers through to shape.

Photographs by Joel Baldwin.
Hairstyles on all six pages by Charles Booth, Peter Green and Elmer Olsen of La Coupe Salon, New York, Toronto and Montreal. Makeup by Electa and Corrado Ltd. of Montreal.



All makeup this page, from the new "Bordeaux" collection, Ultima II Charles Revson, including new shades of Super Luscious Lipstick in wine colors and the eyeshadow colors "Winecork," "Spungold Wine," and "Quiet Wine." All blouses, Oscar de la Renta Collectibles.



BEAUTY TRENDS

Shades of Autumn

The big change in makeup is color. Color that's deeper, darker, richer. On lips and nails, autumnal brown-reds turning to red-browns to chocolate. Eyeshadows playing from russet to darkest bark. Romantic.

Subtle Start, far left: Lightest of the brown palette. Circling the eyes, coffee-brown eye pencil; russet shadow. Burnt-red lips in "Toasted Brick"; "Terra Copper" nails.

Delicious Hues, near left: A step more dramatic. Fudge-brown eye penciling with burnished copper shadow. Lip coloring, spicy brown-red, "Ginger Stick." Lipsticks at left, Fresh Color 3 and Nail Colors all by Maybelline.

Rich Earths, right: All beautiful browns. Ebony brown eye pencil, deep bark shadow. More... lips in warm "Toasted Almond," nails in new "Chocolate Soda." Lipstick and NailSlicks, both Cover Girl.

Blouses: Far left, Regina Porter for PorterHouse; near left and below, Oscar de la Renta Collectibles.



All makeup from Aziza, including two tone lustre eye shadows, new Natural Glow Blushes and Natural Lustre Lip Glosses. Blouses: below left, Ship 'n Shore; center and right, Mrs. H. Winter for Yesterday's News.



BEAUTY TRENDS

Up and Coming Curls

Curls are sexy—whether they're twirly-whirly, in pretty waves or delicately frothed like some Renaissance angel.

Shake It Loose, far left: Curls are cut in loose and easy... to bounce with every motion. Same length all over, either with naturally curly or lightly perm'd hair. Simply dried and fluffed up.

Join the Waves, near left: What was a natural bent goes even curlier (here, a spot permanent on the ends only). Bangs get twisted into an echoing knot. Good for hair that's part wavy, part straight.

Angel Wings, right: A romantic look that ripples out into light-filtering waves. Totally modern, it's straight (or even curly) hair that's crimped with a professional curling iron. Fun for several days, then wash—it disappears—until next time!





Illustration by Charles Moll



HOPE

IS LIFE A GAME SHOW? THIS DELICIOUS, LIGHTHEARTED STORY SEEMS TO SAY IT IS.

BY SCOTT SPENCER

Now I'm thinking of the day the delivery men climbed the six flights to deliver the combination washer-dryer and we didn't have any electricity. No prospects of getting it switched back on, either. I ran like a mad person around and around our loft, trying to find something to give them—it wasn't actual running, of course, but a kind of hopping, because there was so little unoccupied space. Finally, I gave them each a volume of the encyclopedia. When they staggered out you asked why I hadn't tipped them with the electric knives or the counter-top rotisserie—the countertop rotisserie! No, no, I really liked that one and were you bearing in mind what I'd been through to get it? Still, your question unsettled me. I didn't want to hoard; like most, I would have liked to think of myself as above material greed. And there was the safety factor: the floor of our dwelling was sagging from the weight of all my prizes. "We're going to fall through the floor, Jim," was your opinion.

Already we'd had delivered to us the Spanish Provincial bedroom set, the wood paneling, the microwave frying pan, the bumper pool table, the mural-sized freezer, 250 towels, a home sauna, a complete set of luggage, some odd looking hand-tools, an enormous couch that theoretically unfolded into a queen-sized bed, a portable color-TV, a console color-TV, six dozen rose bushes and a little fox jacket that I insisted you at least try on and which made you burst into tears as soon as you touched it because you've always been a raging sentimental fool about animals. On the street was the aqua convertible, three parking tickets flapping beneath the windshield wiper. I was afraid to move it because my driver's license had expired during the Nixon administration and you had never even learned to drive.

I think it's fair to point out that my appearance on "Crazy Gates" was largely your idea. I'd been in the dumps for a few months—jobless and not thinking too clearly—and when we went to talk to your brother about my cooking at his new vegetarian restaurant on 14th Street, to avoid speaking to us your brother watched TV. "Crazy Gates." A woman chose Gate 6 and found a motorboat filled with 5,000 silver dollars. "Yuck-o," said your brother with his habitual superiority as we watched the woman make her balletic leaps of joy, "how degrading."

His use of "degrading" reminded me of why I'd come to see him.

"How about hiring me as a cook at Raw Earth?" I asked.

"No," he said, "no, no, no. Everyone wants to use me. You come here, you sit on my chairs, both of you are (continued on page 134)

Gracious and well-groomed, our room in gray flannel means more than strict tailoring in one particular cloth. It's a return to the tradition (the Thirties, perhaps?) of elegance and high style. The look of softness, the feeling of comfort comes from the blending of colors—cool grays warmed with blushing peaches, apricots, terra-cottas and clear sky blues. The proper tea table, right, is set with English porcelain, classic silver-plated flatware and Colonial-inspired pewter. Below: Gray cushions, bow-tied on a chair: the gray-way with place matting. Tips on how-to-make, page 80. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.



Photographs by Nick Samardge. Illustrations by Julia Noonan. Oneida silver-plated flatware and pewter hollow ware; Lenox candles; Royal Crown Derby china. Shopping information, page 139.


The
Gray
Flannel Room





Gray Flannel Room

Well-dressed and dapper in gray flannel suiting, left, on softly-padded sofa and side chair, both designed by Angelo Donghia for Kroehler. Walls are window-pane velvet; screens, an Indonesian batik; mirror, glittery Venetian glass.

Sketched: Idea for more good grays. Flower holders, wrapped in flannels.

Patched pillows, picture frame. How-to, p. 80.

Kroehler sofa, chair and tables; Congoleum flooring; Collins & Aikman fabric on walls; China Seas print on screens; Joe Head lamps.

Fashion: Suddenly... a Beautiful Softness

This fall, American designers have taken a giant step...away from strict tailoring, toward a soft, pretty and (yes, we'll say it) wonderfully feminine look. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



Biggest news: Soft Dresses. The shape is either gently bloused or a generous smock; sleeves and skirts are voluptuously full; colors, pale and misty.

Left to right:
Belted smock dress in challis (the big fall fabric), piped in velvet ribbon, by designer-of-the-hour, Geoffrey Beene for Beene Bag, $115; shown with his wool cowl dickey.
Notice the top. It's big, it's bloused in a soft pouff over a tucked and ruffled skirt. Nice detailing: hand-crocheted yoke and cuffs. By Gil Aimbez for Genre, in gossamer wool crepe. Blouse, $80; skirt, $60. Jewelry by Takashi Wada.
Pretty challis (again!) in a bloused soft-dress with open mandarin collar. By Richard Assatly for Gino Snow, $142. Comes with a leather tie-belt; here, with Barry Kieselstein-Cord's silver butterfly on antique rope. Earrings, Takashi Wada.
The easy flow of a smock dress in angora wool. It's big cowl can be pulled up into a hood. By Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co., $258. Earrings, Daphne de la Grandière.

Photographs by Barbara Bordnick.
Hair and makeup by Harie von Wijnberge.
All flowers and hair ornaments by Diane Love.

Shopping information page 139. All prices approximate





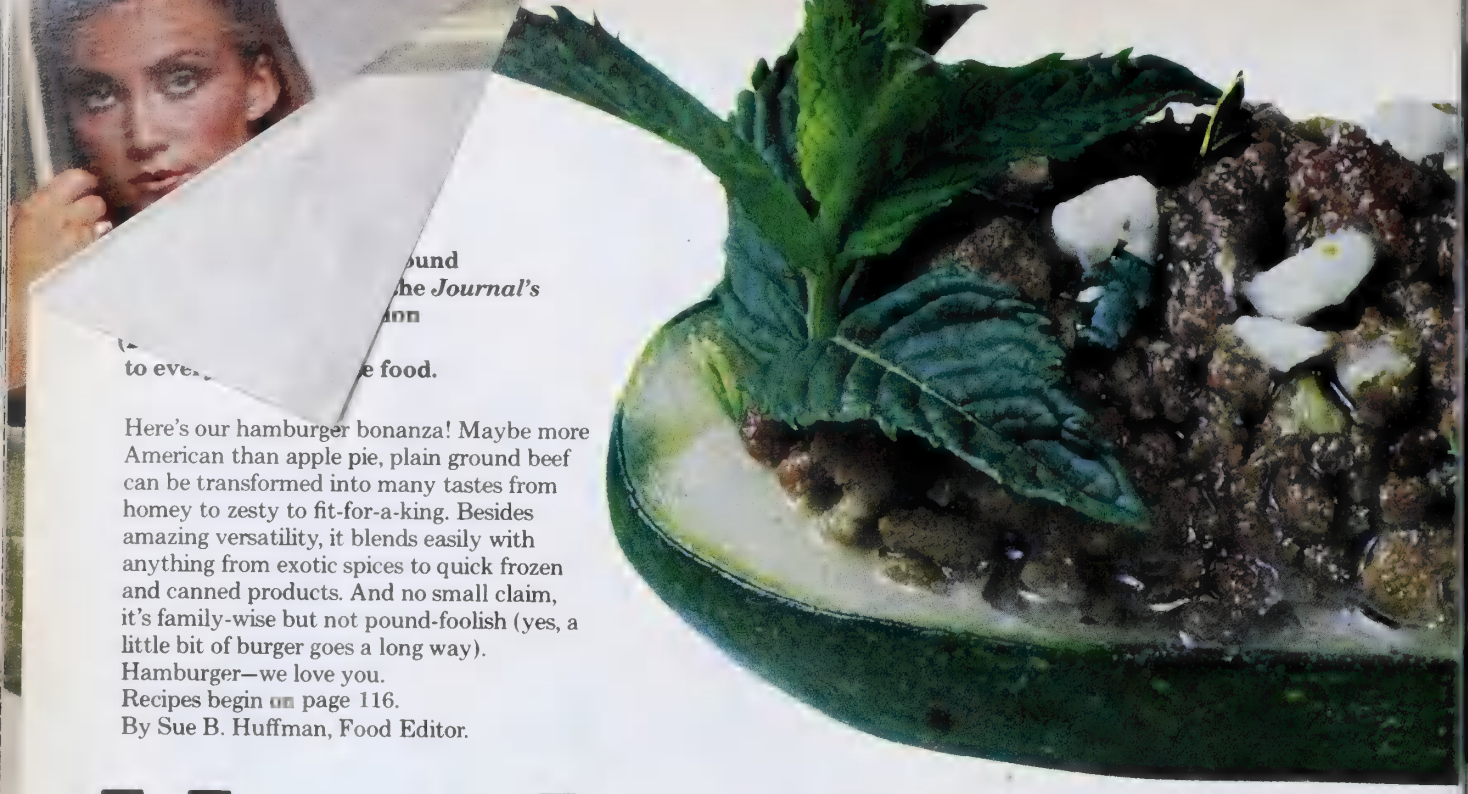
Shopping information page139.All prices approximate.



A New Softness... Day and Night!

or day, sportswear; extra-soft and cuddly. or evening, a fabulous, ruffly, fantasy look.

om left to right:
ig mohair bubble jacket, quilted and drawstring-tied over wool tweed pants, newly tabbed at the ankle. By Charles Jppon for Intre Sport: jacket, $139; ants, $78. Ring, Barry Kieselstein-Cord.
ozy does it—a down-filled ouson jacket in reversible poplin, yered over a giant-cowled tunic veater and wide-wale corduroy pants. ll, Portfolio by Perry Ellis. Jacket, $170; veater, $35; pants, $42.
he casual ease of a shearling ap-front vest slipped over a deep-knit ft sweater and very full dirndl skirt earthy-brown corduroy. By Sal esarani for Cesarani; sweater d skirt, $80 each; vest, $270. ing, Takashi Wada.
he ultimate big-evening look silk-chiffon blouse with new ruffled ierrot collar and glittery coin dots, aught in an enormous silk taffeta irt that cascades in tiers. Designed y Oscar de la Renta, $1,200. culptured cuffs, Barry Kieselstein-ord; earrings, Daphne de la Grandière.



…ound
…he *Journal's*
…nn

to eve… …e food.

Here's our hamburger bonanza! Maybe more American than apple pie, plain ground beef can be transformed into many tastes from homey to zesty to fit-for-a-king. Besides amazing versatility, it blends easily with anything from exotic spices to quick frozen and canned products. And no small claim, it's family-wise but not pound-foolish (yes, a little bit of burger goes a long way). Hamburger—we love you.

Recipes begin on page 116.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.

Hamburger High Style

Beef Stroganoff: *Rich with mushrooms, dill, condensed soup on a noodle bed.*

Chop Suey: *Colorful and fast with frozen vegetables. Serve atop rice.*



Photographs by Irwin Horowitz



Zucchini Boat: *Scoop out zucchini halves (like a canoe), fill with beef, feta cheese, mint.*





Kraut Skillet Dinner: *Wunderbar with apples, beer, cider, caraway seeds.*

Beef/Mushroom Quiche: *A hearty pie with Swiss cheese, eggs, cream of mushroom soup.*

Burger Baked Beans: *Doctored-up canned pork and beans; with bacon, syrup and bourbon.*





Drumstick: *One pound shapes 8 beefs-on-a-stick; spicy chili sauce.*



Cheesy Beef Rolls: *Easy mix, shreddings of Cheddar; baked on rolls.*



Empanadas: *Meat turnovers with raisins, almonds, cinnamon and cloves.*



Kitchen Sink Omelet: *Everything but. It's beef, green pepper, tomato, melted cheese.*



Moussaka: *Greek way with eggplant, tomatoes, creamy cheese topping.*

Hamburger High Style

Recipes start on page 116

Swedish Meatballs in Horseradish Sauce: *For appetizer, main dish.*

Beefed-Up Soup: *Like a minestrone, with red wine broth, frozen corn, vegetables.*

Steak Diane: *Elegant! Shallots, brandy, buttery gravy.*

Veggie-Meat Cup: *Adorable; filled with frozen vegetables, cheese soup, mashed potatoes.*



Shepherd's Pie: *English fare with whipped potatoes.*

Hawaiian Stuffed Peppers: *Sweet and sour sauce with crushed pineapple.*

Steak Tartare: *Freshly ground beef, mingled with raw egg, anchovies, onions, capers.*

Sloppy Joes: *Sandwich meal with tomato soup and spices.*

Spaghetti Ring with Meatballs: *Press warm pasta i mold, cook meatballs in red sauc*



Crusty Meatloaf: *Beautiful meatloaf, centered with egg, covered with cheese crust.*

Hamburger High Style

Recipes start on page 116

Enchilada Casserole: *Layers of taco sauce, tortillas, cheese.*

Give m



he soup that can do it all– Campbell's Tomato Soup.



From dips to desserts, from soups to sauces, everything Campbell's Tomato Soup gets into gets better: better-tasting, better-looking.

SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

½ pound ground beef
1 cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon basil leaves, crushed
1 teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
1 large clove garlic, minced
2 cans (10¾ ounces each) Campbell's Tomato Soup
1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes, cut up
½ pound spaghetti, cooked and drained
Grated Parmesan cheese

In saucepan, brown beef and cook onion with seasonings until onion is tender (use shortening if necessary). Stir to separate meat. Add soup and tomatoes. Simmer 30 minutes; stir occasionally. Serve over spaghetti with Parmesan. Makes about 4 cups.

BEST EVER MEAT LOAF

1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato, Golden Mushroom, or Cream of Mushroom Soup
2 pounds ground beef
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
⅓ cup finely chopped onion
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon salt
2 to 4 tablespoons water

Mix thoroughly ½ cup soup, beef, bread crumbs, onion, egg, and salt. Shape firmly into loaf (8 x 4"); place in shallow baking pan. Bake at 375°F. for 1 hour 15 minutes. Blend remaining soup, water, and 2 to 3 tablespoons drippings. Heat; stir occasionally. Serve with loaf. Garnish loaf with onion rings and serve with peas and onions if desired. Makes 6 servings.

PORK LOIN–TO–PERFECTION

3 to 4-pound pork loin rib roast
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato or Golden Mushroom Soup
½ cup water
½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon paprika
1 medium bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
6 medium carrots, cut in 2-inch pieces
4 medium potatoes, cut in half

In large heavy pan, brown meat in shortening; pour off fat. Add soup, water, onion, and seasonings. Cover; cook over low heat 1 hour 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Add carrots and potatoes. Cook 1 hour more or until done. Remove bay leaf. Thicken sauce if desired. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

GARDEN DIP

1 package (8 ounces) cream cheese, softened
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 tablespoons finely chopped celery
2 tablespoons thinly sliced green onions
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 teaspoons horseradish
Generous dash garlic powder
Generous dash salt
Generous dash pepper
Generous dash hot pepper sauce

With electric mixer or rotary beater, beat cream cheese until smooth. Gradually add remaining ingredients; chill. Serve as a dip with assorted fresh vegetables, crackers, or chips. Makes about 2½ cups.

VEGETABLE MEDLEY

½ pound sliced mushrooms (about 2 cups)
3 small zucchini, sliced (about 3 cups)
2 medium green peppers, cut in strips
1 cup sliced onion
1 large clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon basil leaves, crushed
2 tablespoons salad or olive oil
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
½ teaspoon salt
Grated Parmesan cheese

In large heavy pan, brown mushrooms and cook zucchini, green pepper, and onion with garlic and basil in oil 5 minutes. Add soup and salt. Cover; cook over low heat 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Uncover; cook 5 minutes more. Serve with Parmesan. Makes about 6 cups.

PENTHOUSE CHICKEN

2 pounds chicken parts
¼ cup seasoned flour
Shortening or salad oil
½ medium green pepper, cut in strips
½ cup sliced onion
⅛ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon vinegar

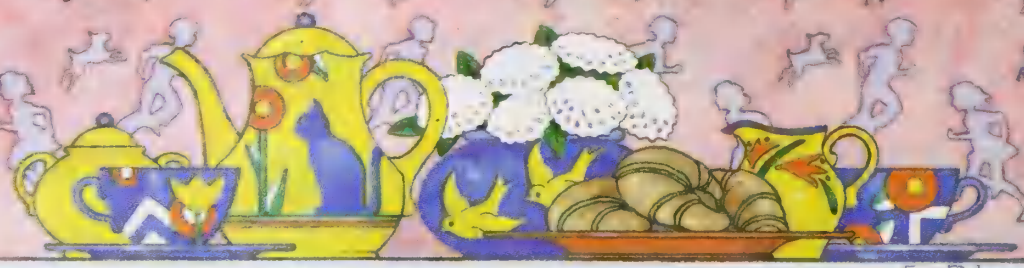
Dust chicken with flour. In skillet, brown chicken in hot shortening (¼-inch deep). Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes or until done. Uncover last 10 minutes to crisp chicken. Remove chicken to warm platter; pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Cook green pepper and onion with thyme in drippings until tender; add remaining ingredients. Heat, stirring to loosen browned bits. Serve over chicken. Makes 4 servings.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.50 and any two Campbell's Soup labels with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.



Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!

JOURNAL ABOUT HOME



Em Schongut

START YOUR DAY THE BREAKFAST WAY

Breakfast is the most abused meal of the day—either done in a slapdash fashion or skipped all together. And those who protest the loudest spout the soundest excuses. Men say they're "rushing for the 7:35"; children, "late for school"; women, "too busy," and dieters, "cutting out those extra calories." Totally wrong. If you start out strong, you'll be less likely to be tempted by a mid-morning snack, at home or vending machine (sweet rolls, donuts, candy). For those readers who are confirmed orange juice and cornflakes lovers—keep up the good work. One person we know gets grouchy unless he has his Maypo in a deep bowl, another craves her grape juice and rye toast with Damson plum jam. But unconventional breakfasts CAN be just as nutritious and a happy break in the routine. To woo the abstainers, here are some easy suggestions. • Strawberry Smoothie. Combine equal amounts of berries, plain yogurt, skim milk and sugar to taste. Whirl in a blender until smooth. • Lemon Frappé. Also, blender-made. Put in ¼ cup milk, 1 cup buttermilk, ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, dash cinnamon. Refreshing. • Spicy Rice. Heat leftover cooked rice (perfect for microwave oven) until hot. Top with cinnamon, sugar, a pat of butter. Pour on cooling milk. • Breakfast sandwich. If you must, it can be eaten on the run. A B-C-T. Place a slice of cheese on bread; melt in toaster oven or microwave. Layer with tomato slice, cooked bacon. • Western, Mid-Eastern. Scramble eggs with onion, green pepper, ham. Spoon into warmed pita bread. • Grilled cheeseburger or hamburger on bun or English muffin. • A Soupy Start. Make a rich and creamy soup (tomato, mushroom, celery or asparagus) the night before. Keep warm in a thermos. Or, drink the soup, thick and tasty. • Leftover fruit cobbler or pie topped with yogurt or sour cream. • Last, but not least, a slice of cold pizza tastes terrific in the early morn.

ZUCCHINI QUICKIES

For the last vegetable in the alphabet and one of the fastest growing (from a baby to a giant in a matter of days), too little is done with zucchini. Inexpensive in season (now!), subtle in taste and plentiful pound-for-pound, zucchini can expand into new fields. Quickies to try: • Slice up zucchini instead of cucumber. Toss into green salad. • Confetti. Coarsely grate zucchini and carrots (or yellow squash). Cook quickly in melted butter or margarine 3 to 4 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. • Party Madness. Stir ½ cup shredded zucchini, 1 small can deviled ham, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce until mixed. Spread on party rye. • Zucchini Dill Salad. Turn 2 cups matchstick zucchini into ½ cup plain yogurt, ¼ cup sour cream. 1 teaspoon dill weed. Salt and pepper to taste. • Bean-y Zucchini. Toss thinly sliced zucchini into 3-bean salad. Add some chopped green onion. Let marinate at least 2 hours. • Quick Boats. Parboil zucchini halves (cut lengthwise). Scoop out seeds. Fill with chopped tomato and diced cheese. Top with partially cooked bacon. Broil until cheese is melted, bacon is crispy. Alternate: sprinkle seasoned bread crumbs overall.

MICROWAVING

With sales booming on the 20th-century appliance, new things are zooming in to help you cook better—faster. COOKBOOKS. *The Microwave Guide & Cookbook* from General Electric, $14.95. A great boon for the beginner microwaver. Why? It has lots of step-by-step pictures and a running series of "microlessons," such as how to microwave eggs, a whole lobster, pasta—or how to shell nuts easily. Also, tips on converting standard recipes. Richard Deacon's *Microwave Cookery* comes in a large paperback version, $4.95. With 215 recipes (correct power setting for each) and a "5-Day Cooking School" section. Delicious: Meatloaf in 13 minutes, Dill-Cheese Loaf in 12. EQUIPMENT. Metal utensils are a no-no; these new plastic ones—a resounding "Yes." Muffin and cupcake pan. Mini-cake Maker, $3.50; 6-cup Ring Mold, $4.50; clear Fluted Tube pan, $8.95; 9″ Cake Pan, $4.00; Bacon Maker & Meat Rack, to hold 18 strips of bacon or round of meat, $6.95. All, dishwasher safe, by Nupac. More . . . Tube Caker (Bundt shape), $5.95; Mini Cake maker for cupcakes, muffins, rolls, $2.95; trivit and dish for roasts, bacon, $14.95. All, General Electric.

WHAT'S NEW

New foods are always a surprise for your family . . . fun for you. • Say cheese. Say cake. A no-bake cheesecake with a graham cracker crust, creamy filling and a sour cream topping. No Bakes by Pillsbury. • The Crunch Bunch. A brand-new bran cereal for breakfast. With natural sweetness, high fiber. Bran Chex by Ralston Purina. • You Cute Little Dumpling. In one package—egg noodles, a mix for gravy sauce and one for fluffy dumplings. You add tuna, chicken, whatever. Tuna Helper by Betty Crocker. • Spin the Pinwheels. Crispy snacker crackers with Parmesan cheese baked in. Cutout pinwheels. Cheese Swirls by Nabisco. • Nutty and Fast. Tasty, quick dessert strewn with pecans and almonds. Jell-O Butter Pecan Instant Pudding & Pie Filling by General Foods. • A Good Coverup. Why make your own spaghetti sauce? Extra thick and zesty, Prima Salsa Spaghetti Sauce in plain, with mushrooms, meat-flavored; by Hunt-Wesson. • News In Brews. Unusual coffee varieties blended together and packeted for you. Each makes 6-8 cups; from Martinique (good at breakfast) to Montego (an after-dinner treat). Café Le Mont from the Blue Mountain Company.

Illustration by Emanuel Schongut

Wessonality!™

That's when you taste the salad, not the oil.



Florence Henderson's shown you on TV how Wessonality is the nicest thing that can happen to fried foods. She can show you how to make it happen to salads, too.

"The last thing you want in your salad is an oil with a strong taste of its own. That's why Wesson's so wonderful. Wesson's pure, 100% vegetable oil lets you taste your salad, your whole salad and nothing but your salad—with all its fresh greens, its delicate herbs and seasonings. You see, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own. You'll taste the salad, not the oil. And when *that* happens, *that's* Wessonality!

"Try it yourself with this delicious Chef Salad."

CHEF SALAD: On top of a bed of endive and romaine lettuce, arrange sticks of cheddar cheese, Swiss cheese, turkey breast and ham—plus halved cherry tomatoes. Then mix ½ cup Wesson Oil with ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ tsp. Italian herb seasoning and ¼ tsp. garlic powder. Mmmm.

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Florence Henderson

WHITE HOUSE BABY

continued from page 89

the way to the hospital. As they were driving to the airport to fly to Washington, they heard on the radio that it was a boy. That was quite a way for them to hear about it! My mother stayed in Washington for ten days, and I've taken the baby home with me to Hawkinsville, Georgia, too.

L: Are you able to get out very much with him?

C: We take him everywhere, just everywhere. He goes to Spanish and speed-reading classes with me, although it's getting harder to have him there as he becomes more active. He went to Camp David and to my home in Hawkinsville. He has been in two helicopters, Air Force One and a commercial airplane. Where else have we been? Chip and I took him shopping; that was a lot of fun. Chip held the baby while I tried on clothes, and the salespeople really enjoyed having James there. Then I try to stroll him every day on the White House lawn, and Chip takes him to the West Wing all the time.

L: Does Chip help take care of James?

C: Chip's just great with him. He had practice taking care of Amy, and when we were in the hospital he was better with James than I was.

L: What do you think are the problems of bringing up a child in the White House?

C: I don't think there are many problems at his age. I would worry about the lack of playmates as he grew older—this isn't an average type of neighborhood.

L: Do you feel that James might be spoiled by having so many people around?

C: Again, at this age it's not a problem. I think small babies need a great deal of love and attention. James enjoys a crowd. Whenever he's fussy, I take him out to be around other people; he notices the difference and likes it. His eyes get really large and he looks all around; people are interesting to him. When he's older I'll have to be more concerned about the attention. He'll need discipline then, and I wouldn't want someone to slip him a cookie on the side, for example, if I didn't want him to have it. But I think the White House is a good place for a child. There are so many people here that care about him.

L: But do you miss having your own home and your own furnishings?

C: Chip and I have talked about that. Originally, we had planned to live in Plains after the campaign. But Jimmy wanted us to come here, and Chip is very happy with his work. His salary with the Democratic National Committee is only about $8,000 a year, so we couldn't afford to live anywhere else in Washington except the White House. We do have some of our own things in our rooms. I have my family's wicker rocking chair for the baby, and we have our own paintings on the walls.

L: Do you have a nursery?

C: The baby sleeps in a room next to ours. It used to be Susan Ford's sitting room. He has a small white crib, I think it was John-John Kennedy's. We also have a cradle from Allie Smith, Rosalynn's mother.

L: Have you received gifts from the public?

C: Well, yes. Some of the things we'll use for awhile, then they'll be donated to a children's hospital or to the Carter Library. These are all the handmade gifts; commercial things were all sent back.

L: What are the disadvantages of living in the White House?

C: Here's an example: One day James was kind of fussy so I decided to take him out for a walk. I dressed him up, carried him downstairs, opened the door and rolled into a mob of people. There were 900 students in the Rose Garden, waiting to meet Jimmy. And that's the disadvantage: your home isn't always your own.

L: What would you like to do in the Carter Administration?

C: I've represented Rosalynn on a few occasions. (Editor's note: two days after the photographs for this article were taken, Caron and Chip flew to London to represent the First Family at Queen Elizabeth's Silver Jubilee and later received Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips in Washington.) But I haven't found my place yet. I don't know whether I want to work on Rosalynn's mental health programs or with the elderly; I may want to find a place in the field of education. Right now the baby keeps me busy, and I'm swamped with mail. Until those duties level off, I won't be able to find my little slot.

L: My own prediction: Caron Carter will be an important part of the White House team, with many more assignments in the works—besides bringing up the White House baby. **End**

CARLA
(Two Years Old)

By Hannah Kahn

Her mornings are awakenings
She runs to catch the day.
Holds each moment in her grasp
Like bubbles caught in spray.

Her nights are misted with the sleep
She fights against until
Her cheek is nestled in her palm
And all the world is still.

Hamburger

continued from page 106

GROUND BEEF STROGANOFF
pictured on page 106

A quick entrée that makes fine fam fare.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
½ pound mushrooms, sliced
1 pound ground beef
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of celery soup, undiluted
½ teaspoon dill weed
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
Dash of cayenne pepper
1 cup sour cream
1 package (8 oz.) egg noodles, cooked a label directs

In 12-inch skillet, melt butter or m garine. Add onion and mushroon sauté for about 5 minutes, until tend Remove mixture with slotted spoon. S aside.

Add beef and cook until brown, st ring occasionally. Spoon off drippin discard. Return mushroom mixture skillet. Add soup and seasonings; simm for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. S in sour cream and cook until heat through. Serve immediately over cook noodles.

Makes 4 servings. About 780 calor per serving with noodles.

CHOP SUEY
pictured on page 106

No time to cook? This dish is ready 20 minutes.

Gravy
1 cup water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon salt
1 bouillon cube crushed, or envelop

Meat Mixture
1 pound ground beef
4 green onions, cut into 1½-inch piec
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 package (10 oz.) frozen Chinese vegetables (Cantonese-style), thawed
2 cups hot cooked rice, optional

Combine all ingredients for gravy. S aside.

In 12-inch skillet, brown meat, st ring occasionally. Add green onions a garlic to the browned meat and sau for 5 minutes.

Discard drippings. Add gravy mixtu to skillet and cook over high heat un gravy is thickened, quickly turning a coating all pieces evenly. Add veg tables.

Cook until heated through, stirri frequently. Serve immediately with ri if desired.

Makes 4 servings. About 450 calor per serving with rice.

(continued on page 1

Introducing Crazy Cow.®
Crazy?...like a fox!



8 VITAMINS AND IRON—IS THAT CRAZY?

New Crazy Cow means good, basic nutrition. Even without milk, it provides 25% of 8 important nutrients your children need every day. Milk adds Protein, Vitamin D, and Calcium. In all, that's pretty impressive for a cereal that's meant to be only part of a breakfast, along with juice, 2 slices of toast and a glass of milk.

Percentage of U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances (U.S. RDA)		
	1 ounce CRAZY COW	CRAZY COW + ½ cup Vitamin D milk
Protein	2	10
Vitamin A	25	30
Vitamin C	25	25
Thiamin	25	30
Riboflavin	25	35
Niacin	25	25
Calcium	*	15
Iron	25	25
Vitamin D	10	25
Vitamin B_6	25	30
Vitamin B_{12}	25	35
* Contains less than 2 percent of the U.S. RDA of this nutrient		

TWO FLAVORS KIDS ARE CRAZY ABOUT.

If you've got a finicky eater on your hands you know you can take nothing for anted. So Crazy Cow comes in vo delicious flavors, chocolate d strawberry. Your child is bound love one or the other. Or both.



IT DOES A CRAZY THING TO MILK—MAKES IT FUN!

All the good, nutritious foods in the world can't do your children any good if they don't eat them. That's probably why chocolate milk was invented —it makes good, nutritious milk taste the way your kids like it. And that's why Crazy Cow was invented. Add milk, and the delicious, crunchy, chocolate puffs make delicious, chocolate flavored milk right in the bowl. Kids love the taste, they love watching the milk turn chocolate, and they love eating it to the very last spoonful.

Crazy Cow.

a tasty, nutritious cereal your kids will eat without driving you crazy.

Like we said..."like a fox"!



Today's Bac*Os are better than ever. Even better than the leading canned bacon bits. If it's hard to imagine a taste better than bacon, pick up some Bac*Os and see how they pick up a salad. Or scrambled eggs. Or baked potatoes. Or wherever you want a bit of great flavor.

Flavor. That's our bi

Hamburger

continued

BURGER BAKED BEANS
pictured on page 106

Takes baked beans from the accompaniment category to a tasty main dish.

- 1 pound ground beef
- 4 slices bacon, cut into ½-inch pieces
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 2 cans (16 oz. each) pork and beans, drained
- 2 tablespoons bourbon
- 1 tablespoon pancake syrup
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons Dijon-style mustard
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 2 dashes bottled red pepper sauce
- Cooked bacon, for garnish (optional)

Preheat oven to 325°F. In medium skillet, cook beef until browned. Remove beef with slotted spoon to 1½-quart casserole; discard drippings. In same skillet, cook bacon until crisp; set aside. Discard all but 2 tablespoons of drippings. To skillet, add onions and sauté until tender, about 5 minutes. In casserole, combine onions and remaining ingredients with meat. Stir gently to mix well. Garnish with additional bacon. Cover and bake 45 minutes. Uncover and bake 15 minutes more. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 475 calories for each of 6 servings or 355 for each of 8.

STUFFED ZUCCHINI BOAT
pictured on page 106

A great way to use up those zucchini in your garden.

- 6 medium zucchini squash (about 7 inches long)
- Boiling salted water
- 1½ pounds ground beef
- ½ pound feta cheese, crumbled or diced (or, substitute Muenster cheese*)
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh mint (or 1 tablespoon dried)
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
- ½ teaspoon paprika

Grease two 13x9-inch baking dishes; set aside. Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut all zucchini in half lengthwise; cook in boiling salted water for about 5 minutes or until tender but firm. Drain and cool. With tip of spoon, scoop out pulp and seeds; chop. Reserve enough pulp to equal 1¼ cups. Set aside.

In large skillet over medium-high heat, cook beef until brown, stirring occasionally. Add zucchini pulp and cook 5 more minutes. Spoon off drippings. Remove from heat and stir in cheese, eggs, mint and pepper. Brush cut side of each squash with melted butter or margarine and place in the baking dishes. Spoon meat mixture into squash, sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered for 30 minutes or until squash is fork-tender. Makes 6 servings. About 4 calories per serving.

*If using Muenster cheese, add ½ t spoon salt to meat mixture.

KRAUT SKILLET DINNER
pictured on page 107

Give a German flavor to fall men

- 1 pound ground beef
- ¾ cup chopped onion
- 1 cup beer
- ½ cup apple cider
- 2 cups sauerkraut, rinsed and drained (about 16 oz.)
- 2 large cooking apples (cored but unpeeled), cubed
- 2 to 3 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon caraway seeds
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

In 12-inch skillet, add ground beef a onion; cook until meat is browned a onion is tender, stirring frequen Drain off drippings. Add remaining gredients. Heat to boiling; reduce h and simmer, uncovered, for 25 to minutes or until apples are tender a most liquid has evaporated. 4 servin about 350 calories each. *(continu*





How to translate Minute® BRAND Rice into Chinese style fried rice in just ten minutes.

Now you can make Chinese style
ed rice in less time than it takes to cook
linary rice.

All it takes is foolproof Minute® Rice,
ew everyday ingredients, and a simple-
prepare recipe.

It's easy to add an
ernational flavor to
night's dinner, when
u start with no-boil
nute® Rice.



Chinese Style Fried Rice

1⅓ cups water	1 egg, beaten
1⅓ cups Minute® Rice	⅓ cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons butter or margarine	2-3 tablespoons soy sauce

Bring 1 cup of the water to a boil in a saucepan. Stir in rice. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile cook egg in butter in a 10-inch skillet until set. Add onion and the rice, and cook and stir over medium heat until rice and onion are lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Combine remaining water and the soy sauce; stir into rice. Makes about 3 cups or 4 servings.

Perfect for perking up an everyday dinner—like chicken (barbecued or not), pork chops, or even hamburger.

Minute® Rice translates perfectly into any language.

GF GENERAL FOODS

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Hunt's Prima Salsa®
"It's thicker and zestier than Ragú."



Ferruccio Pradella
45 Spring Street
New York City

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Little Italy's Mr. Ferruccio Pradella tell us, "Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu® Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.

UNRETOUCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



RAGU—See how the regular Ragu Spaghetti Sauce begins to come through the strainer in a matter of a few seconds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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Available in Three Flavors: Regular, With Mushrooms, and Meat Flavored.

Hamburger

continued

BEEF-MUSHROOM QUICHE
pictured on page 107

A hearty variation on the traditional Quiche Lorraine.

1 unbaked (9 inch) pie shell
½ pound ground beef
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
½ cup milk
2 eggs, lightly beaten
2 tablespoons chopped chives
¼ teaspoon salt
Pinch white pepper
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
1 can (4 oz.) mushroom pieces, drained
¾ cup (3 oz.) shredded Swiss cheese

Preheat oven to 450°F. Prick bottom and sides of pie shell with fork. Bake 12 to 15 minutes. Remove from oven. Reduce oven temperature to 350°F.

In small skillet, cook ground beef until browned, stirring frequently. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside.

In medium bowl, mix mushroom soup, milk, eggs, spices and bottled red pepper sauce. Add ground beef, mushrooms and cheese. Pour into partially baked pie shell. Cover edges of pie shell with foil. Bake for 60 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. 6 servings, about 370 calories each.

DRUMSTICKS
pictured on page 107

Bound to become a favorite with the youngsters.

1 pound lean ground beef
¾ cup chili sauce
¼ cup dried bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish, drained
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

In medium bowl, combine ground beef, ½ cup chili sauce, bread crumbs, egg, salt, horseradish and mustard until well mixed. Preheat broiler. Divide meat mixture into 8 equal parts. Shape each piece into 4x1½-inch cylinder. Insert a 5-inch wooden skewer lengthwise into each. Place on broiler pan. Brush with some remaining chili sauce. Broil 4 inches from heat for 4 minutes. Turn, brush with remaining chili sauce. Broil 4 more minutes or until done. Makes 8 drumsticks. About 155 calories each.

CHEESY BEEF ROLLS
pictured on page 108

This is one of those great old standbys that—along with a green salad—can easily become the family's favorite last-minute meal.

1½ pounds lean ground beef
1 egg
1 small can (5.33 oz.) evaporated milk (⅔ cup)
½ cup dry bread crumbs
½ cup catsup
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese (8 oz.)
3 brown-and-serve (5 oz. each) French rolls (6-inches long)

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large bo
mix first 9 ingredients (5 cups mixtu
Split rolls in half lengthwise. Spread
sides of each half with heaping ¾
meat mixture. Place on foil-lined bak
sheet. Bake for 35 minutes. Make
servings. About 630 calories each.

EMPANADAS (Ground Beef Turnover
pictured on page 108

*Make smaller ones for appetizers. Th
make great picnic fare.*

Filling
1 pound ground beef
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
½ cup dark, seedless raisins
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons rum (may substitute 3 tablespoons water)
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
½ cup slivered almonds

Pastry
4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups shortening
12 tablespoons cold water (¾ cup)
1 egg, beaten

(continu



Kathy knows it's Duncan Hines layer cake mix that makes her pound cakes so moist and delicious. So cut out her recipe and make it "yours."

Try other pound cake recipes on Duncan Hines Yellow and Strawberry layer cake mix packages.

Hamburger

continued

For filling: In 10-inch skillet, cook ground beef until browned, stirring frequently. Discard drippings. Add next 9 ingredients. Simmer uncovered about 10 to 15 minutes until most liquid has evaporated, stirring occasionally. Stir in almonds. Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Preheat oven to 350°F.

To make pastry: Combine flour and salt in large bowl. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle in cold water and mix quickly and lightly with fork. With hands, shape dough into a ball; divide in half. Roll half the dough between 2 sheets of waxed paper to 21x11-inch. Peel off top layer of waxed paper. Cut eight 5-inch dough circles. (Use 5-inch plate as guide.)

Place on ungreased baking sheets. Spoon 3 tablespoons meat mixture into the center of each circle. Moisten edges with water. Fold pastry in half and press edges firmly to seal. Crimp edges, if desired, or press edges with tines of fork. Prick tops with fork. Brush with beaten egg. Repeat with remaining pastry. Bake for about 35 minutes or until pastry is golden. Serve warm or at room temperature. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cool; wrap securely and freeze. Thaw, wrapped, at room temperature for about 2 to 3 hours to serve cold. Or, heat frozen in preheated 350°F oven for 15 to 20 minutes or until hot.)* Makes 16 empanadas. About 380 calories each.

KITCHEN SINK OMELET
pictured on page 108

Easy on the budget and on the cook. Terrific for brunch or a late, light supper.

½ pound ground beef
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
6 eggs, beaten
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon basil, crushed
Dash pepper
1 medium tomato, diced
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese

In 8-inch ovenproof skillet, cook beef, green pepper and onion until beef is browned. Remove meat mixture with slotted spoon; discard drippings and wipe out skillet.

Meanwhile, in medium bowl, beat eggs, salt, basil and pepper. Add meat mixture and tomato to egg mixture. In same skillet over medium heat, melt butter. Add meat-egg mixture to pan. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until eggs are moist on top and almost set. Remove from heat. Sprinkle cheese evenly over mixture and place under broiler. Broil until cheese is melted, about 2 to 3 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings. About 340 calories per serving.

SWEDISH MEATBALLS IN HORSERADISH SAUCE
pictured on page 109

A nice variation on the usual meatball cliché.

Meatballs
1 pound ground beef
½ cup dry bread crumbs
1 egg
1 teaspoon onion powder
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon water
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons salad oil
Sauce
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons dry mustard
2 cups milk
2 to 3 tablespoons prepared horseradish
1 teaspoon salt

For meatballs: In medium bowl, mix first 8 ingredients and form into 1-inch balls. In 10-inch skillet, heat oil. Add half of the meatballs and brown over medium heat, shaking pan frequently to cook all sides. Remove meatballs with slotted spoon and set aside. Continue browning remaining meatballs. Wipe out skillet.

For sauce: Melt butter or margarine in skillet. Add flour and dry mustard and cook until smooth and bubbly, stirring frequently. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thick and bubbly. Stir in horseradish and salt.

Add meatballs and simmer uncovered for 20 minutes. Makes 4 main dish servings (about 490 calories each) or 12 appetizers (about 160 calories each).

MOUSSAKA
pictured on page 109

This ground beef version of the classic Greek favorite takes some time to prepare, but the result is worth the effort.

1 medium eggplant (about 1½ lb.), peeled, sliced ½-inch thick
6 cups boiling water with 1 teaspoon salt
Meat Sauce
1 pound ground beef
½ cup chopped onion
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 can (16 oz.) whole tomatoes
½ cup chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ teaspoon pepper
Cream Sauce
3 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup flour
2 cups milk
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Grease 8-inch square baking pan, aside. Cook eggplant slices in boi salted water, covered, until ten about 5 minutes. Drain well.

In large skillet, cook ground b over medium heat, until brown, stir occasionally. Add onion and garlic, c 2 minutes at medium heat. Drain drippings. Add remaining sauce in dients. Cook uncovered, stirring o sionally, for about 15 to 20 minute until liquid evaporates.

Meanwhile, prepare Cream Sauce small bowl, beat eggs and salt; set as In medium saucepan, melt butter margarine over low heat. Add flour cook, stirring, until smooth and bub Gradually stir in milk and cook, stir constantly, until thick and smo Gradually stir about ⅓ of hot sauce eggs, then pour egg mixture all at o into hot sauce, stirring constantly keep from lumping. Cook about 1 m ute. Remove from heat and stir in ¾ cheese until smooth and melted.

To assemble: Preheat oven to 350 Remove Meat Sauce from heat and in ¾ cup Cream Sauce until well mi Arrange half the eggplant slices in b ing pan. Spread meat mixture eve over eggplant. Top with *(continu*



"I watched it like you asked, Daddy . . . you didn't say to do anything!"

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"I like Good Seasons Italian better than my brand. And I'm going to switch."

Meredith Cima

Pacifica, California

Mrs. Cima was loyal to the leading bottled Italian
ssing before she took the Good Seasons® taste test.
thought she'd never switch.

What changed her mind? Good Seasons'
ian taste. It's a *homemade* taste...a
cious blend of herbs and spices that just
e *better* than the leading bottled Italian
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nd that *most* people who taste both, prefer
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Why don't you do your own taste test? Try
od Seasons® Italian Dressing Mix. We'll bet
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GENERAL FOODS



THE SHORT STOP SNACK



When the game's called on account of hunger, it's time for Mom to break out the Dole bananas. Every young ballplayer we know loves their fresh, natural sweetness and creamy texture. Bananas add vitamins and minerals to a child's diet too...

without adding a lot of calories. A medium-size Dole banana contain only about 101 calories. Have a b ready when the team heads hon And get a big bunch of smiles in return.

The Dole Banana
As a snack, it's a natura

Hamburger

continued

ining eggplant. Pour on remaining
m Sauce. Sprinkle on remaining
se. Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes
ntil heated through. Remove from
and let stand for 10 minutes be-
serving. Makes 6 servings. About
calories per serving.

BEEFED-UP SOUP
pictured on page 109

was one of our favorite hamburger
es. Freezes beautifully.

und ground beef
p diced onions
rlic clove, crushed
h (16 oz.) whole tomatoes, undrained
ps water
p dry red wine
ckage (10 oz.) frozen whole kernel
rn
p diced carrots
ef bouillon cube
easpoons salt
aspoon thyme
r leaf
lespoons butter or margarine
lespoons flour
ip milk

Dutch oven or saucepot, brown
nd beef, stirring occasionally. Add
ns and garlic; sauté for 5 min-
Discard drippings. To beef mix-
add tomatoes, water, wine, corn,
ts, bouillon, salt, thyme and bay
Heat to boiling, cover and simmer
5 minutes, stirring occasionally and
king up tomatoes. Skim off fat. In
saucepan, melt butter or margar-
stir in flour until smooth. Gradually
milk, stirring constantly, cook until
re thickens and bubbles. Stir into
and continue cooking for 5 more
tes. Serve hot. Makes 8½ cups.
t 220 calories per cup.

STEAK DIANE
pictured on page 109

says hamburger can't be esoteric?
e company entrée.

lespoons butter or margarine
p finely chopped shallots
nd lean ground beef
aspoon salt
spoon Worcestershire sauce
aspoon pepper
p brandy
lespoon chopped parsley
lespoon water

0-inch skillet, melt 1 tablespoon
r or margarine and cook shallots
tender but not brown. Reserve 1
spoon shallots for sauce; set aside.
medium bowl, combine remaining
ts with beef, salt, Worcestershire
pepper; mix well. Divide meat mix-
into 4 equal pieces; shape into oval
es. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in
t over medium-high heat. Add
and brown 3 to 4 minutes on each
for rare, and 4 to 5 minutes on each
side for medium, turning once. With slotted spatula, remove meat to serving dish. Discard drippings in skillet, but leave brown bits. Add brandy, parsley, water and reserved shallots to skillet. Cook sauce, scraping up brown bits. Boil for 1 minute, stirring. Add remaining 2 tablespoons butter and stir until melted. Pour sauce over patties. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings. About 370 calories per serving.

VEGGIE-MEAT CUPS
pictured on page 109

A cute little meal-in-one. The youngsters will love it.

1 pound ground beef
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup chopped green onions
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons bottled steak sauce
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon salt
1 can (11 oz.) condensed Cheddar cheese soup, undiluted
1 package (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables
¼ cup sour cream
3 cups hot, mashed potatoes (can use instant)

Preheat oven to 375°F. Combine first 7 ingredients in medium bowl and mix well. Divide meat mixture into 6 equal pieces and place each into a greased 6-oz. glass custard cup. Pat meat mixture against bottom and sides of cup. Place custard cups on a jelly-roll pan; bake for 15 to 20 minutes. Pour off drippings.

Meanwhile, in saucepan, heat undiluted soup and frozen *(continued)*





Hamburger

continued

vegetables until heated through, about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in sour cream; keep warm.

To serve, remove meat cups from custard cups. Spoon ½ cup potatoes into each meat cup. Top with vegetable mix. 6 servings, about 360 calories each.

SHEPHERD'S PIE
pictured on page 110

Convenience foods—canned gravy, frozen vegetables and instant mashed potatoes—combine with ground beef to make a hearty, nutritious entrée.

1½ pounds ground beef
1 can (10½ oz.) brown gravy with onions
1½ tablespoons bottled steak sauce
1 teaspoon marjoram, crushed
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen peas and carrots, thawed
3 cups mashed potatoes (can use instant)

Preheat oven to 350°F. In 12-inch skillet, cook ground beef until browned, stirring frequently. Discard drippings. Stir in next 5 ingredients. Heat to boiling; simmer uncovered for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add vegetables to skillet and cook 2 more minutes. Spoon into 2½-quart casserole. Spread mashed potatoes evenly on top. Bake 30 minutes or until top is set. Makes 6 servings; about 365 calories each.

HAWAIIAN STUFFED PEPPERS
pictured on page 110

Pineapple and a pungent sweet-so sauce lend character to this recipe.

8 small green peppers, tops cut off, seed and membrane removed
Sweet-Sour Sauce
1 can (8 oz.) crushed pineapple in ow juice
½ cup catsup
⅓ cup water
¼ cup white distilled vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Filling
1 pound ground beef
½ cup dry bread crumbs
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup chopped water chestnuts
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon salt

To cook peppers, place in boiling wa for 5 minutes. Invert peppers to dra well.

For Sweet-Sour Sauce: Preheat oven 350°F. Drain juice from pineapple; serve pineapple for filling and juice sauce. In small saucepan combine c sup, water, vinegar, sugar and musta Cook until bubbly. In small bowl, co bine 1 tablespoon cornstarch with served pineapple juice until smoo Add to catsup mixture and cook ur sauce is thickened; set aside.

For Filling: In medium bowl, combi ground beef, bread crumbs, onion, wa chestnuts, egg, salt, crushed pineapp and ½ cup Sweet-Sour Sauce until w mixed. Fill each pepper with scant cup filling. Place into 13x9-inch baki dish. Spoon 1 tablespoon of sauce ov each pepper. Bake uncovered for minutes. Spoon remaining sauce ov peppers and bake 5 more minut 8 servings, about 230 calories each.

STEAK TARTARE
pictured on page 110

Nobody's ambivalent about steak t tare. Our test kitchen's divided sma down the middle on the subject, l those of us who are aficionados thi this one's great.

1 pound sirloin steak, freshly ground, twice
1 egg yolk
3 anchovy fillets, minced
3 tablespoons minced onion
1 tablespoon bottled steak sauce
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon capers, drained
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 dashes bottled red pepper sauce

The key to successful steak tartare selecting high-quality beef and havi it freshly ground. Do not use pre-pac aged ground beef for this recipe.

In medium bowl, combine all ingre ents and stir just until well mixed. Cov and refrigerate until ready to ser Serve with party rye or pumpernicl bread. Makes 4 main-dish servings about 240 calories each or 12 appetiz at about 80 calories each. *(continue*

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Hamburger

continued

SLOPPY JOES
pictured on page 110

A favorite with almost every kid we know.

1 pound ground beef
1 cup chopped onions
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed tomato soup, undiluted
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon oregano
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
1 cup chopped tomato, optional
6 hamburger rolls

In 10-inch skillet, cook beef until brown. Add onions and sauté for about 5 minutes.

Spoon off drippings; discard. Add next 6 ingredients. Cover, heat to boiling over medium heat. Reduce heat and simmer for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in tomato, if desired. To serve, spoon mixture onto hamburger rolls.

Makes 6 servings. About 195 calories per serving.

SPAGHETTI RING WITH MEATBALLS
pictured on page 111

Who ever thought spaghetti and meatballs could be so fancy?

1 pound ground beef
1 cup fresh bread crumbs (2 slices)
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup chopped onion
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon oregano, crushed
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 jar (32 oz.) meatless spaghetti sauce
8 ounces spaghetti
Parmesan cheese, optional

Grease 4-cup ring mold; set aside. In medium bowl, combine first 9 ingredients until well mixed. Form mixture into 24 meatballs.

In 10-inch skillet, heat oil. Add meatballs; shake pan frequently to brown on all sides. Discard drippings. Add spaghetti sauce; cover and simmer 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, cook spaghetti as package label directs. Drain spaghetti and immediately spoon into prepared mold. With back of spoon, gently press spaghetti into mold. Invert onto serving platter and remove mold immediately; keep warm.

Spoon meatballs and some sauce into center of mold.

To serve, cut spaghetti ring into wedges. Pass any remaining sauce to use over spaghetti and meatballs. Makes 6 servings. About 515 calories for each serving.

ENCHILADA CASSEROLE
pictured on page 111

If you're into Mexican food, this is addictive.

1½ pounds ground beef
1 cup chopped onion
1½ teaspoons ground cumin
2 garlic cloves, crushed
4 teaspoons chili powder
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup water
2 cups (four 4-oz. cans) taco sauce
12 corn tortillas (fresh, frozen or canned)
1 pound Monterey Jack cheese, shredded
1 cup sour cream

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 13x9-inch baking dish; set aside.

In 12-inch skillet, cook ground beef and onion over medium-high heat until meat is brown, stirring occasionally. Discard drippings. Add next 6 ingredients. Simmer 10 minutes, uncovered, stirring occasionally, or until most of liquid has evaporated.

Meanwhile, pour ½ cup taco sauce into prepared casserole. Arrange half the tortillas (if using frozen tortillas, thaw according to package directions) to cover bottom of casserole. Pour ½ cup additional taco sauce evenly over tortillas. Spoon in beef mixture, top with sour cream and sprinkle on half the cheese. Arrange remaining tortillas, overlapping slightly on cheese. Spread remaining taco sauce over tortillas. Top with remaining cheese. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover with foil and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Cover with foil and bake 40 minutes. Remove foil and continue baking 5 more minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 515 calories for each of 8 servings, 410 calories for each of 10 servings.

CRUSTY MEATLOAF
pictured on page 111

No mundane meatloaf this.

1½ pounds ground beef
1 egg
¼ cup catsup
¼ cup fresh bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
1 tablespoon onion powder
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 hard-cooked eggs, shelled
1 cup (4 oz.) grated Cheddar cheese
1 package (10 or 11 oz.) pie crust mix for 2-crust pie
1 egg, beaten (optional)

Preheat oven to 400°F. In large bowl, mix first 8 ingredients. Pat half of meat mixture evenly into 8½x4½-inch loaf pan. Place the hard-cooked eggs down center. Cover with remaining meat and pat firmly. Bake 30 minutes. Remove from pan; cool. Reduce oven to 375°F.

Meanwhile, stir grated cheese into pie crust mix. Add water as directed on label. Form pastry into a ball. Pat slightly and roll out with rolling pin between 2 sheets of waxed paper into a 13x12-inch rectangle. Peel off top sheet of waxed paper. Place meatloaf, lengthwise, on one 12-inch side of pastry. Wrap crust up and over meatloaf and peel off waxed paper. Pinch seams to seal and tuck seam under meatloaf, moistening with water if necessary. Fold each end under; trim if needed, moisten with water to seal. Cut designs from scraps; moisten and press onto crust. Cut vents in top. Brush with egg, if desired. Place on cookie sheet. Bake at 375°F for 35 minutes or until crust is brown. Serve hot or cool to room temperature and refrigerate to serve cold. Makes 12 (¾-inch) slices; 335 calories each. **End**



"Miss Ryerson, I'm about to read the Hoffermann will. Would you pipe in an organ interlude, please?"

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Hunt's Spaghetti Already

1 pound lean ground beef
2 cans (15 ounces each) Hunt's Tomato Herb Sauce
¼ pound mushrooms, sliced
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
12 ounces spaghetti, cooked and drained
Parmesan cheese

In large skillet, lightly brown meat. Add Tomato Herb Sauce, mushrooms, salt and pepper. Bring to boil; simmer 5 minutes. Turn hot spaghetti onto serving platter. Pour sauce on top. Sprinkle with cheese.

Makes 6 servings.

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Gray Flannel Room

continued from page 80

with line toward you. Brush glue on vase from bottom to top, along the lower edge of the line. Place one end of the flannel against this line, letting ½" extend beyond the top and bottom edges. Smooth flannel down against the vase. Fold flannel back and apply glue to next section of vase, again smooth flannel over it. Continue this way until all but two inches of flannel has been glued to the vase. Turn vase, fold the flannel back on itself. Apply glue to ½" of flannel along end, fold under like a hem. Apply glue to the underside of this edge and to the dry area of vase, press flannel down. The end will overlap the beginning slightly; press it down firmly. When glue has dried, use a new and sharp single-edge razor blade to trim flannel even with top and bottom edges of the vase. Use white stick-on tape to decorate, as with a white collar, or white grosgrain to band the vase and tie in a flat bow resembling a bow tie.

PICTURE OR MIRROR FRAME

Remove glass or mirror from frame. Place frame face down on the wrong side of a length of flannel. Cut material, allowing enough flannel around outer edges of frame to cover its thickness and to turn over onto the back. Outline frame with chalk. Lift frame, brush glue on its face and replace it on the flannel within the chalk outline. Lift frame and flannel, smooth flannel over face of the frame. Apply glue evenly to one long side of frame, smooth flannel over that side. Trim flannel to ½" at each end of this side, glue over the corner to the adjoining end of the short sides. Glue flannel over back edge of frame. Do opposite long side in same way. Then spread glue on a short side right out to the ends, over flannel that overlaps and covers corners. Press the flannel allowance down over that side making sure that it adheres at the ends. Spread glue on back edge of the frame and turn flannel over that edge. Do opposite short side the same way. Flannel will overlap at both ends of these two sides; allow glue to dry before trimming fabric even with edge of frame with a sharp, single-edge razor blade.

Measure the thickness of the inside edges of the frame, and add ½" to pull over and glue to back of frame. Measure this distance from the inside edges of frame; draw chalk lines on the flannel. Cut out along chalk lines carefully; this smaller piece of flannel can be used to cover another small frame. Cut flannel diagonally into corner of frame. Brush sides of frame with glue and smooth flannel over each side. Brush inside edges of frame back with glue and turn allowance over edge and press down. Allow glue to dry. Replace mirror or glass. NOTE: If the frame you are covering has curved corners, make sure that the frame is placed with the grain of the fabric, so that fabric at the corners will be on the bias and can be pulled smooth over the curved face of the frame and glued to back of the frame. To have a nice flat ish at the back, slash fabric, then g down. It may be necessary to cut out wed shaped sections so the glued-down fab doesn't become too bulky. This is on back of the frame only.

PILLOW COVERS

Cut flannel pillow covers to fit pillo you already own. You'll need a front, b and welting to go around all four sides o knife-edged pillow. For pillows with b ing, you'll need welting to go around pillow twice, plus a strip of fabric for boxing. Cut appliques from shirttails of shirts and from silk ties no longer be used. Cut patterns for appliques from t sandpaper, then place on the fabric and out the applique allowing ¼" all arou Sandpaper doesn't allow the fabric to s so before removing it to cut another app que, press the seam allowance up over sandpaper pattern with a warm iron a the edges of your applique are neatly turn under. Arrange the applique design a stitch in place before making the pill cover. For knife-edged pillows, follow directions for making seat pads. For pillo with a boxing, baste the welting to pillow sides, then stitch ends of boxing gether, pin it to one side of the pillow, th stitch by machine all around that side. I boxing to the other pillow side, but n chine stitch only part of the way arou leaving an opening so you can turn pillow cover right side out and insert pillow. Slip stitch opening closed. E



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HOPE

continued from page 97

always touching things, touching this, touching that, and now of course you want to use me."

When we left his place we found we didn't have carfare and so we walked the 28 blocks back downtown to our loft. We were both mighty gloomy and I found myself thinking—I mean really *thinking*—about that leaping woman and her 5,000 silver dollars—plus the motorboat.

But it was *you* who said: "What would you do if you won thousands of dollars?"

I thought for a moment. "I'd stop worrying. I'd get the electricity turned back on. I'd get a telephone so we could order out for pizza whenever we wanted. What would you do?"

You shrugged. Money meant nothing to you. All you wanted was to write your long poem by candlelight. "I'd give it to you," you said.

Love!

I suppose you'd always sensed the little worm of ambition that turned daily within me and you probably knew how it galled me to be so poor. The poverty was bad but what was worse was its permanence—you know, what they call "relentless poverty." Perhaps I'd always secretly believed that my life would somehow improve with money. God knows I had integrity to burn. Now I wanted some custom-made shoes.

The next day I went to where Crazy Gates was videotaped and I saw a woman from East Orange win $7,000 and free medical care for a year. (The participating doctor was standing behind Gate 2.) After the show, those of us in the audience who wanted to be contestants filled out applications. I was called for an interview a week later. This was in the producer's office. Her name was Sandra Donaldson: aviator glasses and the smile the size of a taco. "I love your beard," she told me. "Don't change that." She turned to her assistant and asked, "Do we have any you-know-whats scheduled for the upcoming twenty segments?"

He shook his head.

Then Sandra Donaldson turned back to me and asked, "What do you do, Jim?" I told her I was a thinker, a philosopher. "Oh, really? How nice. That sounds like an awfully lot of fun." Then she tilted back in her chair and closed her eyes. "Talk," she said. "I want to hear your voice. I want to hear a voice that'll bring me running from the kitchen."

I was *good* at *Crazy Gates*, so good that if they hadn't had a five-show limit I might still be playing to this very day. Oh, yes, the game was fun and the prizes well it wasn't the show's fault that I wo the wrong things. My most serious quib ble is technological: my entire week reign actually took place in one day, wit only an hour between each taping. No only was this exhausting, but it meant had no time to savor my triumphs and worse, it meant that the insane, buoyan expectations the game allowed me a had to be compressed into one hot day In one day I met and vanquished 30 op ponents. Some of them (they told m this to rattle me) had done handsomel on other shows: they'd appeared on *S You Want To Be Rich or Charge It Honey*, and that high school principa with the patched eye who I trounced s handily had just the week before won trip to Manila on *Diving for Dollars*.

Do you know what I liked? I like lunging for the purple cord to ring i when I knew the answer. And I liked i when I had accumulated enough answe points to earn a Gate. And I don't believe I shall ever forget the way Eddie Bernal the master of ceremonies, walked m across the orange shag rug to the seve mysterious gates and how I could tell by the pace of his breathing and th shine in his eyes, that Eddie really an truly wanted me to find something tha would knock me out with happiness When I opened that gate—Gate 5, I'll no



bn forget it—and found only an enor- us bag of cheese-flavored popcorn. only did the studio audience groan h disappointment but Eddie groaned, , and *his* groan was real.

loved the questions. The former or who went on to become governor California and then—I lunge for the ple cord. Yes, Jim? That would be agan, Eddie, Ronald Reagan. That's ht, Jim. Bing-a-ding. An amphibian h four letters in its—Yes, Jim? That uld be a frog, Eddie. Bing-a-ding. nething that is built into walls so we see out of—Yes, Jim? Windows, die. Bing-a-ding. And then this most morable exchange: Who was it—Yes, ? That would be Patrick Henry, die. That's *right*, Jim!

And so, at the end of each game, hav- won two, three and once, even four zy Gates' keys, Eddie led me to the es themselves and I prayed to find he gargantuan cashier's check or a eelbarrow filled with fifties, and not, *ase*, another thing you plugged into wall.

You said you were proud of me for ning but you got a little bitter when prizes started rolling in. The problem an when you cut your leg against the : without electricity we had no light r sundown, of course. We'd long be- e memorized where our things stood r *real* things—and so we knew how to move around at night without wasting candles or matches. But now our solitude was crammed with scores of alien things. You smacked right into the TV and when you danced around in pain you banged into the pool table and narrowly escaped being clobbered by the wood paneling that toppled in all the excitement.

I was more reluctant to get rid of the things than you were. Maybe because I'd won them. Or maybe it was because I *am* a prisoner of the senses and I rather liked, for example, that home sauna, or the idea of it anyhow, since we had no way of setting it up. And that little aqua convertible parked in front—I really did have to bite my lip when the cops finally hauled it away. But the clutter! The terrible, dangerous clutter of hard, inanimate things. When we made love we suffered from the sense of all those prizes watching us, on their haunches.

And we were still so poor. I'd won a little cash on the show but it was gone in less than a day. Still no lights, still no phone, you were down to your last bottle of dark-red ink. There was no choice: we'd have to sell everything.

With your brother's help we estimated the full price of everything I'd won to be $7,000, not counting the encyclopedia, which was now a broken set, nor the bumper pool table, which your brother insisted he deserved because we'd first seen *Crazy Gates* at his home. If we could get the car back from the cops, our total would be around $10,000.

But you don't get anywhere near the full price for anything, even if it hasn't been uncrated. No point recounting the miserable days during which I made the rounds: the warehouses, the out-of-the-way appliance stores. A great many weren't interested in buying anything and those who were willing to "take a chance," as they phrased it, offered me a mere fraction of what the prizes were worth. After days of haggling, bluffing, slapping my forehead and renting a truck and two men to deliver the stuff, I ended up with $2,100 in my pocket.

I tried to be happy. I sat on our mattress and threw the bills in the air and said, "Money!" Yet my mood was not a good one. You watched me with some concern. I gazed out the window. I paced. I counted the money. I was suffocating in the dead center of my own life.

I needed hope. I'd had it for those few hours on *Crazy Gates*. Then, no matter how grotesquely, my life had been alive with the spirit of the incalculable. But now, once again, my life was utterly estimatable. I began by buying lottery tickets. I checked the mailbox for chain letters. Oh, you tried to snap me out of it but I'd lost my old resiliency.

It was during this miserable time of my life that you had your *(continued)*

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You showed me the afternoon paper. "Six Horses to Ra Around World."

"They're probably not even out of New York City yet you said.

"No," I said, sitting myself gently on the floor, "I don suppose they are."

"It's going to take at least a year," you said.

"At least," I said, looking up at you.

After dinner, I walked to Chinatown to get the bulldo edition of *The Times*. I turned to the sports section. The s horses had raced through the Holland Tunnel and then, sic from the fumes, had to rest around Jersey City. When th paper had gone to press they were just past Newark and Swe Fella was in the lead. I went home and did some thinking.

As the race continued, word of it dropped out of the Ne York papers. I tacked a map to our wall and tried to estima where the horses were on a daily basis. I went regularly Times Square and bought a newspaper from the part of th country the horses were passing through. Swell Fella held th lead all through Pennsylvania and then I lost track of the ra for a while. There was word of the race in the Columbu Ohio papers—Swell Fella was neck and neck with Cu o' Sugar. In Terre Haute the jockeys took a ten-day brea where they and the horses could rest up. This seemed pr foundly irregular to me, but I guessed they'd start the ra again at staggered intervals, so the original advantages coul be maintained.

I called the Racing Commission and asked the question was reluctant to put to you: What was going to happen whe the horses reached California? They told me a tunnel ha been built and the race could proceed to Japan with no dif culty. I asked if there would be progress reports while th horses were beneath the Pacific, and they said they seriousl doubted it. Would the horses be allowed into China? It wa being negotiated, they told me. *(continue*

HOPE

continued

strange, brilliant idea. We had $500 left. You came to me one day and asked if I'd like to turn that $500 into $15,000.

"I would," I said. "I'd like that very much."

"It involves a risk," you said.

"That's all right," I said.

"Do you like to bet?"

"Yes."

"Listen to me, Jim. This afternoon there's a horse race. A horse named Swell Fella is running in it and he's a beauty. Do you know how much I love horses?"

"No," I said.

"A lot. *And* I've got a tip."

"You want me to bet some of the remaining money on Swell Fella?"

"All of it. This little bit of money isn't doing any good. Maybe we'll get lucky."

I thought for a moment. "Okay. Why not?"

You smiled and put your hand against my cheek. "That's the spirit."

You came back in 20 minutes with an Off-Track Betting stub with Swell Fella's number on it, number four.

"What's this race called?" I asked, pressing the stub into my palm.

"The Universal."

"Sounds good. When do we find out if we've won."

"I'm not sure, Jimmy."

"Oh."

"It's a very long race," you said.

"How long could a race be?"

"Well, darling," you said, "it's around the world."

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e fashions that fit you tly—the fabulous fash- that make you say at's me!"—now give you rfect fit, too.

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in McCall's Catalog

Fisher-Price knows that toddlers have very short legs and a very big urge to go places.



So we designed three sturdy riding toys to take them there.

They are all perfectly balanced not to tip, because at first just getting on and off is a project. The next challenge is to get the legs going in the right direction. (Most beginners start by going backwards.)

But soon, they not only go forward, they learn to steer, u-turn and stop on a dime.

There's storage space in all three toys and room for imagination, too. Our Riding Horse whinnies when you pull on the reins and his wheels go clippety-clop. Our Creative Coaster brings along its own plastic blocks or other gear. And our Explorer makes a terrific revving-up sound.

Of course our riding toys are almost indestructible. Because they're going to ride fast and hard and long. They're going to ride like the wind.





HOPE

continued

As you anticipated, I couldn't sustain ny avid interest in the race. The red line used to chart the horses' progress on he map had large gaps in it. There was nothing, for instance, between Kansas City and Wichita. I was operating on ogic and intuition. For weeks at a time had no idea who was in the lead. What lifference would it have made? There vere continents to cross, oceans. The ead would surely change a thousand imes.

Two years passed. I continued to work or your brother, washing dishes. You ublished your book of poems and read o me at night. We had a child: Alice.

My thinking went well, very well. I hought of how the ordinarily stoic ma-le responds to the faintest hint of pring. I thought of how a man lost at ea avoids madness by folding a little loquent note into an empty bottle and lropping it into the current. I thought f my own orgiastic sense of buoyancy luring my brief turn on *Crazy Gates*, the eeling of spaciousness that even the ap-liances could not circumscribe. I hought of dogs waiting for dead masters nd heartsick husbands grabbing for the hone. I thought of hope as a kind of ove and then of love as a kind of hope nd finally of love and hope as moral irst cousins. You presented me with a piral notebook and a Hungarian foun-ain pen and suggested I keep a journal. submitted an outline of my thoughts to foundation and they awarded me a mall grant to think about "The Ameri-an Electronic Giveaway as Medium for Change and Control." It was not exactly vhat I wanted to think about but I took he dough.

We used the money to go to Japan, vhere we'd both always longed to travel. Ve saw the sights. Alice learned Japa-ese, and so quickly too. We stayed for hree days in a Zen monastery in Kyoto nd then we stayed in a beautiful hotel in okyo and ate like emperors. Finally, ur money ran out; it was time to leave.

As we checked out of *(continued)*

TRANSLATION

By Don Manker

Magic is no longer in repute;
orcery is strictly for the birds;
No one speaks in tongues.
Oh how am I
ver to put April into words . . .
ranslate the semaphores of light, the
mute,
esistless grapevine to the green,
he endless cry, the answer to the cry—
words that mean?

Journal Shopping Center

DECORATING: THE GRAY FLANNEL ROOM

PAGE 98: Covered dish, tea plates, cups and saucers in "Asian Rose" on Duesbury shape by Royal Crown Derby. "Patrician" flatware in Community Silver (silverplate); coffee service (pot, sugar bowl, creamer and tray), candlesticks, porringer and Revere bowls in Heirloom Pewter from the Hudson Valley Collection, all by Oneida Ltd. "Verve" napkins with hemstitched borders, 17" x 17", in peach and apricot, by Vera.

PAGE 100: "Savoy" sofa and armchair, upholstered in Kodel polyester flannel, and "Porto Bello" butler's tray, lamp table and coffee table in bleached maple, are from the Donghia/Kroehler Collection by Kroehler Manufacturing Co. Stretched on the walls, "Hickory," color 893, a 54" wide windowpane velvet with all cotton face by Collins & Aikman. Covering the folding screens, "Baroque Magna," 45" wide handscreened cotton from China Seas®. On the floor, "El Camino" luxury cushioned vinyl, #4137, by Congoleum. Floor lamp, #1033/114, chrome and brass, and table lamp, #1062/128, steel and brass ginger jar, both with suede textured shades, by Joe Head, Inc.*. Chest, Venetian mirror, Chinese vase, sconces, wood figure and lacquer boxes, are all antique pieces from House of Hite, 201 East 57th Street, N.Y.C. 10022.
* through decorators.

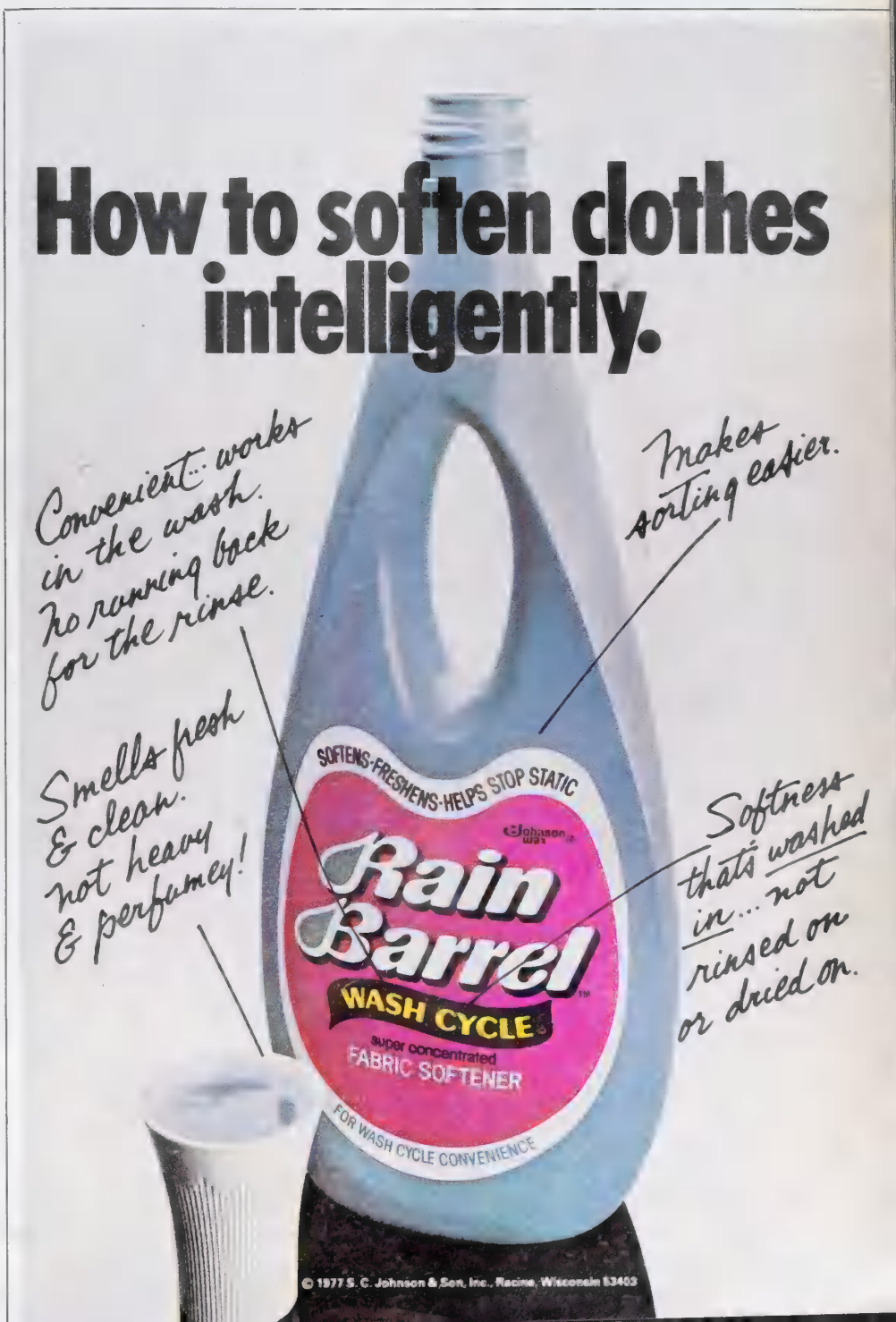
FASHION: A BEAUTIFUL SOFTNESS

PAGE 102: Challis smock dress by GEOFFREY BEENE FOR BEENE BAG. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Godchaux's, New Orleans; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Gene Burton, Pasadena, Calif. For more information contact Kathleen Bickley, Beene Bag, 550 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018.

PAGE 103: From left: Two-piece dress by GIL AIMBEZ FOR GENRE, blouson top and skirt available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus, all stores. For more information contact Robert Shultz, Genre, 530 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018. Challis dress with elasticized waist by RICHARD ASSATLY FOR GINO SNOW. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. Cowled smock dress by DONNA KARAN AND LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR ANNE KLEIN AND CO. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y. in rose; in peach as shown, at O'Neil's, Akron, Ohio; Brandeis Stores, Omaha, Lincoln, Neb.; Des Moines, Iowa; Embry's, Downtown and Fayette Mall-Lexington, Oxmoor Center-Louisville, Ky.; The Carriage Shop, Dallas; The Denver, Denver; I. Magnin, all stores.

PAGE 104: From left: Mohair jacket and tweed pants by CHARLES SUPPON FOR INTRE SPORT. Available at Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; L.L. Berger, Buffalo, N.Y.; B. Forman Co., Rochester, N.Y.; Glasgow, Springfield, Mo. For more information contact Jan Zimolzak, Intre Sport, 550 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018. Down jacket, cowled sweater and corduroy pants, FORTFOLIO BY PERRY ELLIS. At Bonwit Teller, all stores. Shearling vest, bulky sweater and brown corduroy skirt by SAL CESARANI FOR CESARANI. Sweater and skirt available at Bonwit Teller, all stores. vest through Bonwit Teller, N.Y.

PAGE 105: Two-piece evening gown by OSCAR DE LA RENTA. Available at Elizabeth Arden Salons, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, all stores.





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HOPE

continued

hotel, I asked the fellow at the desk if remembered the Universal Horse e passing through Japan. You were ling at my sleeve. It was time to leave, said. Wait, I said. I asked the fellow he desk if he, by any chance, remem-ed who was leading the pack when Universal Horse Race left Japan. Oh, light in his smooth golden face. re are people who tell us so much—tell us everything—without saying ord.

We slept three across in the jumbo jet, ting toward home. I sat between you Alice and you were both touching while you slept. I felt so loved. The took hours, hours. Once, during one ny naps, I dreamed about the horse . I saw them from a distance pound-through a canyon in what looked like istan, but it could have been any-re. Waking up, I wished I had ugh money to buy one of those doll-se bottles of bourbon from the stew-ess. Oh, well, it didn't really matter. I other irons in the fire. I watched the er layers of the night stream past our e window. The world we loved was s beneath us and somewhere upon precious sphere was my horse, run-g for all he was worth. Just the ght of him—his stride, speed, endur-e—filled me and touched me at all ts, like a vapor, like bravery. **End**

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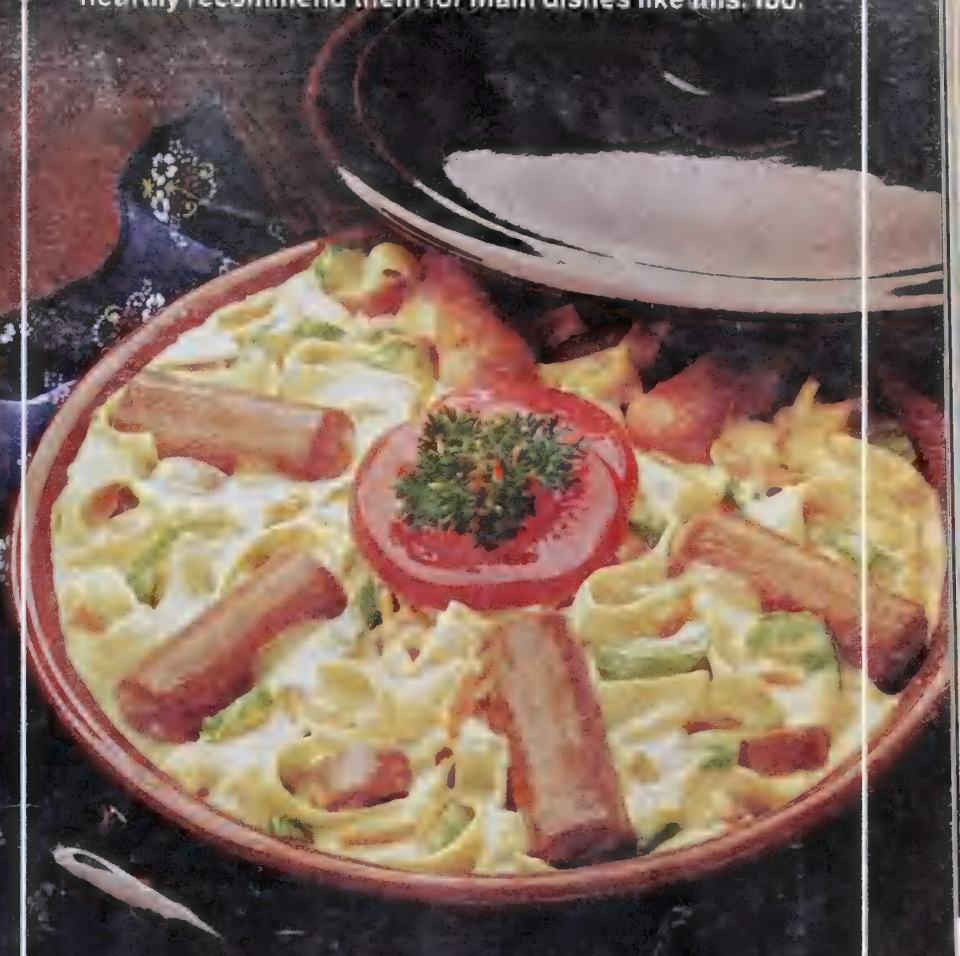
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VIENNA 'N' NOODLES

½ cup each chopped onion and celery
1 cup grated carrot
¼ cup butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
½ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 cups cooked noodles
2 5-oz. cans Armour Star Vienna Sausage in Beef Stock, drained, sliced

Heat oven to 350°. Cook onion, celery, carrot in butter 5 minutes. Stir in flour, salt, milk; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Stir in mayonnaise, Worcestershire sauce, noodles, sausages; place in 1½-qt. casserole. Bake, covered, at 350°, 25 minutes. 6 servings.

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YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD IF IT'S ARMOUR ★

Get a horse?

By Roger Caras

Is your child pleading for her very own Black Beauty? If so, you may be tempted. Here's some helpful horse sense.



Each year, a great many fathers and mothers are faced with urgent appeals by their children that a horse is the thing they want most in this world, the only thing that will make them really happy and the last big thing they will ever ask for. The pattern usually starts when the child is between eight and ten and, if unsatisfied, is apt to continue into the late teens. (The chances run about 80 percent that it will be a daughter making the request.) Should you buy your child a horse? The decision is a very personal one and really depends on the ability to pay and the desire to become involved in a major new activity.

Personally, I am against buying a child a horse during the first year of enthusiasm. That makes it too easy, does not make a horse something to be achieved and can be a foolish expenditure if the enthusiasm wanes—as it sometimes does, when a child finds out how much work is involved in winning a horse show ribbon of any color. Why not enroll the child in a school that supplies the horse, and see if he or she does progress and warrant that horse-size investment?

If you do choose to buy a horse, you will have to decide what kind and how much to spend. There is no justification for buying a stallion; it isn't necessary and they can be dangerous. That leaves mares and geldings, and either is satisfactory. Horses generally, but *not* always, are a bit more mild-mannered than good ponies with show potential. Don't think ponies are cheaper than horses; one can cost as much as the other. The cost of a horse or pony ranges from $75 to $25,000. But a few hundred dollars can get your child a lot of time and fun in the saddle. Personally, I don't think it wise to start youngsters out with their "ultimate" horse, the horse they dream of riding in Madison Square Garden. During their early riding years, a horse of real show quality is apt to be too much for them to handle. Get a calm, somewhat experienced horse first and let your child grow into the more temperamental Arabs and thoroughbreds later.

No horse should be purchased until it has been examined by your own veterinarian and given a clean bill of health. Horses, despite their size and power, are subject to many ailments—some that you would never be able to recognize yourself. In many areas of the country, a horse should be given the Coggins test to be certain it is free of equine infectious anemia or swamp fever. It must be checked for soundness, its wind must be right, and, above all, its feet must be inspected. The horse runs on one toe, and its foot is one of the most complicated anatomical structures in the animal kingdom. It has been said that if the human foot with its present design were to take the punishment a horse's single toe does, it would have to be the size of a tennis court.

Any seller who objects to your bringing a veterinarian to examine the horse is automatically suspect; no professional would have any respect for your judgment and your intelligence if you went about it any other way.

Next, be sure you know what it costs to stable a horse where you live. In some parts of the country, horse board runs as low as $35 a month, while in other places, it is $250 a month.

It is possible to keep a horse yourself if you have the room and the time. A garage, shed, barn or other outbuilding can make a decent box stall if it offers protection from the weather, and is reasonably solid. It should have a firm floor and storage facilities for hay, straw, feed and tack. Running water is also a necessity. A horse should have a decent fenced-in area to move around in and graze. Fencing does not mean strings of barbed wire tacked to trees. Fencing means posts set in the ground, wooden rails and a gate that can be secured and opened wide enough to allow a horse to pass through comfortably and safely.

Anyone really interested in setting up some light horse-keeping on his own property should hire an experienced horse person, or better yet, a veterinarian, to come over, look around and offer an hour or two's consultation.

After buying a horse and providing for its room and board, there is another expense to consider: riding lessons. Kids (and adults) need expert training in riding and horse management if they are to play the game safely. I have seen a score of youngsters get thrown or go over jumps their mounts have refused, and although there is no such thing as 100-percent insurance, the kids with expert training have a better chance of coming out in one piece. They know how to land, how to roll, how to disengage when a horse stumbles. I have seen my own youngster go over a horse's head when it suddenly shied at a hard canter, and land on her feet without so much as dropping the reins. Expert training does not mean an hour or two with a groom at a local stable. It means qualified judges and teachers and lots of practice. There is no substitute for training and hard work. **End**

Dogs prefer the taste of new improved Gravy Train 3 to 1.

DOG FOOD

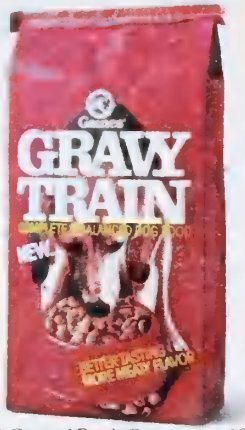




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IMPROVING YOUR HOME FOR WINTER

Now's the season when your home becomes extra important. There's no shortage of creative and do-it-yourself energy, so get started now and make your home warmer, more attractive, more comfortable, happier! Here are some tips on what you can do—with the help of building supply stores, home centers and many large,chain retailers with home improvement supplies.



HERE COMES WINTER— Is Your House Ready?

Remember last winter? Frozen fingers fumbling for your house keys, then slamming the door against the howling wind and swirling snow: home! safe, snug, warm home! Or was it really? Maybe you recall frigid zones, mini-winds around windows, chilling drafts and fuel bills to match. Now's the time—and here's the how-to—to winterize and economize on energy-use for the upcoming cold months.

BATTEN THE ATTIC

Good insulation (at least six inches deep) can mean dramatic savings in heat loss this winter (and air conditioning next summer). You'll recoup up to 30 percent of your energy costs, so good insulation pays for itself.

There are four basic types of insulation: 1. Loose-fill, a fibrous material you pour between the rafters or hire someone to blow into the walls; 2. Reflective insulation, which is rigid and has layers of metal foil to reflect the heat; 3. Four- or eight-foot batts, and 4. blankets made of mineral wool or fiberglass to staple or loose-lay between the rafters in the attic or under the joists of a crawl space or basement ceiling.

Look for the "R" rating on the insulation you buy. Forget the movies; here, "R" stands for resistance to heat, so the higher the "R" number, the more efficient the insulation.

Most rigid, batt and blanket-type insulations have their own vapor barriers to save them from moisture condensation. If yours lacks such a shield, or if you are using the pourable variety, you'll need a vapor barrier first. Thin plastic sheeting, metal foil or asphalt, sandwiched in brown paper, are good vapor barriers. Always install them "toward the warm" (inside of the house).

DOOR STOPPERS

If the wind howls like a wolf at your door, you have a real hazard to your heating bills. Silence it with a new, airtight storm door, or, less expensive, with good weatherstripping.

To install weatherstripping effectively, you must first find the air leaks. Use a hand-held hair dryer and have someone inside tell you where the gusts come through when you run the dryer around the door frame. Chalk the spots.

For weatherstripping, you can use foam-backed wood or vinyl-backed aluminum strips or, easiest, foam rubber strips with a self-stick backing. The first two nail in place; to install foam strips, open the door and clean the jamb at the leak points. When it's dry, peel off the foam's backing and press the strips on. Use the hair dryer technique to double-check your efforts.

If cold air pours *under* your door, you may need a new threshold. There's an aluminum one with vinyl flaps that makes a tight seal against the door. Such thresholds come prepackaged with screws and instructions; you'll need a hacksaw to cut the strip to size.

There's another way to stop under-door drafts; take the door down and screw a special aluminum/vinyl channel to its bottom.

WINDOW WOES

It's an open-and-shut case; your windows can cause considerable loss of expensive heat . . . up to a whopping 40 percent. Look to weatherstripping to stop a lot of it. Here, too, the self-sticking foam strips are easiest: simply press in place under upper and lower sash rails and vertically to fit snugly against the sashes.

Storm windows are *(continued)*

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder



Classicon Pattern No. 5016



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lome Improvement

continued

en more effective insulators. Consider uble-pane insulating glass with a pro- tive coating of rigid vinyl to save both e nation's energy and yours (upkeep minimal).

A new storm window system turns ur old windows into effective insula- s by adding panes of clear styrene er the glass. You fit new self-adhesive lding to the window frame, then snap he styrene sheet, cut to size. A second ce of molding locks it safely in place.

More window warmers: As our energy erves shrink, new energy-saving ideas burgeoning. One shining example: talized window film you apply to or- ary glass. It keeps the heat inside, s glare and fading, and insures day- e privacy without spoiling your view. The same idea applies to a new win- v screen made of vinyl-coated fiber- ss. The screen stops some 75 percent he sun's heat in summer and helps re- chilling winds in winter.

An energy-saving idea so old it seems v again: close your drapes against the d, open them when the sun's warm on t window. Here's another new virtue n old window favorite: recent tests w that an ordinary window shade s 24-to-31 percent of the heat loss ough window glass. Draw your own clusions and draw your shades.

RST AID FOR FURNACES

Happy is the house whose furnace gs away warmly all winter. And wise he homeowner who has it checked v, while the system is on vacation.

First, call in a professional to look over r furnace, check the burner adjust- nt, clean the blowers, change the fil- and scrutinize your thermostat to ke sure it's not being mislead by dust int. In these energy-short times, con- r adding a new "fuel sentry system" our thermostat. It can be programed uit your schedule, automatically low- g the temperature at bedtime and ing it before you rise.

low-to for hot air: To keep your ed hot-air system functioning, **1.** p the filters clean. They're cheap: w the old one away when you can't through it. **2.** Vacuum floor grilles egisters thoroughly.

ERGIZING IDEAS

While we're all waiting for easy-to- solar energy heating to reach the e front, consider some other alter- heat sources already within reach. Grandma would love this: a wood- ning unit you can use alone in cabins, ges, etc., or piggyback to your pres- gas or oil-burning furnace to relieve some of its work load. The manu- urer says you only add wood (or household trash) every 6-to-8 hours to keep the energy converter piping along.

• Who doesn't love a fireplace? The energy experts, that's who. They say a roaring fire actually chills your home because it sends nearly 12,000 cubic feet of warm air up your chimney every hour. And that's air you've paid your furnace to heat!

Take heart, hearth lovers: there's a spate of new fireplace additives on the market that will reflect most of the heat back into the house. For example, one new unit draws cool air from the outside, warms and circulates it into the room. Another hooks up to your existing boiler so it can help heat the water that goes on to warm the rest of the house. Others incorporate glass doors to conserve the room's warm air, or electric blowers to distribute the fireplace-heated air evenly through the house.

Check your fireplace specialty shop or local home center. For as little as $50 (or as much as $700), you can make your fireplace as practical as it it romantic.

• If you live where wood is precious, consider supplementing your forced-air system with an all-electric heat pump, which runs both hot and cool. In a nutshell, the pump pulls warmth from the outside air in winter and from the inside air in summer. The large appliance company that makes it says the pump can often handle the entire heating load by itself; your furnace steps in only when the temperature really plummets.

• Picture this: wall art *(continued)*



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For fast, easy cleaning in minutes:



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works in minutes.

So fast and convenient,
makes cleaning almost as
easy as vacuuming.

As you plan amendments to your current kitchen keep a few more figures in mind:

Work surfaces. Allow 2 feet of counter space by th frigerator and 2 by the stove. By the sink, you should ha least 3 feet for stacking dishes. And somewhere you ne uninterrupted feet of space to put meals together.

CABINET APPOINTMENTS

If you're lucky, you've probably got more cabinets empty wall space in your kitchen. If you're unlucky, cabinets may be dutiful but drab, an unzesty eyeful tha dermines the entire kitchen atmosphere.

Paint them! It's really not the specialist's job you've al heard. Three good tips on how to achieve gleaming re **1.** Take the doors down and remove all hardware. **2.** S hard, hard, hard with strong detergent to get rid of a grease, then sand smooth. For badly nicked and worn faces, apply an enamel undercoat and let it dry 24 hou Use a soft-bristled brush or mohair applicator pads to sn on the enamel (if you need two coats, sand the first fine-grit paper to dull the gloss, wipe off all the dust enamel again).

KITCHEN COVER-UPS

Oh, those faithful servants, your refrigerator, dishwa freezer and such. They've been with you for years; you just let them go, but they look so haggard and old.

Wallpaper them young again with an extra roll or whatever you've put on your kitchen walls. Happiest c would be fabric-backed vinyl that works like fabric. pieces to fit refrigerator front, sides and top. Roller on wallpaper paste and press on the pieces. Cut a hole fo handle and notch corners so they overlap smoothly. An choice is to use the new wallpaper squares.

Two words of caution: take care not to disturb the g on the door, and never interfere with the *(conti*

Home Improvement

continued

that warms the room in which you hang it, literally. Made of heat-radiating crystals, new 2x2 or 2x4-foot panels simply plug in any electrical outlet. They're bright, eye-pleasing additions to any bare wall, won't burn to the touch, and can take the chill off hard-to-heat areas for 25 percent less power than ordinary electric heaters.

YOUR KITCHEN: The spice of homelife

Once upon early American times, the kitchen wasn't even allowed in the house. All the cooking was carried on in a separate building far removed from family life. Don't tell us about the "good old days"—today, home to many of us is where we hang our saucepans, and we collect kitchen ideas—like these upcoming—as avidly as we save recipes.

KITCHEN GEOMETRY

If you're always going in circles in your kitchen, you need a new angle—a triangle. Professional kitchen planners have come up with an efficient floor plan that will work in any shape, any size kitchen area. It's all based on a triangle with points at the refrigerator, the stove and the sink.

The total length of the three sides of the triangle should be between 13 feet and 22 feet, with no single side much longer than 7 feet or shorter than 4½ feet.

If your layout is outlandish, head for a professional kitchen planner. You'll find them listed in the classified phone book; look especially for members of trade associations, such as the American Institute of Kitchen Dealers or the Council of Certified Kitchen Designers.

For heavy-duty cleaning and conditio



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Softens as it cleans.
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live on them. Woolite-sa



Cinnamon



Vogue Champagne



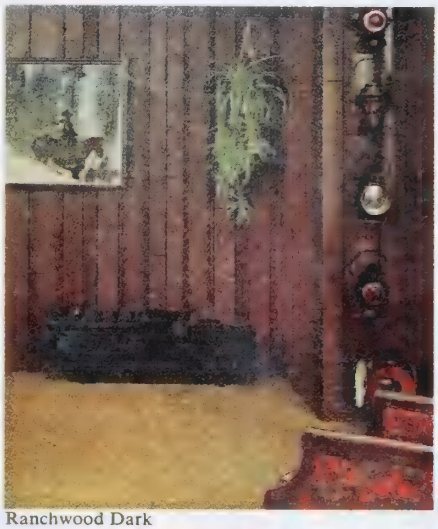
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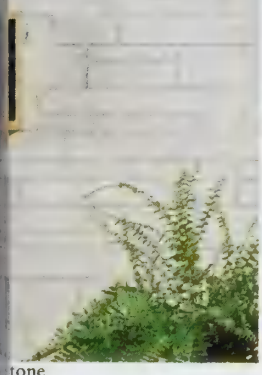
Vogue Pearl



Ranchwood Dark



Tradition II Birch



tone



Tradition II Hickory



Ranchwood Light

Save 10% on ten new Masonite brand panels.

's your chance to pick up big savings ome of the most beautiful panels we've offered. We're introducing four new de- in several colors—ten panels in all. And can have your choice at a 10% savings u buy five panels or more from the above tion, any combination. Just clip this on and take it to your participating nite brand paneling dealer. He's listed e Yellow Pages, under paneling. But . This offer expires October 31, 1977.

No. of Panels	Design	Price/Panel
___	Vogue Champagne	___
___	Vogue Cinnamon	___
___	Vogue Pearl	___
___	Natural Stone	___
___	White Stone	___
___	Tradition II Birch	___
___	Tradition II Hickory	___
___	Tradition II Pecan	___
___	Ranchwood Dark	___
___	Ranchwood Light	___
TOTAL COST of panels purchased:		___
10% discount:		___

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Dealer Signature _____

Mr. Dealer: Redeem this coupon through your Masonite brand paneling wholesaler by November 30, 1977.

Discount applies only to purchases of the 10 panels listed and shown. Tax excluded.

MASONITE CORPORATION

Tear out this ad and take it to your Masonite brand paneling dealer.

refrigerator's need to "breathe" through its back grilles.

DISHWASHER CHANGES MOODS

It's your prerogative—and now your easy pleasure—to change your mind about the colors you want in your kitchen.

Several dishwashers come with changeable color door panels so you can make them match your cabinet woods, paint it any color, or slip in natural wood panels. There's even a high-gloss, onyx front panel kit to let you key it to other appliances by the same maker.

MAKE YOUR BATH A SPLASH!

If your bathroom is cold, crowded and crying for attention, the remedy may be a quick project away. Here's a collection of bath brighteners to get your imagination all steamed up.

SHEET MUSIC FOR THE BATH

Prehemmed, easy-keep, designer sheets make almost-instant curtains for your shower.

Using the top hems for a decorative border at the bottom, cut one or two flat sheets the right length from your shower rod allowing 4½ inches for a top hem. Turn under a narrow edge then press and sew a 4-inch top hem. Use a grommeter (costs under $5 at any sewing notions counter) to punch in large-size grommets for the shower rod rings. Follow the spacing on an inexpensive plastic liner.

Use any leftover sheet material to make a tie-back for the shower curtain or trim a wastebasket.

UP-STYLE TILES

Time was when you were really up against the wall when it came to the ceramic tiles in your bath. Whatever awful color combos came with the house were what you had to live with.

Good news! Do-it-yourself ceramic tile is now designed to go right over the old tiles. Some new tiles have self-sticking backs; others go up with convenient pre-mixed adhesives and grouts. Made in England, distributed here for the first time, the new super tiles come in an inspiring variety of colors, textures and patterns to add splash to any bath.

SOS = SHORT ON STORAGE?

Since the floor space in your bath is probably taken over by built-ins, look to the wall areas over the tub, toilet or radiator for more usable storage space.

- Mount an arrangement of shallow boxes made of ¾-inch plywood, paint several bright colors, use to hold towels, toiletries and such.
- Frame the toilet with ¾-inch plywood uprights, secure between floor and ceiling, then set with glass shelves on adjustable metal strips.
- Why not turn the dead-head room over the shower or tub into precious storage space? Use angle irons to hold a plywood shelf cut to fit between the walls. And you can leave the side open to show off your towel collection.

STINGY TOILET TANK

Would you believe that nearly half of all the water used in your household goes down the toilet drain at the rate of 5-to-8 gallons per flush? Since it's doubly smart to be stingy with water, consider replacing your conventional toilet tank with a new flushing device that uses a mere 2 gallons of water to flush efficiently. The unit costs around $70, comes in some 50 colors and can be installed by any fairly handy homeowner.

FOOT WARMERS

New bathroom flooring needed? Choose sole-warming carpeting that shrugs off splashes.

Or look for a new no-wax cushioned resilient flooring with a moisture shield sandwiched between the asbestos backing and foam cushioning. Comes in 6- and 12-foot widths, which means there are no seams to catch water.

All you need to install carpeting is brown paper or newspaper to make a pattern, heavy scissors and carpet tape. Your resilient flooring may require adhesive and protective metal strips at doorways.

Make a paper pattern. Work with small pieces of paper; later taped together for a full-sized pattern. To cut the pattern around tub or toilet, fold paper in half and hand-press around the base to get an imprint to cut along. Now cut from wall to center back of base. Open pattern, fit around base and trim precisely.

Piece sections together on the floor for a final check; then tape together and mark the "top."

REPLACE A TILE

One badly cracked tile ugly-ing up your bathroom? If you have extras to match, it's no big deal to chisel out the offensive tile and replace it.

First, pry or cut around the tile with an old chisel or screwdriver. Be tender toward the neighboring tiles.

Now, break up the old tile (if necessary to get it out) by drilling through the center with a carbon-tipped bit and electric drill at slow speed. Pry away the pieces; scrape away old glue and grout.

Finally, spread new adhesive on back of replacement tile and hold with masking tape till it sets in place. Re-grout around all edges for waterproof seal.

Lay pattern face-down on the back carpet or resilient flooring and tra around it. Cut with scissors or utili knife.

You can secure carpeting to the flo with double-faced (sticky on both side carpet tape laid around the room's ed and along all cut-outs. If you're using r silient flooring that requires adhesiv spread it on half the room at a time an roll flooring flat with a rolling pin, wor ing from center toward walls.

FLOORS

When you get right down to it, yo floor is really an important fifth wall your decorating scheme. How abo painted floors, ceramic tiles, area ru you make yourself . . .?

Dashing floor idea

Rumor has it that a lazy house paint "invented" the spatter-painted floor ba about 1840. The drips and spots he fo got to clean up inspired the randon spattered floors that are turning u underfoot everywhere today. Mode tough-to-scuff paints make painted floo especially good for older homes wit floors in poor shape.

All you need is enamel paint, a whis broom, one coffee-size can for each col and some recklessness in your soul.

First, roller a coat of good deck pai over clean floor and let dry. Tape prote tive newspapers about 3 feet up walls.

Ready, set, spatter! Dip the whis broom tip in first color. Don't overload s it drips. Start in a far corner and spatte by hitting the broom with a short stic Hint: the higher you hold the whis broom, the smaller the spatters will b

Let each color dry before spatterin on the next.

Finally, top off with successive coat of clear polyurethane, letting each coa dry thoroughly before you add anothe

Floor show

Go creative with low-pile, indoor-out door carpeting or easy-to-install carpe squares: insert designs cut from contrast ing color remnants in a background car pet to create a custom floor covering.

It's easy. Cut your design pattern fron medium-weight cardboard: a simpl flower, your initial (in bold type) blocky animal shapes for a child's room

Trace the pattern on the back of th large piece of carpet and cut out with craft knife. Now trace the same patter and cut from the carpet to be inset. Fi that piece exactly into the first carpe and use carpet tape to hold snugly i place.

Art underfoot

Painted canvases aren't for walls only Our early-American grandmothers use them for handsome, long-lived floor cov erings.

You can make your own *(continued*

can wash 2½ lbs. of jeans dirt cheap with my GE Mini-Basket® Tub."



GE gives you the economical Mini-Basket Tub: 2 washers in 1.

I save money and energy with this GE washer within a washer: the Mini-Basket Tub. It washes up to 2½ lbs. with 30% less hot water and detergent than the low water setting of the washer's big tub. And does a beautiful job.

I use it for tough kids' clothes, my husband's shirts and my lingerie. It's the way to do small loads you care about.

The Mini-Basket Tub: it's a clean savings from General Electric.

And it's backed by the care you get with GE Customer Care® service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

VELCRO® fasteners help you make this beautiful decorator pillow in less than an hour, for less than $5*!

It's the quickest way to liven-up a sofa, a bed, a whole room. It's quick, it's easy, it's inexpensive. Here's how.

1 Buy a standard 12x12-inch knife-edge pillow form.

2 Buy one 14x14-inch square of fabric, plus two 8x14-inch rectangles.

3 Buy an 11" strip of VELCRO hook-and-loop fastener from the reel in your favorite notions department.

then:

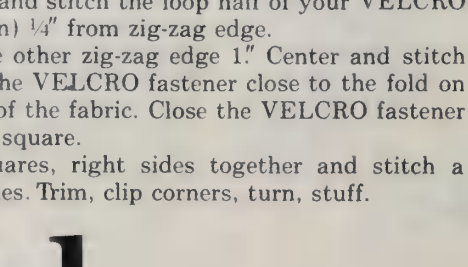
Simply zig-zag or clean-finish one long edge of each fabric rectangle. Center and stitch the loop half of your VELCRO fastener (as shown) ¼" from zig-zag edge.

Press-under the other zig-zag edge 1". Center and stitch the hook half of the VELCRO fastener close to the fold on the "wrong" side of the fabric. Close the VELCRO fastener to make a 14x14" square.

Place both squares, right sides together and stitch a 1" seam on all sides. Trim, clip corners, turn, stuff.

and presto...

Pillow slips are only one of the easy decorator looks you can create with a little imagination, a little time, and a lot of help from the versatile VELCRO fastener. You can buy VELCRO fasteners by the inch, foot or yard, right off the reel. They're available in a variety of colors. Just think of the quick-change appliques, easy-on slipcovers, variable valances, dozens upon dozens of easy-to-make projects that can turn plain into just plain beautiful.



For a free booklet filled with fashion and decorating ideas, just write: Velcro Revolution, Dept. C, 9th fl., 31 E. 28th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.



The world's easiest, most versatile fastener.

*Prices, naturally, will vary depending on where you live and which fabric you choose. We made the pillow shown in 27 minutes for $4.56, using a cotton fabric remnant purchased in New York City, May 1977.

Home Improvemen

continued

updated heirloom from a rug-sized p of canvas and either acrylic or fa paints. Sew narrow hems all around canvas, clipping corners to elimi bulk. A stencil makes quick work of painting. Center a large floral motif, stencil a smaller version, border-s around the edges.

Even easier: borrow the large bl and-white squares motif often foun early Dutch Colonial interiors.

Protect your artwork with clear p urethane, applied in coats. It will sti the canvas.

P.S. Your rug will be skittery un foot. Solve that with a strip of ca tape in each corner.

Tile in no time

Bless modern technology, it's m laying floor tile good clean sport v new products you simply peel and s in place. Your new floor goes wall wall in almost no time at all. To do

Measure up: Most new tiles are a square. Multiply your room length width to get square footage you'll covering; figure alcoves separately add to first number. Now tack on an tra 10 percent to allow for fitting.

Get centered: You'll work from center of the room out. To find the c ter, measure walls and tack string to exact center of each to form an X ac the room. Rub the strings with chalk snap to leave a guide line on the fl Loose-lay (don't peel) tiles along ch line from center to wall. You should up with a border tile more than 3 inc wide but less than 9 inches. Otherw resnap guide line 6 inches closer to w

Start peeling: Work on one quarte the floor at a time. Don't try to sl tiles. Hold at right angles to positi then press down. To fit tiles arou pipes, radiator feet, etc., make a pa pattern, trace on unpeeled tile and out with heavy scissors.

Border troubles: To cut border til lay a loose tile over the last tile in ro Butt a third tile against wall and use edge to draw a pencil line on the sa wiched tile. Cut along line and fit i border.

The real thing

Love ceramic tile? Reasonably han at do-it-yourself projects? Put your t ent where your heart is and lay the fl yourself. New tools, technology and ti designed with the home craftsperson mind make it almost easy.

Talk your project over with your t dealer. He can direct you to the right t for your floors, the right kind of adhesi and instructions for getting them toget er. Plus, he can often rent you the spec tools you'll need: a tile *(continue*

You want choices. And Bell's got 'em.

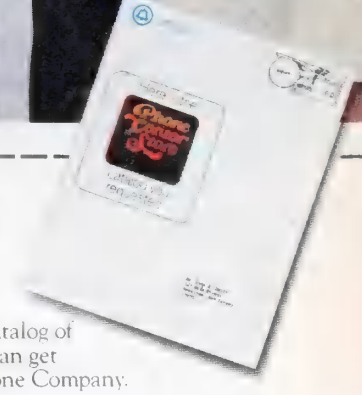


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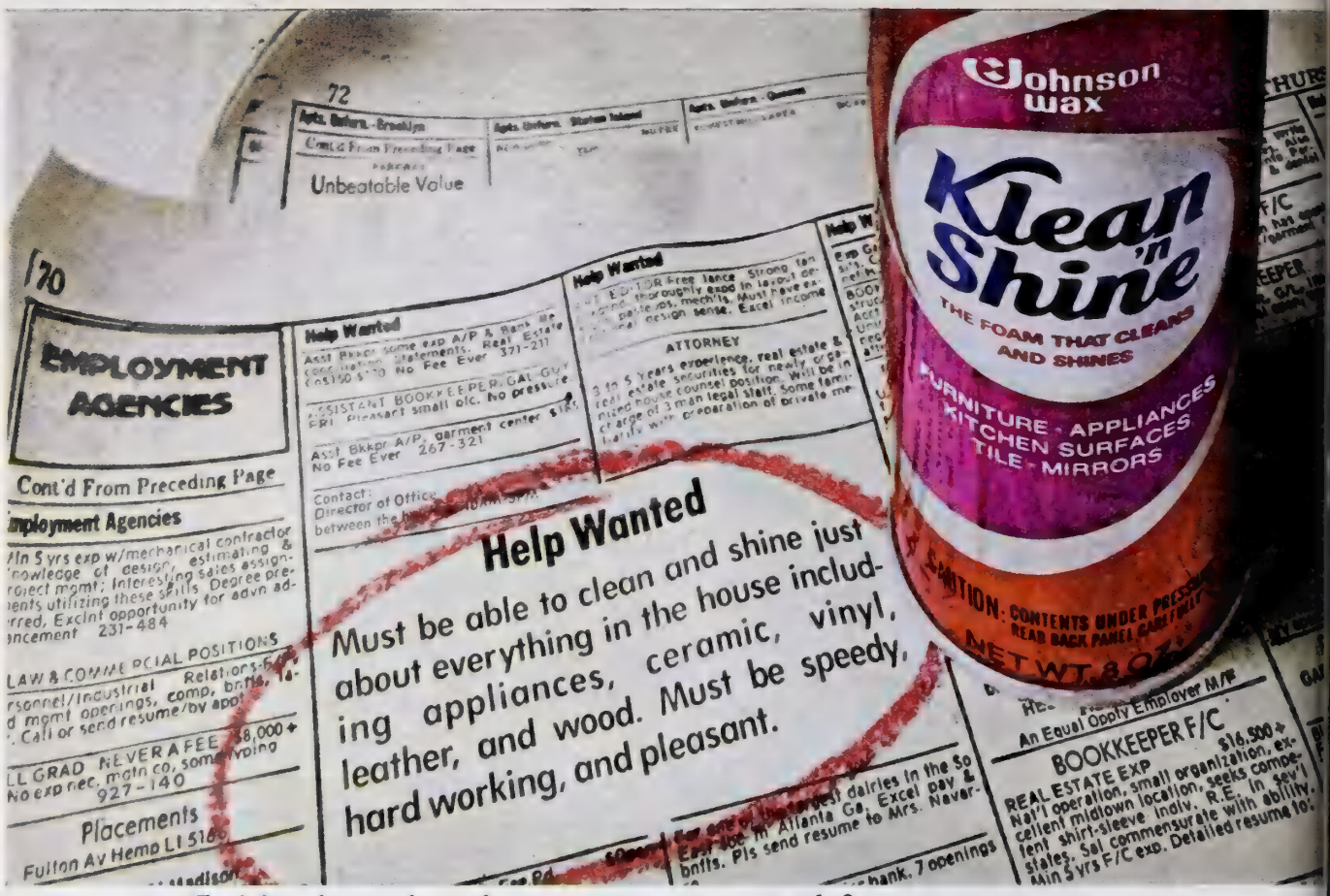
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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All the help you need in one can.

Johnson Wax has created the kind of help everyone can use. Klean 'n Shine.™

It has a special blend of cleaners and polishes to do a wonderful job of cleaning and polishing in every room in your house.

Put it to work in your kitchen and it does



beautiful things for appliances and counter tops. Use it in the living room, dining room, and den—on almost every kind of wood and non-wood surface.

Klean 'n Shine. Put it to work. You'll see it's a big help.

© 1977, S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

Home Improvement

continued

cutter, a notched trowel, a squeegee and a tile nipper for fitting around pipes and such. From then on, laying the tile is like fitting together a long-lasting puzzle.

INVITING LIGHTING

Restaurants really understand the psychology of lighting: the moodier the light, the longer people linger. There's a right light for every area on the home scene, too.

Table lamps

For the right spread of light, table lamps should measure 38-to-42 inches from shade bottom to floor. For good reading, use at least 150-watt bulbs and set the lamp so it aligns with your shoulder when you're seated beside it. Translucent shades give off more light; opaque shades direct it sharply up and down.

Floor lamps

Floor lamps should measure from 40 to 49 inches from base to shade bottom, tall enough so you never look down on the bulbs when you're standing, short enough so you never look up into its glare when you're sitting. Three 100-watt bulbs are recommended for comfortable reading.

Desk study lamps

The right light is especially important in study situations. To avoid eyestrain, you need overall illumination in the room, with task lighting from a lamp that measures 15 inches from shade bottom to desk top. Use a white shade and frosted bulb up to 250 watts. Place the lamp 15 inches to right of work center if you're right-handed, 12 inches from desk front.

Two more anti-eyestrain tips: avo slick, glare-prone desk surfaces, a high-intensity lamps unless they are su plemented with overall illumination.

Good light, good night

If you love reading in bed, the right lig can make it even more luxurious. Sha bottom should be at eye level wh you're lying back; lamp base should about 22 inches to the right or left your shoulder. A flexible, three-way bu (from 50 up to 200 watts) is a good ide

Dim the lights, not the party

Glare and glamour just don't go togethe For under $10 and a few minutes' wor you can add a dimmer switch that ad instant romance to your dining roo scene . . . and save electricity in the ba gain. Buy the switch, complete with i structions. All you need is a screw driv to install it.

(continue



This one Handi Wipes® cleaned up more messes than this whole roll of paper towels.

©1977 Colgate-Palmolive Company



We matched one HandiWipes against the largest roll of paper towels (162 sheets). We cleaned up everything from strained vegetables to spilled milk, from peanut butter and jelly to hot cereals.

After cleaning over 200 sloppy kitchen messes, we were still using the same HandiWipes. But, the whole roll of paper towels was gone.

The reason? HandiWipes isn't paper. It's a strong bonded cloth that can clean up a mess—and then wash out fresh and clean. So HandiWipes goes on cleaning again and again. It will even do the dishes.

And if just one HandiWipes can clean up that many messes, imagine what a whole pack can do.

One HandiWipes.

s like getting a whole roll of paper towels for less than 10¢.

Home Improvement

continued

Go to your fuse box or circuit breaker and shut off the one that feeds your dining room switch. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, for obvious reasons!

First remove the screws holding the switch plate, then the inner screws holding switch to the wall. Pull switch out and loosen the screws that hold the wires.

One set of wires usually is black, one white. Remember which went to which screws, and hook the right wires around the screws on the new switch.

Fold the wires back in the box. Screw switch to wall, and finally replace the switch plate.

Now, go dine in quiet elegance.

Swag a lamp

This is the easiest kind of ceiling fixture to install. An electric drill does most of the work once you've found a ceiling lath (wood frame under the plaster or plaster board that covers your ceiling). That's easy, too: tap along the ceiling till you make a nice solid "clunk" (as opposed to the hollow sound you get between laths). Doublecheck by drilling a *tiny* hole (if you've goofed, a knife-tip of spackling will hide it). If you were right, use the long screw that comes with your packaged lamp hanging hook to mount the hook on ceiling. Now swag the wire and chain on your lamp over to the nearest wall. Here, you don't have to worry about laths—it's not that heavy—so use your drill again to make a hole large enough for a toggle bolt to slip through (the bolt should be in the same package). Insert toggle, wings closed. They spring open on the other side of the ceiling to support the hook. Loop chain over hook, plug in your lamp.

P.S. How low you hang your lamp depends on where. By a chair, it should hang so the shade bottom's at eye level; for dining, allow 30-to-36 inches above table.

HOME, SAFE HOME

It's *your* castle . . . keep it safe: from fire, from accidents, from invasion by burglars. A combination of common sense and some of the new safety devices we've searched out will give peace of mind on your piece of turf.

Smoke signals

Smoke detectors have become standard fixtures in millions of America's homes; in fact, they are now required by law in new homes in 21 states.

These little lifesavers usually cost under $100 and can be installed on ceiling or wall in minutes. Powered by battery (or electricity, some models can be wired in), they emit a rousing wail at the first whiff of smoke.

Fight fire with forethought

What would you do if your electric iron suddenly sparked and caught the kitchen curtains on fire? Throw water?

Wrong?

Water and electrical fires don't mix!

The answer is to act now, before the fact, and equip your home with a multipurpose, dry chemical fire extinguisher. For about $10, you can buy protection from all three kinds of fires: A) ordinary combustibles like paper and wood; B) combustible liquids; C) electrical fires. Get an extinguisher for every floor in the house, and make sure all family members know where they are and how to use them. Instructions should be on the label, along with a maintenance guide to keep the extinguisher charged and ready.

Danger zones

Many fatal home fires start where you least expect them and are burning out of control before they're discovered. One such danger zone is inside a closet, where you're apt to leave a bare light bulb burning and where that bulb's apt to be too close to whatever's stored on the shelves. Always protect closet bulbs with globes and never stack anything close enough to get scorched.

Another often unsuspected danger zone exists in your stove hood. It's there to collect grease and does, in potentially dangerous amounts. A pot flaring up below could ignite the entire hood and its venting system.

Prevention's simple: remember to clean the hood periodically.

Locking burglars out

If you've been lackadaisical about your locks, here's a statistic that should jolt you into action:

Within the next 13 seconds, somebody's house in America will be robbed!

It may be yours, if:

- You have an easily jimmied spring-latch (key-in-knob) type door lock.
- Your outside doors are hollow-core construction (one swift kick could do them in).
- Your doors have glass panes through which a thief could reach the inside lock.
- Your windows are guarded only by thumb-latch locks between the sashes.
- You can get in when you've locked yourself out.

If any of these "ifs" apply to your home, you're definitely theft-prone. For safety's sake, look first to your locks. There are two types: primary locks, which work with the doorknob, and auxiliary locks, where you need special keys.

The best type of primary protection is a mortise lock; it's actually mortised into the door and has a dead bolt, which works with a key, and a convenience latch on the inside. Mortise locks cost between $15 and $50 and can be installed by a do-it-yourselfer who understands carpentry.

Auxiliary locks come in all varieties, from the not-so-effective chain lock to the very businesslike police brace, a steel bar that's wedged against the door. In between, you will find the vertical-bolt auxiliary lock (good because it must be destroyed before it can be released by an intruder); double-cylinder locks (must be unlocked by key on the inside, too); alarm locks (they shriek if a key is inserted but the door is not unlocked immediately); push-button locks that work like a combination safe; double-bolt locks (a steel bar runs between plates mounted on the door jambs, and bar-locks for sliding glass doors. Good locks can cost from $15 to $200, not including the locksmith's time.

For maximum security, investigate alarm systems. A professionally installed system, specifically tailored to your home, can cost from $600 to several thousand dollars. You can also lease systems in many areas. There's an initial charge, plus a monthly fee that can cover the cost of a private monitoring service. If something triggers your alarm, it's relayed to a central desk, which in turn notifies the police.

Your local police department will be glad to discuss your security needs and guide your choice of locks and alarm systems. There's a good chance they also can lend you a device for etching your name or Social Security *(continued)*

THINK METRIC!

It's coming! Already measurements marked in meters, grams and liters are showing up side-by-side with inches and ounces on some of the products you'll be using for remodeling projects. Here's a conversion chart to start you thinking metric.

LENGTH MEASUREMENTS

To Convert From:	To	Multiply By
Inches	Centimeters	2.54
Inches	Meters	0.0254
Feet	Centimeters	30.48
Yards	Meters	0.9144

AREA MEASUREMENTS

To Convert From:	To	Multiply By
Square Inches	Square Centimeters	6.452
Square Feet	Square Meters	0.0929
Square Yards	Square Meters	0.836

MASS

To Convert From:	To	Multiply By
Ounces	Grams	28.34952
Pounds	Kilograms	0.453592

VOLUME

To Convert From:	To	Multiply By
Fluid Ounces	Milliliters	29.57353
Pints	Liters	0.47318
Quarts	Liters	0.946333
Gallons	Liters	3.7853

lome Improvement

continued

mber onto valuables like TVs, stereos, . If your locks should fail, this will p police trace the loot.

OW TO COPE . . .

. Or: Things your mother never told and sooner or later, you will desperly need to know:

Squeaky floors. Would you believe um powder? All you do is sprinkle it the noisy area and sweep back and th till it seeps down to silence the tion that's causing the fuss.

Peeling wallpaper. Back to the mix- bowl to stir up a small amount of llpaper paste. Or better: look ahead l save a bit in a small covered jar en you put up the paper. Use a brush lab it under the offending seams and seams flat. White household glue y do the trick, too. For vinyl that n't stick to an overlap, get special yl-to-vinyl paste and proceed as ve.

Recalcitrant window shade. Won't down? Spring's too tight. Take vn the pin end and unroll shade about f way. Won't roll up? Spring's too se. Pull shade about half-way down. ove pin end and roll by hand. Keep ng till you get the tension just right.

Candle wax on furniture. The answer warm iron. Gently scrape off all the you can, then lay a thick blotter over mark and press with the iron till the rk disappears.

alcohol spots. Wipe it up, fast! If sh has dissolved, get a small box of vdered rottenstone from your paint ardware store and mix it with a few ps of salad oil. Rub into spot with oth.

water marks. Use a mild abrasive gar ashes, tooth powder, silver polish) a few drops of salad oil or petroleum y. Give the spot a good circular rub- g with a soft cloth. When the spot's e, remove oily remains with a clean h. Now polish or rewax entire sur- .

Burn in carpet. If the burn goes only tway through, you may be able to most of it away with manicure scis- . Who'll notice that one little low t? If the burn goes to the backing, away all the black stuff and try glu- on a few strands cut from a remnant. lly bad burns require a patch. Cut damaged section out with a carpet e and plug the hole with a piece cut n a remnant. Make sure the nap of patch lies in the same direction as the around it, then secure with carpet .

WALLS: New ways with the old stand-bys

Your walls are the background for your rooms. What you do with them sets the mood and the color scheme for all the other furnishings therein. So don't just leave them standing there marking off space.

WALLPAPER SQUARES OFF

Wallpaper now comes in sheets like writing paper as packages of prepasted, easy-to-handle 15¾-inch squares. Simply dip in water and smooth to the wall. Scrubbable and strippable, the squares are especially good for small areas, say, around cabinets, on kitchen splashbacks, in baths above the tile area.

Each package covers approximately 31 square feet, and there are some three dozen different styles to choose among.

SLIVERS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

New to the do-it-yourself decorating scene are wafer-thin sheets of rough-textured red cedar strips a bit over 3 inches wide and from 1 to 4 feet long. Literally leftovers from standard plywood panels, the once-unused planks have been planed to a mere 1/9-inch thick for a naturally handsome wall covering.

Glue these featherweight planks up in any pattern you fancy: vertical, horizontal, diagonal or herringbone. Or, try a random pattern installation for more variety. They come in packages that weigh less than 7 pounds, each package covers 33 square feet and costs approximately $16-to-$19.

THERE'S MORE TO WALLPAPER

. . . than just choosing one great pattern. Wallcoverings these days are made to mix and match, and in most cases, the manufacturer has done the work for you. One happy example: there's a gingham print partnered by a floral pattern on a matching gingham background. You can flower the walls and put plain gingham on the ceiling for an ever-fresh breakfast area.

Into mural sports

Scenic wallcoverings can trace their lineage back to the great houses of Europe. Now they can find their way to great American houses like yours since they come prepasted, pretrimmed and easy for the hang-it-yourselfer to cope with.

There's still one trick: determining the right placement for the mural. While it depends on the wall size and the size of the total scene, you generally start with the major motif in the center of the wall and work out to the sides. If your wall is too small, leave off repeating side panels. If the mural doesn't cover all the way, ask your dealer for its companion background paper so the whole wall looks pulled together. *(continued)*

The beauty treatment

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MINWAX®

Home Improvement

continued

Bravo for borders

Back when wallpapers were imported and costly, clever American colonists used only the narrow borders around the ceiling, windows and doors to give their rooms a rich, well-dressed look.

Two hundred years later, it's still a good look and budget-minded. Especially in our architecturally poor modern rooms, a bright wallpaper border adds both color and a "built-in" effect. Borders are sold by the yard and vary in width. Measure the area you've covering and add at least 2 extra yards to allow for mitered corners at windows and doors.

You, the architect

Not only does space seem to be shrinking in today's homes, but what there is of it is often plain dull . . . none of the carved moldings and interesting angles that added eye-appeal to yesteryear's homes.

Be your own interior architect. It's as easy as rolling off two wallcoverings to create a dado and chair rail in a dining room, for example. Choose two compatible, but contrasting, papers, one for the dado area (the space between floor molding and rail to about 30-32 inches above the floor) and the other for the wall above. Good combinations would be a bold trellis pattern below, twining flowers above. Or a strong stripe below with a small geometric above. Keep the lower portion architecturally strong and be sure the two patterns have at least one common color denominator.

For the chair rail that traditionally comes between dado and wall, think untraditionally. Why not wide grosgrain ribbon in the right color glued over the seam where the wallcoverings join? Or stay traditional and add a wood chair rail (you can buy stock millwork by the foot at any good lumberyard).

Molding character

If the walls in today's stripped-down interiors lack the character you like, buy some by the linear foot from your nearest lumber-supply yard. Stock millwork moldings are an easy way to add interest: around ceilings, at chair rail height, on flush doors, plain unfinished furniture, anywhere your eye craves visual interest.

Shop creatively: moldings come in dozens of styles and thicknesses. And they can be combined to create the custom-look.

Ideas to get you going: Use half-round molding to frame a series of wallpaper panels on a wall . . . Wide bolection molding can edge a modern fireplace opening . . . Add bamboo-carved molding to a wood cornice over roll-up bamboo blinds . . . Combine narrow moldings to simulate traditional panels on a plain wood door.

PAINT POWER—ALL ABOUT APPLICATORS

A good paintbrush is a real investment in good decorating, now and and in future paint projects. Here's how to buy wisely:

BRISTLES: Both natural and nylon will give good wear, provided bristles taper to split (or "flagged") ends that hold more paint, distribute it evenly.

THICKNESS: Fat is beautiful. Thickly set bristles speed the job. Check to make sure there's no hollow space in the interior of the bristle layer.

SPECIAL TASKS: Tell your dealer what you're going to paint: he'll recommend the right width brush, e.g., for window frames and moldings, look for a small sash brush with bristles cut on an angle.

ROLLER IT RIGHT: There's a right size and shape roller to make short work of every painting job. This primer will get you rolling right along.

Nap facts: Rollers may be covered with wool (don't use with enamels), with mohair (especially good for enamels), or with synthetics (rayon or nylon), good all-purpose choices.

For smooth surfaces, choose a roller with short (¼-inch) nap; the long-hairs are best for stucco, cinder blocks and such.

Additives: An extension handle takes the crick out of ceiling painting. (It can be a mop handle for many rollers.)

Buy a roller tray with a metal or plastic grid to help load the roller evenly.

Don't overlook the latest in paint applicators: flat pads, edgers, etc., are constantly cropping up on your dealer's shelves.

Clean-up tip: Line the roller tray with a plastic bag (under the grid) so you can simply toss it out when the job's done.

STAPLE LEG LENGTH	BEST FOR:
¼ inch	Screens, shelf paper, windowshades
5/16 inch	Light upholstery, webbing, leatherette, cornices
⅜ inch	Insulation, weatherstripping, wire mesh, roofing paper
½ inch	Carpet underlayment, heavy screening, carpeting, felt weatherstripping, canvas
9/16 inch	Ceiling tile (use special staples), wire fencing, insulation board, chicken wire, plastic sheeting

Note: Buy staples by the same manufacturer who made the gun—others might jam. Follow manufacturer's recommendations for staple size and number on the products you will be stapling. For outside work, use special rust-resistant staples.

PANEL DISCUSSION

Time was when "knotty pine" was synonymous with "paneling." Now knotty pine is just part of a variety of choices. The latest is real cork applied to standard 4x8-foot wall panels. A natural for dens and family rooms, the cork panels are also natural sound-absorbers.

Another new panel product has arrived just in the nick of these noisy times: sound-deadening paneling designed to be built into walls, ceilings or floors, behind decorative surfaces for a significant drop in noise levels. It's a good product to keep in mind if you're finishing an attic or adding a room.

Still other new decorative panels come with burlap-covered surfaces to add informal texture to your walls. Or, if your room's more dressy, look for paneling finished to look like brocade, leather, marble . . . the decorative effects are almost limitless.

SHEET LIGHTNING FOR WALLS

Some of the new looks in your linen closet are too good to keep under covers. Use sheets to make up your walls, as well as your bed. It's sheet lightning-fast decorating, especially if you arm yourself with one of the new electric staple guns now on the market.

First, figure fabric: A flat king-sized sheet will cover about 9 square feet of wall space. Buy all sheets you'll need at the same time so dye lots match.

Get walls ready: Test to see if your wall will accept staples. If not, nail ½-inch wide wood stripping around top and bottom of walls, and around windows and doors.

Trim sheets: Open hems, press and cut sheets enough longer than wall is high to allow for matching patterns—at least 6 inches.

Start in a corner: Weight a piece of chalked string with a hammer so it hangs plumb. Hold hammer against wall and snap the string to make a chalk mark on the wall ½ inch from corner. Position the edge of the sheet along line, turn under top allowance 3 inches and staple across to hold. Pull tautly to bottom, turn under and staple. Now staple down sides. Go back and staple firmly across top and bottom.

Hidden seams: Chances are the staples will practically disappear into the sheet pattern. For a little extra work, you can hide them completely. Buy a roll of upholster's tape (½-inch-wide cardboard stripping) from an upholstery supplier. Place the second sheet face-down along the edge of the first and staple just to hold. Now staple cardboard tape down length of overlapped sheet edges. Pull second sheet over hidden seam and staple to wall. **End**

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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued from page 87

"You're on your feet, dear, would you hand me that book over there?" Or, "It's the phone, darling, and you're on your feet—"

My father adored her, which was undoubtedly the reason I went around crossing my eyes all the time. She didn't have to cross her eyes to be noticed; she had only to gaze out of those large, sapphire blue orbs, under those long, black lashes, to melt the hearts of men.

There's a picture of the four earliest-born Russell children, at a time when I was the baby, a two-year-old in a long, christening-style dress. Brother James sits soberly in a wicker armchair, brother John stands behind my chair, fair and sturdy, but it's the Duchess, stage center, who commands one's attention. An enormous ribbon bow sits, like the propeller on a biplane, on top of her short, blond hair, her face, heart-shaped, serene, elegant in its bones, even at the age of six, is a face out of time; you could have set the Duchess down anywhere, in any span of this world, and she would have made her audience laugh and feel better. (When the typewritten manuscript of *Auntie Mame* was first sent to me by its author, Patrick Dennis, I was bemused as I read through it. "Somebody has written my sister," I said. "Somebody has written the Duchess." I knew immediately I could have played Mame with one hand tied behind me: I'd been living with her all my life.)

My father had mixed emotions about Clara's popularity; he loved the fact of it, but he didn't want the same fellows hanging around every Saturday. "Wasn't that young man here last week?" he would demand if he spotted a familiar presence among the boys who swarmed down from New Haven to buzz around the Duchess.

She called them all "Darling" and, like an accomplished juggler tossing plates, kept them passing one another in midair and gravitating back towards her.

One of her Yale admirers was Rudy Vallée; I can see him now, wearing that raccoon coat.

I argued with her, and I learned from her. When we were grown and she was fashion editor at *Town and Country* magazine, she introduced me to career women, to the merchandising ladies who were a special breed. Some were married, some supported drunken husbands. They were always going to quit after the fall collection. They were rough ladies in a rough business. Some of them were brutes to work for, never letting the salesgirls sit down; some of them were tragic, fighting hard in what they thought was a man's world. But they all had taste. And you can't buy taste, and you can't send away for it out of a catalog. The Duchess had instinctive taste.

Older-sister-bossy

I remember one trip down Madison Avenue with her—it must have been in the 40's, and she *owned* Madison Avenue, knew everybody—during which she was being older-sister-bossy. She was waving to a girl who passed, and crying, "Margie, dear, call me, don't forget," and shaking hands with another woman, and saying, "I'll see you Thursday," and in between these greetings, she was trying to correct my taste. "Now, darling, you can't wear those Hollywood hats; in New York we're more conservative." The Duchess was going on about my Hollywood hat and my shabby handbag—"Is that an old one of mine?"—when a man came by. She hailed him in great glee. "How have you been? You don't need to tell me. I can see just by looking at you, you're in the best condition of your life. And how's your mother? Give her my love, she's one of my favorite people, always has been, always will be. Still going away weekends to the *(continued)*



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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

countryside? Well, it's wonderful to see you. Goodbye, dear."

The man had nodded to me, asked, "How are you, Roz?" We'd shaken hands, and now Clara and I were walking on down the street. "Darling," she said, "I know just as well as I know I'm walking here who that man is, but I can't think. Who was he?"

I stopped dead and looked her right in the face. She's not going to pull both my legs, I thought, one at a time is enough. Then I realized she was in earnest.

"Now, Duchess," I began, but she was nattering on again: "I know him, I know I do, can't you give me a clue?"

"That was your first husband," I said.

"Oh, my God!" she screamed. "Don't tell anybody. I'm going to stand right here until you promise. Raise your right hand and say, 'I will not tell anybody this story.' "

"I'm gonna tell everybody this story," I said.

"Now, that's mean," she said. "They'll think I'm senile or something."

I've heard this same tale with other casts of characters—Truman Capote wrote about Gloria Vanderbilt not recognizing *her* first husband—but I *know* it happened to the Duchess; I was there.

The first dance I ever went to—at Canterbury, a boys' Catholic prep school in New Milford—Clara wore a white satin sheath with a red satin insert, while I was gussied up in a frilly peach number. Peach was my most unfavorite color, the scallops of the skirt hit me right in the wrong place on my long, skinny legs, and because the dress was sashed with silver, my mother had a little silver bandeau made for my hair, and bought me silver slippers with baby Louis heels—those heels that look as though they're being crushed by your body weight.

I was too tall, too gangly, I had too many curls and a million freckles, and I sat on the sidelines trying to look world-weary, rather than abandoned. I'll never forget it. Ellen Mackey was a chaperone, though she was only 19. She had a brother at Canterbury. She wore black velvet, cut quite low, and grew up to marry Irving Berlin.

A glutton for punishment, I now embarked on a feverish social life, all engineered by Clara. She would shop around among her beaux, and set up dates for me, but I was the one who had to lie myself out of the house. First I'd approach my mother in her sewing room. "Dad says I can go to the prom at New Haven with Clara and two boys," I would say. My mother would gaze at me thoughtfully. "If your father has lost his mind, he will have to take the entire responsibility for such an enterprise." Then I'd tear downstairs and into the library. "Dad, Mother says I can go to the prom at New Haven with Clara and two boys."

He'd look surprised. "At your age? Your mother agrees to a thing like this at your age? Well, your mother's a very sensible woman, and if she feels your sister will look after you, you may go."

The year I was 16, Clara got us invited for a weekend at Princeton, and the only gown I owned was still that damn peach-colored affair. I'd been so miserable wearing it that my parents said I could have a new dress. Not only was I given the money with which to buy it, I was also permitted to go to New York to shop. Clara came with me; she was supposed to help me select something suitable. Then we'd carry our suitcases and our purchases to Pennsylvania Station, and take the train down to Princeton.

Somehow, I talked the Duchess into letting me shop by myself. I promised to meet her at the information desk in the station at an agreed-upon time, and off I went, my ears ringing with instructions. Clara was a fountain of instructions. "Don't talk so much, wipe off that lipstick, they don't do this at New Haven, they do this at Princeton—"

She had a green chiffon dress, so I went and bought a white one. It was a humdinger. I cheated a little on the price, and used the money I'd held back to buy a black satin coat and a black satin hat that sat way over on one side of my head, and I wore them to the station. Oh, I was pleased with myself. Clara took one look at my new vamp suit, and started bawling me out.

"Whatever have you got on? Does Mother know you've bought a coat like that?"

We boarded the next train headed for Princeton, and all the way down, Clara rained instructions. "There are no fraternities at Princeton. There are eating clubs at Princeton. Take off that rouge. We're going to Tiger Inn tonight, and then tomorrow there are the boat races" —it was a spring weekend, as I recall— "and Saturday night . . ."

Make big impression

But I wasn't listening about Saturday night. It seemed too far away. I had it in my mind that I had to get in there fast and make a big impression on Friday night, or the whole weekend would be a bust. I'm going to wear the new white chiffon Friday night, I thought, and then if I can meet up with something that takes to me, he won't mind the peach job on Saturday.

So we traveled, my sister's voice an obbligato to the fantasies being woven under a black satin hat clinging perilously to a clump of wiry curls.

We arrived at the house where we

(continued on page 168)



How does Laurie's mother keep up with Amy's mother?

Sometimes you must wonder how you manage to do all you do. And how you could possibly do any more—even though (in this case) it's something for yourself.

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You'll like it better...or my name isn't Orville Redenbacher.

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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued from page 164

were to stay in Princeton with ju enough time to dump our bags and con down for tea. The tea was so we cou meet and mingle with the boys. On t way to our room, I spied a pool tab and by the time Clara had powdered h nose and come looking for me, I was a ready in action, cue in hand, one leg u on the table, threatening to sink tw balls in separate pockets as part of m I'm-a-better-man-than-you-are act th so endeared me to the male sex.

Thick is the only word for it. Despi my studying Clara faithfully, I was slow learner. If I went out in a car wi a boy, and that car sputtered an stopped, the boy would say, "I think i the carburetor," and I'd say, "Oh, g away from there, it's dirt on the point I'll take care of it." And I'd take care it, and I'd never see that boy again. If went to a football game with a boy, an he said, "The next play is going to be forward pass," I'd say, "You're crazy, it gonna be an end run." And they'd ru an end, and I'd never see *that* boy agai If a boy tried to kiss me, I'd say, "A you kidding?" and make a repulsive fac Of course I was sorry after I did it, an I'd spend the next few days waiting l the phone, but the boy wouldn't ca again. Years later, my experiences b came the basis for Betty Comden an Adolph Green's wonderful song, "On Hundred Easy Ways To Lose a Man."

"What's that?"

That Friday night at Princeton, Clar hauled me away from the pool table, an we how-do'd the young men. She kne them all. Then she and I went back t our room to lay out our dresses and tak our baths. I spread the white chiffon o the bed. The Duchess' eyes narrowed "What's that? Does Mother know yo have that?"

"Well, Dad gave me the money. Wha did you think I was shopping for?"

She studied the dress, then she studie me. "You're not wearing your peach to night?"

"No, I'm wearing this tonight—"

"Hmm," she said. She lights a ciga rette, and she never stops to take breath, making me a gift of her endles instructions. "First we go to such-and such a club, but don't eat too much, be cause later, we'll have scrambled egg at such-and-such a place—" And all th time I'm saying to myself, that's wha *she* thinks. I'm going to dump her a fast as I can; I'm going off on my own i a blaze of white chiffon.

Blaze, indeed. Call it an unfortunat burst of intuition. Clara leaned over th bed to put her shoes on, *(continued*



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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

cigarette still in hand, and the next thing I saw was my chiffon dress in flames.

My heart broke. All I could think was, that means the peach for both nights.

My sister was stomping out the fire. When she had finished, there was a fine hole clear through the front of the bodice, over the bosom and out the back. Of course I had the kind of bosom you could expose and not know whether it was front or back, but still . . .

I couldn't help it, I started to cry. "Look what you've done!" I sniveled, and the Duchess genuinely felt bad. "Now, now, don't give up, wait a minute, let me think," she commanded, and grabbed up our cloche hats. Each of us owned a rhinestone pin, one was shaped like an elephant and one like a rabbit; they'd been fastened on our cloches to perk them up. The Duchess tore the pins from the hats, gathered my chiffon and, pulling together the edges of the hole in front, stabbed the elephant pin through the mess. Then she pulled the edges of the hole in back into a tiny bunch, and skewered them with the rabbit. "There," she said, proudly displaying her handiwork. "It's just decorated, and you'll be all right."

I wore it. A glittering clump on my chest, a glittering clump between my shoulder blades, and a little evening bag held up to my collar bone, with the vain idea that it—and my two arms—might disguise the improvements the Duchess had wrought in my costume.

I never saw her again that night. She was going to be punished. Let her worry about where I was. Let her think there had been rape in the bushes, and wonder how she was going to break the news to my father. I wasn't going anywhere with *her*, and I had a wonderful time.

Next day, the boat races—and another dust-up. "You're not wearing that satin coat," she said. I realize now she saved me from horrible embarrassment, but while she was dragging out my traveling outfit—the sweater and skirt I'd been wearing when I'd got on the train in Waterbury—and pushing my reluctant body into it, I was sulking.

Once before, I tried to write about the Duchess. I made some notes, but she's hard to capture. Because she was at once totally sophisticated and absolutely naïve. My darling Duchess, I still miss her.

Though we lost my sister Clara, and we lost my brother John, these blows were dealt to us as adults; our childhood was uninterrupted by tragedy. Mostly, we little Russells had fun. I tried never to let school interfere with my serious education (like studying the leading lady's blue eye shadow from way up in the third tier), no matter how many nuns might telephone complaining that Rosalind had not been to St. Margaret's Grammar School today. But by the time I got to Marymount College, at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, where I boarded, it was necessary to evolve more elaborate schemes for achieving freedom. You couldn't just not show up, because you *lived* there. And because I was rebellious, I was always being confined to the school grounds for some misdemeanor or other; I'd never have got a weekend at home if I'd had to earn one, so I took to killing off my Aunt Mary Jane. And this is how dopey I was: I had her die about three times my first year. She always met her Maker on a Friday morning. I don't know why I could never think of another excuse. I'd have one of my sisters send a telegram. "Mary Jane died today, come home for funeral."

I was expelled from Marymount four or five times my freshman year. Once, I almost took. I'd got clear into the taxi cab, when the Reverend Mother came down the front steps, opened the taxi door and, without saying a single word, hooked her thumb over her right shoulder and gestured me back upstairs.

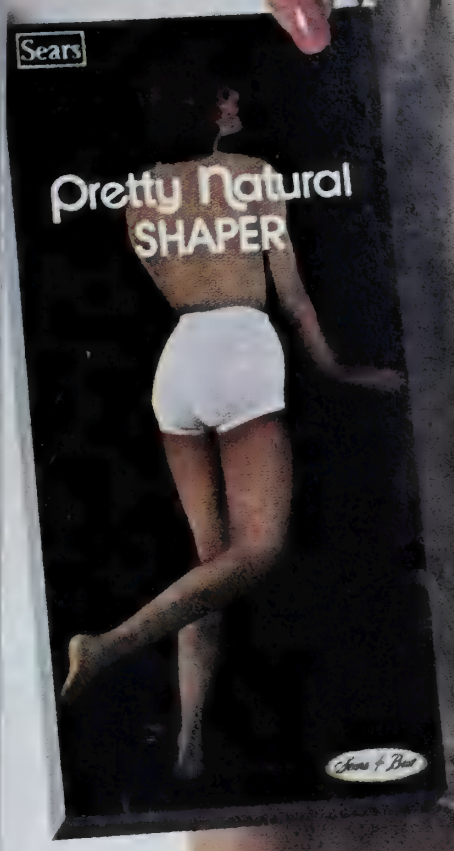
The trouble was, I had to bust any rule I thought was silly. Make a rule and I'd push against it. Heavily. Many of the rules *were* silly. When you think of putting college women 18 years of age to bed at nine or 9:30, it seems insane. We weren't supposed to have food in our rooms, either, and I ran a whole delicatessen out of my bathroom. As a result I had a few mice, but mice have never bothered me. I'd wave at them and throw them a little cheese.

Russell's Deli

I stocked all the cheeses under the sun, and I was always caught, because Russell's Deli was open seven days a week and the traffic gave me away. I didn't mind too much when the shop was finally shut up for good; it was too tough to collect my money, what with everybody yelling "Charge it," as they fled, mouths full, down the halls.

At Marymount, I was a demon athlete. Our basketball team had beaten Manhattanville and another Catholic girls' school, so we considered ourselves great Olympic material. Our prowess came to the attention of Marymount's benefactor, a Mr. Butler, who owned the Butler Stores (they were like the A & P) and a famous racetrack up in the Bronx.

Mr. Butler had lost his son in World War I, and on the anniversary of the son's death, I took my bugle to the chapel and played taps for him. Mr. Butler was kindly disposed toward us girls, especially toward us bugle-blowing basketball players, and he said if we could win an upcoming game against a certain physical education school, he'd treat our team to a trip to Europe. *(continued*



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ecause as you get older, your shape nges. Spreads a little. Shifts a little. stributes in different places. Places never had before.
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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

The team was elated. We went to the beauty parlor before the game. Then we dressed in white blouses, put our Marymount blue jumpers over them, added clean white socks and clean white sneakers.

When we took the court against the players from the physical education school, we were amazed. We'd never seen anything like those girls. They were wearing short shorts and sweat shirts, pared down for action.

Even so, we held our own. At the half, the score was 24–24. We rushed to a telephone and called Mr. Butler. "We're going to win, get ready for Paris, you can count on us—"

Then we went back for the second half, and I noticed that I had a different guard. I was playing forward, because I was tall, but this guard was about 6′-6″. Clearly, we'd been up against the physical education school's fourth team, and now they'd got tired of toying with us, and had sent in their second team. The final score was something like 112 to 24. I never forgot that game. We were such ninnies, thinking we could beat those big apes.

Life was pretty much all games for me until I was 19. Then my father died. He stood up to open a window in his office, dropped to the floor and was gone. Everything about death is so complicated; in the middle of the grief and the drama, something will strike you funny. We held a wake for my father, and since he'd been a friend to everyone for miles around, all these people with shawls over their heads came to the house. And when my sisters and brothers and I, in our black suits and dresses, opened the front door—we were trying to keep my mother upstairs because she had an eye infection, and crying was bad for her—the shawled mourners would walk right past us, and keep marching through the whole downstairs until they got clear to the kitchen. There was Dad, laid out in the music room, surrounded by piano, record player, little gold chairs, and everybody who'd come to see him was going right past him in the wrong direction. So we Russells would start to say, "Excuse me, wait a moment, this way please," and find ourselves doubled over with unseemly, uncontrollable hysterics.

My father's will made the law journals. It said that his children could have as much education as they wanted—and could be supported while they were getting it—but once they were out of schoo no more money until they'd worked f three years.

The baby of the family, Josephi (we call her Phine), had no intention going to work—and she didn't. For yea Phine signed up for any kind of less that came down the pike—Dad's w wasn't restrictive—and there we months when she studied crewel wo and other mont when she turn to embroidery a painting on p celain and stan collecting. Once asked Phine wh she was up and she beame "I'm taking sm ing lessons."

I figured it w probably tru "That's goo that's fine," I sai "How are yo getting on? I you think you get your degree

Unlike her, was eager to employed, b what I want was the theat and I didn't kn quite how broach that to m mother. I'd do some acting in m first year at Ma mount and lov it. I wanted quit college a go to the Ame can Academy Dramatic Arts New York Cit But reared as had been, I didn dare to think becoming an a tress. I knew wh the nuns wou say. "A nice Cat olic girl doesn do that." Becau actresses we known to be, the least, hea drinkers.

I finally had an inspiration. I told m mother I wanted to teach speech. We knew about my good, loud voice. S thought that was a good idea. "You have nice, long vacations," she said.

More important, the Depression ha begun, and teachers' work seemed saf than most. For once I was going to brea out of a school with permission. So lon Marymount; hello, God knows what.

I came crashing down *(continue*

What if you don't take the Pill?

Some straight talk about three alternate methods of birth control.

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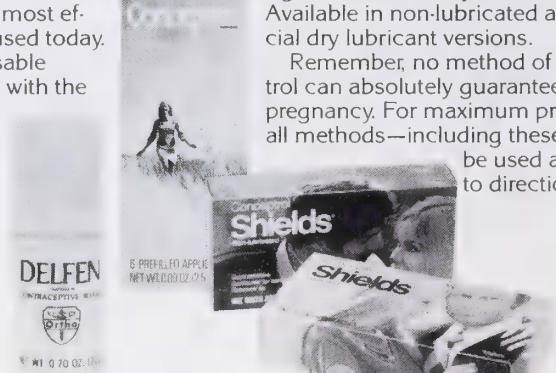
Conceptrol* Birth Control Cream This is a gentle cream formulated with one of the most effective spermicides used today. Its easy-to-use disposable applicator is prefilled with the correct amount for a single application.

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Ortho gives you other choices.

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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

on the American theater the same year as the stock market. It was 1929 when I was graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and began sitting in the Shuberts' office, hoping to be noticed by the Shuberts. Sad to say, though Lee and J.J. used to pass me on their way in and out, that was as far as our relationship progressed.

After two years at the Academy, I had gotten the lead in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, our graduation play. Next day, on the stage of the Lyceum Theater, Edward G. Robinson, a former graduate of the Academy, addressed us new-minted actors, and then my mother and I went back to a dressing room to pick up our coats.

A man was standing there waiting. "Miss Russell?" he said.

I said yes.

"I have a stock company in Greenwich," he said, "and I'd like very much for you to join us this summer."

Silence. Fellow students who'd been milling about stopped dead. My mother stared. I was so startled I didn't know what to say. "How much do you pay?" I heard myself asking.

"A hundred and fifty dollars a week," said the man.

I gasped. I'd never known a beginner could get that kind of money.

Thrown though I was, I thought I'd better bargain. I'd been warned that bargaining was one of the rules of the game. "I don't believe a hundred and fifty dollars is enough," I said.

With that, the man started backing out of the dressing room. He kept looking at me and just going and going and going till he backed right through the door. I watched him with my mouth open. I was sick. I knew I'd never again be offered $150 in my whole life.

My mother and I went to have tea up at the old Ritz Carlton on Madison Avenue. There we met some friends, and my mother told them the news. "Rosalind was offered a professional job in a pro fessional theater. A hundred and fift dollars a week. Just now. I was there, heard it, the professional theater, not th amateur theater—"

Sick or not, I felt a pang of happines My mother was proud of me, and I coul quit worrying about being a teacher. knew now she wasn't going to be mad I tried to become an actress.

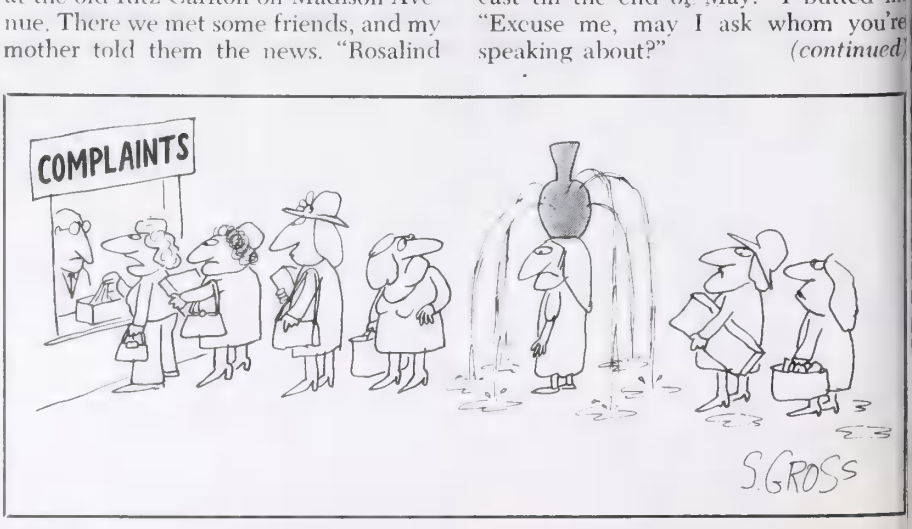
But she wasn't going to be patien either. As a graduation present, she too me to Bermuda for a week, and when w got back, she went off to Waterbury an left me in New York to find acting em ployment. Four days later, my telephon rang. It was my mother. "Now, Rosa lind," she said, "it must be obvious t you by this time that you're not wante in the theater, so come home."

I begged her to suspend this fierc judgment for a little bit longer. By the my office-sitting had begun, and as watched the Shuberts mushing into thei private chambers and slamming the doo behind them, I used to fantasize tha they spent long, useless afternoons sniff ing the delicious smells that wafted u from Sardi's while going out of their wa to ignore the brilliant talent—me—i their anteroom.

Here I was, willing to serve my ap prenticeship, and nobody cared. Then met Ed Casey.

For some reason—an appointment? a audition?—I had found myself in an ol rehearsal hall on 44th or 45th Street, building cut up into dozens of studio furnished with practice barres, mirror and camp chairs. Plaster cracked and fel from the ceilings like the gentle rai from heaven, paint peeled down th sides of the rackety radiators, half th ivory facings had been knocked off th white keys of the venerable upright pi anos, the vocalizing of unseen sopranos came through the walls to quarrel with the sharp counts of chorus dancers, an sometimes you could pick up a casting tip in the halls.

This day, I heard a fellow talking to a friend. "No," he was saying, "he doesn't cast till the end of May." I butted in. "Excuse me, may I ask whom you're speaking about?" *(continued)*



MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

looked suspicious. "A guy named asey," he said reluctantly. "He has pany in Saranac Lake." Pressed for s, he offered one further fact. Mr. s lived someplace on Long Island. ore down to the lobby. Under the on the ground floor was a phone on all, and nearby, worn, torn phone . I attacked the Queens directory. ound the right Ed Casey in Forest and told him my name. "I under- you have a company in Saranac " I said.

'd been around the track before. "I cast for another month," he said ly.

sked when he was coming to town. ell," he said, "I'm coming to town rrow. To go to the dentist, if any- cares. But I won't be casting—"

think you ought to see me," I said. use I have to go on a trip." The was only to Waterbury, but he t need to know that.

ter a bit of an argument, he agreed eet me in the Astor Hotel. In the . He'd be finished at the dentist's out four o'clock.

ext afternoon, I was skulking behind potted plants in the Astor lobby, nating on Ed Casey—would he be g? old? fat? thin?—when a voice ded in my ear. "Miss Russell?"

have to go away," I said hoarsely, ould you sign me now if you think ight for anything in your company?"

Vell, what do you play?" said he, ly fascinated.

play anything," I said. "I mean, I I'm right for the second woman."

don't need a second woman," he "I need a leading woman—"

hat's really what I am," I said, "but ln't want to start by telling you that ear you'd think I was conceited."

e asked me what I'd done, and I said worked in Hartford, at the Parsons ater. I thought maybe I could get brother John to phone somebody e who'd cover for me. "Also," I said, orked in a stock company you never d of. In Pennsylvania."

like you," said Ed Casey. I was so at the game I didn't even realize it a miracle. Two weeks out of school, a producer liked me. Wouldn't ev- ody? "But I want my wife to see " Mr. Casey was saying. "She's go- o meet me here."

hen Mrs. Casey came along, he and did a good deal of whispering—I v they were intrigued because, from re I was watching, I could see Mrs. ey's head nodding up and down—and he came back to me and said I had ob. "What's your salary?"

I was a quick learner. "A hundred and fifty dollars a week," I said brazenly.

"Whew!" he said. "My partner's going to have a fit. He has in mind a girl who'd never cost what you cost. He thinks we could get her for thirty dollars a week, but I'm going to take the gamble."

The minute I'd left the Academy, I'd rushed to join Actors' Equity (these days somebody has to want you and hire you before the union will let you in; in those days if you could stand up, you could sign up), so I told Mr. Casey I had to have my contract. Now, I don't know how I convinced him of the necessity for speed, but I wasn't going to turn back into a pumpkin if I could avoid it. At 5:30 on that still wintry April afternoon I dragged the amiable Mr. Casey to the Equity office, where we signed a contract. I carried my copy around in my fist for days.

Scream greeting

Dissolve to June. Rosalind Russell, leading lady, steps off the train at Saranac Lake. The rest of the acting company is there to meet her. Her appearance is greeted by an unearthly scream.

What is it? she wonders. What *is* it?

"It" was Casey's partner, a man named Dick Bartel. "That's the one," he howled. "That's the one I saw at the school in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. That's the one I told you we could get for thirty dollars a week. She's never worked anyplace in her life!"

Lesson Number Two: Never lie, because you always get caught. (Lesson Number One is: Never haggle over salary unless you can afford to watch the guy back out the door.) Actually, I'm not so sure about Lesson Number Two, because lying sometimes pays off. Obviously.

Luckily, Mr. Bartel decided it was funny that one dumb kid had outsmarted two seasoned entrepreneurs, and during the whole summer season that I played for him and Casey—26 plays in 13 weeks—he brought me $30 every Friday night. I'd get the other $120 later, but first Mr. Bartel would have his joke.

A bad year 1929? What were they talking about? My fortunes held. Incredibly, I went straight from summer stock in Saranac Lake to winter stock in Boston. An agent named Chamberlain Brown had sent me to see a man named E.E. Clive, who ran a company at the Copley Theatre. Mr. Clive (called Clivey by those who knew him) produced shows featuring English casts: Leslie Howard and quite a number of other well-known actors had played for him, and in 1929, John Emery was his leading man. When he interviewed me, I was so teddibly British I could hahdly understahnd myself. I think he got wise to me before the fourth line was out of my mouth, but I was hired anyway.

(At some future date, I *(continued)*

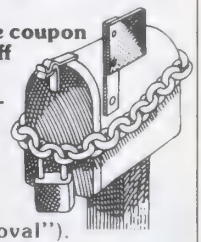
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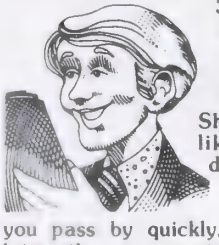
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Shopping by mail is like being in a big department store with many items on display. Some you pass by quickly, some look more interesting, so you stop to look and perhaps to buy—but the choice is always *yours*. You may even want to receive more mail about certain hobbies or interests of yours. The Mail Preference Service can help you get more mail in areas from cooking and gardening to books, travel, sports, and many others. Simply check the box marked "Add-On" below, and soon, you can begin taking even greater advantage of the extra opportunities you find only in mail advertising.

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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

asked Mary Jane, my younger sister, to spend a weekend, but I was so worried that her Waterbury accent might give me away that I never let her say a word. "You can talk to me," I said, "when we're alone, but when you're introduced to any of *them*, just smile, and say, 'Hmm.' Don't open your mouth." John Emery came with me to the train station to meet Mary Jane, and he must have thought she was simple minded. She kept going, "Hmm, hmm," and grinning, for two days straight.)

It was a nice job. Positively restful, after Saranac Lake. Downstairs in the theater basement, where the dressing rooms were, the kettle was always boiling with water for tea, and my fellow British actors sipped and sniped. We had tea, tea, tea, tea—which I loved—and they roasted America, which I didn't love. Those English actors could think of more ways to pan the colonies than I could stand to listen to. Because I was the flag-waving type, they drove me crazy, and one day I blew my cover.

"Listen," I burst out, "I want to tell you I'm a member of one of the colonies, and I'm sick of listening to you people. If you don't like this country, go back to England—"

None of them left, but I was rewarded for my patriotic fervor. Clivey was about to put on a play that featured an American girl in England—the story had something to do with show business—and I got a nice, new part.

I'd been working a year, and wanted more money, but I didn't know how to approach Clivey. So I turned in my two weeks' notice, in writing. "It'll kill 'em," I thought. "They'll fall apart, the theater will have to close."

And I waited. The first week went by. Nothing happened. I started gibbering to myself. Soon we were into the sec week, at the end of which I would l to leave. Miss Smarty-Pants, hoist by own presumption.

It came down to the matinee of last performance. My two weeks v up. I knew I'd have to go to the h and pack. After the curtain fell, Cl finally spoke to me. "Come into dressing room for a minute, will you?

In his dressing room, he was a ki uncle. For two weeks he'd been teas now he really wanted to know. "V have you done this?" he said. "Has so body been rude to you?"

"No, no," I said. "I just feel I sh have some more money."

"How much more money do you th you should have?" he said. My orig plan had been to ask for a bundle, b settled on $50. "Fifty dollars a week,"

"I'll give you twenty-five," he s "Now go back to work."

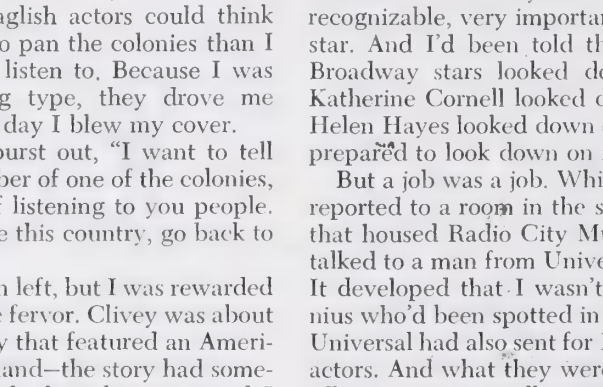
To begin with, I didn't want to g Hollywood. At least I thought I di want to go to Hollywood. I wanted become a Broadway star. An instan recognizable, very important, Broadw star. And I'd been told that import Broadway stars looked down on fi Katherine Cornell looked down on fi Helen Hayes looked down on film. I prepared to look down on film, too.

But a job was a job. Which was wh reported to a room in the same build that housed Radio City Music Hall a talked to a man from Universal Pictu It developed that I wasn't the only nius who'd been spotted in the enviro Universal had also sent for 15 or 20 ot actors. And what they were prepared offer me was a really rotten contra seven years of nothing.

Gazing at the man from Universa told myself to act large. "You have to large with these people or you're dea I silently advised Rosalind. Then spoke. "I want $750 a week."

The Universal man wasn't offer half that, so I went home.

By the time I reached the *(continu*



"If you're mine, get into the bathtub. If you're someone else's, go home."

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The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
and P Non-Filter	25	1.6
and C Non-Filter	23	1.4
and W	19	1.2
and W 100	19	1.2
and M	18	1.1
and S Menthol	18	1.2
and S Menthol 100	18	1.2
and BH 100	18	1.0
and M Box	17	1.0
and K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
and P Box	15	0.8
and K Mild	14	0.9
and W Lights	13	0.9
and M Lights	13	0.8
and D	13	0.9
and D Menthol	11	0.8
and V Menthol	11	0.7
and V	10	0.7
and M Menthol	8	0.5
and M	8	0.5
arlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
arlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
arlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

v. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Relieves Tormenting Rectal Pain And Itch, Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues

...Due to inflammation. Gives prompt, temporary relief from such burning itch and pain in many cases.

The burning itch and pain caused by inflammation in hemorrhoidal tissues can cause much suffering. But there is an exclusive formulation that in many cases gives prompt relief from this itch and pain. It helps shrink swelling of such tissues caused by inflammation.

Tests by doctors on hundreds of patients reported similar successful results in many cases. This medication is available at drug counters everywhere, under the name *Preparation H*®.

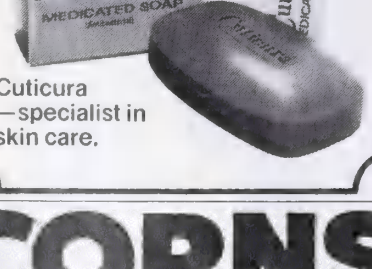
There's no other formula like Preparation H. Ointment or suppositories.

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You buy make-up to make yourself look younger. But when was the last time you bought a bar of Cuticura® Medicated Soap?

It really does beautiful things for your skin. Its rich, medicated lather doesn't just stop at top dirt. It gets down into pore openings to rout out impurities that can cause trouble. Washes away flaky, dry skin that constantly collects on the surface.

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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued

apartment, the phone was ringing. "Let's talk some more," said Mr. Universal.

I knew I had him.

"You don't know anything about me," I said, "and I don't know whether I can act in film. I don't even know whether I want to. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go to Hollywood, and you can test me. You can test me every day for two weeks. You'll pay my fare both ways, my hotel expenses and $100 a test. If you think I'm worth it after you see the tests, you'll sign me at $750 a week. If you don't like me after you see the tests, I'll come home."

He agreed.

I went west on the train, and was met at Union Station by a man who took me directly to the studio. Bags and all.

At Universal, I was wheeled into the office of a guy named Kelly, head of casting, and abandoned there. I'll never forget Mr. Kelly and I'll never forgive him. I stood against the door in his office, and he never looked up. He was too busy playing Big Executive. First Kelly phoned everyone he knew, along with a few people he didn't know but thought he'd like to meet. I didn't move, and I didn't say a word. I would have stood there till Kingdom come, he was going to have to speak first.

He clicked away at his telephone. It was pathetic. He was putting on this great show, and I couldn't even get him a nomination for an Academy Award. Eventually he deigned to glance in my direction. "Who are you?" he said. By now, I didn't care about charming anybody. Especially him. "Let's start with, who are you?" I said.

"My name's Kelly," he said.

"My name's Russell," I said. "And I have just gotten off a train. I'm hot, I'm dirty, I'm tired and I want to be taken to my hotel—"

"Oh," he said. "You're that actress from New York."

"That's right," I said. "I'm that actr from New York."

I didn't like that man at all. Sighi Kelly got up. "Well, come with me," said, "I hear we gotta make some test

He showed me around the makeup partment, and he showed me arou hairdressing and then Kelly went lunch and I took a taxi to my hotel had no idea when my screen test wou take place.

Brooding, I sat in the hotel for th days, until the call came. I'd be maki the test with John Stahl, a very imp tant director, and the studio was sendi a script so I could learn my lines.

The morning of the test, I got to U versal at the crack of dawn. It was 6 A. when I went into makeup. The make man was reading *The Hollywood porter,* a trade paper I'd never seen fore, and he said he couldn't take me. got a big day ahead of me, honey."

I walked on down to hairdressing, a there was this dame teasing her o hair in front of the mirror, and couldn't take me either. "I gotta Gloria Stuart," she said. (That's Jimmy Stewart's wife, there was an tress named Gloria Stuart.)

I went over to Stage 19, where test was to take place. It was caverno empty, dark. I sat there in the dark most of that day. Toward evening, couple of men wandered in and hit so lights. Then on came Mr. Stahl, the gr white father, with a shock of snowy ha He looked around, tapped the cam and called out, "Where is this actr who's supposed to work with me?"

When I emerged from the shado he gaped. "Where's your makeu Where's your hairdo? Are you the who's supposed to test for me? Do you know that I can't use you like thi

More guts than brains

On certain days, I have more guts th brains. "Now let me tell you somethi Mr. Stahl," I said. "Nobody would m me up, and nobody would do my h but I know these lines, and I'm going say these lines, because I get a hundr dollars for saying them!"

Mr. Stahl yelled a little bit more, a then he solved his problem. He put under the camera, where I sat and cues to an actor who was hoping to p opposite Claudette Colbert in *Imitat of Life.* Talk about insults—I wasn't e getting a test of my own, I was do Claudette Colbert's lines because was shooting the movie and Stahl desperate to find her a leading man.

After that first bout of work, I ran a deer to the cashier's office and dema ed my hundred dollars. Insulted or I wasn't leaving without the money.

Now a friend from the East, an act named Charlotte Wynters, whom met in stock, came to my rescue. O

(continued on page 1

THE MOST ASTOUNDING **Waist and Tummy Reducer** OF ALL TIME!

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Laurie Jensen—*"The Astro-Trimmer totally solved my figure problem in just 3 days. That's all the time it took to reduce my waist over 3½ inches—from 28⅛ to 24½; my tummy 5 inches—from 33¼ to 28¼. I loved the program, it was fun, it was easy, I didn't have to diet—and the inches stayed off!"*

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



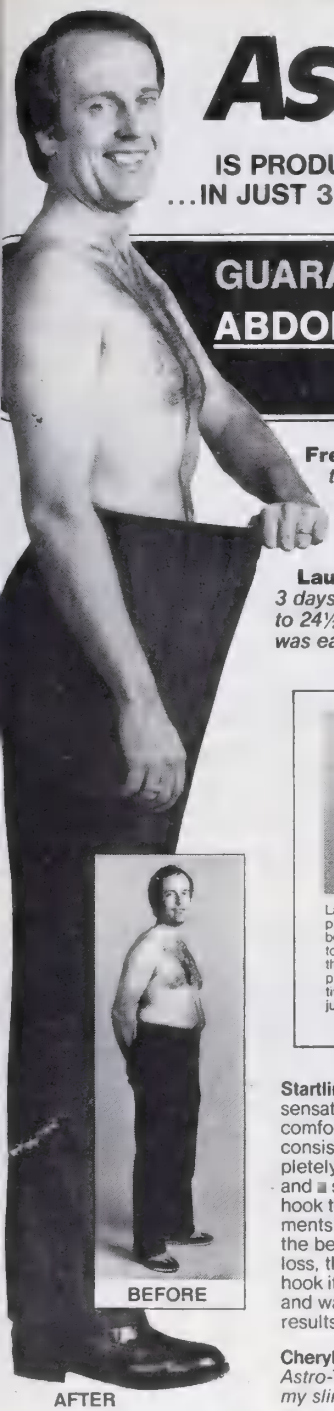
Laurie wraps the Astro-Belt completely around her waistline, before hooking the Astro-Bands to a convenient doorway. She is then ready to perform one of the pleasant, marvelously effective Astro-Trimmer movements—just about 10 minutes.



Now Laurie simply relaxes a few moments with her Astro-Belt in place. Her Astro-Trimmer movements have triggered the Astro-Belt's incredible inch-reducing effect which goes on working even as she relaxes.



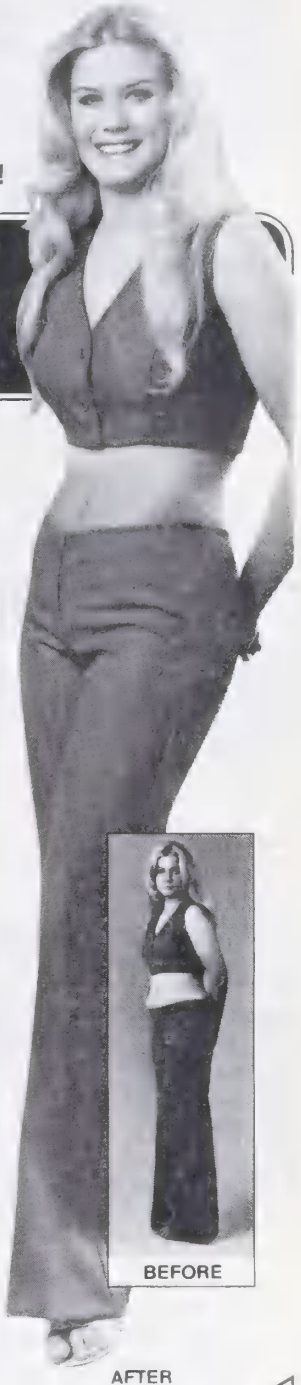
After her brief period of relaxation, Laurie removes her Astro-Belt. Already her figure has taken on a new look—already her waist and tummy are tighter and inches trimmer. Laurie lost over 3½ inches from her waist and 5 full inches from her tummy in just 3 brief ten minute sessions.



BEFORE

AFTER

Fred Masters ..6" off waistline in just 3 days.



BEFORE

AFTER

Laurie Jensen...her incredible results in just 3 days.

Startling discovery—thousands of users are finding the Astro-Trimmer to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use slenderizer of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency—and a pure joy to use. The Astro-Trimmer's totally unique design consists of a double layered belt: a soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing a marvelous feeling of warmth and support—and a sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo-stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified—directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequaled inch-reducing effect. In fact, for sheer inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy-to-do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 17 to 70 are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer. Results like these:

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Jim Morgan—*"With the Astro-Trimmer I actually reduced, firmed and tightened my waistline 5 inches—from 33¼ to 28¼—in just 3 days—without dieting. Remarkable results from a remarkable product."*

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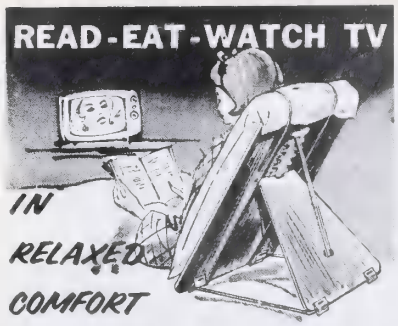
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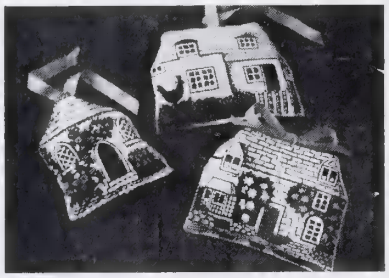
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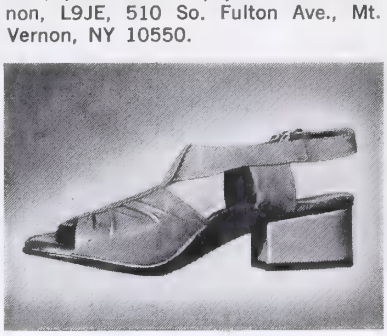
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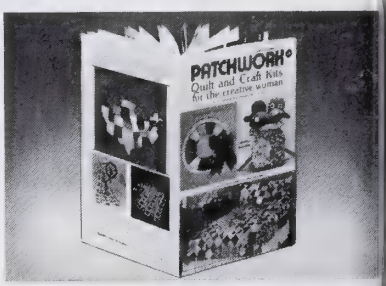


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LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



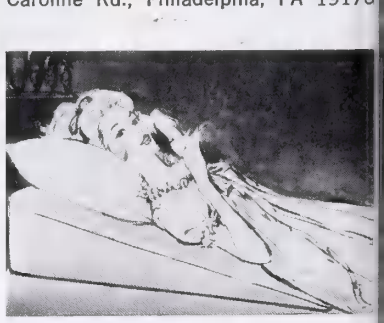
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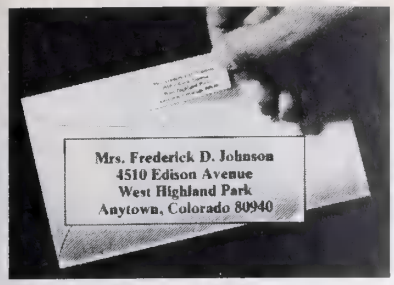
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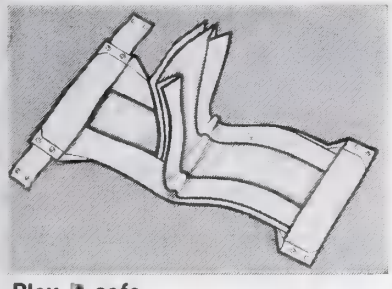
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MEMOIRS OF A GALLANT LADY

continued from page 178

the next several days, I did tests for the Colbert picture with nine different men, and I was never seen on the film. Sometimes I'd sit under the camera, sometimes right next to the camera.

Before my two weeks' testing period was up, I'd collected $900, and Charlotte had plotted out my future. There was a movie that was going to be made at MGM. Charlotte had tested for a part in it, but felt she was all wrong. "The girl who's staying with me, though, is absolutely right," she told the flabbergasted casting director at Metro. (It was no more usual then than now for one ambitious actress to push another.) She got the casting director, a man named Ben Piazza, to agree that I should test, and I sneaked over. Technically, I wasn't free; I still had a couple of days to go on this half-baked contract with Universal—and Metro did a test of me in a great big head; the whole thing was a closeup. It turned out fabulous. I never acted so well in my life, before or since, and I was offered a contract, which went a long way toward soothing my damaged pride.

Then I got word that Universal was going to pick up my option and sign me for seven years. (To this day I don't know why.) The news made me miserable. "I won't do it," I said to Charlotte. "I won't go there! I'm going to tell them to take their contract and—"

"Stop!" Charlotte said. "If you walk out, they can keep you from making a movie any place for seven years."

"So what?" I said. "I'll go back to the stage."

Moonstruck by Hollywood

But I wasn't being quite straight with her—or with myself. The big stage actress, Rosalind Russell, the one who hadn't wanted to come to Hollywood, was more than half moonstruck with the idea of working at Metro, where Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer and Jeanette MacDonald shone.

New developments followed hard upon this discussion. Carl Laemmle, Jr., the boss at Universal, had been in Europe during my two weeks under the camera. Now he wanted to meet me. Tomorrow morning.

Charlotte and I sat up all night hatching and discarding ideas. There had to be a way to get out of the Universal contract without being punished by seven lean years. We phoned everybody we knew, trying to find out about Carl Laemmle, Jr. Nobody could help us much. Finally, one informant said, "I know he likes beautiful women; he has a lot of girls."

It gave us the inspiration we'd needed.

When I went off to meet Junior Laemmle, I was a work of art. I was wearing a cast-off dress, compliments of the Duchess, a red and white print with a boat neckline, bought on sale at Bergdorf Goodman. I was too skinny for it; my collarbones stuck out. I had added to this a white linen hat dug out of the bottom of my trunk, a good hat, but quite creased, and white shoes, not perfectly clean. Charlotte and I realized we had to be careful, choose stuff of decent quality, because Laemmle was no dope, and if I'd gone too far, tried a fright wig and rhinestone bracelets, he'd have known something was up. We trod a fine line. I had shoulder length hair, and we put Vaseline on it and let it hang down in strips around my neck. Bad, but not too bad. We smeared a trace of mascara under my eyes, my lipstick was runny and we painted a little of it on my front teeth. Even my white gloves were weary. And I wore a tight bra which flattened down what little shape I had.

In Laemmle's outer office, I was nervous as a cricket. An agent who knew me from New York was waiting there too. He said, "Hi, Roz," and kept studying me. I could feel his eyes on me, wherever I turned.

When I was called into Mr. Laemmle's presence, I slumped on a couch. Mr. Laemmle tried not to stare. He failed. But he was a gentleman, and he spoke politely. "Miss Russell, I hear you haven't really made a test for us, and I'm sorry about that. We're going to start your buildup—"

"Well," I said, "I'm just very unhappy here." I kept it nasal, barely opening my mouth, the words came out between clenched jaws, sort of, "Oym just vairy unhairpy here—"

"Pardon me?" said Mr. Laemmle.

"Oym vairy unhairpy here," I said again. "Oy want to go to New York, oy miss moy family—"

He kept questioning me, because he couldn't believe that some idiot in New York had signed this creature with the dirty hair and the runover heels.

A few more lonesomes and unhappy and references to my mother, and Laemmle breathed what had to be a sigh of relief. "Well," he said, "if you feel that way, I guess we can let you go."

My adenoids came into play again. "Oy waant moy papers so oy can go—"

"Don't worry," said Laemmle. "Just go sit in the outer office, and I'll have somebody bring you your papers."

As soon as the release was sent up—it took about ten minutes—I was off and away. I got to Charlotte's place, showered, washed my hair, changed clothes and raced straight over to Metro, where I signed my first real movie contract.

It was lovely. It was the beginning of a different life.

In September of 1974, "A Tribute to Rosalind Russell" was held at Town Hall in New York City to honor a woman whose popularity and fame had already endured 45 years. The entire house was sold out, and at the end of the evening Rosalind Russell received a standing ovation. She once said, "Talent is wonderful, but I've played with actors who have more talent than I, and you can't hear them in the fourth row, they just don't have the energy, nothing in the belly, nothing in the guts that brings it all out and sells it across the orchestra pits and into the twenty-third row." Rosalind Russell had what it takes and more. **End**



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1 teaspoon vanilla
2 3/4 cups unsifted flour
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/4 teaspoon salt
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1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt
Confectioners sugar

In 8 x 8 x 2-inch baking pan stir together first 3 ingredients. Add next 6 ingredients. Stir with fork, scraping corners and sides of pan, until mixture is uniform. Bake in 350°F oven 30 to 35 minutes or until top springs back when touched lightly. Cool on wire rack. Place paper doily on top; sprinkle with confectioners sugar. Remove carefully.



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Hormel

Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



GETTING THE STORY: HOW EDITING KEEPS US FLEET OF FOOT AND SHARP OF EYE

That's me on the right, waving to the winners of the LHJ Arnold Palmer golf weekend at the Bay Hill Club in Orlando, Fla. (see page 78). It's been quite a month for our whole staff—on the go, on the job, for YOU. Your editor also went to Houston, Tex., to prepare for the first government National Women's Conference in late November, and at this writing, she's also packing to leave for County Kerry, Ireland, to help judge the Rose of Tralee contest. (Sort of Women of the Year, with a brogue!) Here, a view of editors doing their thing, for a big, beautiful October issue.







Woman Power: *left: Fashion editor Trudy Owett and Art Director Don Adamec pose IWY Commissioner Connie Plunkett and husband at the Kennedy Center in Washington. Right panel, top: photographer Joel Baldwin in the Blue Room of the White House with Carol Benefield; bottom, Trudy interviews Barbara Blum in her office at the EPA. (See our energy-saving fashion story, page 114).*





Barbara Walters in Central Park: *Taking our cover shots for the story on page 84, Don and photographer Paccione created a stir in Central Park. ("Hey, kids . . . that dame is Barbara!") Walters was calm and collected—and yes, she does ride a bike for fun and fitness . . . and stamina.*





Tailgate Picnic: *Food editor Sue Huffman and Don discuss details on a 95-degree day in an empty parking lot behind Giants Stadium in New Jersey. (Football days are easier!)*

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What's happening

By Gene Shalit



That's the real Gene Shalit on the right—or is it?

That's a Muppet up there. Let's see now, either on the right or on the left. It's so *confusing*. Muppets come in swarms of sizes and sidesplitting styles. On television, they're not only steadily seen scene-stealing on *Sesame Street*, but their very own *Muppets Show* lightens 163 stations across America and they're a small-screen scream in 103 countries. A Muppet was once considered solely a child's delight. Now big-name stars clamor to appear with them. On this season's Muppet shows you'll see popular non-puppet people. Like Zero Mostel, singing as Henry VIII with the Muppet Choristers. Like Don Knotts, fiddling his bass with the Muppet Electric Mayhem Band. Like Dom DeLuise, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Judy Collins, Peter Sellers. Question: From whence sprang the Muppets? Answer: They springeth from the imagination of Jim Henson, the Mississippi-born bright-minded lad who mixed "marionette" and "puppet" and came up with *Muppet*. That was in 1954, when he was just out of high school. Muppets first came to national attention on NBC's *Today* show (I couldn't resist mentioning *that*, could I?), and I first met Henson when his Critic Muppet debuted on the show (although he was hard to hear because I was laughing so much). What's the reason for the sudden surge of urge to appear with Muppets? I talked to Henson about it.

GS: "Why do stars beg to appear with the Muppets?"

JH: Maybe because they're so *warm*. And there's something special about being the only human on a show. Also, we always manage to show sides of the guests the public rarely sees. We let them do everything. Take Rita Moreno. With us, she acted, she danced, she sang, and she showed us what a terrific comedienne she is.

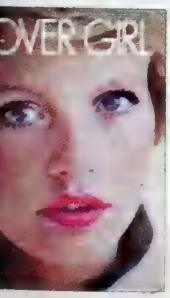
I could only respond with the memory of Ethel Merman in her dressing room before a Muppet appearance. Let her tell it: "I'm putting on my makeup and I turn and see the Cookie Monster next to me and he says do you think I have on too much makeup?, and I say I don't think so, and he says if only I had just a little powder over here and I say well, maybe, but you look okay to me and he says I like to look my best on the show and suddenly I yell 'What am I *doing*? I'm talking to a *puppet!*'" And she volcanoed into laughter, mixed with the other laughter rising from the floor where Frank Oz was lying, his arm straight up, enveloped by the Cookie Monster. Oz, with his instant wit, his warmth, his (in the finest tradition of the word) *craziness*, is a reason for the Muppets' endearing success. Ethel was perfectly rational in talking to the Muppet, because she was really talking to that wise, young wizard, Oz. It is he and Henson and their superhuman colleagues who give the Muppets life, by giving them a hand. Henson calls Oz "the greatest puppeteer in the world." I'm not prone to argue. I'm prone from laughter.

Movie reviews begin next page.



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continued

THE NEW MOVIES

The latest James Bond movie is a treat. It is called *The Spy Who Loved Me*, one of the most amusing and lighthearted shows in the series. This time Bond, who is always *right*, turns left to embrace a Soviet agent, and they center their attention on a wicked mastermind who wants to wipe out the earth and rule an underwater civilization. It begins with the disappearance of American and Russian atomic submarines. Who done it? The Russians assign their beautiful woman undercover agent, "Triple X," and the British assign *their* ace undercover agent, "007." They spring to action as Bond bounds boundaries trying to track the trafficker of stolen subs. To begin, he runs into the Russian spy in Egypt (isn't that where *you'd* look first?). Then their governments inform them that they are to work *together*. And so forth they set to flush out the sinister undersea sinner, and they get along swimmingly. Along the way they use all sorts of grinning gadgets: a watch with printout strips, cigarettes that puff sleeping potion, ski poles that fire bullets, a decapitating tea service, and a nifty combination sports car and underwater boat. The cast strikes me as being just right: Barbara Bach is gorgeous as the Russian (we know this is fiction; she's Russian and all of her clothes fit); Curt Jurgens is relaxed as the wicked mastermind; and, as our unflappable hero, Roger Moore seems British born and Bond bred. What a pleasure to go to a merry movie just for fun.

A BEAU JESTER

Marty Feldman has gone off without his usual associates in zaniness—Mel Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Gene Wilder—to write, direct and star in his own movie called *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*. It's a crazy send-up of that romantic adventure with the French foreign legion in the African desert. Feldman plays the identical twin of Michael York (dream on, Marty). Their father, Trevor Howard, marries Ann-Margret (dream on, Trevor). Feldman's sadistic German sergeant is Peter Ustinov, who has an entire ensemble of wooden legs, including one with rhinestones for formal occasions. The movie is a manic mixture of slapstick, satire and spoofs of all sorts of Hollywood clichés. There are running gags and walking gags and some that just lie there and giggle. But it is so filled with antic, frantic face that I cheer on Marty Feldman, and urge that wild-eyed wonder to keep being outrageous. To mix French with American, Marty Feldman is a beau jester.

DISNEY FOR CHILDREN

What the children of America can always use is a good old-time Disney movie, and that fanciful film factory has delivered just what we need: *The Rescuers*, a dandy Disney feature-length, animated movie based on books by Margery Sharp. Here's the story of a little orphan (no, not Annie; her name is Penny) who is kidnapped by a greedy crone named Madame Medusa with the voice of Geraldine Page. Madame kidnaps Penny, who's plunged into a pit to find a priceless diamond. Her note-in-a-bottle cry for help is discovered by do-good mice who rush off to save her. They're unusual mice: I mean how many mice do you know who sound like Eva Gabor and Bob Newhart? *The Rescuers* has two endearing characters: a bulbous-nosed dragonfly named Evinrude and a goggled albatross named Orville who's a one-bird airline with the voice of Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan. This $6-million movie runs 76 minutes, which is just right. If you've got some children under ten who are begging for a movie, here's Disney to the rescue with *The Rescuers*. It will delight them, and not so by-the-way, *you* too.

MOST SATISFYING

It's been a long time since I've seen another film with the glorious look of *La Grande Bourgeoise*. It's based on an actual case of murder, set at the turn of the century in Bologna and Venice. It's splendidly acted by the Italian Giancarlo Giannini and the Spaniard Fernando Rey (most recently together in *Seven Beauties*), and the French actress Catherine Deneuve. This film is based on an 1897 patrician murder that had everything: high society, a swarm of sex, the law, medicine, politics and religion. This is the story of the Murri family, whose patriarch (Fernando Rey) is one of the nation's leading physicians and free-thinkers. His doted-on daughter (Catherine Deneuve) is married to a man who terrifies her—an incompetent and tyrannical doctor loathed by her family. Since divorce is illegal, she is distraught. Her brother (Giannini), who adores her perhaps too passionately, conspires to murder her husband. The movie moves with languorous ease to its intricate, perplexing and sorrowful conclusion—the destruction of a noble family. It is for me one of the year's most satisfying films.

STRONG ADVENTURE

The American-made *Sorcerer* (directed by William Friedkin who made *The Exorcist*) is not about magic or devils or demons. What we do have here are fugitives hiding in South America: a young Middle East terrorist, an elegant French stock-market crook, and a gangster from New Jersey. The gangster is Roy Scheider, hiding from gangland retribution in a squalid, muddy, stinking jungle village. The men are building an oil pipe line, and when the principal oil well catches fire, it is vital that explosives be trucked through the jungle. The pay is enormous so the outcasts volunteer. Anything to escape this hellhole. *Sorcerer* (the name is painted on a truck) is the story of that trip, climaxed by the attempted crossing of a dilapidated suspension bridge held up by fraying ropes—one of the most visually exciting scenes of suspense I have seen in a movie. So you may find the film disgusting. There is much violence and sorrow, so much symbolical death, that the PG rating seems too mild. But, for adult escape, *Sorcerer* is well-made strong adventure.

INFLATED WHALE

The world's whales have an outside chance of surviving the Russian and Japanese determination to slaughter them, but they may not survive Dino De Laurentiis, the producer, who has concocted a demented movie called *Orca*. This is part lecture by Charlotte Rampling, and part living statues with Richard Harris portraying a dunce-cap fisherman in Canada. Harris, who brags about his stupidity, kills a pregnant whale. This enrages her mate that he goes on a binge of revenge to get even with Harris and all who sail with him. This whale is Orca and he is *talented!* He is also about as fearsome as a water balloon children inflate at the beach! I wonder if De Laurentiis *intended* to make a comedy? **E**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new movie, more than his best film; it is an event. W a treat! Diane Keaton is marvelous; Alle genius.

Black Sunday is a political thriller turn on an Arab plot to slaughter 80,000 peo attending the Super Bowl. Strong acting frenetic plot. Chilling.

Black and White in Color, a French film in West Africa, is well-acted comic op stuff . . . but hardly worthy of its Best F eign Film Oscar.

A Bridge Too Far is an enormous WW pageant that moves (over the course of th hours) to a clamorous doom.

The Deep is a soggy drama that takes pl underwater off Bermuda. Robert Shaw most saves things.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from D ney, takes a madcap look at a moth daughter relationship. What a pleas *good* Disney can be.

MacArthur stars Gregory Peck as y know-who. The great general was reflect and olympian, in love with prose and po The movie is all of these.

The Other Side of Midnight . . . even t sanitation department wouldn't pick up t trash.

Star Wars is a super picture filled with im ination, humor and joy, with stunning effe that use the visual power of pictures to p vide pleasure. The whole family will hav holiday.

Three Women is a beautiful and profou movie from Robert Altman. Extraordina performances, dialogue and photography. stunning film to see, to be enveloped by a to remember.

Brand Loyalties Shaken By Taste Impact Of Low Tar Merit.

MERIT taste delivery switching high tar smokers away from age-old favorites.

There is a taste alternative
high tar cigarettes.
Modern technology created it.
Tests proved it.
And smokers are confirming it.
Today most MERIT smokers
re coming from high tar
garettes—many from brands
ey had been loyal to for years.
Yet they're switching to—
nd sticking with—MERIT.
The reason is a real advance
tobacco technology that
sulted in a way to boost
atural tobacco flavor without
ie usual corresponding
crease in tar.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

It's called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Philip Morris Inc. 1977

gs: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's


"I look better today
than I have in years."

The makeup that helps skin over 25 look younger.



Cover Girl® 'MoistureWear'

When you're under 25, a smooth, natural look may be all you want from makeup. But over 25, your makeup should do more. Smooth out tiny, dry skin lines. Add a warmer depth of color to put a few more roses in your cheeks. That's why Cover Girl® created MoistureWear™ Makeup. Makeup with a balanced blend of special moisturizers, and fresh, fresh color to instantly improve the look of skin over 25. And help you look better than you have in years. 'MoistureWear' is pre-moisturized. So dewy you need no moisturizer underneath. Wear it and you can look the way you want to look—younger, fresher, prettier!



THE 'MOISTUREWEAR' MAKEUP COLLECTION:

CREAM MAKEUP. Whipped color refines your skin to perfection. Sheer. Airy. Un-artificial.

LIQUID MAKEUP. Flows on a flawless foundation with edgeless smoothness. Never greasy, never heavy.

CREAM BLUSH. Radiant color for a glow so alive, so fresh, it looks like it comes from within.

MOISTURE ENCAPSULATED POWDER. Pressed powder with sealed-in beads of moisture—freshly released every time you make up or touchup.

Also available: Nighttime Moisturizer, Moisturizing Under Eye Cover Stick, Moisturizing Wrinkle Stick.

Spending your money

An energy-saver's quiz

By Sylvia Porter

How and where are you frittering away home-heating dollars? This special quiz will help you find out.

TEST YOUR ENERGY QUOTIENT

1. What is your thermostat setting?

Score

If your thermostat is set at 68°F. or less during daytime in winter, score 6 points; 5 points for 69°; 4 points for 70°. If your thermostat is set above 70°, score 0. _____

If you have whole-house air conditioning and you keep your temperature at 78°F. in the summer, score 5 points; 4 points for 77°; 3 points for 76°. If you have no air conditioning, score 7 points. If your thermostat is set below 76°, score 0. _____

In winter, if you set your thermostat back to 60°F. or less at night, score 10 points; 9 points for 61°; 8 points for 62°; 7 points for 63°; 6 points for 64°; 5 points for 65°. If your thermostat is set above 65° at night, score 0. _____

2. Is your house drafty?

To check for drafts, hold a flame (candle or match) about 1 inch from where windows and doors meet their frames. If the flame doesn't move, there is no draft around your windows, and you score 10 points. If the flame moves, score 0. _____

If there is no draft around your doors, add 5 points. If there is a draft, score 0. _____

If you have a fireplace and keep the damper closed or block the air flow when it is not in use, add 4 points.

If you do not have a fireplace, add 4 points. _____

Score

If you leave the damper open when the fireplace is not being used, score 0. _____

3. How well is your attic insulated?

Check to determine the inches of ceiling insulation recommended for your zone.
If you already have the recommended thickness of insulation, score 30 points. _____

If you have 2 inches less insulation than you should, score 25 points. _____

If you have 4 inches less insulation than you should, score 15 points. _____

If you have 6 inches less than you should, score 5 points. _____

If you have less than 2 inches of insulation in your attic, score 0. _____

4. Is your floor insulated?

If you have unheated space under your house and there is insulation under your floor, add 10 points; if there is no insulation, score 0. _____

If you have a heated or air-conditioned basement, or if there is no space under your house, score 10. _____

5. Do you have storm windows?

If you live in an area where the temperature frequently falls below 30°F, in winter and you use storm windows, score 20 points. If you do not have storm windows, score 0. _____

Your Energy Quotient: Total _____

SOURCES: Federal Energy Administration; Edison Electric Institute; Alabama Power; Arkansas Power & Light; National Association of Realtors; Potomac Edison; San Diego Gas & Electric

How well did you score?

If you scored 90 or above, you already are an energy saver and are using energy more efficiently on average than 80 percent of Americans. If you scored under 90, you are spending more money on energy than you need to. Check the quiz again to see where you lost the most points, for those are the areas in which you can make the greatest savings in your annual fuel bill while improving the comfort, appearance and resale value of your home as well.

For more energy-saving tips, see page 231.

THERE'S MORE TO BEING RICH THAN MEETS THE EYE.

Joaillier Beverly Hills



At Redken, beautiful promises are based in scientific fact. So when we say our new colors for lips and nails are rich, we mean rich.

pH Plus™ Conditioning Lipstick gives you more than a pretty mouth. Loaded with hard-working emollients, protein and vitamins, it pampers and protects your lips. Its long-lasting color glides on as effortlessly as sheer chiffon. Without caking. Without drying out.

pH Plus Conditioning Nail Colour leaves more than a jewel-bright finish. It's packed with polymers that act like another, stronger nail layer to help your nails resist breaking and softening in water. pH Plus Nail Colour is quick-drying, too.

We even put thought into the bottle. The application is pre-measured. The bottle is spill-proof.

And our six new colors are elegant. For lips: Privileged Beige, Million $ Mauve, Foxy Beige, Red Sable, Iced Champagne and Caviar Brown. With six new Nail Colours that coordinate beautifully.

We feel that scientific products like ours can best be recommended by a licensed cosmetologist. You'll find pH Plus Lipstick and Nail Colour in the hands of professionals. Look for it in select beauty salons that use and sell Redken products. If you don't already know such a salon, check your Yellow Pages Telephone Directory. Then, go after Redken's new Richer-Than-Rich Colors. You'll be that much richer for it!



pH PLUS
RICHER-THAN-RICH COLORS

REDKEN® AT KNOWLEDGEABLE HAIRSTYLING SALONS



Not a spray. Not a douche. Not a doubt.

A woman wants to feel fresh and clean, all day, every day. With Bidette Towelettes she can do both. Each soft, lint-free cloth is pre-moistened with a soothing lotion that cleanses and refreshes quickly and conveniently. Bidette Towelettes make feminine freshness easy. They come individually foil wrapped, and can be used anytime, anywhere, at home, or away. You never have to worry if you keep Bidette within reach. No wonder Bidette has been the most popular feminine cloth towelette for over 15 years. Ask for individually foil-wrapped disposable cloth Bidettes at your drugstore.

Send 25¢ (no stamps) and coupon for 4 trial packettes.
Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

Bidette Dept. LH-3
Youngs Drug Products
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Name

Address

City

State Zip Code

ART OF CUTTING-UP

continued from page 120

How to make a collage

A collage (from the French "to paste or glue") is an arrangement of related elements pasted to a background to make a picture or an abstract design.

Motifs and elements: Once you begin to think of motifs that would be suitable in a collage, you'll begin to see them everywhere you look—in the pages of magazines and catalogs, on shopping bags, book dust jackets, promotion leaflets that arrive in the mail, in maps and prints being sold for small sums from tables outside of book shops and, obviously, in fabrics and wallcoverings. The last two you can beg from friends who have leftover lengths (anyone who has a wallpapered room will have at least a half roll left over)—or buy at sales of remnants and out-of-print patterns. Tops of attractive boxes—soaps, for example—interesting labels, portions of blueprints and even an envelope with a beautifully handwritten address and cancelled postage stamp, can be incorporated. Gather all together, but don't start to cut out until you're ready to assemble your collage.

Mounting board: You can use any type of mounting board, but since not all types will lie flat when fabric has been glued to the entire surface, we used foam-core board. It is about ⅜" thick, very light in weight and available in several sizes—20" x 30", 30" x 40", 40" x 60" and 48" x 96"—any of which can be cut smaller with a sharp, single-edge razor blade.

Adhesives: We used several. For stretching a background to the mounting board and for gluing down motifs cut from vinyl or vinyl-coated wall coverings, we preferred Scotch Brand Spray-Ment. For motifs cut from fabrics, we used a white glue—Elmer's, Sobo or Mod-Podge—applied with a brush. We also used white glue, thinned a bit with water, to outline the reverse side of motifs to be cut from loosely woven fabrics so they would not ravel. Test any fabric you think might ravel by clipping away a few inches of the selvage, then pulling along that cut edge; if threads don't ravel easily, there is no need to coat the outline of the motif. Chintzes are already coated with a glaze, so never need to be treated in this way.

Cutting out the motifs: For this you'll need several sizes of scissors. To avoid dulling the sharp ones needed to cut fabrics cleanly, you may want to have a pair for cutting paper only. Small embroidery scissors are needed to clip out tiny areas of background from between stems, leaves and flowers; to do this cleanly, fold fabric and snip the center of the area making a slit just large enough to insert the blade of your scissors, then cut close to the edge of the motif. Cut small areas from papers with a single-edge razor blade. Decide what motifs you're going to use. Cut them away from the larger length, allowing a margin around the edge, then carefully cut out motif. When cutting out bouquets, eliminate any flowers or foliage that project beyond the main motif on threadlike stems—a spray of maidenhair fern or a sprig of lily of the valley, for example. Single blossoms, buds, stems and leaves can be cut out separately and u to amplify and enlarge clusters of sim flowers. If the tip of a large leaf is mis —cut off by the side edge of the fabri wallpaper—trim the end higher at the ed of the leaf, lower at the center, so it look as if the tip curves or folds over. ends of leaves—usually found along the posite selvage edges—can be placed v the missing end just beneath another l

Stretching the background: If your col is a large one, this can be tricky. If possi have someone help—but first, have a run so you'll know exactly how the b ground should be positioned on the mo ing board. If it is to cover only part, r out the rest, spray adhesive on the mo place fabric and smooth it to the adhes covered surface. Remove the masking f the other portion of the mount so you glue motifs to that area. If you're worl alone, apply adhesive to a three to five i wide strip across the top, position the b ground, smooth it to the gluey surface, back the unglued portion, spray adhe on the next three to five inches and smo the background over it. Continue gl down narrow sections of the backgro until it is all smoothly in place; any that tends beyond the edges of the mount be glued to the back or trimmed even v the edges. Fabrics or wallpapers applie borders should be mitered at the corn When it is necessary to join lengths cut a border, allow the added length to ove the end of the first. If you glue down first length, then trim the beginning e of the next. Cutting around the motifs of design, you can easily place that end di ly over duplicate motifs, matching the tern and making a practically invisible

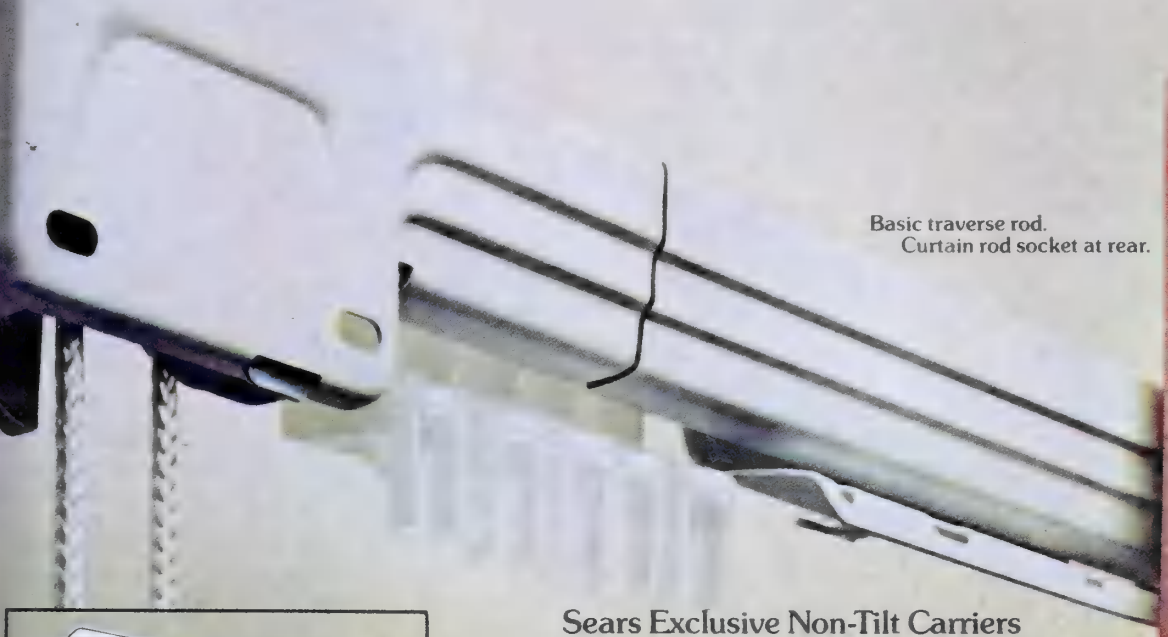
Arranging the collage: Never glue dow single motif until you know where it i be placed. Actually, you're creating a sign, and the outlines of your composi should be clear in your mind so that can glue down the proper layers of m in the proper order. By placing sm scale, lighter color motifs first and pla larger scale and brighter colored ones them, you achieve the effect of perspec Areas not covered with the background be filled in with large cutouts and si flowers, entire plants or clusters of lea

Gluing down the motifs: This isn't tri but it can get messy and ruin the effe your collage. If you're using Spray-M use a light coating; if the adhesive white glue, apply a light coat with a br If you've applied too much adhesive, to scrape it off so it won't ooze from neath the edges when the motif is pl in the collage. If it does ooze, use a d sponge to take up white glue; allow Sp Ment to dry and use a rubber cement p up to remove it. It is much better, tho to take care in applying the adhe When gluing long, narrow cutouts a adhesive to the bottom third or qua position that portion on the backgr and press in place. Fold the unglued se down over a sheet of newsprint, apply to the next third or quarter and press to the background; continue until the n is in place. Use fresh sheets of newsp as necessary.

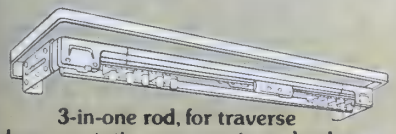
The finishing touch: Spray collage wi protective coat of matte-finish Krylon crystal-clear Krylon if you want a shiny ish.

The secret behind beautiful draperies: a beautifully-designed drapery rod.

Sears Whisper Glides



Basic traverse rod.
Curtain rod socket at rear.



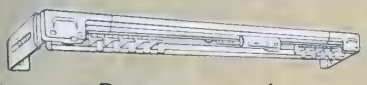
3-in-one rod, for traverse drapery, stationary curtain and valance.



Double traverse rod.



Double traverse with valance rod.



Basic traverse rod with stationary curtain rod.



One-way draw traverse rod.

Sears Exclusive Non-Tilt Carriers

Sears non-tilt plastic carriers are exclusively designed with a long back to keep both draperies and pins hanging straight down.

Sears Exclusive "Draw From Both Ends" Feature

Ah, the convenience of being able to draw your draperies from either side! What's more, your draperies draw on separate tracks so they can't ever jam or catch —and still meet perfectly.

Sears Exclusive 5-Step Protective Finish

To prevent rusting, chipping and peeling, even in the dampest of climates. Also, both inside edges of the tracks are rolled over and Teflon-S® coated, so the carriers always ride smoothly.

Strong Enough to Hold Up the Heaviest Drapery Treatment

Size for size, Sears Whisper Glides are built with more strong-tempered steel than competitively priced rods. No sagging. Adjustable. Lengths to 26 feet. Now at most Sears larger stores and through the catalog.

Whisper Glide Drapery Rods. Only at Sears

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Beauty Journal

October's beauty fest—skinshine, nailshine, everything under the harvest moon.

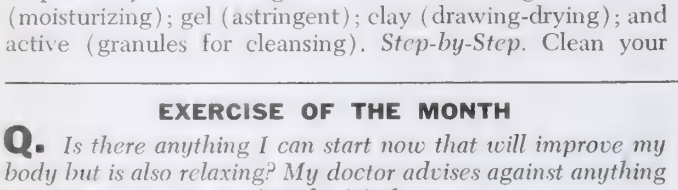
MASK TASKS

How can we best describe a face mask? It's as refreshing as frozen yogurt. More fun than the trick-or-treat kind you wear on Halloween. And masks give a lift/zing to make your skin soar. The mask type you choose depends on your skin type. To quick-test your skin, try this: Before retiring, wash face, leave it bare. In the A.M., rub a tissue across your forehead. Few or no oil spots = dry skin. Scattering of tiny oil dots = normal. Saturation of oil drops = oily. *Pick the Right Mask.* General categories: cream (moisturizing); gel (astringent); clay (drawing-drying); and active (granules for cleansing). *Step-by-Step.* Clean your skin. Apply mask, following label. Rem in 5 to 20 minutes—your skin feels ali *Masking Types.* Drying masks lift oils c refining, toning skin. One we recomme Avon's Fresh and Glow (3.5 oz., $2)— temporarily tightening pores. Moistu ing masks create a film to help hold moisture on skin's surfa For instance, Charles of the Ritz Revenescence Revitaliz Masque (4 oz., $15). Some deep-cleansing masks rely chemicals or granules. Skim Milk Deep Pore Scrub Masq 'Ultima' II Charles Revson (3 oz., $5) has almond gra to polish the skin, throw off dead cells. Think of masks as extension of skin regime—and put on a happy face.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH

Q. *Is there anything I can start now that will improve my body but is also relaxing? My doctor advises against anything too strenuous.—S.C.P., Seattle, Wash.*

A. Yoga techniques seem to be just what the doctor ordered. Breathing correctly induces calmness, gives body more oxygen (good for heart, skin, respiratory system). Shown: Abdominal breathing. Lie on back; pull knees up; feet on floor. Place fingers on abdomen. Inhale slowly, pushing abdomen up; exhale slowly; contracting abdomen. Hold breath 7 seconds; repeat 8 times. Increase holding breath to 10, 15, then 20 seconds.



IN THE BUFF

There's nothing more rewarding than to try something out on a friend (who needs help) and it works. Case in point: one of the editorial staff showed us her nub-short and oddly splitting nails, explaining that they kept breaking off. We handed over a nail "polishing" kit (polish in this case meaning "to shine," as in buffing). She followed this regime for a solid month: used a nail smoother once at the start, a pad that's stroked (10 to 20 times) lightly across the nail to even out ridges and cracks. Then, she conditioned with a cream and buffed each nail to a healthy sheen. All ten were buffed about 30 strokes each in the same direction—once a week. This stimulates circulation, produces more oils (to counteract drying from weather or detergents) and lessens snags and breaks. The high shine will last a week to 10 days. You have the option of applying a base coat, 2 layers of polish and a top coat over your lustrous pink nails. Our convert to nail-buffing announced, "My nails are harder, stronger and have stopped splitting. They're finally growing out beyond my fingertips. Yippee!" Among the products available: Jovan Nail Conditioning and Polish Kit, $8.50; P. Shine Nail Conditioner Kit, $13.50; "The Buffette," Nail Buffer by Revlon, $2.75; Nail Wand by Andrea, $3.00.

JUST THE NEWS

Life is being made easier for you. Instead of having to through hundreds of products, someone's doing it for y Putting together total skin, hair and makeup collections. *The Groups:* • There's a daily battle being waged betw your face and modern-day pollution. Don't surrender. A sk care system, aptly called Self-Defense, includes non-dry cleanser (6 oz., $2.50) and moisturizers (for normal or skin, 6 oz., $3 each). By Max Factor. • Hair, too, needs p tection from the ravages of nature. Different forms of arr come from Leslie Blanchard, hair color expert. His new sha poo is ph-balanced. Anti-ultra-violet agents abound in his s ting lotion, finishing spray. And more. In department sto • Bears may hibernate in winter, but good sports don't. Th ski, golf, hike, etc. all year long. For those enthusiasts, a n sun-care line to stop sun and windburn, promote tanni SunGér by Coppertone. • If skin were fabric, would it be or satin? Maybe both if plied with penetrating moistu Sheer cream with added sunscreen, Active Day Protect Moisture-Cream by Elizabeth Arden, 2 oz. tube, $8.50 Everyone knows that at different ages, skin has differ needs (for details, see pages 128–135). Now there are s products formulated especially for women over 50 to co pensate for the loss of sebum. (Without these oils, skin lo dull, dry.) Night Care Cream (2 oz., $6); Day Care Mo turizer (1.7 oz., $5); Gentle Lotion Cleanser (6.9 oz., $ All, Madame Rubinstein by Helena Rubinstein.

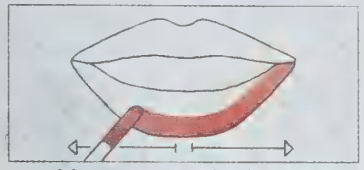
One-of-a-Kinds. Here, some new singles that stand very w on their own. • To take dark circles and skin flaws out of public eye—a coverup that blends in, helps out (conditi ing). Crème Couvrante by Lancôme; ivory or beige, ½ o $5. • Two-for-One. A pistol-packing hair dryer that straig ens up into a round-brush/styling dryer. Supermax Swi by Gillette, about $26. • Color gently. Shampoo-in h color *and* conditioner melded into one fast and easy st (20 minutes, that's all) for deluxe color, bouncy body a shine. Clairesse by Clairol, in ten shades, $3.75. • If yo skin seems to be like a thriving plant—always thirsty—quen it with a maximum moisturizer. Deep Mist UltraRich Mo ture Cream (good for under makeup; 2 oz., $5) and De Mist UltraRich Night Cream (2 oz., $6.50). Both, Almay.



AZIZA DEMONSTRATES NEW NATURAL LUSTRE LIP GLOSS.

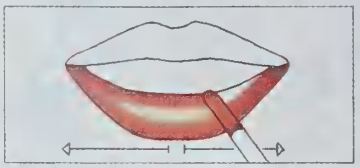
Creme color and frosted highlights in every stroke.

's the first lip gloss to
you luscious color and a
ue, frosted, tinted-to-
n highlight with each
p of the wand.
The secret is in our revo-
nary new pigment that
s combine creme color
frosted color highlight
e sensational gloss.
lp until now, most lip
es have either been
or frost. Color by itself
ook too heavy. While
ed gloss can look too
and glittery.
But when you stroke on
latural Lustre Lip Gloss
get beautiful color and a
y frosted highlight with
nd lots of pretty shine.



Now a tip on the best way to apply gloss.

1. Apply first to lower lip. Use the tip of the Aziza applicator to outline and shape from center of lip to the outer corner.



2. Fill in with the broad-side of the wand. Repeat on the upper lip.

When you're done you'll see soft creme color accented with lustrous highlights that bring out the beauty of your lips in a new way.

And because this gloss can't separate on your lips, and isn't sticky or runny, the luscious look will last longer.

New Natural Lustre Lip Gloss. In Bronze with Tawny Lustre, Bronze with Bronze Lustre, Peach with Tawny Lustre, Clear with Natural Lustre, Copper with Copper Lustre, and Natural with Tawny Lustre.

Also ask to see Aziza Natural Glow Blush, worn by our model. It's the first to give you a truly natural look with no tell-tale lines.

Aziza by Prince Matchabelli.





Beauty Journal

LITTLE BOTHERS

What do you do when every so often you wake up in t morning feeling rotten? Not sick enough to stay home in b (few of us have that luxury) . . . but just enough out-of-sor that some help or understanding is needed to get you goin Here, some common problems and our solvers:

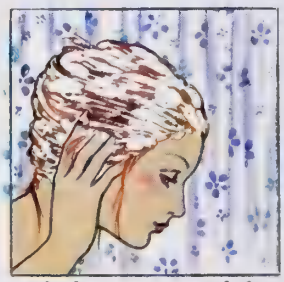
On a food binge the night before. Too much; too fast. All those fizzy products do work. A long tall glass of cl soda (or any drink where the bubbles burst) can add life your system. Go light on any additional food intake until t "I've-overdone-it" feeling subsides.

Charley-horsed or, Ouch! Those awful aches. Nothing serious—just a pain. The kind you get after stretc ing to paint a ceiling, stooping in the garden, horseback ri ing for the first time in years; anything physical you do normally do. Try running a fairly hot bath and lie in the t for a few minutes until your muscles start to relax.

Sharp or dull—cramps make you feel crummy. The menstrual kind. Resist the temptation to just lie there get up and exercise! Leg lifts, sit-ups, toe touches . . . a movement that will stretch the torso and abdomen.

On top of everything else, you snag a nail. Crazy Glue or 5 Second Nail Glue are terrific for cementi a nail back together. Caution: handle carefully. They're effective, they can bond nail to skin as well.

HAIRCOLORING: ON HOLD



Time and tides run havoc w your hair. Dulling it, fading it. A even the best color job can't fig all the elements. Haircoloring us ally begins to pale after about weeks time. Still, we asked Ve Silberman, Clairol's Director Product Performance, to see there are any tricks to slow thin down. Her tips: • Be selecti with shampoos. Look for mild ones (too strong will strip colo Read labels to find if it's formulated for hair that's tinte • Shampoo only when necessary—but since perspiration also bad for haircoloring, do it often enough. • Plan a go conditioning program to keep hair shiny, but again, che labels. • Too much hairspray may affect blond coloring. • F on a bathing cap for year-round pool swimming. After a swimming (salty, fresh or chlorine), rinse immediately . shampoo soonest. • Arrange permanents or hair straighteni (both hard on hair) a week or so before coloring. Any co lost in the processes can be renewed. • Take care when char ing types of haircoloring. Never mix and match—chemic may be incompatible. In doubt? Call Clairol's hot line (t free from outside of N.Y. State) 800-223-5800 (N.Y. Sta residents 212-644-2990); 9 AM to 5 PM New York time.

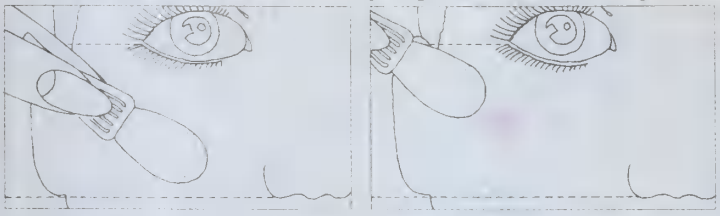
FRAGRANCE MEMO

Some of the new scents are instant turn-ons. Four fast on • Fitting together like a jigsaw puzzle—Man and Woman, t scents in two symbolically-shaped bottles. By Jōvan, Colog Concentrate, $7.50 set. • A story all of its own—sensuo Amazone bespeaks mythical, free-spirited females. By Herm Eau de Toilette, 4 oz., $18. ■ If your idea of dressing is s chiffons, poet sleeves and a flower in your hair, you'll li Ariane. It's highly romantic. By Avon, Ultra Cologne Spra 1.8 fl. oz., $7.50. • Do it—dab it. Now Cachet Soft Tou Light Perfume comes with one of those sponge-tip tops– freshen up anywhere. By Prince Matchabelli, ½ oz., $3.75.

AZIZA DEMONSTRATES NEW NATURAL GLOW BLUSH.

s the first blush to give
ruly natural look with no
e lines. Because it colors
ghlights in one stroke.
o until now, most blushes
een just matte, (which
ighlights) or frost
looks glittery and
al).
t Aziza Natural Glow
gives you a healthy,
radiance automatically
o noticeable outlines.
e secret is in our
tionary new translucent
nt. It's special because
oines a lovely skin
ith a natural glowy
highlight that emerges
ver light touches
heeks.
ow here's a trick for
ng blush.

Soft color and natural highlights automatically.



1. To find your "blush area" imagine two parallel lines on your face: one extending outward from the corner of your eye; the other level with the bottom of your nose.

2. Smile. Stroke our unique foam wand (it blends better than any brush) diagonally upward over "blush area."

For cream blush, just dot it on and blend it with your fingers.

When you're done, all you'll see is a subtle, healthy-looking glow that will last and last.

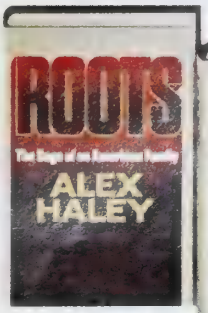
There's more. Because our skin color and natural blush highlight are bonded in the pigment, they can't separate on your face. So the color never looks artificial.

Choosing a color is easy, too. Simply pick the shade that matches your skin tone: Light, Medium or Deep, in either non-flaking powder or non-oily cream. Try them wherever Aziza eye makeup is sold.

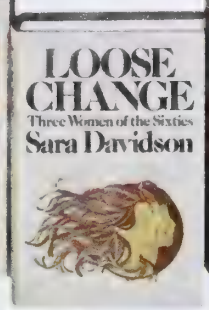
Aziza by
Prince Matchabelli.



Choose from the wides



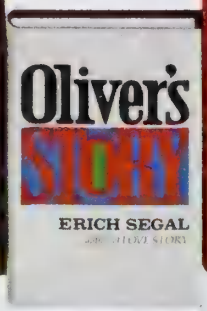
0943 $12.50



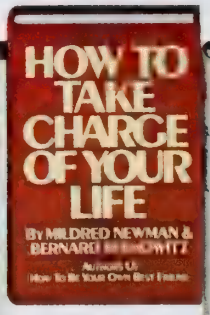
7625 $9.50



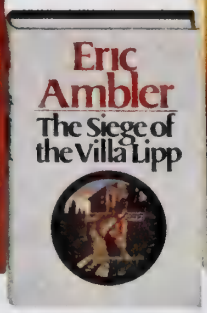
6023 $13.50



7351 $7.95



7526 $5.95

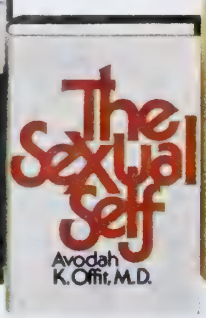


6122 $8.95


7542 $7.9



4739 $8.95



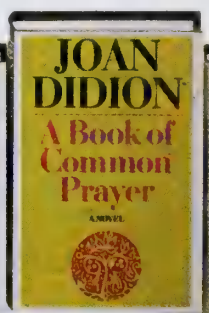
9332 $10.00



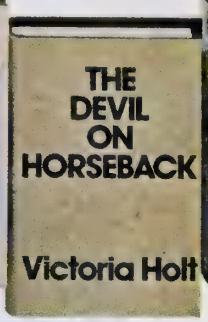
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4887 $10.00

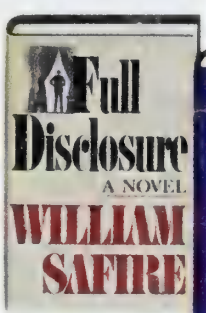


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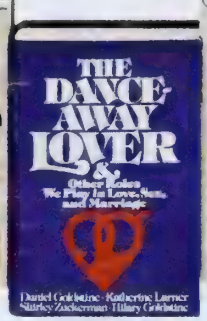


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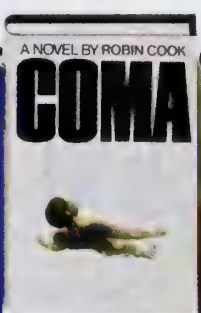

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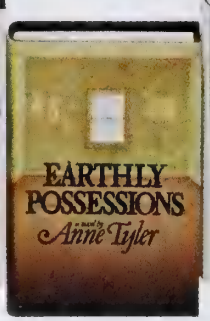
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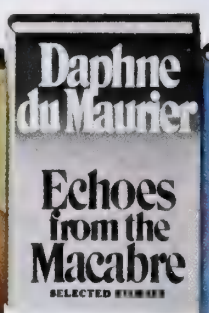
7534 $8.95



7500 $8.95



6908 $7.95



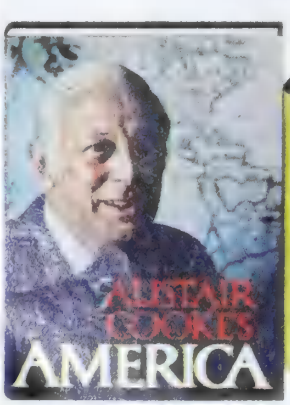
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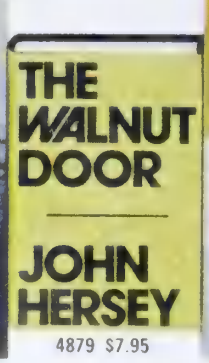
5777 $9.95


6221 $9.9

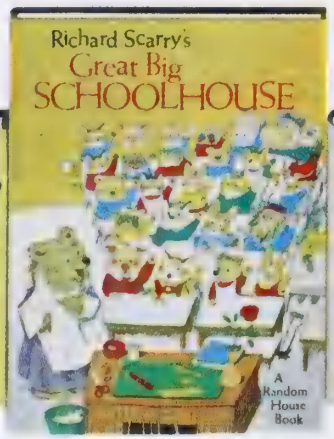
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1420 $17.95



4879 $7.95



0034 $4.95

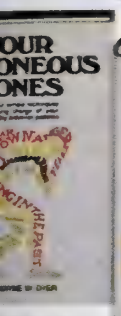


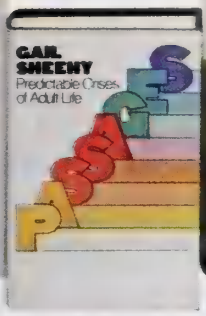
0067 $9.95



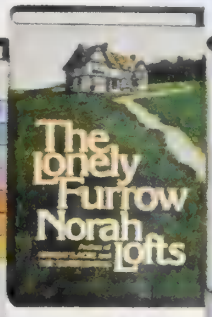
6163 $17.50

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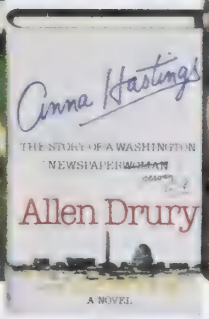

779 $6.95



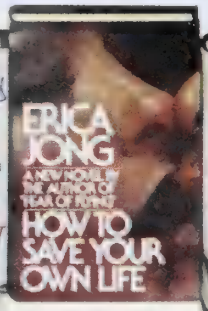
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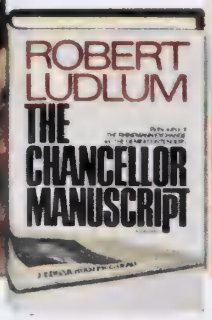
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6171 $8.95



7898 $8.95



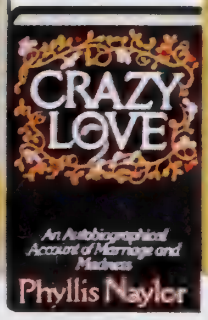
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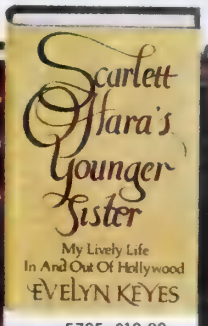
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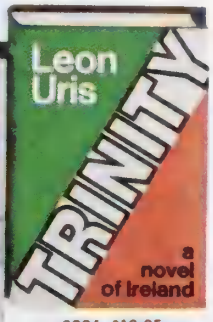
6882 $7.95



5215 $7.95



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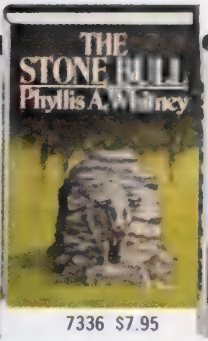
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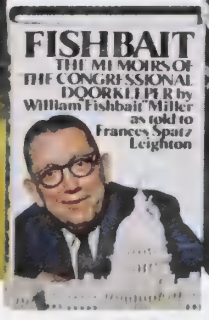
69 $9.95



7476 $10.95



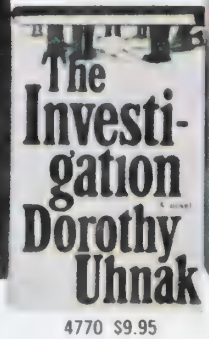
7336 $7.95



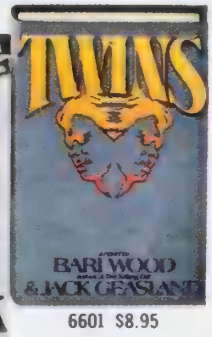
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4770 $9.95



6601 $8.95

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In her new movie, Jacqueline Bisset plays an American politician's widow who marries a Greek tycoon. Is "Elizabeth Cassidy" really that other Jackie? Judge for yourself!



A TALE OF TWO *Jackies*

Jacqueline Bisset, aren't you really playing Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in your new movie, *The Greek Tycoon?* Although you've refused to admit it, the similarities are too striking to ignore.

She's beautiful, has wide-set eyes (just like yours) and a kind of saucy, offbeat nose, too. Her figure isn't much different from yours, and with your hair fixed like hers, you could pass for sisters. Even the clothes you're wearing were designed by Halston, who made Jackie O.'s wardrobe the envy of New York, Washington and Paris.

Maybe Jackie O. is 15 years older than you are [Jackie B. is 33]; but still there's a youthful glamor about her. Even your first names are the same: Jacqueline—Jackie to your friends.

The character you play hardly could be mistaken for anyone else. How many women in fact or fiction were married to a handsome, young, powerful, American politician who is killed at the height of his career? And how many widows of national heroes remarry Greek shipping magnates who have had affairs with opera stars?

Is it simply coincidence that you're made to look like Mrs. Onassis, or that the character fits the other Jacqueline with the perfection of a Halston gown?

Jacqueline Bisset, curled up on the couch of a friend's office, opened her blue-green eyes even wider. Her soft mouth was perfectly straight as she tried to smother a smile. Because since signing to star in *The Greek Tycoon*, she has been playing cat-and-mouse with questions about playing Jackie O.

"What on earth are you trying to imply?" she asked, all innocence.

"Put it this way," she said, her voice filled with mischief. "I'm playing a very chic, sophisticated, highly intelligent and famous woman. She's also sensitive and vulnerable, with an inner explosiveness. Her name is Elizabeth Cassidy and she is a *real* person."

Could her emphasis on the word "real" mean that the character is based on a living person?

"If so, I certainly don't know such a woman," Jacqueline said. "My character is a well-bred woman, she's from a wealthy, educated family—and knows how to behave. I think perhaps she's a little bit spoiled. When the movie opens, she is married to a United States Senator. He gets killed. She goes to Greece as a widow, and eventually marries a man she had known slightly during her first marriage.

"Anthony Quinn plays the part of the shipping millionaire. Maria Tolo is the Italian opera star—fiery and passionate and interesting—who is in love with the Greek tycoon."

Is it *possible* that Jacqueline Bisset might compare her characterization of the movie's Elizabeth Cassidy with Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis?

"I am very weary of discussing comparisons between Elizabeth and the woman that people imagine she is supposed to be in real life. I really can't satisfy anyone with my answers. The truth is that all women come down to being the same thing. Take away the money, the jewelry, the houses, the clothes, and we're all the same—just women. We relate to one another in a rather complicated fashion with the *impression* that we are *not* the same. But we are."

"On that basis I suppose there are similarities to real people and events in our movie. Most people's lives are similar. But there are *dissimilarities*, too. But why must comparisons be made to Jacqueline Onassis?"

Jacqueline Bisset flushed bright pink at her use of the other Jacqueline's name, as if the words might confirm a suspicion that she is indeed portraying Jackie O.

"Everyone wants to know—is it or isn't it Jacqueline Kennedy? I say no, it isn't. It's very difficult for me to talk about. I'm a British subject who lives in California. I've been to New York, but I don't mix with the socialites there. I don't know that crowd. I never met Onassis. I've never met Mrs. Onassis or Maria Callas. I know people who knew them well. Even so, I couldn't pattern my performance after anyone.

"I have brown hair and so does Jackie Onassis. But I'm not doing an imitation of her. I couldn't if I wanted to. She never gives interviews. I've never seen her on film or TV. I've done no research on her, and I'm not changing my English accent.

"It occurs to me that Jackie Onassis has a strangely unrevealing face. She never says anything that could possibly be quoted. I think she would be very hard to read, *if* you wanted to study her.

"Once the picture is released, I don't think many people will make an automatic analogy between Elizabeth and Jackie. That would require too great a stretch of the imagination. Elizabeth has no children, and she's quite a bit younger than the woman with whom she might be compared.

"Elizabeth Cassidy is a bit like a caged animal that needs to be exercised. In truth, I know nothing about Jackie. By the end of the film, hopefully, a lot will be known about Elizabeth." **End**



Photograph of Jacqueline Bisset by Eva Sereny/Sygma; of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis by Ken Regan/Camera 5.

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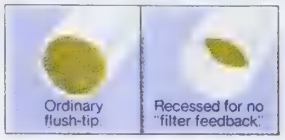
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100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr. '77.

Can this marriage be saved?

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

How well do you know the person you married? When Eve and Zeke suddenly found themselves alone together 24 hours a day, they discovered that they were strangers who had to learn to love all over again.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Ruth E. Johnson.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

EVE'S STORY

"I've nothing left to live for," began Eve, a pencil-slim, white-haired woman with dark, expressive eyes. "I've wasted thirty-eight years in a marriage that's falling apart. I'm a failure as a wife and mother. I wish I had died when I had my cancer operation last year.

"My husband Zeke accuses me of never having loved him; he says I married a meal ticket. I devoted my whole married life to him and our children, and I can't believe he said that to me.

"Zeke retired five years ago at the age of fifty-five. When he sold his business, a kosher deli and restaurant, our income was cut drastically. At first, we thought of moving from our home in Chicago to the Canary Islands or to Greece, where the cost of living is lower. But we didn't want to be that far away from our two grown children. Then I suggested buying a trailer so that we could travel across the country, visiting friends and the children. We bought a new air-conditioned trailer and a new car to haul it, and for a while we were as thrilled as kids with a new toy.

"The first summer of Zeke's retirement, we drove the trailer from Chicago to our son Abe's farm in Vermont. Abe is a loner and so is his wife. They don't want children, unfortunately.

"Right away things got tense. Zeke has a way of shouting and repeating himself. This got on Abe's nerves, and he complained about a lack of privacy. So after a couple of weeks, we drove up into the mountains to a trailer park. The rest of the summer, we visited our son once, and he visited us once.

"Zeke sat in the trailer, doing nothing. 'Why don't you go fishing?' I'd ask him. Or, 'Why don't you read?' He's not a reader, like me; I go through four or five books a week. Also, he has no close friends. He didn't have time for people when he worked; now he doesn't know *how* to be a friend. He has a big mouth and this aggravates people, including me.

"When autumn came, I couldn't wait to head for California. I visualized visiting all the great places I'd read about—Lake Banff and the Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Lake Tahoe and the rest. But Zeke was like a man possessed, determined to get to California as fast as possible.

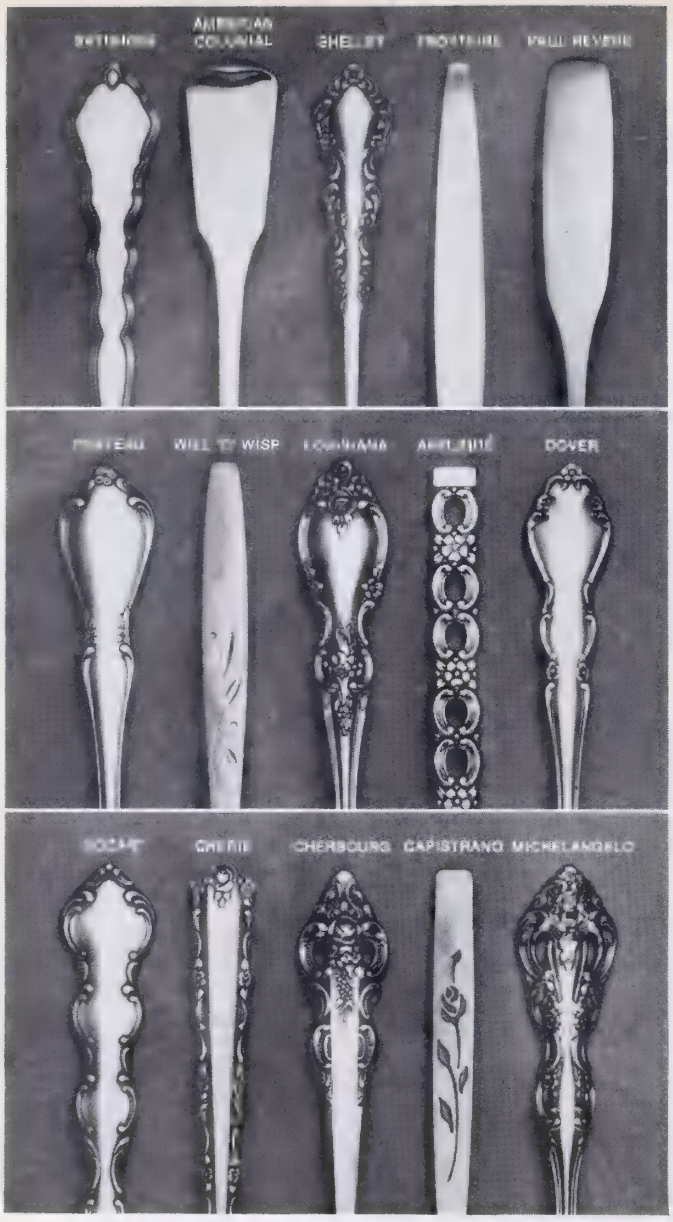
"He was so nervous and so impatient that his hands would go to sleep from gripping the wheel. The long hours of sitting were bad for the circulation in his legs, but I couldn't persuade him to stop for a stroll or to take a cable car to a mountain top for a better view. Instead, he'd fuss. Many times, I wished I could ride in the trailer while he drove the car.

"When we finally arrived in Los Angeles, our daughter didn't seem glad to see us. She was in the middle of a divorce—a big shock to us—and although we wanted to be helpful and supportive, she didn't give us a chance. She took a full-time job and started dating, leaving our five-year-old grandson with a housekeeper who sits glued in front of the TV set. At least I read to him, and when he visits, we bake cookies together. To tell the truth, that grandson is the main reason we're staying in southern California—to give him some sense of family continuity.

"But we see the child only once a week, and the rest of the time Zeke and I are together—twenty-four hours a day—in our twenty-nine-foot trailer. I have no privacy, no space of my own, no time for myself. When I try to escape by going shopping, he tags along; he says it's the high point of his week. 'Here's a special on lettuce,' he'll say, 'let's get two heads.' I'll say, 'No, one's enough; it's a small refrigerator.' That's enough to start him shouting about how I'm always putting him down.

"Some of our worst arguments take place while playing cards. I'm a good bridge player; Zeke only learned to play recently. After a few hours, he gets distracted and begins telling long-winded stories. I'm anxious to get on with the game, so I tell him, 'Get to the point!' That infuriates him, and so do my corrections when he plays the wrong card or fouls up the bidding. Maybe I am a little snappish, but he's the one with the terrible mouth.

"Zeke never gives me any loving care or consideration—that's my main complaint. When an anniversary rolls around, he says he'll buy me a card, but he never does. He forgets my birthday, too. Before he retired, I was a sexually active woman. I responded to his lovemaking, and I enjoyed it. Now I'm too angry at him most of the time to want to make love. *(continued)*



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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

"When we first married—Zeke was 21 and I was 22—we were very happy and deeply in love. It was at the end of the Depression; I earned $15 a week as a store clerk and Z earned $20 a week as a bartender in his uncle's restaur Before our wedding day, Zeke told his parents he could longer afford to contribute to their rent. But his grasp mother then borrowed from his employer, Uncle Jacob, the uncle deducted $5 a week from Zeke's paycheck until parents' debt was paid.

"We waited four years to have our first child, saving u pay for the expenses. Then Zeke's father was stricken cancer. His mother ordered private nurses around the cl which I thought was totally unnecessary and our savings w to pay for them. We had to borrow money for our ba arrival. Zeke's father lived for another thirty-two years had more than a dozen medical emergencies, which we w called upon to help pay.

"Zeke continued working for relatives who cheated and ploited him. In 1945, when he was still young and ful energy, he had a chance to buy his own restaurant, bu couldn't because we had given so much money to his fan I bitterly resent all the rent and medical bills we paid them. We deprived ourselves of so much.

"We were married twenty years before Zeke scraped gether enough money to buy his own business. It was a restaurant in downtown Chicago, and it made an old ma him. He was then in his fifties, but still worked ninety-h weeks. He's only sixty now, but physically and mentally looks and acts much older.

"I'll never make another cross-country trailer trip Zeke again, it's too nerve-wracking. We've been back forth seven times now; that's 21,000 miles of bickering arguing. Our children and friends really don't want to se anyway. I feel rootless and miserable. I wish I were dead

ZEKE'S TURN

"For years, I dreamed about retirement," began Zek short, stout man with a curly gray beard. He leaned forw tensely and spoke in a strident, staccato voice. "The day I tired, I began growing this beard. Every morning whe looked in the mirror, I wanted to remind myself that I free at last. I hated every minute of the forty-two yea spent working in the restaurant business.

"When we bought our trailer and headed for Vermon seemed like a dream. Eve and I would be like honeymoo again. But it didn't turn out that way at all.

"I want a warm, loving wife, but Eve shows me no af tion—never a hug, a squeeze or a kiss. When we quarrel, the one to make up ninety-nine percent of the time. Sex seldom thing. Eve has a hard, stubborn quality that I use admire—until it was applied to me. She lost her father w she was ten. Her mother was only thirty-seven at the t and had to work hard to raise five kids. So if my mothe law was a hard, driving woman, which she was, it's un standable. But Eve hasn't worked since we were married. has no reason to be so bitter.

"She's always been a terrific cook, a good manager mother. Anything the kids wanted or needed, they got. they gave nothing in return. Today we're not close to ei one of them. That hurts. Our son in Vermont is already m ing excuses why we shouldn't visit him and his wife this s mer. And our daughter—here in Los Angeles—is having a fling after her recent divorce; she has no time for us.

"That leaves Eve and me together most of the time. I d mind, but she does. I hardly dare to open my mouth, she so angry. Two remarks of mine set her off. One is, 'I d know' when she asks me what I want to *(continu*


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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

do. I know that no matter what I sugges she'll criticize. The second remark is don't remember.' The doctor says tha hardening of the arteries is affecting m memory, but Eve refuses to accept thi She says I can't remember because don't pay attention or care.

"Does my wife really love me? I'm beginning to wonder. When I first pro posed to her back in 1936, I said, 'Eve I love you. Will you marry me?' He answer was yes, but she never said sh loved me. During all those long, lon hours I worked for so many years—sixty seventy, even 100 hours a week at time —she never said she wanted me home.

"I never had the time to be a budd to my kids. They say fathers should g camping with their children, take the to ball games and go fishing. I'd leav home before dawn and get back whe they were in bed asleep.

"Our children will never have to con tribute to our support. But I helped pa my parents' rent for twenty-three year They needed my help but I wish I hadn listened to them so much.

"I often feel that I was forced to lea my life for the benefit of others. I shou have done more for myself.

"Lately, I've been bothered by insom nia. I fall asleep in front of the televisio but the minute I climb into bed, I to and turn for hours. I worry about ou finances and inflation, about my healt about my marriage. Sometimes I think should have kept on working."

THE COUNSELOR SPEAKS

"Eve and Zeke are a classic examp of an elderly couple whose expectatio of a perfect retirement were based o illusion, not reality. During their thirt eight-year marriage, they both had le separate lives. To be thrown togeth twenty-four hours a day in a small, co fining space, to be removed from frien and their usual activities, was bound produce disharmony. Fortunately, bo were motivated to examine problems their relationship, problems which ha existed long before his retirement.

"To be comfortable, each needed develop a separate space. They al needed help in understanding the d namics of their relationship.

"Although Zeke's parents were n longer at hand to tell him what to do, h had long ago internalized their hars punitive demands. He could not rel and enjoy himself without feeling guil and anxious, expecting punishment. H had to learn to be a kinder parent himself, to rediscover latent creati talents, to relax and enjoy life.

"Eve had lost her father as a you child, and her widowed *(continue*

Can this marriage be saved?

continued

her, left almost penniless with a ng family to raise, was unable to give the time and attention she needed. en Eve complained that Zeke gave no loving care, she was expressing a dhood deprivation. For this reason, had great difficulty even saying the ds, 'I love you,' or being the warm, sical woman Zeke craved.

We spent a great many sessions talk- about 'love' and what it meant to n of them. To Zeke, love was an ctionate response; to Eve, it had nt handling the myriad details of ning a home and raising two chil- n. When this life phase was over, her was transferred into managing and ning her husband's life.

A number of their joint sessions were d so that they could listen to them- es. Eve was shocked to hear her p, nagging comments. Thereafter made a determined effort to let Zeke e suggestions, and to accept them usiastically. Zeke was amazed to over that his loud voice sounded like despised Uncle Jacob's. He became re that his outbursts were often trig- d by past buried resentments.

t took many, many sessions before e began to focus on his needs, in- d of Eve's. Searching back to his ol days, he remembered that he had yed shopwork. This led to taking ses in cabinetmaking, which he nd totally absorbing.

Soon he had so much wood stacked nd the trailer that more space be- e a necessity. They decided to sell trailer and to move a few miles away spacious, two-bedroom apartment. y turned one of the bedrooms into a dworking studio for Zeke, while Eve l a portion of the other bedroom for sewing machine and books.

n the trailer, Eve had so little house- ping to do that she lost interest in it pletely. The space was too cramped n to ask friends in for cards. With the rtment, her interest in baking and rtaining revived, and their friends n the trailer park often visited.

Eve also attended a support group women who had undergone surgery cancer. There she worked through feelings of anxiety and fear. She ned, too, not to take Zeke's irritabil- nd anxieties so personally.

When I saw him last, several months Zeke had shaved off his beard and a new twinkle. He no longer con- tly furrowed his brow, and his voice softer and calmer. Both said that in of frequent setbacks, they were nning to feel a new flow of energy a zest for living. 'Life has been utiful this week,' Eve said." **End**

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

It's a man's world, says Dr. Rubin—and he thinks men have botched it up. Here, his controversial views on what's wrong with men today, and what women can do about it.

If I were a woman I think that I would be in a constant rage, having to live in a world largely governed and managed by men who behave like adolescents. Because, from my point of view, women are more highly evolved and developed and much more mature than the male of the species. Though they have been encouraged to look as if they are dependent on men, actually the reverse is often true. It is men who are dependent on women.

What is a man's world really like? In our culture and time, it is a world in which competition and self-glorification are vitally important. In this world, men build hierarchies and worry about who is "ahead of" whom. It is a world in which feelings are feared and kept under tight control. It is a world in which hurt pride leads to all kinds of vindictive rages and quests for triumph, and it is a world where games are played, many of them disastrous.

Some of these are business games that lead to heart attacks, strokes, depressions and early deaths. Even in sports, men play games not so much for fun as for vindictive triumph and perfectionism. I have seen many men in consultation to whom golf has become a burden rather than a pleasure because of their need to compensate for feelings of inadequacy.

In this men's world, war is almost a natural extension, perhaps the most immature enterprise of all—the final and most ridiculous, primitive, anti-human, masculine game. I do not believe these destructive, childish impulses and characteristics are male by virtue of biology or instinct. They are male simply because men have been assigned such a role by society and by history. We should all be grateful because that means change and healthy growth are possible!

What can women do to make a contribution that would dilute some of the harshness of our male-oriented society? I think they can do much, especially in terms of children. I strongly believe that women ought to have the right to leave home to do whatever it is they care to do—to work as professionals, engineers, mathematicians, surgeons or whatever they wish. The influence of women who act outside the home is to a certain extent being felt now (witness the women's peace movement in Ireland) but not nearly as much as it might be felt some day. The truth is that the historical waste of feminine impact cannot be measured. For example, in one small area, medicine, I believe that women can make an enormous contribution. They make better doctors because they are not as cut off from their feelings as men are. They can bring more of themselves, especially their softer feelings, to being theoretically creative and to helping the sick and the desperate.

But it is of vital importance that we do not polarize home vs. career, and in so doing deprecate women's role in the house. Unfortunately, in recent years the raising of the family has come to be regarded by some as a second-class job, so that many women in our society actually feel ashamed of being homemakers.

Yet the home is where all important evolvement and development takes place, and it is the home that ultimately determines what kind of adults we become. I can think of nothing more important than homemaking and the raising of children.

This is not to say that I would relegate women to house, the kitchen and the children. In fact, I believe that an artificial separation of tasks is bad for children as well as parents. I simply feel we must not lose sight of that all-important function of taking care of children—and the fact that right now, in our time and society, women tend to be better equipped to do it. I hope this will change in the future, because I do not believe that women are especially endowed biologically to do one job or another. But that women have been prepared to raise children is a fact of the present. And doing so, women have a unique opportunity—especially with sons, who need a kind of help more than daughters do.

Through whatever circumstances our culture has developed, women in our society have become the safeguarders of the gentler and more mature human feelings, a more mature development and a generally broader outlook on life than have men. Their contribution can be enormous if they insist on providing a household in which all kinds of feelings—angry, warm, poetic, sensitive, feelings of caring—are respected, cherished and encouraged. If they provide an atmosphere in which no child is ashamed of an interest in art and poetry, in cooking and in cleaning, they can help to dissipate the whole business of male *macho*.

They also can help boys to get acquainted with the fact that they have all the same feelings that girls have, that there are no great essential differences, and that boys need not face a life of austerity of feelings. I think mothers also can exert considerable influence in helping their boys to like and respect girls and women. Of course, it would be ideal if fathers were as influential as mothers in this regard, and *(continued on page 40)*

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections in a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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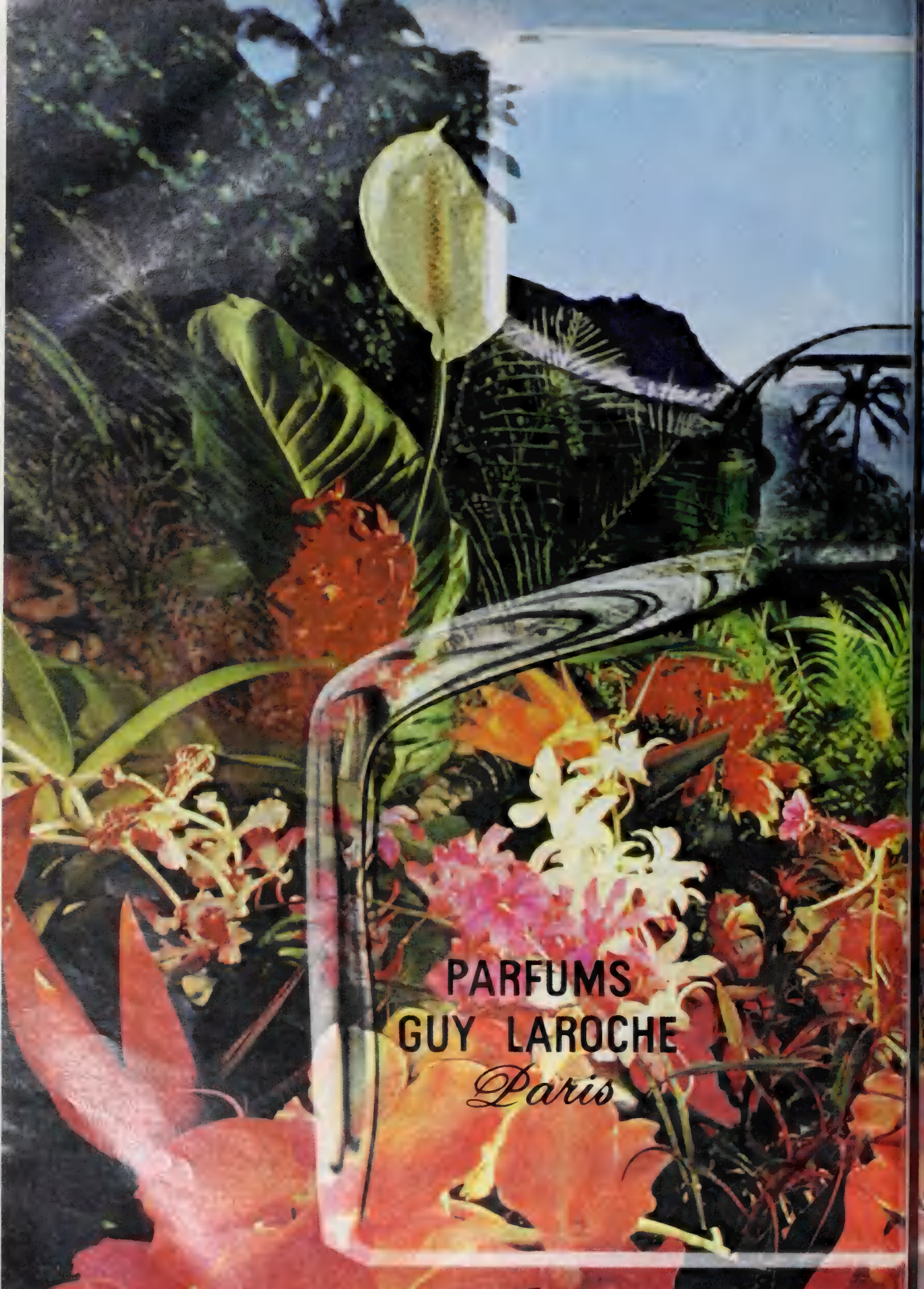
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Psychiatrist's notebook

continued from page 36

some fathers are. But the sad fact is, the majority of men not like women. They depend on them and they need the but they don't like them. This contempt starts early in ch hood, with a separation of the sexes that encourages li boys to regard anything little girls do with disdain. The sulting isolation, the fear of getting to know women and th aspects of ourselves that have been culturally mis-labe feminine have made men fragmented, frightened of their o "feminine" (or feeling) side and of women as well.

Perhaps most of all, women can help both their sons daughters, but particularly their sons, to have greater comp sion for themselves. Compassion for self mitigates against kind of self-hate, and we do hate ourselves whenever we along with a cultural value system that teaches us to be a human. For example, boys get frightened; they are vulnera at times; they are shy. Sometimes they are not assertive. culture teaches boys to hate themselves if they have th feelings, and yet they are normal emotions.

Some of you may ask if raising sons this way leads to ho sexuality. The answer is definitely no. Homosexuality is a co plicated syndrome that as far as we know has other causati altogether. If anything, liking women contributes to hete sexuality. Furthermore, liking those aspects of ourselves t we find we have in common with women leads to an ev greater desire to be with women, not only sexually but socia

Women can teach men that it is all right to be depende vulnerable and helpless because there is not a human be alive who will not sometimes be helpless. If boys learn tha is all right to be helpless and to weep, to have limitations sometimes be confused, to fail as well as to succeed, then t can relate to other human beings in a realistic, productive w

Parents must not have superhuman expectations for th sons, any more than they would for their daughters. By same token, of course, they must have expectations of th daughters at least equal to those they have of their sons terms of intellectual ability, achievement and professio aspirations. To fight the culture in this way is difficult worthwhile. In households where compassion is taught human beings, hope lives for peace, among other things. T kind of mother prepares her sons to value the feelings t make us human. She helps him to achieve happiness w himself and others, not hatred and competition with hims and others.

This is a household in which feelings are openly expres and communicated, in which both pleasing and displeas feelings are allowed room. We could call it a cooperat household, where the main theme is acceptance without c dition. Acceptance really means accepting people as they with all their human limitations, failures and negative aspe as well as their positive ones.

Human beings are not saints. They are human, after Women know this better than men do, and therefore it falls them to teach it to their men, especially the men their s will one day be. Boys who are taught—largely by example—t our gentler, compassionate feelings are human and cherish by both sexes grow up to be good lovers and fathers beca they are capable of openness, tenderness and intimacy.

I don't mean an idealized version of love. I mean l which is real, which makes communication on the deep and most satisfying level a possibility. With that kind of co munication, people can build common interests and a co mon language, grow individually even as they grow toget and care about themselves and other people. E

Editor's Note: We invite readers—women and men—to co ment on Dr. Rubin's remarks this month. Address letters "It's a Man's World," Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexing Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

cratch has met its match.

Pillsbury Plus. The "Plus" is pudding right in the mix.

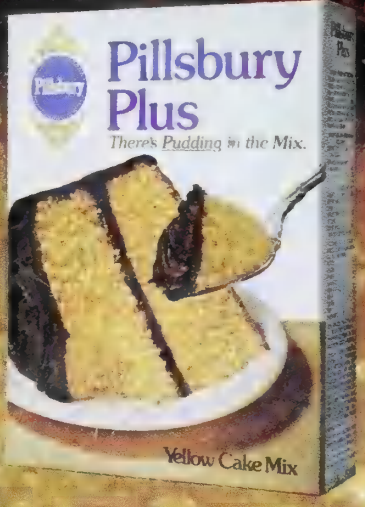
One taste of Pillsbury Plus Yellow Cake will tell you what no words can: Scratch has met its match.

The moistness of scratch. The firmness of scratch. The rich flavor of scratch.

The "plus" is our special blend of pudding right in the mix. And the proof of the pudding is the taste of the cake. The taste of scratch.

Costs no more than ordinary cake mixes.

Pillsbury



low, Devil's Food, White, German Chocolate, Lemon, Fudge Marble, Butter Recipe, Dark Chocolate.

e Pillsbury Company, 1977

American Dairy Association presents

THE SUPER



SHARP CHEDDAR CHEESE AND COTTO SALAMI
Top with drained sauerkraut, caraway seed and fresh sweet peppers

MILD CHEDDAR CHEESE AND HAM & CHEESE LOAF
Spread with butter and mustard, top with lettuce and tomato

SWISS CHEESE AND COOKED SMOKED HAM
Flavor with Blue cheese spread, top with cucumber and radish slices

COLBY CHEESE AND NEW ENGLAN BRAND SAUSAGE
With lettuce slaw a sweet pickles

75¢ OFF your favorite domestic chees

Super sandwiches begin with delicious cheese and Oscar Mayer cold cuts. Then let your imagination take over. Add tomato slices, lettuce—you name it. And put it all on any kind of bread or roll. The result: the most taste-tempting combination you and your family ever sat down to eat.

Super savings begin at your store, to Simply buy four packages of Oscar May cold cuts (any combination of one or mo varieties, any size). Then send in the labe from each along with the form on the righ Oscar Mayer will send you a store coupo worth 75¢ toward your next purchase cheese made in the U.S.A.

american dairy association

SANDWICH SALE



ONTEREY JACK CHEESE
D OLIVE LOAF
with avocado slices
d red onion rings

MUENSTER CHEESE
AND SALAMI FOR BEER
Add dill pickles and
coleslaw

PROCESS AMERICAN
CHEESE AND BOLOGNA
Wrap around green
onions, spread with
horseradish and butter

PROVOLONE CHEESE
AND HARD SALAMI
Add fresh mushroom
slices and green
pepper rings

hen you buy Oscar Mayer cold cuts.

(Details of this offer below.)

SLP-977-UHJ

75¢ OFF

GET A 75¢ COUPON FOR YOUR FAVORITE CHEESE WHEN YOU BUY OSCAR MAYER COLD CUTS!

We'll mail you a coupon worth 75¢ off any cheese made in the U.S.A. when you send us this address form along with four (4) labels from any combination of one or more varieties of OSCAR MAYER prepackaged COLD CUTS (any package size).

Please print clearly. Be sure to include zip code

Send your 4 labels and name and address to:
OSCAR MAYER & CO., P.O. Box NB 943, El Paso, Texas 79977

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Oscar Mayer & Co. must receive your request for a 75¢ coupon by January 31, 1978 otherwise this offer is void. Coupon limited to consumers and one coupon per family. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. This coupon offer is void in Washington, Wisconsin and any other locality where taxed, prohibited or otherwise restricted by law. (This is a mail-in offer only, this certificate cannot be redeemed in store.)



COPING WITH ALLERGIES

Wheezing, sneezing, scratching and aching? Read about the latest breakthroughs in allergy research and treatment.
By Joann Rodgers

• Last winter, a Washington, D.C. couple ordered spinach salads inadvertently tinged with a speck of anchovy paste. After one bite, that speck provoked a nearly fatal attack of hives that covered the wife's body and closed off her throat.

• A 15-year-old boy playfully tossed into a cold swimming pool almost died—not by drowning, but by the massive internal release of a chemical that dangerously lowered his blood pressure as his overheated body hit the icy water.

• A cancer researcher abandoned a promising career because momentary contact with lab mice triggered wheezing, coughing and watery eyes so severe he was on the brink of collapse in 15 minutes.

• A Chicago newspaperman who ran out of bourbon at a party ordered a scotch and soda instead. After one drink, he was so tipsy that friends had to escort him home.

These individuals are among the 37 million Americans—20 out of 100—who are victims of allergy, a hypersensitivity to some ordinary substance or physical condition that is totally harmless to most of us. Many things—including such disparate substances as eggs, strawberries, dyes and dust, trees, lipstick, insect venom and saccharin—can trigger the familiar symptoms of itching, dripping, swelling, wheezing and sneezing. These reactions can make victims so miserable that a prominent Harvard professor once told medical students that the only cure was "gravel, taken about eight feet deep."

To a disheartening extent, that negative attitude toward treatment persists. The non-allergic look down their dry, unswollen noses at the "chronic complainers" who "can't learn to live with a little discomfort" that is "probably all in their heads anyway."

Even some doctors share that view, according to Dr. Philip Norman, allergy chief at Johns Hopkins Medical School. "They send most patients off with a pat on the back, an antihistamine and maybe a referral to a psychiatrist. They consider allergists witchcrafters."

The National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Disease estimates that there are 15 million Americans with hay fever (also known as allergic rhinitis), nine million with asthma (the most medically dangerous allergy) and another 12 million who are allergic to food, drugs, insect stings, temperature changes and viruses. Yet fewer than one in ten get adequate medical treatment, and thousands more don't even suspect that allergies are the cause of their breathing problems, headaches, upset stomachs, constantly runny noses and itchy red eyes.

Five thousand people die each year of allergic complications, and most of the rest cough, wheeze, drip and worry their way through the seasons, spending $250 million a year on drugs and quack remedies like X-ray and hypnotism.

The suffering is bad enough, but the real tragedy of all this, experts say, is that it's unnecessary. The old attitudes are obsolete, keeping millions in needless discomfort. A whole series of new developments and research breakthroughs promise almost every allergy victim a normal life, free—at the very least—of the most disabling consequences of what is now known to be a true disease.

At the top of the list is a better understanding of the allergic process itself, in which the body's protective activities get out of control. Whenever the body is invaded by a foreign substance, it mobilizes antibodies to disarm and paralyze them. Without that reaction, no one would survive a cold. But in the allergy victim, a first-time invasion of a substance (called an allergen) signals the untimely production of a special antibody called IgE (for "Immune Globulin E").

A tiny number of these IgE antibodies stick to cells in the lungs, nose, skin and other organs and "sensitize" them. The *next* time a heavy-enough dose of the same invader (pollen, for example) gets inside the body, these sensitized cells release a group of chemicals called "mediators."

The mediators—there are about two dozen of them of which the well-known "histamine" is only one—are the real villains in allergy. They tug at muscles, dilate blood vessels to cause swelling, stimulate mucous membranes, irritate nerve endings and, in extreme cases, cause shock by knocking out our ability to pump blood hard enough.

A family history of allergies, emotional upsets and infections can aggravate allergy, but true allergies occur only when there has been sensitization followed by a second invasion of the offending allergen. (That's why some people don't develop allergies until adolescence or later, although most show up first in grade schoolers. But in some cases, years may pass between the first exposure and a second one large enough to trigger an attack.)

The National Institutes of Health now spend more than $125 million a year on allergy research, much of it in nearly 20 specialized allergic disease centers. More than 3,000 allergy specialists are now certified to practice by the American Academy of Allergists. They know more about allergic disease than that Harvard professor ever dreamed. Here is some of what they have discovered and the new benefits now available to the allergy victim.

ALLERGY SHOTS

First introduced in 1912, "desensitization" therapy is the process of injecting a patient with increasing amounts *(continued on page 219)*

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder

The Adams Square Collection

Two centuries of tradition for sale at Sears.

Adams Square is a versatile gathering of American Traditional home furnishings. This page, and the next sixteen, present the furniture, carpeting and accessories of Sears Adams Square Collection.

Brass-plated lamps. Finished by hand, fashioned by tradition.

Hand turned and hand finished. Sears brass-plated lamps recall the quality workmanship of centuries gone by.

The bold turnings of the heavy bases are antiqued to a soft deep gleam. Then each base is topped with a finely pleated fabric shade. And, of course, all lamps are UL listed. Available now in most larger Sears retail stores.

Table lamp (foreground) reg. $69.99. Now
$49.99

Other table lamps reg. $59.99. Now
$49.99
Accent lamp reg. $49.99. Now
$39.99
Floor lamp reg. $89.99. Now
$79.99
Chain lamp reg. $59.99. Now
$54.99
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through October 22.



y at Sears


Only at Sears



The Adams Square Collection

Sears Benchmade Grafton Street sofa. Its beauty draws you in. Its comfort puts you at ease.

You're immediately at home within these graceful wing arms and tall quilted back. The Grafton Street sofa is classic American Traditional style.

Classic durability, too. Like all Benchmade sofas (and their complementary chairs), Grafton Street begins with a double-doweled hardwood frame. Coil spring construction for resiliency and longevity. Reversible seat cushions with coil springs encased in thick polyurethane foam. Finally, Grafton Street is upholstered in 100% quilted cotton and treated with Scotchgard® Brand fabric protector.

Sofa (81") reg. $599.95. Now
$499.00
Wing chair reg. $339.95. Now
$299.00
Accent chair reg. $299.95. Now
$259.00

Window treatment available from Sears Custom Shop.

Townsend Hall tables.

Townsend Hall occasional tables complement your Grafton Street collection and gather compliments for you. Each features mortise and tenon construction from solid hardwood and maple veneers, 26-step finishing and antiqued brass-plated hardware. The tables and sofa are available in most larger Sears retail stores. Most items are on sale.

Cocktail or sofa table reg. $179.95 each. Now
$159.00
Bookcase end table reg. $139.95. Now
$119.00
Drawer end table reg. $149.95. Now
$129.00

Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through October 22.


Only at
Sears



The Adams Square Collection

Classic two centuries ago.
Classic today.

The Adams Square bedroom. With construction as enduring as its style. Drawers with no-snag interiors and easy-open ball-bearing guides. Dovetail joints. Colonial brass-plated hardware. Bedposts turned from solid Northern hardrock maple, then hand rubbed to a delicate honey finish.

Bed reg. $199.95 full size. Now
$179.00
Chest reg. $300.00. Now
$230.00
Triple dresser (66") reg. $400.00. Now
$300.00
Mirror reg. $100.00. Now
$90.00
Nightstand reg. $159.95. Now
$139.00

The Custom Shop Collection.

Classic crewel-look bedspread (100% cotton cover, 100% polyester challis lining) with matching draperies. On the bedspread, hand-guided outline quilting is bound by thick corded edges. And filled with a generous six ounces per square yard of 100% polyester fiberfill. For the lasting loft of a fine bedspread. All sizes are on sale.

Our Custom Decorators make house calls. All items available in most larger Sears retail stores.

Bedspread reg. $125.00 full size. Now
$100.00
Drapery fabric
reg. $6.00 a yard (54" width). Now
$4.80
Bordeaux imported sheer fabric
reg. $7.00 a yard (69" width). Now
$5.60
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through
October 22.



Rose-scented French Bouquet hand soap and guest soap with imported dried rose petals (so you can create your own rose sachet).
Gift box reg. $5.00.


Only at Sears
© Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1972



The Adams Square Collection

Sears Benchmade Aphrodite sofa. Handsome design, sturdy construction.

The Aphrodite sofa is carefully constructed like all Benchmade sofas. Quality built for durability as well as comfort and beauty.

The heavy-duty hardwood frame is double-doweled and braced. Coil spring construction means resiliency, and reversible seat cushions offer longevity. The Aphrodite Benchmade sofa can be ordered in an elegant array of decorator fabrics.

Sofa (87") reg. $599.95. Now
$499.00
Demi-sofa reg. $549.95. Now
$449.00
Chair reg. $329.95. Now
$279.00
Ottoman reg. $139.95. Now
$119.00

Kismet Classic rug. Eastern magic for your western rooms.

The regal beauty of Oriental designed rugs is preserved in Sears exclusive Kismet Classic. 100% virgin worsted wool pile (over fifty ounces per square yard) is carefully woven for thick, rich pattern definition. Eleven time-honored patterns are available in up to eight sizes (rectangles, rounds and runners).

Rug reg. $499.99 (8'3" x 11'9"). Now
$399.99

Grassmont occasional tables.

All feature mortise and tenon construction, 21-step finish, fruitwood color, simulated cane shelving and glass tops. The tables, rug and sofa are available in most larger Sears retail stores. Most items on sale.

Tables reg. $139.95 each. Now
$119.00
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through October 22.

The Adams Square Collection

Sears Regal bedspreads and draperies. Classic antique satin for your traditional setting.

Sears Regal antique satin draperies and bedspreads are now on sale, offering the look of custom with the convenience and price of ready-made.

Regal antique satin bedspreads add instant impact to your bedroom. The throw style rayon-acetate spread is double stitch quilted, 100% polyester backed, in eleven opulent colors to match Regal draperies.

These colors make Regal window treatments as appropriate for your dining or living room as for your bedroom. Regal draperies are a closely woven blend of 67% rayon-33% acetate, in many standard and hard-to-find sizes.

Fan folded, cotton lined, and corner weighted, Regal is hemmed to a 5" depth for a luxurious look. Made even richer by using the Royal Jewel sheer panel as a backdrop.

Royal Jewel sheer panels come in twelve coordinating shades to perfectly complete that decorator look. And 100% polyester makes them durable as well as handsome.

Regal is available in most larger Sears retail stores. Most items are on sale.

Bedspread reg. $36.99 full size. Now
$29.99
Draperies reg. $17.99 (48" x 84"). Now
$14.99
Royal Jewel Sheer panels reg. $3.39 (40" x 81"). Now
$2.69
Table lamp at regular price
$39.99
Accent lamp at regular price
$29.99
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through October 22.





Rose-scented French Bouquet hand soap and guest soap with imported dried rose petals (so you can create your own rose sachet). Gift box reg. $5.00.



© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977



© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977



The Adams Square Collection

Sears Benchmade Gaspé sofa.
Graceful elegance makes a comeback.

The Gaspé, like all Benchmade sofas, features all-hardwood frame construction. A network of coil and horizontal springs in the base. Double-doweled stress points. Seat cushions with individually pocketed springs encased in polyurethane foam. Plus a wide selection of sofa fabrics.

Sofa (91½") reg. $599.95. Now
$499.00
Chair reg. $299.95. Now
$269.00

Enduring Beauty carpeting.
Wall-to-wall richness.

To decorate a lovely room, start from the ground up. With Enduring Beauty, our textured plush carpet in twenty rich colors. Colors with subtly varying tones.

This carpet endures because it's the most durable carpet fiber, 100% nylon pile (a full 48 ounces per square yard). And it's heat-set to retain resiliency. Then it's treated with Scotchgard℠ Brand carpet protector. And a static control treatment for comfort.

Carpeting reg. $13.99 square yard. Now
$11.99 *sq. yd.*

Adams Square tables.

Updated Queen Anne style in maple veneers, hardwood legs, brass-plated hardware. All items are available in most larger Sears retail stores. And most are on sale.

Drop leaf table reg. $209.95. Now
$189.00
Curio table reg. $189.95. Now
$169.00
Tea table reg. $169.95. Now
$149.00
Chairside table reg. $129.95. Now
$109.00
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through October 22.



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The Adams Square Collection

Everything's coming up roses with Sears French Bouquet.

Everywhere, pink petals scatter across a snowy field of white. On the all-feminine French Bouquet towels. Romantic window and shower curtains in semi-sheer ruffly batiste. Plus many rose accessories.

All our roses coordinate with the shadowy tones of Colormate Misty bath rugs and carpet. They're 100% nylon pile and latex backed for slip resistance.

And in the bedroom? A plump comforter with large blossoms on one side, small the other. 50% cotton-50% polyester Perma-Prest® percale sheets and pillowcases with embroidered scalloped borders. Lamps, bed ruffles and pillow shams.

All items are available in most larger Sears retail stores. And most are on sale.

Towel reg. $3.99 bath size. Now
$3.19

Double shower curtain reg. $19.99. Now
$15.99

Bath rug reg. $5.49 (24" x 36"). Now
$3.99

Soap dish or tumbler at regular price
$2.00

Tray or tissue cover at regular price
$4.50

Wastebasket at regular price
$10.00

Table lamp or swag at regular price
$39.99

Comforter reg. $29.99 twin size. Now
$22.49

Sheet reg. $5.99 twin size. Now
$3.99

Sheet reg. $6.99 full size. Now
$4.99

Sheet reg. $10.99 queen size. Now
$8.99

Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through October 22.



Rose-scented French Bouquet hand soap and guest soap with imported dried rose petals (so you can create your own rose sachet). Gift box reg. $5.00.



The Adam's Square Collection

Sears French Bouquet. Because there can never be too many roses.

Our rose also grows on a fitted Perma-Prest® bedspread with a 65% polyester-35% cotton cover. Roses, too, on Perma-Prest pinch-pleated draperies, easy care rod pocket semi-sheer panels, and even classic hurricane lamps. Most items are on sale.

Bedspread reg. $39.99 full size. Now
$29.99
Draperies reg. $14.99 (48" x 84"). Now
$11.99
Sheers reg. $7.49 (60" x 84"). Now
$5.99
Accent lamp at regular price
$29.99

Sears Show-Off blanket.

A look and feel that's close to cashmere. Even after ten washings, it resists pilling and matting. In fact, washing renews its fluffiness.

Show-Off is loom woven to hold its shape. And it's a remarkably sturdy weave of 100% virgin acrylic fibers. For long life. Furthermore, the Perma-Prest® nylon satin binding has a special non-ravel diagonal lock stitch.

Our regular, thermal or automatic blanket is a show-off in many soft colors. And all sizes are on sale at comparable savings.

Show-Off and French Bouquet are available in most larger Sears retail stores.

Regular or thermal
reg. $21.00 twin size. Now
$16.99
Regular or thermal
reg. $25.00 full size. Now
$19.99
Automatic reg. $55.00 twin size. Now
$43.99
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sale

September 25 through
October 22.



Rose-scented French Bouquet hand soap and guest soap with imported dried rose petals (so you can create your own rose sachet). Gift box reg. $5.00.

Only at Sears

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The Adams Square Collection



An invitation to dine in time-honored style.

Adams Square dining furniture. Styled in the tradition of Queen Anne furnishings. In solid Northern hardrock maple and maple veneers. Plus modern advantages. Like two table leaves. A china deck with lighted interior. A base with ball-bearing drawer guides. A silverware tray with tarnish resistant cover.

Table (62"), 2 leaves (18" each) reg. $299.95. Now
$214.00
Side chair reg. $110.00. Now
$90.00
Arm chair reg. $125.00. Now
$110.00
China base (60") reg. $340.00. Now
$290.00
China deck reg. $320.00. Now
$285.00

Heritage Hall dinnerware. Hand finished engravings of America's traditional homes.

From a townhouse to a plantation, seven great American homes decorate Heritage Hall ironstone. Patterns from Sears exclusive copper engravings are hand painted by English ceramic artists.

It's practical, too. Chip resistant, dishwasher safe. With many accessories. It even coordinates with lamps and curtains, tablecloths and napkins. All items available in most larger Sears retail stores. And most are on sale.

45-piece set reg. $89.99. Now
$69.99
Tablecloth (5 sizes) reg. price each
$11.99
Curtain reg. $5.98 (90" x 24"). Now
$4.99
Freedomflor tile reg. 79¢ each. Now
63¢
Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

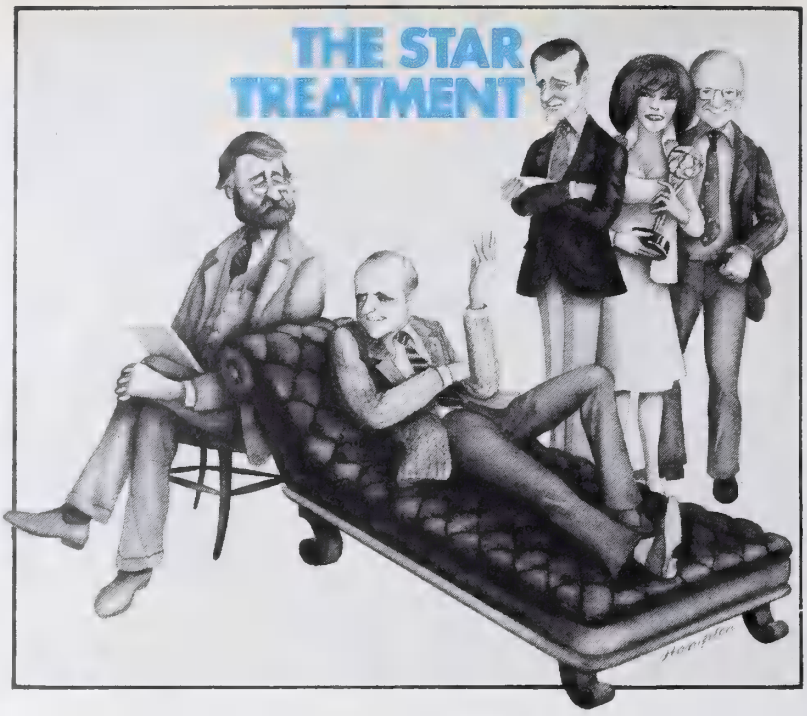


September 25 through October 22.



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THE STAR TREATMENT



When Bob Newhart has a fear of flying, when Lee Grant is terrified of freeways, when Neil Simon finds nothing to laugh about . . . they head for their therapists. Here, celebrities talk candidly about their analysis.
By Dick Stelzer

BOB NEWHART, actor

Our show *(The Bob Newhart Show)* concerns a psychologist. It is successful today—and it couldn't have been five years ago—because people now realize there are some problems they can't solve by themselves.

My fear of flying was the primary reason I went. I was taking trains all the time and most of the people on trains these days are 80 years old. They talk about Hoover and what a great president he was, which doesn't leave me much to contribute to the conversation. So I'd wind up going into the club car and getting bombed by three o'clock.

Once I realized the cause of my fear of flying—it came from a childhood experience when I was kind of trapped in a small area for a few minutes—it didn't dissipate. But now I fear the alternative, which is not going anywhere. So I get on an airplane and I'm not comfortable; there are a lot of situations you're not comfortable in but the alternative is worse. Now I find I'm flying more, even taking private planes.

The other reason I went into therapy is that things were getting in the way of everything being as pleasant as it should be. I allowed myself to be maneuvered into situations that I really didn't want to be in. I had a terrible fear of offending people—and it's pretty hard to go through life without offending people.

One day, I told the shrink that my wife and I were going out to dinner that night, even though I really didn't want to be with the people we were meeting. So he asked me, "Well, why are you going out with them?" Now there are two different ways you can interpret this type of question. One is that he's giving approval, saying, "No, you don't have to go out with them." The other possibility is that he is asking you the question: "Why do you feel you have to go out with these people? What is it in your character that makes you afraid of offending them?"

Now I handle these social things differently. I say, "I don't want to go there." Just the other day, some people invited us out. We really have little enough time to ourselves and our children as it is, because of various things we *have* to do. So I don't want to acquire any new friends and I don't feel particularly guilty about this. These people are really marginal acquaintances; since they put us in this situation, we shouldn't be worried about offending them. I guess this represents a change in my thinking. I'm just not as concerned about offending people.

I find I say certain things at work that I didn't used to say. "I don't like this script. It may hurt your feelings but I don't like it." If I *didn't* say this, they would presume I liked the script and there might be another similar to it. It's easier not to say anything but you find you're not enjoying yourself as much as you should. Now I find I'm happier.

"There's more openness now between me and my wife Ginny."

There's more openness now between me and my wife Ginny. I think we have a much better relationship. I had a problem with the open display of affection. Ginny tends to be very affectionate and I tend to be less so. I tend to be very controlled, which I don't particularly like in myself. I wish I were more the other way. And I think that's changed. We also became friends with Don Rickles and his wife. Don is very outgoing and very affectionate. He hugs you and says, "Gee, it's great to see you, we really missed you!" I think that affected me somewhat. It makes it much more pleasant for me.

The toughest part of therapy for me was re-living some of the painful moments that everybody has, rejections and things like that. They weren't pleasant to begin with and to have to go through them again was really unpleasant. I'm talking about things everybody goes through, in high school and college, that kind of thing. In a way, though, I felt better after recounting some of these experiences because now there was another person who knew.

The people being interviewed here are, almost to a man or a woman, insecure people who got into acting or performing because there's something in us we don't like. We don't like ourselves as people, so it's more fun to be somebody else. It's especially true with impressionists; they think people find them more acceptable in the role of a Burt Lancaster or Spencer Tracy.

I think maturity comes finally when you realize why you perform. I do it now because I enjoy making people laugh. There were a lot of other reasons I used to do it; to be more socially acceptable was one reason. I think now I do it because I genuinely enjoy making people laugh; it's a satisfaction.

The only fear I had was that somehow analysis would interfere with the creative process, which I don't completely understand. I don't know why I write a particular line or why it sounds funny or why I time it this way or that way. I was concerned that in becoming healthier, possibly I would lose my sense of humor. And I really can't go back to being an accountant at this point.

The whole experience of therapy was painful at first but ultimately pleasurable, because I like where I am now and I don't like where I was before. I've gotten *(continued)*

WOMEN IN ENERGY



SHAREN SEVERSEN: Watchdog, troubleshooter, teacher and one of Exxon's most valuable assets.

If it sounds like Sharen Seversen has a lot of jobs at Exxon, it's because she does. And the diversity of her job is one of the things she likes best about being an Exxon marketing technical services representative.

"There's really never a dull moment," smiles Sharen. "One day, I'm making sure a fuel delivery reaches a customer on time... the next, I may have to roll up my sleeves and help a steel mill or paper mill solve a lube problem... next, I may be conducting a workshop in new product application. It's always something different and I enjoy it because I'm helping Exxon customers to make better and more efficient use of our products and of America's energy supply."

The energy and enthusiasm Sharen brings to her job are matched by her talent and experience. Her B.S. in Engineering gives her the technical background for her job. Over four years of experience at Exxon make her a seasoned businesswoman. It's this mix of talent that makes Sharen one of the most important pluses behind Exxon products, from home heating oil to petroleum solvents, cutting oils and other lubricants for industry.

Sharen Seversen, a woman in energy, helping provide energy for a strong America.



Energy for a strong America

STAR TREATMENT

continued

to know myself better and I like myself a little more.

LEE GRANT, actress

My first experience with therapy was in New York, when my first marriage was in trouble. I went to Alex Thomas. His therapy was geared toward helping me accomplish various tasks in life—like driving, crossing the street, paying the bills and making dinner. It gave me the ability to handle practical tasks that I could hang onto, so that I wouldn't fall back into anxiety attacks.

Alex had a theory—from working with soldiers in World War II—that people's knowledge about themselves does not help them to change. The thing that helps people to change—according to his theory—was the process of changing, the actual actions that forced you to change.

At the time I saw Alex, I guess I was having a nervous breakdown. The world out there had been an enemy of mine for 12 years. The boundaries of my own world were very circumscribed at that time. It was a boundary of just this apartment that I lived in. There was no answer in the house, and there didn't seem to be an answer outside of it, so I was really stuck in-between.

Alex forced me to take small actions each day to keep from encouraging the depression, to keep from feeding on it. And when a job came up, he urged me to take it, to get out into the world. He urged me to do this even though it meant breaking up with my husband. He forced me to take a job, which meant going 3,000 miles away to California and staying away for three months. It was a play that was traveling across the country. I didn't see how I could do it, I didn't see how I could leave my apartment.

But Alex said, "You will not die." It meant everything, those simple words, because we don't realize what we fear. It was not really a question of doing a play, it was a question of leaving what I cared most about. And to be told very simply that I could do it and live was the most reassuring thing.

So I took the job and it was the opening of a whole new period for me; it was like crashing through a window and getting to the other side. So this psychiatrist was very instrumental in starting a new life for me.

Taking care of day-to-day things—which Alex helped me with—always was and continues to be an area in which I'm a blunderer. The simplest things have always been done for me. Money has always been handled for me, first by my parents, next by my first husband and then by various business managers. So for me, at the age of 30, the idea of opening up a bank account and keeping records gave me a tremendous feeling of accomplishment.

I've always been terrified of going on stage. My theory has been that if I get a fascinating little part that lets me hide most of the time and lets somebody else carry the show, I can get away with it.

But when I was asked to return to the stage in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue,* I did. I felt it was time for me to take the kind of step that would make me grow, deal with my fears and solve them. It was a very hard year for me. I couldn't be with my family and a lot of the feelings I had accumulated couldn't be released in the play.

So there was a kind of tension that I couldn't release on stage, couldn't release with my family or my best friends. I began to feel like a prisoner myself.

The last week of the play I came on in the second act—playing opposite Peter Falk—and couldn't think of one of the words of my monologue and went totally blank. I excused myself, went backstage and looked at the script. When I looked at the words on the printed page, they had absolutely no reality for me at all. This is the nightmare every actor has.

Well, of course, after that experience, I felt a terrible self-disgust and a desire never, ever to go on stage again. It kind of relieved me and released me from any obligation to ever go on stage again after I finished that last week.

And then I realized that there were fewer and fewer things I was permitting myself to do; I was not driving and now I was not performing on stage. I was as limited in California as I had been in New York. I would rarely go out to parties—I saw only the people who came to the house—so that instead of expanding, as I had started to do when I left my husband, I was beginning to live the narrowest existence I had ever lived.

I made up my mind that I would get some help out here on all these little rules that I had made for myself.

I started inquiring about doctors. My experience with the first doctor I saw was terrible. I never expected that because my experience with Alex had been so good.

Well, the first man I saw in L.A. was very warm and very fatherly. I have a suspicion of fatherly people because there is always an authoritarian side to the father. There were things that I was doing at that point that I felt that, as a doctor, he would encourage.

I was asked to direct a special on TV. It was a great challenge and I was very excited, but he saw it as a threat to the therapy. He would ask, "When are you going to commit yourself to seeing me four times a week?" I couldn't understand why he wouldn't encourage the kind of outside activity that used the strongest part of me, the healthiest part.

At one point I was explaining som thing to him and he said, "Now you s how feminine you are? That's the way should be." And I said, "That's a ve weird thing to say to me; that's a ve strange choice of words. You like m when I'm like a child, like a little gir

Once he said "Be here tomorrow 6:30" and I tried very hard, but I w late. I was probably there at 6:35 waited in the little waiting room, a when 45 minutes had gone by, I knock on the door to his room. There was answer and I realized that I had be sitting there, alone in that building, minutes. I couldn't believe it. I w downstairs, called his house and sa "Have you forgotten that I was suppos to see you?" And he said, "You were f minutes late." There's no point repeat the conversation because I realized th this was a man who had to punish looked around for another doctor.

Fear of driving

But until this year—and I've lived California for nine years—I did very lit driving, which put a tremendous burd on the studios and friends. I was afr of getting lost. I was afraid of wh would happen if I got off a certain rou which was like a little square that I h always driven: down the Pacific Co Highway and left on Sunset to the B erly Hills Hotel. I thought that if I w up a sidestreet I'd be swallowed someplace and never be able to get ba

Therapy forced me to drive. The dr to the doctor's office was very long– hour going and an hour coming ba three times a week—because I was afr to take the freeway. The fact that, w a little courage, I could use the freew and make the trip in 35 minutes j solved the problem for me. The freew had been a big fear of mine becaus was always afraid I'd get killed. But o I accomplished the freeway, I kind got interested in driving. Once I was my way to Mike Nichols' house and I lost. I stopped at a house that turned to belong to a very well-known guitar who was very friendly, gave me an bum and told me how to find Mi Nichols' place. Then I realized that g ting lost could also lead to finding ot things and other people.

Once I lost my fear of driving, I came entirely intrepid. I'm a maniac the highway now. There's no plac won't go, no place I can't go. The f that this has happened is proof to that you can not only fight fears overcome them and start to take pleas in the very thing you feared.

The only time that I was obses with sexual discussion in therapy w before I did *Shampoo.* I have a v good thing going with my husband, going out into another sexual situatio which is what I had to do in *Sham*

(continued on page

My husband, the chimney sweep, made our Maytag prove it's dependable in more ways than one, writes Mrs. Hinkley.



Not only is it still washing away after 12 hard years...but I can also depend on it to do a great job— even on the sheets he uses to catch soot.

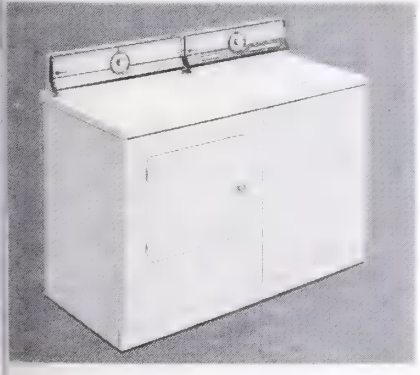
"My husband is a chimney sweep—he has just been named vice-president of the National Chimney Sweeps Guild," writes Mrs. Judy Hinkley, Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

"I don't know anyone who gets any dirtier." But that doesn't faze her Maytag, and she can count on it to handle her whole wash, even his work clothes and the sheets he uses as tarps to catch soot, says Mrs. Hinkley.

"I have a 12-year-old Maytag Washer that I use daily." Knowing she can depend on it to get all of her laundry clean, she says, is as important as knowing it's built to last longer and need fewer repairs.

What with the regular family laundry plus her husband's work things, that washer works even harder today than when she got it in 1965. 15 to 20 loads a week is about average. "I could count on one hand the times in 12 years that I've had to have the repairman," states Mrs. Hinkley.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal that record. But long life with few repairs is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer, Dryer, Dishwasher, and Disposer.





In the living room of their Williamsburg home, Judy and Ken Hinkley with their daughters Linda, 17; Teri, 15; Becky, 12; Patty, 6; and Dustmop.



Ken Hinkley, wearing the chimney sweep's traditional top hat and frock coat, lowers weighted brush down chimney. Business is brisk because of increased use of fireplaces and wood-burning stoves due to the high cost of other fuels.

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cigarette. I didn't think it was possible. To find a cigarette that really tasted good but that had nearly half the tar of my old one.

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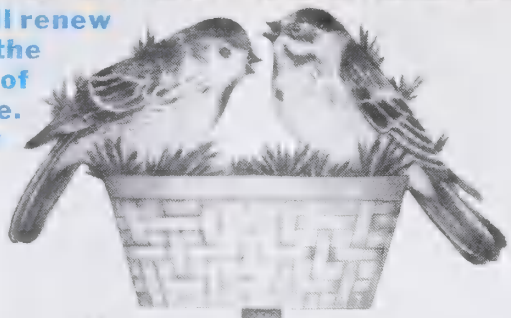
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FOSTER PARENTS

A story that will renew your faith in the enduring richness of family life.
By Norma Millay



The day after a week of drenching rain and Maine fog, I went outside at the promise of sun and found a cliff swallow's nest smashed on the ground under the eaves of the cottage. Beside it was a dead young bird. I stared at the scattered clay, thinking how the continued dampness must have loosened the nest from the eaves, and wondered if the adult birds had been aware of their oncoming disaster. Considering the weight of such a nest and the drop it had taken—more than a story—I couldn't believe it when something moved in the grass at my feet: a scrawny, wet, baby swallow, unharmed. A careful search uncovered another, smaller than the first but just as alive.

My husband joined me, and he was as incredulous as I that such tender things could have survived the impact of such a fall. But there they were, and we couldn't know how long they had been there; we knew only that they were very young and wet and cold and hungry, and that we must do something about it right away. But what to do? We decided their only chance was to be put back under the eaves near the old location so their mother, we hoped, would find them and feed them.

While I looked for a quart berry box and something soft to line it with, Charles selected a long, strong pole from a dry pile under the porch. Fortunately for this maneuver, the cottage was built against a steep slope, and by standing the pole at the foot of the slope the top came beyond the porch railing, a good floor above. From the porch, we lashed the box close to the top of the pole by threading stout cord around the wood at one side I lined the box with some crepe-y paper, very soft, and laid parts of the old nest around the inside walls as further enticement to a homecoming instinct. Then, with Charles below holding the pole, I gathered up one of the miserable looking little birds with a cloth, not touching it in case there might be something in the warning not to handle wild things with human-smelling hands, and placed it in its new home in the berry box; the other bird I put close beside it for mutual warmth and company. I named them Strawberry and Raspberry Swallow and wished them luck.

Now came the tricky part—and I couldn't help at all except stand by in case of a slip. I watched my husband raise the pole off the ground and, holding it erect so that the birds couldn't fall out, carefully work for footing on the slippery, steep slope as he mounted slowly, step by step, to the flat strip of lawn above. Together we gently tipped the pole till the box was below the eaves and moved it back to lean against the house. It worked fine. The pole was just long enough to slant out onto the lawn at a good, solid angle. The nest showed just under the eaves near where the old one had been but about a foot lower so the nestlings could be seen by their parents if they came back.

Then we stood and waited. We brought lawn chairs and sat and waited. Nothing happened. Once a swallow came and looked over the place where the nest had been, but it flew away without even glancing at the box. We watched for a long time and then, really desperate and sad, we decided to go into the house and stay—the mother might just come back if we weren't around.

When we came out later there was no sign of a parent. Birds sat on the wires across the road as they always did, but none paid any attention to our eager project. We sat and smoked and drank coffee and more coffee and watched for some sign of interest in our hungry birds in the silly-looking berry box. And quite suddenly she came. She went straight to the box and lighted on the edge, as though this was perfectly natural, she leaned in and down to feed her young. We were elated and excited, and we watched her—and papa, too—going back and forth with food and carrying away the droppings in the neat way most birds have. Everything was under control, and perfectly fine.

Later that afternoon, we sensed a strangeness, a sort of commotion among the birds. We became alarmed at the number of swallows on the wires in front of the house, and at their chattering that was louder, more restless and more insistent than usual. Word was out about the miracle and all the swallows in the neighborhood were coming to discuss it and have a look. Our busy birds paid no attention to them but went about their business, lighting on the edge of the box to tend their offspring. After awhile, however, the inquisitiveness of the neighbors called for a closer scrutiny and, from their lineup on the wires, one after another—at intervals of a few seconds—flew out in a wide circle to pass close to the astonishing nest and to utter, as it swooped by, a loud, piercing squawk as if in condemnation.

Was it a protest procession? Were such makeshifts, because unnatural, considered wrong? We were at once fascinated and concerned by this show of precision and purpose, apprehensive as to what turn the purpose might take. One, getting bolder, lit on the edge of the box to have a look inside, but was driven off by the owners, and fast—there was no fooling about it: This was their home and they were going to defend it. This unaccountable rehabilitation, so confidently accepted by the swallows most concerned, was obviously very disturbing to the others and, while we hoped their raucous outbursts sprang from curiosity and interest, we would not have been surprised if they had attacked the bewildering abode. But they didn't. Finally, their parade of examination slackened and they were content to gather again on the wires and talk it over.

During the next days, Mr. and Mrs. Swallow worked very hard. They were busy all the time—back and forth and back and forth. And we soon saw that this industrious pair was not merely collecting insects to supply a growing demand, but that they were at the same time rebuilding their house to suit themselves. As they built up the nest from within, they carried off bits of the paper padding, and I found a new worry: how could they lay a damp, clay floor under the helpless occupants without cementing something of them to it as it dried—their feathers, at least? But I decided such reliable birds merited implicit faith.

When the dark mortar began to appear above the rim of the box and the energy of the masons failed to slacken, we realized what was going on: they were going right on up to give their home proper stucco walls. Slowly the walls grew and spread out over the edge of the basket on the three sides away from the road, and up and *(continued)*

Illustration by Jacqueline Adato

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FOSTER PARENTS

continued

up it went, curving outward. This wa indeed extraordinary—and what a jo with all the other housework, too! Whe the walls began to curve inward, w were very excited; could they be goin to *roof* their house? It was understan able, really; these swallows always buil up under something that affords them roof and, lacking a roof, our swallow must build one for themselves. And th is exactly what they did. The walls co tinued inward until they met to form a impressive dome. They left only a tri round opening in the front, above th box, from which Strawberry and Ras berry could watch what was going on the outside world, which they did all th time. Always we would see them, th two sleek black heads and the pure whi vests shining out from below th shadowy eaves.

We got to be very fond and ver proud of them. Strawberry was som what of a bully, always crowding a bi but then he was bigger and couldn help it, I suppose, and Raspberry didn seem to mind maneuvering for his sha of the doorway. All who saw them wer enchanted—those little faces and whi chests side by side in the round doorwa of their sculptured igloo growing out a berry box at the summit of a long po slanted against the house and bearing its base a large sign reading: "Please d not touch this pole. Signed, Strawber and Raspberry Swallow.

The whole contraption was a sourc of much interest from our neighbors an curiosity from people driving by. On doesn't often see baby birds from th advantage. Before they flew, they woul come out and wander around on top the dome, and at first we were afrai they wouldn't get back in again—or th their mother would be annoyed at the capers and push them off. But they wer in and came out as they chose, thoug we never caught them moving eithe way through the entrance. They pro pered. And one day they were no longe in their canopied, adobe palace but wer sitting on the wires across the roa themselves talking it over.

Reward

We left the pole right where it wa and were rewarded for it. Mr. and Mr Swallow liked the new home they ha designed to suit the terrain; the ne home they had worked on so unflagging ly at a time in their lives when, havin built a nest and produced a family, the should have been occupied merely wit provender. They liked it so well tha they came back to it and, to our deligh and satisfaction, took up housekeepin again.

(continued on page 18



Photograph by Tasso Vendikos; wallpaper and table fabric by Boussac of France; Fritz and LaRue rug.

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TERRARIUM GARDENING



Almost any glass container can be used to create one of the prettiest—and easiest—indoor plantscapes.
By Allan A. Swenson

Terrariums, those lovely little worlds of plants in glass containers, seem to be sprouting everywhere. Easy to create and still easier to care for, terrariums will thrive in almost any area of your home or apartment. Under proper growing conditions, you can create delightful plantscapes, from lush tropical foliage to stark desert flora, from dainty miniature woodlands to worlds of carnivorous plants.

Understanding how a terrarium works also explains why it's such a simple way to decorate with plants. Once a glass container is filled with plants, the top is covered with a pane of glass. Roots absorb water up into the leaves; the leaves transpire, giving off moisture, which condenses and drips back into the soil. A perfect self-contained environment, free from drafts, dry air and pollution, requiring no more care from you than possibly occasional light watering and pruning of overgrown plants.

First consideration is the container itself. Your choice can be from among small plastic domes or cubes, glass bowls, jars, aquariums, brandy snifters, pitchers and so on.

Then select the plants you want, being sure to match their size and the shape of the container you've chosen. Allow for sufficient head room so taller plants can mature properly.

Plant compatibility is perhaps the most overlooked key to success in terrarium gardening. Some plants enjoy bright sun while others like shade (see list at end of article); some thrive in high humidity; others demand nearly arid conditions. Plants, like people, have individual needs. Ask your plant supplier about individual plant requirements. In each terrarium, plant only those that will enjoy the same basic environment together.

When selecting plants from the hundreds available, try to add variety to the essential compatibility—choose different leaf sizes, shapes, colors and textures. Although most plants grow more slowly in the restricted area of a terrarium, it is best to select those with a naturally dwarf growing habit. That saves pruning or replanting of those that overgrow.

Choose a highlight or accent plant to be the focal point of your miniature plantscape. Select medium-high companion plants to complement your accent and then consider several creeping types.

Soil for terrariums should not be too rich. A mixture of one third each potting soil, peat moss and sand is best. Many garden centers and variety stores sell special premixed terrarium soil. Do not use ordinary garden soil, since it's almost certain to contain weed seeds and disease organisms.

First planting step is a drainage layer. Place a ½- to 1-inch layer of coarse gravel in the bottom of your container. You may spread some charcoal chips, too, which act to sweeten soil. Next, fill your container about one-quarter full of planting mix. Moisten it slightly to settle dust.

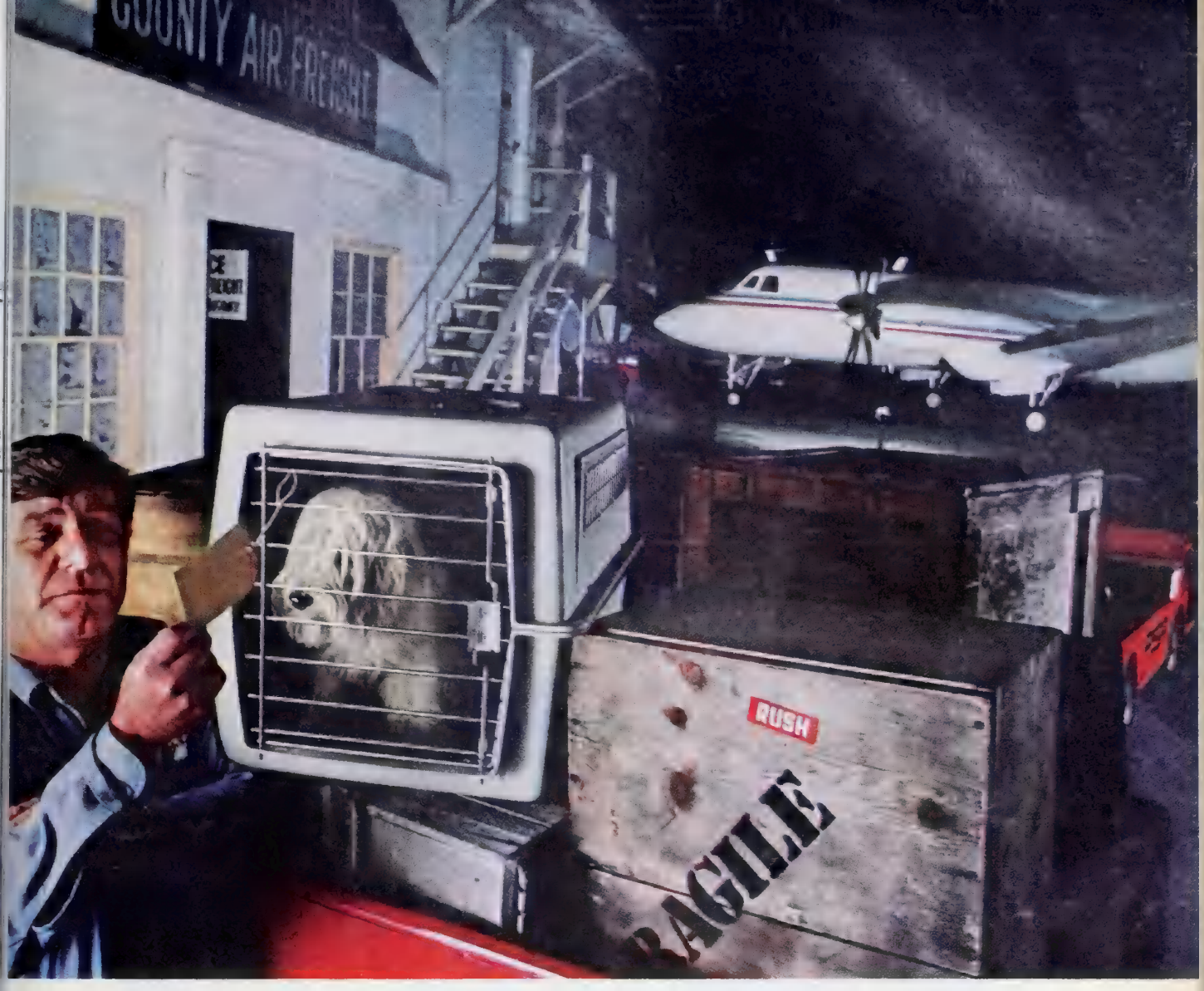
Assemble your plants, then pause a moment to design your plantscape. Appraise your plants. Determine how they might look in one or another location within the terrarium. Decide where you intend to display it and from which viewpoint you wish to achieve the most decorative effect. When you are satisfied, dig in.

In general, taller specimen plants should be positioned first as a central point of interest. Spoon out a hole slightly larger than the rootball of the plant itself. Remove the plant gently from its pot, shake off excess soil and place it into its permanent home. Firm the soil around the root ball, just as you do in outdoor planting. Snip off any yellowed leaves or broken stems. Prune the top if necessary to encourage side branching.

Next, place other plants in position, still in their pots. Appraise the overall look again. When it pleases you, remove plants from pots and set them firmly into place. Add the lower-growing creepers or ground ivies last.

A word about planting tools. Anything goes, and much will depend on the size and depth of your container. A regular spoon may do, but if it's not long enough, consider alternatives such as a cocktail stirrer, *(continued)*

Illustration by Howard Berelson



We didn't know how we'd find Buttons after her first flight. But we never expected to find her eating a bowl of Gaines•burgers.®

DOG FOOD



waited to have our dog
ons flown out to us until we'd
y settled in our new house.
d naturally, I was worried she
't eaten. She's so fussy.

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Anyway, Buttons has now happily adjusted to her new home. She doesn't miss the cans. And I don't miss the mess.



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TERRARIUM GARDENING

continued

barbecue fork, chopstick, a small spoon taped to a stick. Whatever, work carefully and gently.

Between each step study your progress. If a plant looks wrong, now is the time to move it. Do not crowd plants; they do grow, even dwarf types, so give each room to display its individual finery.

Once plants are set, add accents if you wish. A piece of driftwood, a seashell, a ceramic animal, bits of decorative stone. Use sand or crushed gravel to weave a path through your miniature forest.

Finally, use a mist sprayer to moisten soil thoroughly without disturbing it. Then carefully place the cover on your terrarium. Little more will be required.

Check plants periodically. Some may overgrow and need judicious pruning. More moisture may be needed the first week or month until proper balance is established. If your terrarium becomes foggy, open the top for a day. A little moisture trickling down the side is proper. For cactus and succulents, periodic venting or leaving the top uncovered is desirable, since they favor more arid conditions.

Once you complete your terrarium, place it in cool, somewhat shaded area for a few days. That gives plants time to adjust to their new home. Then, move your new creation into its permanent location.

As you enjoy it, be aware of its periodic needs. When winter sun is poor move the terrarium to a brighter spot if it contains light-loving plants. You can also provide artificial sun with several types of plant lights. In fact, new bulbs let you enjoy terrariums on bookshelves, desks, even as a living centerpiece away from natural window light.

Little fertilizer, if any, is needed for most terrariums. There's no point to encouraging excessive growth, then pruning or having to replant. After six months or so, or if plants seem yellowed or stunted, add a light liquid feeding of soluble plant food. **End**

Since some plants prefer lots of sun, others a medium amount and a few lower light intensity, here is a list of plant light needs to guide you as you select those most compatible for the light your terrarium will receive when completed and placed.

HIGH-LIGHT-LOVING PLANTS

Cacti
Cymbalaria
Dichondra
Iresine
Oxalis
Serissa
Most Succulents
Trifolium

MEDIUM-LIGHT-LOVING PLANTS

Acorus
Ajuga
Ardisia
Azolla
Begonia
Buxus
Caladium
Chlorophytum
Cryptanthus
Dichorisandra
Episcia
Ficus
Fittonia
Goodyera
Hedera
Helxine
Hydrocleys
Maranta
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A WEEKEND WITH ARNOLD PALMER



The eight winners of the Ladies' Home Journal golf contest pose with the golf master, Arnold Palmer, at the Bayhill Club and Lodge in Orlando, Fla. "A wonderful group of women—and golfers!" said Arnie.

The lucky eight: A cross-section who prove that sports are good for women's looks, bodies and spirits!



Back in January, we offered all *Journal* readers the opportunity to participate in a contest to win a free weekend with Arnold Palmer. To qualify, they had to send a letter talking about golf, giving their handicap, stating what they wanted to learn . . . and also enclosing a recent picture of themselves swinging a golf club. (We received a lot of pictures shot in deep snow in sub-freezing temperature.) But we never expected the tremendous response that ensued! Thousands of letters poured in from every state, from all kinds of players, from women of all ages. Finally, after we sorted out the letters to insure they complied with contest rules, we did a geographic sampling and made our selection on the basis of representative balance along with interesting presentation. The result: a wonderful profile of women golfers today, and a congenial group who learned a lot from Arnold Palmer —and from each other!



A GREAT WEEKEND: The women winners all arrived accompanied by escorts, husbands or friends. (Young Wendy Florentine's mother was her escort.) Activities naturally centered on the course itself: practice rounds, foursomes and a special Arnold Palmer golf clinic. In between, *Journal* Health and Beauty Editor Maureen Lynch discussed how the winners kept fit and took care of their looks. Most were very weight-conscious; they loved golf and relied on it as a regular form of exercise. Hair-lengths varied, but all had worked out an attractive way to cope with sun and breezes on the fairway. Makeup by day was minimal, but for the evening activities, they all showed their skill at making the most of their healthy good looks! Says Maureen: "This was never meant to be a beauty contest, but each and every one of the women had her own beauty. Golf had added zest and self-confidence to her life."



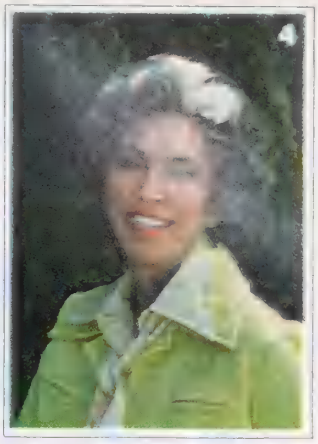


Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5. Golf sweaters by Haymaker.









A WEEKEND WITH ARNOLD PALMER

continued

1 Joanne Barnes has won the "most improved golfer" award at her Tulsa, Ok., club each of the four years she's been playing. Learning, she says, was mostly a matter of being with her husband: "When we traveled, he'd go off with the boys for 36 holes, so I just decided I'd better start." She now plays five days a week, with a handicap of 15. "It's a whole new world." Joanne rides a cart, but she still finds it the only sane exercise.

2 Wendy Florentine, a junior at Skidmore College, is our youngest golfer. While now concerned only with being a very good amateur (she's won three Connecticut Ladies Club Championships in six years of playing), she may go professional later on and play the circuit if everything clicks. "Golf is my life," says Wendy, who has a handicap of 10, "and my big thrill in playing with Arnie Palmer was to learn how I can concentrate better."

3 Wanda Beale's first thought after winning our golf outing was how pleased her aunt would be, for it was Aunt Hattie, now 83, who taught Wanda, at the age of nine, to play. And Wanda has kept it in the family, in their Minneapolis, Minn., suburb, by playing every weekend with her husband and 14-year-old twin daughters. During the week, the family often goes to the driving range, which Wanda finds "a lot better than sitting staring at TV." She plays with a handicap of around 30.

4 Dories Ovren, who has a high-pressure job with the Houston, Tex., Social Security office, thinks of golf as her only way to "completely relax. Out there on the greens, you have a whole new set of problems. Golf means everything to me." Doris and her husband of 32 years, Randy, play at least one day of every weekend, year-round, often with their son and his wife. "It's a real family sport," says Doris, who plays with a 30 handicap.

5 Sara S. Long is another ex-golf widow, who took up the game in self-defense so she could spend more time with her husband of 26 years. Though she plays with a handicap of 19 in the Winston-Salem, N.C., area, Sara wishes she were better. "Just not enough practice," she says. Sara plays three times a week in a league over an 80-mile radius of her Forsythe Country Club.

6 Marjorie O'Dea wishes she'd started playing earlier in life: "I really love the game, and I'd like to have been a pro." Instead, Marjorie is a hard-working policewoman in Chicago, Ill., and gets in 18 holes every Friday and any other odd days off she can manage. Marjorie now plays with a handicap of 22 and intends to keep at it the rest of her life. "It's great exercise and I forget all my problems. Exhilarating."

7 Sara Lynn Jones, who received our good news on her 38th birthday, has been playing for four years. "It didn't come naturally, but I've got my handicap down to sixteen"—this on the Kansas City (Kan.) Country Club course. Sara coaches the junior golf program at the club and just last year got her first hole-in-one—in a driving thunderstorm. "I don't play to be better than another individual," Sara says. "I play to the best of my own capabilities as they expand."

8 Bette Dolfi was inspired to start golf lessons after watching Ben Hogan in a Dallas Open 25 years ago. She met her future husband during the first lessons; then, in her first proper game, scored a remarkable 97. Bette now plays with a 15 handicap at her Chattanooga, Tenn., club. "Golf carts have ruined the exercise aspect of the game," says Bette, "but I still like the relaxation and the social side of it all." She is part farmer at heart, running a wheat farm in Colorado with her sister.









Hairstyles and makeup by Sharon Slattery.



By Geraldine Carro

Mothering

HOW DO YOU STOP FIGHTING WITH YOUR CHILDREN?

PBS offers answers—with help from P.E.T.

First there was the best-selling book, and now this season comes the TV series. No, it's not one of the hot, new, prime-time sit-com entries. It's a Public Television offering called *Parent Effectiveness*, a show that is clearly—pun intended—all in the family.

For 13 half-hours this fall,* we'll watch six fictional families in the throes of parent-child conflicts. Presto, a remarkable transformation occurs—the parents stop screaming; the two generations start talking, listening and loving more.

What causes this change? A formula called "parent effectiveness," which the adults use to open lines of communication with their offspring.

If the method's name has a familiar ring, it's because the TV series is a dramatized version of P.E.T., the Parent Effectiveness Training course developed by West Coast psychologist Thomas Gordon. Gordon has parlayed his self-improvement formula into a nationwide network of P.E.T. classes, and his book, *P.E.T.* (Simon & Schuster), has sold over a million and a quarter copies. PBS has dropped the word "training" from the title to avoid suggestion of any commercial ties with Dr. Gordon's group (although it's hard to see how the TV exposure can fail to benefit Dr. Gordon's parent education business).

What is Dr. Gordon, a consultant and guest on the show, telling us? That parent-child conflicts often occur because of a failure in communication. We are at loggerheads with our children, Gordon believes, when we lecture them rather than listening to what is really on their minds. In the power struggles that follow, either parent or child ends up the loser.

To avoid these destructive exchanges, P.E.T. substitutes a battery of communication techniques. In P.E.T. lingo, they have names like, "I-messages," "active listening feedback" and "no-lose problem solving."

On the TV show, we see instructor Jeff teach his class of parents the P.E.T. approach as they wade through problems that read like an atlas of adult-child battlegrounds: homework, chores, allowance, bedtime, choosing friends, deciding on a vacation.

The camera cuts to one parent's home. Ten-year-old Matthew suddenly balks at leaving for sports camp. "Sounds like you're having some bad feelings about going to sports camp," his mother says, playing back her son's thoughts. "I'm no good at sports. I'm just a loser," he says.

"You're just upset because you're not as good as the other guys," she says, again mirroring his thought.

Matthew's mother is practicing "active listening feedback." Rather than insist that he go, she lets him talk about his feelings—and listens to what he says. Matthew decides that if he doesn't go, he'll really feel like a loser.

In another household it's getting late and 10-year-old Michael is procrastinating about doing his homework. Instead of yelling at him, Michael's father sends him an "I-message": "*I*'m concerned you'll have a hard time getting u the morning. If that happens *I*'ll be late driving yo school and getting to work."

In a situation that normally might lead to a mot daughter blow-up, we watch "no-lose problem solvi The daughter complains she has to spend too much helping to care for a younger sibling. The mother take pencil and paper and lists both their suggestions. The negotiate a solution both can accept.

Do these and other P.E.T. techniques work in real Many P.E.T. course graduates say they do, including show's co-producer, Gloria Penner of KPBS-TV in Diego. She and her 13-year-old son often clashed ove mediocre school performance, until she learned that own need to see him achieve placed undue pressure on

Distinguished child psychiatrist Paul Wender expre reservations about mass self-improvement methods as P.E.T.: "They suggest that if you just learn to do a simple things, the problems will go away.

"P.E.T. won't solve deep-seated problems," says Wender, who does not, however, take issue with its b precepts. "Listening to your children is useful. Not bug them about things that aren't your business is useful. B don't believe in instant recipes."

In his view, what P.E.T. primarily vides is hope. "And when people feel mistic, they are in a better position to themselves."

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with us? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

U.S. KIDS STOP GROWING TALLER

For the first time in a hundred years, American chil will not grow up to be taller than their parents. The ave 18-year-old's height is holding steady at about 5 feet, 9 in What's wrong? Nothing. Dr. Peter V. Hamill of HEW's ter for Health Statistics thinks this is good news: "It m that our growing environment is optimal; we seem to reached our genetic potential." Despite all the increased sures and tensions of modern living, chemical toxicity radiation, apparently our cultural and physical environ isn't that bad—yet.

FIRST AID FOR PARENTS:
A Handy Guide to Clip and Save

If you're wondering whether to breastfeed, how to n age twins without going bananas, or which of those pensive kids' car seats is safest, there's help out th In our *Mothering* address book, we've collected a lis parents' resources. Here are some of the most use

BREASTFEEDING—For information on local moth groups and helpful literature, contact: La Leche Lea 9616 Minneapolis, Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

NATURAL CHILDBIRTH—Looking for prepared cl birth classes or information? Write: I.C.E.A., P.O. 20852, Milwaukee, Wis. 53220.

TWINS—What tricks of the trade have other parent twins discovered? Ask for a publications list and al how to join: Mothers of Twins Club, 5402 Amberw Lane, Rockville, Md. 20853.

HANDICAPPED KIDS—How can parents improve op tunities for a handicapped child? Contact: Closer L Box 1492, Washington, D.C. 20013.

SAFER RIDES—For safety tips and how-to's for ch ing a child's car seat, send 25¢ and a self-addres stamped envelope to: A.C.T.S., 400 Central Park W Apt. 15P, New York, N.Y. 10025.

CESARIAN SECTIONS—Doctors perform them more more, so you may need to *know* more. Write: C/S 15 Maynard Rd., Dedham, Mass. 02026.

** Air-time: Sundays at 6 P.M. (EST), starting Oct. 2*

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nd lots of cargo to move.

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THE PLOT TO "GET" BARBARA WALTERS

It wasn't just her sex, her salary or the way she pronounces her R's. TV's pioneer anchorwoman tells why her first year was so hard. By Chris Chase



Once there was a *New Yorker* cartoon of two little monks, gongs in hand, whaling away at a giant bell. "Now we toll the knell of parting day," said one. "And hasn't it been a stinker."

Winding up her first season at ABC, Barbara Walters could probably say the same.

In the September 1976 issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—before she had even gone on the air as TV's first evening news anchorwoman—Barbara talked about money, about ratings, about the way certain insecure men viewed an "aggressive" female reporter, about her leaving the *Today* show—and about the unhappiness her new notoriety had brought her.

She hoped, she said, that the headlines would disappear and "that . . . all of this will quiet down."

It didn't quiet down, it got louder, and today Barbara marvels at her own naïveté. "It was like being a survivor of the Johnstown flood and saying afterward, 'If we don't mention all this water, nobody will notice that it's damp around here.' "

For months after she left NBC, she was sniped at by anyone who took exception to her sex, her salary or the way she pronounced her R's.

But why? Why so much rancor from so many for so long? Was Barbara caught up in a backlash against the woman's movement?

That's part of it, surely.

If you're first at anything, you draw the lightning. Jackie Robinson had it tougher than any black major league ballplayer who came after him. Barbara, making it into the majors as the first female anchorperson, took it on the chin (not to mention right in the eye) for all the women who would come after her. "The few criticisms of Barbara, motivated by jealousy, are a fine compliment to her," President Carter wrote to her boss, ABC board chairman Leonard Goldenson.

Women with power make a lot of people nervous. Most of those nervous people are men. Television personality Marcia Rose recalls a vice president at NBC saying, "A woman will do news over my dead body. A woman is not an authority figure."

Unconfident men resent Barbara. Old-guard newsmen, entrenched in their clubbiness, resent Barbara. Men who aren't as successful as she is resent Barbara. Even men who enjoy her tend to underrate her skills. Lyndon Johnson once phoned to tell her she was an inspiration to other women, and he illustrated his thesis with a story about a politician. After countless campaigns and countless defeats, this politician had finally come up a winner. When reporters asked him what his victory meant, he said, "It means if I can get elected, any idiot can get elected."

"And Barbara," said President Johnson, "when those women out there watch you . . ."

Besides male chauvinism, Barbara's been up against simple jealousy. She could get—and keep—big jobs, she was good-looking, she was dressed by Halston and Adolfo, she was photographed in *Women's Wear Daily* lunching with the Beautiful People, her child adored her, she seemed to have achieved all the world could offer, without the world's having exacted from her any great sacrifice. What do you have for the person who has everything? Envy. It's an old joke, but it applies.

Anyway, Barbara has always been a controversial figure (when she was on the *Today* show, you could read that her manner of interviewing was "abrasive," and you could read that her manner of interviewing was "fawning" – and sometimes you could read both those things in the same week), and she has always made good copy. She interests readers, so if stories about her aren't available, sometimes they get made up. The French paper, *Le Monde*, wrote about her *Today* replacement as her "rival," without bothering to inform itself that Barbara had switched not only from one network to another, but also from morning to evening. "She has competition from a younger woman on her old network," raved *Le Monde*. "When a man ages and wrinkles appear it gives him a sign of experience. On a woman wrinkles make for fear and pity."

And in a newspaper, balderdash makes for revenue and subscriptions.

Barbara herself believes she reaped the whirlwind almost by accident, or by a series of accidents. "If I'd stayed at NBC there would have been no waves, I could have been paid a million dollars and nobody would have minded. Or, if I'd gone to ABC, but hadn't got a million dollars. Or, if 1976 hadn't been the year that Rupert Murdoch bought *The New York Post* and went into competition with *The Daily News*, headlining gossip on his front page every afternoon."

You can go with her theories, or you can advance your own. But what you come back to is this: She moved into an area where a woman never before had functioned. The move made her a symbol, and as such, a target for all kinds of anti-feminist feelings.

It finally got so bad that this past May, a television critic named Terrence O'Flaherty, plumping for a bit of common civility, took *(continued)*

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BARBARA WALTERS

continued

ıe with the Barbara baiters. "There are many areas in ich Miss Walters is open to criticism," O'Flaherty wrote in *San Francisco Chronicle*, "and I have been among those o have been critical of her performances on many occa- ns, but the [daytime] Emmy Awards take-off on her man- of speech touched upon cruelty, not humor, and was ally unbecoming for an industry-sponsored ceremony."

O'Flaherty questioned "how many of those associated with Daytime Emmy Awards" could have measured up to the lters' professionalism "in her work or in the dignified man- with which she has accepted the avalanche of criticism l abuse from her fellow performers in the TV fraternity in ard to her recent promotion."

Well, Mark Twain once said that man is the only creature at inflicts pain for sport, knowing it to *be* pain," and it tainly wasn't only Walters' fellow performers in the TV ernity, but also O'Flaherty's newspaper colleagues, who'd n abusing the lady.

Through a year of hysteria (other people's), of stories that *Today* show ratings had been going down (implication: bara was smart to have jumped when she jumped, or she'd e been fired); of stories that Barbara had never been a ous journalist (implication: she was going to turn the eve- g news into the "Harry and Cher" show, while her specials ld feature her wearing spangles and tap shoes and trying find out if Andy Young had rhythm), Barbara had indeed t her mouth shut. And worked like a demon, like a woman ose sanity depended on it. Between December 1976 and e 1977, in addition to co-anchoring the *ABC Evening vs*, she hosted—and to some degree wrote and edited—five -hour specials, moderated one of the Ford-Carter presi- tial debates, co-hosted ABC's election night coverage, plus e election news specials and the day and night inaugura- specials, covered Queen Elizabeth's Silver Jubilee and sided, on an occasional Sunday morning, over a show ed *Issues and Answers*.

Acted like a lady

he refuted no allegation (unless a reporter phoned and ed a point-blank question) and acted like a lady in the t old-fashioned sense.

Even now, with the worst behind her, she isn't willing to e an "ordeal" interview. She doesn't want pity, and if she she's smart enough to know she wouldn't find much. o's going to feel sorry for a pretty woman with a big job a million dollars? For that matter, who ought to?

till, because she feels she's turned a corner, because she this season will be easier, more fun, she's finally agreed traighten out a few facts which were bent in translation.

o. For anybody who's been on the moon or out to lunch e 1976, let's go back to the beginning. When ABC first roached Barbara, the talk was of a 45-minute (expanded n the usual half hour) network news program. "Harry soner would have had room for his thing, I would have room for mine, we would have been a new and different l of show," says Barbara.

nxious to hang on to its star, NBC made counter propos- "They offered me the same money. To the dollar. They , 'Wait a year. Stay on the *Today* show one more year, then we'll try to do a one-hour evening news, and we'll you on with Chancellor and Brinkley.'"

t sounded good, but not quite good enough. "Who knows at will happen in a year?" asked a friend. "And here's C eager to have you, offering the 45 minutes."

And a chance to have a normal life," adds Barbara.

he hadn't even known she *wanted* a normal life until ebody flashed the possibility before her. "I'd had some gh years on the *Today* show, but I was

(continued)

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BARBARA WALTERS

continued

becoming the elder statesman. I was going to stay there until I was 65, and then I was going to come out in my gray crepe dress and all the young people were going to applaud—that was my vision. I thought I could do it all my life. Until I was offered the chance to stop."

After 15 years of drinking lousy coffee from stained cardboard containers at 5:30 A.M., 15 years of trying to see herself in the mirror of the makeup room under puffy eyelids, Barbara Walters was going to get to sleep late. "Suddenly I was thinking, gee, I can have a date, I can fall in love, I can take my child to the movies. . . ."

It sounded fine. And maybe Barbara even expected a congratulation or two. Hard-working journalist makes good, woman cracks all-male club—nice story, right? Wrong. There couldn't have been more hostility in the press if Babe Paley, wife of CBS' chairman of the board, had run away with Mickey Rooney.

Part of the problem was the money. ABC had offered Barbara a five-year contract at a million dollars a year. That million dollars stuck in the throats of Walters' peers, evoking protestations of pious outrage. When *he* heard about the money, said one famous commentator, it made him sick to his stomach, while another announced that nobody was worth a million dollars "unless they find a cure for cancer on the side."

At ABC, it wasn't all sunshine, either. The minute the rumor surfaced that Barbara might be coming over, Harry Reasoner threatened to quit. He'd been anchoring the evening news by himself, and he liked it that way. "I didn't want to work with *anybody*," he says now, honestly. The 45-minute show might have eased the problem, but the 45-minute show never happened. (It wasn't the big, bad money-hungry network that killed the idea, either; it was local affiliates all over the U.S. who weren't willing to give any more time to news.)

Years before, Walters and Reasoner had met when both were covering Lyndon Johnson. "It was in Atlantic City," she says. "Harry was at CBS and I was a writer on the *Today* show. We took a walk on the boardwalk. I enjoyed him. He had a dry sense of humor, and my memory of him was of that. I went to see him before I decided to make the move last year, and the two of us kicked things back and forth. It may sound ridiculous now, but I thought we could be like Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. I didn't want to make 'happy talk' on the air, but I thought there might be some exchange between us."

After a lot of conversation, and a hefty salary hike, Reasoner agreed to stay on at ABC, still openly unthrilled about having a partner. "He isn't a mean man," Walters says, "but suddenly here was this woman getting an avalanche of press, and she's supposedly coming in to save him because his show is failing. He couldn't win. If the ratings came up, that would mean he'd needed my help. If the ratings went down, we drowned together." ("We're a very *respectable* third," said Reasoner recently, "but if everyone who'd been writing and talking about us had *watched* us, we'd be number one.")

That an unhappy Reasoner refused to dissemble is grounds for admiration in Walters' book. "Harry has always said to my face what he said behind my back. Sometimes I've wished he wouldn't, but he always has."

Behind her back, to her face and by mail, the mesages were being delivered. "I got letters from all over the world asking for money, most of them from India and France. Because of the 'Million-Dollar Baby' tag, I now have a world-wide reputation." Her laugh is rueful. "A *bad* one."

In England for the Queen's Jubilee, Barbara was asked to appear on one of the BBC's interview programs. She hesitated. "I said I didn't want to rehash the money. They said, 'Oh, no, no, we just want to talk to you about the Jubilee.' I said okay, and then on the air, the guy says, 'With us tonight is the highest-paid journalist in the entire world. She gets one million dollars for doing the evening news, which means that every time she opens her mouth she's getting five thousand dollars. Now tell me, Miss Walters, what do you think of the Jubilee?' I swear.

"I said, 'Just a moment, if we're going to go on with this, I'm going to clear up about the money'. And he said, 'Oh, no, we're not interested in that—' "

A few statistics

For those who are "interested in that," a few statistics. Harry Reasoner, like Barbara Walters, now gets $500,000 a year to do the evening news. Tom Brokaw gets $500,000 to do the *Today* show.

The other $500,000, the rest of the million paid to Barbara, was for specials. "ABC wanted to build its image as a news organization, to do some prime-time, hour-long shows combining news and entertainment," Barbara says. "And for me, it was going to be a chance to get my interviews on at night." Last season, the Walters' specials featured a range of subjects from Fidel Castro to Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Barbra Streisand, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Elizabeth Taylor, Redd Foxx, the Shah of Iran and Barbara Jordan—and the programs, all fully sponsored by General Electric, were a source of enormous revenue to ABC, which has already made back Walters' salary for years to come.

Still, Barbara couldn't win for lo
Besides the money, and the envy
casioned, there was the *hauteur* o
news establishment, into whose
lowed territory she had dared to r
"Putting me on was tampering with
holy thing called the evening news,
says. "Roone Arledge, our new p
dent, is already hearing, 'Oh, he's
business,' because he came from sp
Had he come from news, he coul
the cruddiest, but he'd still be 'o
ours.' Yet most of these people who
about the Edward R. Murrow scho
journalism a) never worked with
ward R. Murrow and b) forget tha
ery week, Edward R. Murrow i
viewed celebrities on a show called
son to Person."

Last year, too, was the year of go
Newspapers expanded their "pe
sections and many TV columnists tu
from reviewing the content of sho
cutting up the shows' personnel.

Walters won't knock journal
"How can I? *I'm* a journalist"—but
stopped thinking that it doesn't m
what they say, just so they spell
name right. She's started wishing
press would turn its attentions to,
John Chancellor. "Find out what
eating, how much money *he* makes
he had *his* face lifted. I'm tired of v
ing around with my hair pulled ba
show I have no scars. I mean,
Walter Cronkite have to pull his
back?"

There's been so much stuff in pr
Walters is a prima donna who ins
that ABC break down walls to give
a bigger office, then wood panel it;
ters demanded her own limousine
her own makeup woman—that even
bara's mother has begun to believe
talk to her over the telephone and
don't worry, it isn't so, and she s
'Don't tell me that, I read it.' "

At NBC, Barbara had a limousin
ABC, she takes taxis. The same wo
who made her up on the *Today* s
comes over to ABC every afternoon
makes her up there. Besides which
television performers have makeup
ple, it's nothing special. She didn't r
a fuss about her office, either, but
bile and the bilge still pours out of t
writers all over town. Three u
thorized Walters biographies have
published—"Suddenly it was movie
time, I became like Marilyn Monro
a radio pundit broadcast his opinion
Barbara should be drummed out of
corps because anybody who would
Jimmy Carter and Barbra Streisand
the same show was simply beyond
journalistic pale, and in what may
been the most unkind cut of all, an
official declared that Barbara woul
be able to keep the network news
anyway. "She can't read." (The off
has since apologized, but Barbara
mains baffled. "What did *(contin*

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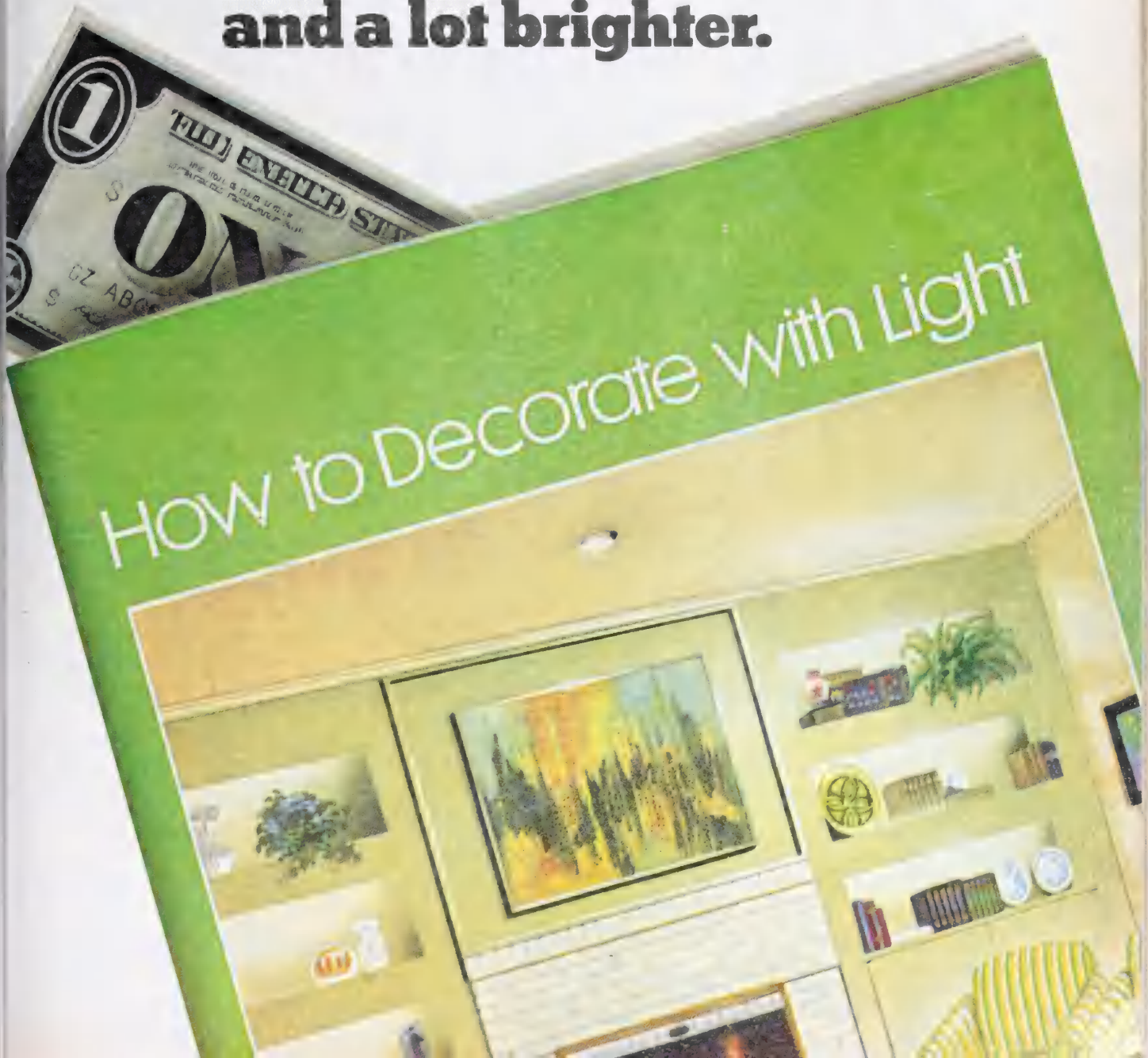
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BARBARA WALTERS

continued

he think I was doing all those years with commercials? They're not interviews; you don't ad lib, you read them.")

In general, as well as in the particular case of the above official, NBC showed its pique when Walters announced she was leaving. Not only wasn't she sent off with a pat on the head and a gold watch, she was benched for the summer. "They took me off the air. They wouldn't let me work, but they kept me to my contract until September. I missed the Bicentennial, which I would love to have reported. I missed the two conventions. I went to both of them and sat on the sidelines and watched. It was like being a long-distance runner, training all your life, then missing the big race."

One of the warnings issued by Dick Wald, president of NBC, when he was trying to talk his star into staying, was, "Barbara, you'll be bored." Walters admits that he was partly right. "Without the specials, I'd be frustrated. Being an anchorperson is not the challenge the *Today* show was. *Today* was far more creative, far more difficult, than the evening news. You can come on an evening news show with a good voice and a good face and read the headlines and make it. You don't have to do any writing if you don't want to. I want to, but mostly it's just a question of turning out clear, clean copy. The anchorperson is rarely the person who gets the scoop."

Barbara arrived at ABC with ideas about "loosening up" the news. "I wanted to talk to our correspondents after they finished a story. Ask them questions. 'I see Jimmy Carter signed this bill, but what's the background?' We tried it, and were crucified by the critics. We quit doing it. Now NBC is doing it twice a week. According to *TV Guide*, they're calling it 'crosstalk.'

Made own news

"I wanted to *create* news. I said, why should we only repeat the news everyone else has done? At the time the Hanafi Muslims were holding 134 hostages down in Washington, one of the people they wanted to talk to was Muhammad Ali. I got Ali on the phone, got him to make a statement. We made our own news. I think a TV program should do it just the way a newspaper does.

"On the *Today* show, there was hardly a week in which some story we broke wasn't picked up by *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*. But the evening news is so stodgy that even when you have a scoop, nobody notices. Because nobody expects it. I came back from Cuba and showed a film clip of Castro saying we wouldn't have normalization of relations between our countries until 1984, but it didn't make headlines until three weeks later, after the Castro special aired."

Barbara thinks ABC news' efforts to strike out along less traveled paths have stirred up the other two networks, which has to be good. "A year ago September, I was doing an exclusive interview with President Ford. We'd been criticized by the press, told interviews didn't *belong* on the network news, but when Walter Cronkite heard about me and Ford, he went out to New Jersey (where the President was campaigning), grabbed a microphone and started following Ford around like a cub reporter. [Ford's press secretary] Ron Nessen said, 'We promised Barbara Walters an exclusive, she put in her request a long time ago,' and Walter said fine, he'd just have his camera crew shoot him with the President, and later he'd run the film with a voice over (that is, he'd be heard reading some prepared copy while the film footage was shown). Then when Walter got to Ford, he turned his sound on. Nessen came in and said, 'Hey, you can't do this,' and Walter said, 'I just did it. This is a whole new ball game, sonny.'"

Cronkite's been conducting interviews lately (after Walters interviewed President Sadat of Egypt, Cronkite interviewed President Sadat of Egypt) and no one seems to feel Cronkite's lost his dignity in the process. The enthronement of newsmen as oracles, above the battle, bothers Barbara. "Last summer, I was in a forum with John Chancellor, Teddy White and Bill Moyers. We were talking to a bunch of businessmen. Jimmy Carter had just won the Democratic nomination for president, and all of us were pontificating. Suddenly it struck me funny. 'Listen, folks,' I said to the audience, 'I just want you to know, as we sit here telling you what it's all about, that not *one* of us knew, six months ago, it was going to be Jimmy Carter. We're not demi-gods.'"

Chancellor, whose wit is swift, topped her that time. "Speak for yourself, Barbara," he said cheerfully.

The first week of the Reasoner-Walters news, the show did a piece on runaway fathers. Creamed by the critics. "Four months later," says Barbara, "also did a marvelous piece on run fathers. Nobody attacked them. think nothing is more interesting somebody else's views. I think righ the network news' biggest compe is the local news which, in most cit an hour long. It not only gives hometown information, it gives y ternational headlines, features, personalities, some jokes. Then *we* on. Why should they listen to us cause we have brand-new tape chines? Or the latest, tiniest can Or a lot of correspondents in the

"I think that even in the half hou network has, there should be time two- or three-minute investigatory or a personal piece.

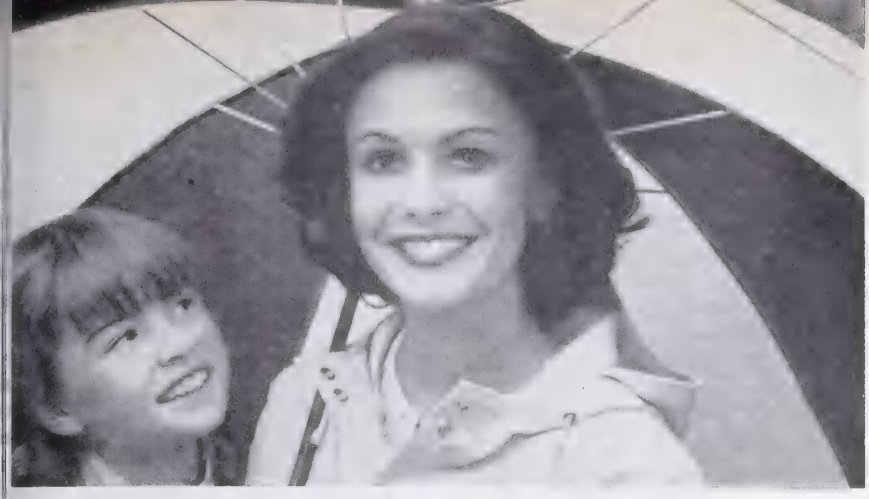
"Also, I think network news ten be intoned, rather than spoken, a isn't written the way people talk. writers never write *don't*, they al write *do not*. But you don't have 'show business' to be human. I go the ABC newsroom now, and if I understand a piece of copy, I tell th lot of people won't understand it. say the space shuttle will go u morrow. I say, what's the space shu They say, we told the audience three months ago. I say, I didn't three months ago; put in one line me what it is. Again and again, what does this mean? If you're goi talk about petrodollars, what do mean by petrodollars? We do the Jones averages every night. For a w minute. One percent of the audi gets it. I've been trying all year to a piece explaining the Dow Jones t other 99 percent."

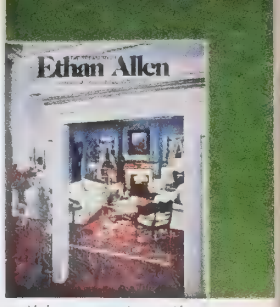
In the beginning, Barbara claims got little "backup support" from A "I think they hired me, then they sort of hoped that it would all w ABC was what she calls "thin" in producers, writers, correspondents; evening news seemed bogged d and Reasoner was so miserable "t were times when he would come d and barely say good evening. It as if we were in two separate stu

(continued on page



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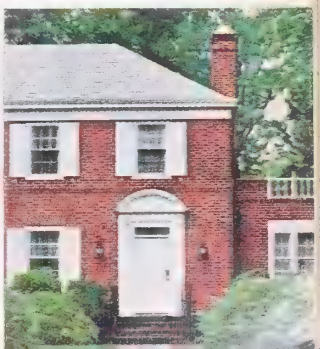
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When I visited the Gallery I got the idea of mixing the modern style of this Ethan Allen glass and brass table with the classic charm of our Georgian house.



STAR TREATMENT

continued from page 64

—was like being given the job of having an affair. In the movie, I had been going to bed with Warren Beatty for *months*, so it was supposed to be very free and very uninhibited. But in fact, we were friends and fellow actors who had *not* been to bed. Getting into bed with a fellow actor—in front of cameras and a director—was opening up virginal feelings in me that were very wrong for this woman I played, who did it all the time, who was aggressive about it and simply wanted to have her sexual needs satisfied and get on with it. And I didn't know how to get to that point. So my therapist and I discussed it very much. I would say it opened great areas of lust in me at that point because I just found everybody who walked by me so attractive that I couldn't bear it.

The roots of certain of my problems are in my childhood, but they're very mysterious to me and seem to be beyond my grasping. Sometimes I get a flash and I see it kind of clearly but I don't understand why I act the way I do.

The most difficult thing is the fact that I don't know whether my analyst is a person who is entitled to my confidences. There is a judging that goes on in me—that I haven't gotten rid of yet—as to whether this person is wise enough or enlightened enough to be entrusted with my confidences—because I don't think that many people are. I think there's a great deal in me that I not only keep locked up from my doctor but that is *really* locked off from me.

TONY RANDALL, actor

I'm certain most people go into therapy because they're desperate. They don't go until it's *almost* too late. They do it to avoid suicide. And I suppose that's what a great many people never understand: that the great value of treatment is not that it cures you, but that it prevents suicide.

Years ago, I told a girl I knew that I was having terrible problems and I knew I needed help. She recommended that I see Dr. Paul Hoch. So I had a conference with him and he said, "Vell, you have many fears." And he assigned me to one of his students who was just beginning to practice.

I don't think I would have killed myself back *then* (without therapy), I think I just would have slowly disintegrated. I couldn't handle my problems, they were too much for me. I did think about suicide a lot but I don't think I would have got to the point of doing it. I just probably would have slogged on under the burden that I felt I couldn't bear.

Most people don't want to admit that they need therapy, although the fact is that everyone on earth needs it, just as everyone needs to go to the dentist and everyone needs to have his eyes checked every two years. There are very many standard manifestations that something's wrong with you, that you have emotional problems. The most common ones are claustrophobia, insomnia, impotence, frigidity, extreme forgetfulness, the inability to make a decision and, above all, the inability to fall in love. Feelings of helplessness are another indication that a person may need help, as are irrational fears of almost anything.

I knew one woman who was petrified of bees. She couldn't be anywhere except closed up in her house because she was certain bees were everywhere. That's not crazy: there *are* bees everywhere and she probably *had* been stung, but most of us don't worry about it all the time.

The most terrible symptom I had was insomnia. You know how awful it is to go one night without sleep, but imagine going 600 nights! I'll tell you how it came about—and I think seven-million other men had the same experience I did. I'd never had a sleepless night in my whole life. I was in the Army four years and the day I learned I was going to be discharged, that night I didn't sleep and then I didn't sleep for two years. It was that sudden fear of being on my own. The Army was a great mother, a great womb. Every decision was made for you: today you'll wear your olive drabs, this afternoon at 2 you'll change to your fatigues, here's your food, here's your salary, here's the doctor. Everything was done for you. Then suddenly you're going to be expelled and be absolutely on your own, have to earn a living and make every decision for yourself. It threw people!

I felt my therapy was a positive thing all along. It can be illusory in some ways, because after the first session, I slept. You think "I'm cured"—and that's why it's so easy for quacks to function, because symptoms are often very easily cured. But to get at the causes is hard.

My shrink was very easy to take. He had developed the art of listening sympathetically and saying almost nothing, just nodding, seeming to be friendly, listening. And that *is* an art.

I frequently was late for sessions, I who am *never* late, always early. They were painful, of course, it *is* painful. And then there are sessions when you cannot think of a thing to say, you simply are blocked like a writer sitting at a typewriter. That's when it's helpful to talk about dreams.

It was in a dream that I discovered the true nature of my relationship with my father. I dreamed of my uncle, one I loved very much, and I was a little boy sitting on his lap just hugging him and kissing him and loving him. I woke up thinking how much I missed *(continued)*



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STAR TREATMENT

continued

him—he was dead by then—and how much I had always loved him. The next day I sat talking with the analyst about that and, as I talked, I realized it *wasn't* Uncle Jessie, it was my father. It dawned on me that I loved him. I had always thought I hated him. That night I called my sister and said, "I always thought I hated Daddy but I didn't. I loved him. He hated *me*." And she said, "Oh, I could have told you that years ago."

The main thing that you learn through therapy is to live with yourself, to accept yourself. The typical neurotic hates himself, or at least has a very low opinion of himself. He thinks everything is wrong with him and if he were really an okay guy, he wouldn't have such contemptible failings. In therapy you learn that your failings aren't contemptible, they're only human. You learn to forgive yourself and to live with yourself. And you learn another thing: that you're never gonna get over your failings. But you modify them and, above all, you modify your relationship to them, you learn to live with yourself and to like yourself and accept yourself. You see, the person who can't accept himself never can accept anyone else.

The most difficult thing for me to accept about myself is that I'm a nervous wreck, that I have a terrible need to prove myself all the time. If I tried to hang a picture on the wall and I didn't hang it right and the plaster broke, I'd think, "I'm through, I'm no good, I might as well jump out the window." I'd just go into the depths of despair over anything. Anything seemed the end. I had to learn to live with my daily failures.

You learn that creativity has nothing to do with therapy. The fact that many great men were neurotic doesn't mean a thing. Most of the human race is neurotic in one way or another. This thing called genius has been visited upon every *conceivable* type of man, from the craziest to the most bland. Mozart, in his ordinary life, was the dullest little man. You read his letters home to his sister and father and they betray the most ordinary little mind. Nothing at all special. But when he sat down to write music he was the greatest genius God has yet made. So you can't draw any conclusions.

I had a very fine relationship with my analyst. Finally, we reached a point where I felt I was standing on my own two feet, so to speak, and I didn't think I could get much more out of the therapy. The shrink seemed terribly pleased.

About 10 years after I finished therapy, he called me up one day. He said he was revising all his own theories about treatment, questioning all his tenets, beliefs, doctrines and wondering whether there was any genuine, pragmatic value in treatment. So he was looking up all his old patients to see if they could honestly say they were better. I told him I believed I truly was and that seemed to give him a great deal of reassurance and pleasure.

But I didn't realize he was going downhill himself very fast at that time. He carried a tremendous workload, I suppose he was working 18 hours a day. And he started taking Dexedrine to keep going. They did not know then that Dex was that dangerous. It did so much brain damage, I was told by a former colleague of his, that he literally could not function and that was the end of him. He committed suicide.

NEIL SIMON, playwright

I've been through therapy three different times in my life. The first time I went I was 26 years old, which was the year after I first got married. That was sort of a traumatic time in my life because I had just ended a ten-year working partnership with my brother. When it ended, it sort of threw me into a tizzy. Also, there were all sorts of other problems: my wife and I were newlyweds and all that.

My main symptom was extreme claustrophobia. Airplanes were the worst and elevators were second. So I just thought I would try to see what was the cause of this problem and get relief because it was *horrible* not being able to travel.

Now, years later, I still have claustrophobia minimally. If an elevator is going to be stopped or trapped, I'll be uncomfortable, but I realize everyone else will be, too. But I get in airplanes and I have no problems.

At any rate, when I first went into therapy—when I was working on *The Show of Shows* with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca—I used to go to the doctor in the morning. It annoyed me because I had to be there at nine o'clock, my session lasted until 9:50 and I had to be at work at 10. I was the therapist's first patient and he would often come late and just deduct the time he missed from the fee. So I would be getting only 25 or 30 minutes sometimes. And a couple of times he fell fast asleep, which is the ultimate rejection.

I continued to see him for about six months, but the chemistry was not right, so I didn't go into therapy again for 14 years.

By then I had reached that critical age in life, 40, when all sorts of strange things start to go on in a man's mind. I felt very troubled, so I saw a second doctor, but I *hated* him. So I went screaming from his office—after about three months—saying I'd never go through this again.

I know some people don't get along with their analysts because they don't want to go through the hardship and work that you go through in anal But I just knew that this second d was a very, very difficult man to with. He was a *strict* Freudian, unb ing and ungiving. This man was r from the old school in Vienna.

Then there was a third doctor, w I got sort of ill as a result of my w illness. I knew her illness was fatal, it was a very rough time. My physi said that I really should see somel because my blood pressure was ge high. So I went to see this therapist I liked him. He was a very intelli good man, but he was another s Freudian and we didn't seem to r hit it off. There were things about method that I did not like at all.

For example, you came into his o and it was a tiny little vestibule w chair and a screen, and you sat be the screen so that the person coming would not see you and you wouldn' him. So you felt like you were a lepe

At that time I was taking diuretic cause of the high blood pressure. had to go to the bathroom much m often than usual. And this doctor's o was part of his home. So I would sa have to go to the john" and he would "Okay, would you just give me five utes?" Then he had to clear out his ily, clear out all the rooms so th would go through without being see his family or vice versa. So by goin his bathroom, I was again stigmatiz

So I would either try not to go t bathroom—in which case I would b sting there and thinking, "I hope session's over because I'm going to right on his couch"—or, just run a the street to the Museum of Na History and do it there.

Did not enjoy experience

So I went to this man for three mo and I did not enjoy the experience o that anything was happening, so I of drifted over to this woman, Mil Newman. I went to have talks with and slowly she became my doctor.

This woman was wonderful. She w *How to Be Your Own Best Frien* occurred to me that if you accept philosophy of her book, you don't have to go through therapy. Her phi phy seemed the most unique thing i world to me because I didn't kno was okay to like yourself. I had brought up thinking that liking you was a selfish thing: you don't like y self, you like others. You don't do th for yourself, you do things for o people. I discovered the more you yourself, the more you start to put y self down and not like yourself, the chance you have of getting better that was the basic thing I had to le

I needed those 2½ years with Mil first to get through that period of

(continued on page

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By David R. Zimmerman

Are you tempted by liquid-protein fasts that promise dramatic weight-loss results? Many experts warn that without medical supervision you could be taking an enormous "last chance."

Thousands of overweight men and women are buying bottles of sweetened but still foul-tasting liquid protein at drug and health food stores, and are drinking the stuff along with other fluids (water, coffee, tea, club soda) in place of all food. Four to eight ounces of the liquid protein, plus the fluids and supplemental vitamins, add up to only about 600 calories a day. For weight-conscious Americans anxious to shed pounds, liquid protein may seem like a dream come true.

But there are no magic formulas or instant solutions for losing weight, and dieters who prescribe the liquid protein for themselves take a serious risk. Self-dosing is dangerous, and in the long run most do-it-yourself dieters will regain those hard-lost pounds. Liquid protein fasts can work—actress Valerie Harper recently lost 30 pounds on one. But their success and safety depend on medical supervision and the willingness of dieters to modify their eating habits once the fasting inevitably ends.

The method, which is effective, thus must be differentiated from its misuse, which is not. We first described the semi-fast dieting technique here two years ago (Sept. '75). Cleveland internist Victor Vertes, M.D., and his colleagues had helped 60 percent of grossly overweight persons lose 40 or more pounds on the liquid protein fast; many lost more than 100 pounds. These were unprecedented results.

To the dismay of Dr. Vertes and other of the diet's original supporters, this fast for the obese is becoming a fad. The principal popularizer is Broomall, Pa., osteopath, Robert Linn, D.O., whose book, *The Last Chance Diet* (Lyle Stuart/Bantam) has sold more than two million copies. He and a staff of 60 now treat about 1,500 overweight patients yearly in four East Coast clinics. Dr. Linn disagrees with Dr. Vertes and other experts in the assessments of the diet's side effects and safety.

Internist Dr. Leonard Haimes, M.D., of Miami, who is President of the American Society of Bariatric (weight-treating) Physicians, says of the fasting diet: "Unofficially, there have been some deaths—they just haven't been written up in the journals."

Dr. Haimes says Dr. Linn's book "is a potentially lethal weapon" in the hands of anyone who uses it, or any comparable source, to guide a do-it-yourself fast. He and other experts, including Dr. Linn himself, warn: *Do not prescribe this diet for yourself!*

There is also wide disagreement among experts as to who should and who should not be on the diet, and about who should make this decision. The diet's originator, Harvard surgeon George Blackburn, M.D., says it is the *doctor*, not the patient, who must decide. But other physicians, such as Dr. Haimes, believe everyone who feels they need the treatment should have it—under medical supervision. Dr. Vertes feels the diet should be restricted to persons 50 or more pounds overweight; any smaller weight loss should be achieved by traditional calorie-counting methods, he says. Experts agree that the diet should not be used by women who are pregnant, or individuals who suffer from certain kidney, liver or heart diseases.

How it works

The dietary part of the treatment, originated by Dr. Blackburn, is called the *protein-sparing modified fast* (PSMF). The idea is that if a person goes on a total fast and eats nothing—which is very dangerous—much weight will be lost. Some of the lost weight will be fat, made of dietary fats and carbohydrates. But some will be lean body mass, built up largely from meat and other dietary proteins that the body badly needs. So once the total fast ends, the first food eaten is quickly converted into new lean body mass—and much of the lost weight is regained.

The dramatic discovery by Dr. Blackburn, and his Harvard colleague, internist George Cahill, Jr., M.D., was that a total fast could be *modified* to protect the lean body mass. This is done by providing supplements of relatively pure amino acids, the building blocks of body proteins. For the most part, these protein supplements are derived from cowhide, although they also can come from ordinary lean meat.

The liquid or powdered supplements contain few calories. Thus they do not slow weight loss, yet provide the protein the body needs. Meanwhile—and this is why the PSMF peels weight away quickly—the body, deprived of its usual dietary source of energy, burns its own stored fat for fuel instead. An obese person, Dr. Linn points out, may have 360,000 calories—stored as 90 pounds of flab—that can be burned to run his or her body engine. "A gram of fat produces nine calories—nine units of energy—whether it comes from body fat or food fat," Dr. Linn says. "Your body doesn't care where the calorie comes from as long as it gets it. Once you are on the fast, an imaginary switch is thrown and the body turns to its own reserves."

If you stay on the PSMF, "your weight loss can be twenty, fifty, one hundred pounds, whatever you need to lose," claims Dr. Linn, who has not yet reported his results in the scientific literature. Dr. Vertes, who has, says in a new report (forthcoming in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*) that 80 percent of 1,200 grossly obese patients whom he and his colleagues have treated *(continued)*



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continued

lost 85 or more pounds. Weight l gratifyingly rapid if one sticks to the so that one may approach his o ideal weight within several mo usually no more than six or eigh pending on how much fat needs t

Keeping the weight off

Although weight-loss result PSMF's are dramatic, the diet is "w less," as Dr. Vertes says, if the loss be sustained. The faster must even eat food, but at a far *lower* lev caloric intake than before the P This reduced intake must be maint permanently if the pounds are t off—and all experts agree that t easier said than done.

Dr. Vertes and all of the other ical authorities who use the PSME insist that it only be used in conju with a behavior modification pr aimed at changing the faster's u standing of, and attitudes toward, and health. The post-diet mainte program which Dr. Vertes uses re periodic visits *for life* to his cli Cleveland's Mount Sinai Hospital.

Follow-up results published las by Dr. Blackburn and his colle have demonstrated the importan the behavioral part of the weigh trol effort. Working with 167 pa Dr. Blackburn found that those fasted—and also participated fully behavioral modification progra twice as much weight as those wh fasted. Two years after their fast participants had regained an aver only ten pounds, while those wh fasted were back almost to their nal weight. The lesson, Dr. Blac strongly believes, is that beha modification is more important th actual fast. The comprehensive pr that Dr. Blackburn developed in exercise planning for each indiv assertiveness training, and coach stress-relieving relaxation techniqu

Dr. Linn, in his book, saw be modification as a far less importa of one's weight-control effort. H now has come to share many of t havioralists' views, and recently Dr. Blackburn to say: "We are pr sively enhancing the quality program by expanding behavioral fication aspects, and we are now pating the developing of a perso exercise counseling service."

Dr. Linn claims the PSMF do cause "any major side effects" a minor ones. But his critics say tha most persons do well, there may rious risks involved. The heavies stem from the fact that vital tra ments and vitamins are not repla

(continued on pag



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THE STAY-WARM DIET



Try this new, doctor-tested, high-energy eating plan. You'll lose weight—and feel warmer—during the cold months ahead. By Neil Solomon, M.D.

Last year's record-setting cold spell found most Americans waiting out the winter huddled up, bundled up and shivering. The *Journal* felt there had to be another way to conquer the cold—without piling up expensive fuel bills. We asked nutritionist Neil Solomon, M.D., to develop a safe, sound and delicious diet that would keep us warm and help us lose some weight too. His answer was the Stay-Warm Diet.

The Stay-Warm Diet works on the same thermal principles that you use when heating your home. The problem of staying warm was not how to find a heat source, but how to make the one we have (and a pretty good one it is, too) work even better. His solution was a plan to get the most out of the food we eat, food which our body converts into heat and energy by burning calories.

So Dr. Solomon developed recipes that would be heat-efficient. Working at his nutrition clinic in Baltimore, Md., he picked foods that blend all the ingredients of body fuel—carbohydrates, fats, proteins, vitamins, minerals, fluids—and built a menu plan around them. He also included hot meals because that's another way to feel warmer; body tissue absorbs heat from hot food.

He tested the diet on 120 women. The results: Three out of four participants felt warmer and healthier. And though the diet may seem high in calories, those are *working* calories, so 83 percent of the dieters lost an average of five pounds per month.

Here are Dr. Solomon's menus and recipes for your cold-weather comfort—The Stay-Warm Diet.

MENUS

Artificial sweetener may be added by each individual as desired. An asterisk (*) indicates recipe follows.

MONDAY

Breakfast
½ cup apple juice (unsweetened)
½ cup hot cream of wheat cereal
½ English muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea

Lunch
1 cup hot beef-barley soup
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
3 melba toasts
1 peach
Coffee or tea

Dinner
*Apple barbecue spareribs
½ cup whole kernel corn
½ cup spinach
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
*Frozen lemon custard
Coffee or tea

Snack
*Instant hot mocha

TUESDAY

Breakfast
½ cup mandarin orange segments (unsweetened)
½ cup hot oatmeal cereal
1 blueberry muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea

Lunch
1 cup hot vegetable soup
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt
3 melba toasts
½ cup green grapes
Coffee or tea

Dinner
*Cantonese shrimp
½ cup rice
½ cup broccoli
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons cream yogurt dressing
*Strawberry fluff
Coffee or tea

Snack
*Instant hot mocha

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
½ cup tomato juice
½ cup hot cream of rice cereal
1 whole wheat muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea

Lunch
1 cup hot chicken noodle soup
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
3 melba toasts
1 plum
Coffee or tea

Dinner
*Fluffy cheese soufflé
½ cup beets
½ cup cauliflower

(continued)

Photo by Allen H. Lieberman

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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

STAY-WARM DIET *continued*

*fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
*Chocolate pie
Coffee or tea
Snack
*Instant hot mocha

THURSDAY
Breakfast
½ grapefruit (unsweetened)
½ cup hot malt-flavored oatmeal cereal
1 blueberry muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea
Lunch
1 cup hot clam chowder
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
3 melba toasts
½ banana
Coffee or tea
Dinner
*Baked chicken casserole
½ cup asparagus
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
*Baked apple
Coffee or tea
Snack
*Instant hot mocha

FRIDAY
Breakfast
½ cup mixed fruit (unsweetened)
½ cup hot oatmeal cereal
1 corn muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea
Lunch
1 cup hot minestrone soup
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
3 melba toasts
½ cup unsweetened apricot halves
Coffee or tea
Dinner
*Creole cod
½ baked potato with 1 teaspoon margarine
½ cup zucchini squash
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
*Pineapple custard
Coffee or tea
Snack
*Instant hot mocha

SATURDAY
Breakfast
½ cup orange juice (unsweetened)
½ cup hot farina cereal
½ English muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea
Lunch
1 cup hot green pea soup
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
3 melba toasts
1 apple
Coffee or tea
Dinner
Lemon chicken
½ cup carrots
½ cup string beans
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
*Frosted ambrosia
Coffee or tea
Snack
*Instant hot mocha

SUNDAY
Breakfast
½ cup melon balls (unsweetened)
½ cup hot whole wheat cereal
1 bran muffin
2 teaspoons margarine
1 cup skim milk
Coffee or tea
Dinner
*Tasty beef stroganoff
½ cup egg noodles
½ cup Brussels sprouts
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
*Apricot mousse
Coffee or tea
Supper
1 cup hot pepperpot soup
*Fresh vegetable salad
*2 tablespoons creamy yogurt dressing
3 melba toasts
½ cup strawberries (unsweetened)
Coffee or tea
Snack
*Instant hot mocha

FRESH VEGETABLE SALAD

1 leaf iceberg lettuce
1 leaf Romaine lettuce
1 leaf butterhead lettuce
¼ cup cabbage, shredded
¼ carrot, coarsely grated
¼ red onion, thinly sliced
1 stalk celery, sliced
½ cucumber, sliced
4-5 fresh mushrooms
½ tomato, quartered

Tear lettuce into serving size pieces. Prepare other ingredients and add to lettuce in medium serving bowl. Toss gently. Drizzle with Creamy Yogurt Dressing or other bottled low-calorie dressing. Makes 1 serving; about 90 calories.

CREAMY YOGURT DRESSING

1 cup plain, low-fat yogurt
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon minced onion
¼ cup minced parsley
2 tablespoons catsup
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Dash of pepper

Place all ingredients in blender contai er; cover and blend until smooth. Sto in a jar in the refrigerator. Makes cups; about 10 calories per tablespoo

APPLE BARBECUE SPARERIBS

5 lbs. spareribs
¾ cup soy sauce
¼ cup unsweetened applesauce
4 cloves garlic, peeled and minced
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar

Cut ribs in serving size pieces. Place i shallow roasting pan, meaty side u Combine remaining ingredients; po over ribs. Marinate in refrigerator hours. Bake in 350° F. oven, covered f 1 hour. Uncover and continue roasti for 30 minutes, or until done. Baste fr quently. Makes 6 servings; about 8 calories per serving.

FROZEN LEMON CUSTARD

1 egg, separated
⅓ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon grated lemon peel
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Dash of salt
⅓ cup water
⅓ cup instant nonfat dry milk solids
2 to 4 tablespoons graham cracker crumbs

Mix egg yolk, sugar, lemon peel, lem juice and salt. Beat egg white, water a non-fat dry milk until mixture stands peaks; gradually beat in lemon mixtur Pour into 1-qt. refrigerator tray. Sprink graham cracker crumbs over top. Free until set, without stirring. Makes 6 ser ings; about 80 calories per serving.

INSTANT HOT MOCHA

¾ cup skim milk
1 teaspoon instant coffee
1 teaspoon instant hot chocolate
sweetener as desired

Heat milk but do not boil. Place remai ing ingredients in cup; add hot milk; m well. Makes 1 serving; about 110 ca ories. *(continued on page 17*



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SINGLE MOTHERS

Can a "woman alone" raise happy kids—and still build a life of her own? Yes, says the author of the best-seller, "Widow." In this sequel, she tells how she's managed—and how other women can, too.

By Lynn Caine



Other women who are raising their children alone often ask me about my children, Buffy, 11, and Jonny, 15, and how they are doing. Many of them ask very direct questions about how I handle discipline or questions about sex, how much freedom I allow them, and what chores they do. They explain that they are puzzled about how to handle such problems with their own children. I tell them I am open about sex. I answer the children's questions directly and honestly. But I am bad at discipline. I allow them too much freedom, but that's the only way I seem to be able to deal with our very hectic life. They do very few chores; they make their beds, help with the dishes, take the garbage out and occasionally go to the store for me. Other women tell me how they manage with their children, and then wait—wanting me to comment on whether they are doing right or wrong. I tell them that if it works for them, it is probably right.

There are multitudes of mothers on their own, women who are raising their children by themselves because of death or divorce, or because their husband is away in the armed services or working in a remote area where he cannot take his family. Some are in jail, others in mental hospitals.

At one church-sponsored workshop I was asked to conduct, the church had provided babysitting facilities, so there were more young mothers than usual in the group. Woman after woman stood up to say that she was divorced or widowed—and to complain of her loneliness. They were hungry for adult conversation and companionship; they yearned to be involved with life instead of feeling that it was passing them by. But they could see no way; they were tied down.

"After you spend your days with a four-year-old and your nights in front of TV," said a young woman whose husband had died in an automobile accident, "you begin to worry if you still know how to talk to real people."

"I haven't had a date since my divorce," another woman complained. "I haven't even been to the movies. I have two kids, and the baby's only two and a half. I'm stuck at home. I can't afford babysitters. There's no way for me to meet men."

She stopped for a moment and then went on. "The worst of it is—I'm beginning to resent my kids." It was hard for her to say that. "I stand in front of the mirror and look for gray hairs. And I find them. I see myself getting fatter and older. I feel as if life has forgotten about me. I should be out there—living. Instead, I'm—well, the big events in my life are the weekly trip to the supermarket, the day the child support check comes in the mail, chicken pox. . . ."

My stomach churned in recognition. There had been so many black months when I thought I was destined to go through life giving up everything for my children, when I felt chained to and enslaved by them and their needs.

There are still times when I feel resentful, and I have to shake myself to remind myself that I am richer because of my children, that there is a vast measure of love, tenderness, fulfillment and sense of purpose that I would not have enjoyed except for them. They have opened a new dimension of love to me.

When I compare my situation to that of other women alone, I know how fortunate I am. I have a job. I work with intelligent, fair-minded people. How would I feel if I were stuck at home with two small children, with no one to talk to and no place to go? When these young women spoke of their lonely lives, of feeling that the world was passing them by, I understood. "Get out," I said. "Get out of the house. I don't care how you manage it, but get out." The group was startled by my passion.

"You can't be good mothers unless you are good to yourselves," I told them. "Don't accept solitary confinement. There *are* ways out. Find them. Use them."

The divorcée contradicted me. "There are no ways," she said. "I've tried. Babysitters are $1.50 an hour. And that has to come out of the food money—the only place I have any leeway. I can't take food out of my children's mouths."

"You don't have to," I said impatiently. "You have options. You just have to search for them. Don't you have neighbors? Other mothers with children? Swap babysitting time with them. Look for a job. Even if you have to spend every penny you earn to pay someone to take care of the children, you'll be better off, out of the house, back in the world, getting experience that will help you get a better job later.

"Don't worry about dates with men," I advised. "Worry about changing your life. And another thing—wean yourself from television. It's a drug. Read. Sew. Bake. Study. Do something. Anything. Don't let yourself slump in front of the television night after night."

The audience was quiet. "I know how hard it is," I said more gently. "I've been there myself. And things were easier for me because I had a job. If I am vehement, it is because I care. You are attractive, vital. You have something to offer. Don't let yourself be pushed aside, relegated to some ghetto of leftover women. Use every resource you have. You have more options than you think. If the door is locked, try the window."

And I told them how I had felt trapped—just a short time before—how I was unable to accept speaking engagements until I had sat down and thought through the options open to me.

(continued)

No, Tylenol* is not found safer than Aspirin!

No basis for Tylenol claim, reports U.S. Government agency.

A just-published news release from the Food and Drug Administration reports on the findings of an Expert Advisory Panel, appointed to study non-prescription pain relievers.

Concerning acetaminophen, the ingredient in Tylenol products, *"the experts found no basis for claims that this ingredient is safer than aspirin and urged labeling to warn against the danger of liver damage from overdoses."*

Here are the experts' actual words:

"...some advertising for acetaminophen gives the impression that it is much safer than aspirin and implies that the toxic effects of the drug are less than those encountered with aspirin. Actually, a large overdose of acetaminophen can result in serious liver damage..."

These experts recommended the following warning for all acetaminophen products:

"Do not exceed recommended dosage because severe liver damage may occur."

And so—no matter what impression the public might have gotten from Tylenol advertising—Tylenol was *not* found to be safer than aspirin.

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SINGLE MOTHERS

continued

My book, *Widow,* had been out for almost a year and there was an increasing demand for me as a speaker. Not so much in New York City, where I live and where I was just another face in the subway, but in the great stretch of country beyond, the heartland where women still wanted to hear what I had to say. I loved speaking to them, but the problem was the children. What should I do with Buffy and Jon? How could I leave them weekend after weekend? I still could not afford a full-time housekeeper. I felt trapped. I wanted to accept the invitations. I wanted the satisfaction that came from talking with these women—and I wanted the money.

Trapped. The word echoed in my head. I remembered a woman in New Jersey who had felt alone in her heart, trapped in her marriage. My instant reaction then had been, "But I'm not." And I wasn't. I had options. I reached for paper and pencil and started to list my options:

1. Live-in housekeeper. Out of the question. Too expensive.

2. Weekend baby-sitter. Hard to get someone for a whole weekend. And unreliable—how many times had I engaged a sitter and then had her call at the last minute to say she could not make it? Too many times.

3. Maria. She had stayed with Jon and Buffy last year when I was on tour promoting my book, but she had a full-time job now. Still, she might be willing to help out on an occasional weekend. She was a possibility for emergencies only.

4. My mother. Impossible. She was in her seventies now. It would be too much to ask of her.

5. Take the kids with me. Buffy would love that, but Jon would hate it. What would they do? And it was too expensive.

6. Arrange for them to spend the weekends with friends. Absolutely not. It would be an imposition.

7. A student. What about that? I had something to offer—a large, old-fashioned apartment. She could have a room of her own. There must be college students who would be glad to exchange baby-sitting for room and board.

I would try it. I put an ad in *The New York Times* and got nearly 20 responses. Buffy sat in on the interviews. Her likes and dislikes had to be considered.

It turned out that the girl we liked best, Peggy, had been adopted. Buffy, also adopted, started cross-examining her. "Did you ever see your real mother? . . . Do you think you had a sister? . . . Do you ever dream about your real family? . . . Do you wonder what your grandmother is like?"

Peggy handled it well. I sat and listened. So these were the things that Buffy thought about. We had always been open about her adoption, but except for the time when she had yearned for the love of the mother whose "stomach she came out of," Buffy had talked very little about being adopted.

There was no question about it. Peggy was our choice. She turned out to be marvelous—warm and sunny. Jon liked her, Buffy loved her, and with Peggy in the house, I was freed for my speaking engagements and freed of much of the guilt that accompanied my absences.

Solution not for everyone

I could tell that my solution appealed to the women. A lot of them gave that quick nod that means "Good idea. Worth trying." I assured them that I did not advocate that every single mother should get a job. Many women find that mothering and homemaking give them a singing satisfaction. They are not haunted by depression and self-doubt, in search of an identity. They are not tormented by loneliness. They are blessed, and so are their children.

But for many women, motherhood and homemaking—especially when there is no father to round out the family—are stifling occupations. Their problems often overwhelm them. And these problems are compounded by discrimination against single-parent families.

One woman complained that her son was never included in neighborhood affairs. "All winter long," she said, "I would see the fathers going down to the lake to skate with their kids. One Saturday morning I told Walt to get his skates. 'All the other kids are down at the lake,' I said. 'You go on down. You'll probably meet some boys you'll like.' We'd moved to the neighborhood just before Christmas and he didn't know anyone. Well, he came home with his tail between his legs. He just hadn't been able to get up the courage to talk to anybody. And nobody had talked to him.

"I called a couple of neighbors and asked if their kids would like to come over for hamburgers and television one night. But they said their kids were busy and they didn't suggest another time. Walt has made a couple of friends in school, but none in the neighborhood. People seem to think there's something wrong with children of divorce. You'd think it was catching and they didn't want their kids exposed. I don't know what to do about it. Walt feels it. He used to be so bouncy and noisy. Now he's so quiet I worry."

Many women who tell me that they or their children are desperately lonely and friendless have never explored the many organizations that can help them and their children become involved in community life and make new friends. Some of the best known are Parents Without Partners, the Fifth Wheelers, the Brother and Big Sister organizations, YWCA and YMCA, the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls, churches and church-allied groups. It is important to make an effort to find out just what is available near where you live.

When it is your children who suffer then you really hurt. After [Nixon aide] Jeb Magruder went to jail for his part in the Watergate break-in—something his wife, Gail, had not known about or be involved in—she and her children felt the stigma, the loneliness, the isolation that is attached to the one-parent family—and I'm sure it was not just because her husband was in jail.

"The children never complained," she wrote, "but I would come upon Tricia sitting in her room, crying softly, and when I asked her what was the matter she always said 'Nothing. It's okay.' She was unhappy in her new school but didn't want to burden me with her problems. I found out about them when I asked her which of her classmates she wanted to invite to her birthday and she said 'None.' The year before she had invited the whole class."

Mrs. Magruder knew there would be an end to her loneliness and that of her children; she knew her husband would return and that there would be a fresh start. She had hope—something that many women alone are denied. But I am certain that she worried and still worries about the long-range effects of this cruelty on her children. To a child, being different often seems the ultimate disgrace. It means being lonely, discriminated against, left out.

There is something about a woman who is raising children single-handed that threatens women who are comfortably within the traditional, two-parent family. Yet, nearly one-sixth of all American families are one-parent families. Some statisticians believe that within the next ten years, nearly a third of the nation's families will be one-parent families. No wife, no mother, can be certain that she will never be a part of those statistics and suffer the same exclusion.

Yet should this rotten fate be your statistics are cold comfort. The fact that there were and are millions of other women in the same boat did not, do not, make it any easier to bring up your children without a husband, their father.

Moreover, people blame the one-parent family—a "broken home" they usually call it—for our children's problems. I wonder, if the numbers were reversed and two-parent families were the minority, would people attribute the children's problems to the presence of the father in the home? It would be ridiculous and equally dangerous. Dangerous because of the phenomenon of the "self-fulfilling prophecy."

Society's expectations have force. If one's relatives or neighbors expect a girl

one-parent family to run wild, they voice that expectation often , she may well run wild. If the xpects a boy whose father is dead living in the same house to have ns because he lacks a father to ne him and to pattern himself hat boy may well have problems. son has already been exposed to ne articles, TV talk shows, teach- neighbors who pontificate on the ns of fatherless boys. That makes l vulnerable and different from nds. It also gives him an excuse doing his best. When things go he excuses himself by saying, rry, but I miss not having my fa- t would be different if Daddy ill alive."

of course it *would* be a lot differ- it I don't accept that excuse from When he doesn't do his home- or is rude to Peggy, he cannot that on being fatherless. There es, though, when I fear that one alone is not strong enough to r society's prophecies.

problems with bringing up Jon ffy are peculiarly my own. I am a . I live in New York City. I travel t deal. I work very, very long My son was not born until I was thirties; my daughter is adopted. e not the typical family. So how speak for—or to—the majority of s alone?

asic problems the same

nk I can because, though our cir- nces differ, our basic problems e same: how to be good mothers lp our children grow up to be eople; how to make a satisfying for ourselves in a world that is for those who march along two

children have an imperfect moth- st children have imperfect moth- it most children also have a fa- nd while he is equally imperfect, two parents is a lot better than one. The sum of their good qual- ually is greater than that of their ections. And the imperfections cancel out—a mother's weakness a father's strength and vice versa. n two parents, a child learns that are different—and I am not talk- out sex. One likes cauliflower and ner gags on it. One gets up with ds, the other prefers to go to bed nem. One loves Mozart, the other ll a waltz from a tango. The child that two people can shout at each sulk in silent anger, fight about obligations, politics, discipline, and still they love each other.

t it is not necessary to be exactly e loved one in order to be loved is ult lesson for the single parent to My children have very little op-

(continued on page 190)

ADVERTISEMENT

Planning To Go Back To Work?

Good for you! You've updated your resumé and have a flattering new haircut. Your wardrobe looks perfect for a working woman. And you know in your secret heart that someone like you... who has run a household, done community work, entertained business and personal friends and made the whole thing all look easy...has the efficiency and organization that the business world is dying for. Yet you still find it a little scary competing with all those fresh-faced young girls just out of college.



Perhaps it would give you an extra spark of confidence if you knew you looked a little younger, so you can look the personnel director straight in the eye with the assurance that you're exactly right for the job you want. Then discover the benefits of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger, by easing the dryness that can make little wrinkle lines more noticeable. Knowledgeable women from many parts of the world share the secret of this remarkable beauty fluid, known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Oil of Olay works with nature in a mysterious way to ease dryness, that unwelcome dryness that may easily cause you to look older than necessary. Perhaps even older than you are. Smooth Oil of Olay over your face and throat. Within moments, your skin feels softer and smoother. And you'll be able to see a renewed radiance and glow. Remember that look? Did you ever really expect to see it again?

Oil of Olay penetrates your skin remarkably quickly. The precious fluid begins to work almost instantly to help maintain your skin's natural moisture balance, so your skin can become softer, smoother, younger looking.

Any time of day or night is an ideal moment for Oil of Olay to ease dryness and importantly increase the moisture level of your skin. Devoted users wouldn't consider beginning the day without Oil of Olay, either to let skin live in a misty, moisty climate of its own, or under cosmetics. (You'll find quick-penetrating Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy look or feel so it's marvelous under makeup.) Nor would they consider going to bed without Oil of Olay as a final skin treat that goes on cherishing your skin into restful hours of sleep. Of course, you may want to use Oil of Olay more often, any time your skin feels dry...when you've come in from harsh weather, when you've washed your face, even when a favorite cosmetic has had a drying effect.



If the lovely possibility of looking younger would give your confidence a boost when job-hunting, wouldn't it be a good idea for you and Oil of Olay to go to work together?

Beauty Secrets

When you're working all day, of course you want to look your best to the people you deal with. You'll probably redo your makeup during lunch hour. So be sure to have an extra bottle of Oil of Olay in your desk drawer or tucked in your tote bag. Don't be surprised if women (and men) you work with ask you what you use to make your complexion look so glowing.

* * *

You won't want to be any less attractive a wife and mother than you are a working woman. While the children are helping cook, freshen up before dinner with Oil of Olay® and new makeup. You'll look and feel as if you're able to cope with just about anything. And isn't that you these days?



Virginia Slims recalls when women first became involved in organized sports.

16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.


You've come a long way, baby.
VIRGINIA SLIMS
Fashions: Calvin Klein for Alixandre Furs

MY 20 YEARS WITH BING

1977

No one thought the May-December Crosby marriage would last much longer than the honeymoon. Now they're celebrating their 20th anniversary—and Kathryn Crosby tells how they made it work. By Adalene Ross



Kathryn Crosby's eyes were brimming with tears. "I'm having a little trouble with my opening number," my usually cool and collected friend told me, "the one where I sing 'My cup runneth over with love.' I don't know if I'll be able to get through it. I've been trying to rehearse the lines, and the pianist keeps playing the music over and over, but I can't seem to get the words out."

It was March, 1977, only minutes before we were to present a musical benefit fashion show for the Herbert Hoover Memorial Boys' Club in Palo Alto, Ca. It was the first time Kathryn had been away from her husband Bing Crosby since his terrible 20-foot fall earlier in the month, at the Ambassador College in Pasadena. The accident occurred while he was taping a television special celebrating his 50th year in show business. Now, a worried Kathryn was keeping her commitment to do our show that day because, as she said, "Bing expects promises to be kept." But her thoughts were with him.

At the time, the extent of Bing's injuries was not known. Although he had no broken bones, he had suffered many complications. A ruptured disc in his lower back seemed the most serious problem; he was unable to stand or walk, and the pain was excruciating. Surgery was under discussion. Frankly, thought doctors at Pasadena's Huntington Hospital, Bing was alive only because he had grabbed at a flimsy piece of scenery and clung to it as he fell.

Kathryn pulled herself together. Composed and glamorous in her white, fox-trimmed, Jean Louis evening gown, she went out on the fashion show ramp and sang all of her numbers without a lapse.

1957

"I've never had my wedding ring off...but I'm sure it's only brass."

"I was thinking of nothing but Bing every minute," Kathryn admitted to me later. "My mind certainly wasn't on what I was doing, and if Bing could have heard me, I'm sure he would have had some smart remark to make," she laughed. "I could concentrate only on Bing, so frail and helpless when I left him a few hours before." Since the accident, Kathryn had been beside him on a trundle bed in the same room. "I insisted upon being there," she said, "so I could 'observe,' as we say in nursing [Kathryn's also a registered nurse]. But all I could do was lie there waiting, wishing, praying a lot, fidgeting, trying not to make a noise when I moved,so that he could get some much-needed sleep.

"Bing was able to say to me, 'I don't seem to be able to sleep. Do you want to talk to me?' And those words, at three in the morning, were a wonderful sign. 'It was an awful thing—the fall, wasn't it, darling?' I whispered. All Bing said about the fall was, 'Wasn't that dumb?' I did my best to console him. 'No, darling, it wasn't dumb. All during the rehearsals you worried about people falling. I guess you stopped worrying once the show was over.'"

Sipping a glass of champagne after our show, Kathryn talked more about the accident that had so nearly changed their lives: "At first, I was overwhelmed with gratitude that Bing was *(continued on page 231)*

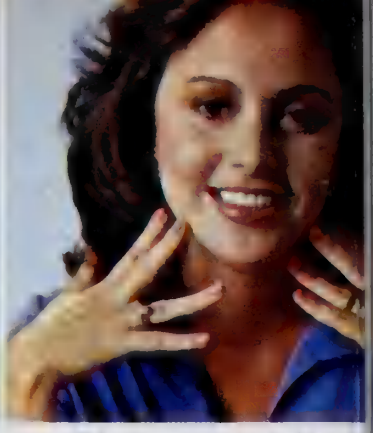

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s great-looking outfit is just one of the many new looks you'll find in the big Simplicity Catalog at your favorite
ittern counter. The excitement is in the new blouson top, flattering and so easy to wear. Add the great sporty
nes, and layer it with a soft cowl-neck pullover, and you've put together one of the brightest new looks for fall.
r all Simplicity patterns, we designed these with your time in mind. That means that when you are ready to try
what you've made, you'll discover that you've not only spent your time wisely, you have spent it beautifully.
SIMPLICITY



"I'll never let my age keep me from being young."
Hilary Sinberg, Age 23



"Whatever your ambition, do it– and forget about your age!"
Millicent Brustein, Age 45



"You're young as long believe you are."
Cathy Witowski, Age 25



"I'm too busy to let things like birthdays bother me."
Wilma Brooks, Age 40



"What's my age? Just totally irrelevant."
Patricia Cowen, Age 38



"Your years have nothing with how young you are
Madeline Amoroso, Age 54

They think young...they are young even their hands say "young." And Ivory Liquid helps.

Listen to what these women are saying and you'll see why they're truly young–all of them. They know how to be young. And they all use Ivory Liquid for dishes. It's part of their young way of doing things. We think their young-looking hands show more clearly than words the difference Ivory Liquid's mildness can make.

Mild Ivory Liquid helps hands say "young"...at any age.





The Last Days of Eleanor Roosevelt

BY ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT AND JAMES BROUGH

Few people knew that she was dying of an incurable disease—for she refused to let illness interfere with her work for world peace and human dignity. In this bittersweet recollection, Mrs. Roosevelt's son tells how the "First Lady of the World"—who emerged from the shadow of her husband's fame to achieve greatness on her own—gave of herself until the day she died.

Campaigning for John F. Kennedy [in 1960] took other around half a dozen states as far apart as Cali- rnia, New York and West Virginia. "Unfortunately," e wrote in her newspaper column *My Day*, "I started ut under a slight handicap, as I picked up a virus and as feeling far from well." The truth, which was far ore alarming, could not be shared with her readers case they pitied her. And to Eleanor Roosevelt, 76, ty was intolerable.

Dr. David Gurewitsch, her physician, had traced the use of the fatigue, so acute now that she would fall leep on her feet and have to be helped into a chair efore she toppled over. She was a victim of aplastic nemia; incurable; origin unknown. The bone marrow ad lost its capacity to form blood. Transfusions could ing only temporary improvement. Sooner or later, r arterial system would begin to break down and in- rnal hemorrhaging would result.

On November 8, 1960, when Kennedy squeaked in with only 113,057 votes more than Nixon out of almost 69,000,000 cast, Mother's valiant contribution may have swung the day. Three of the states in which she labored turned up in Kennedy's column. She was gratified by the garland he had for her. By naming her to the U.S. delegation to the United Nations at a special General Assembly session, he gave her the chance to pay a farewell visit to the human rights commission, which was struggling again to write a workable covenant. But she would have been more pleased if he had made not Dean Rusk but Adlai Stevenson his Secretary of State. (Mother's candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination had been Stevenson.) My brother Franklin's reward was well deserved, she thought; for his help to Kennedy, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of Commerce, a stepping stone toward higher things if he cared to use it.

(continued on page 221)

pyright © 1977 by Elliott Roosevelt and James Brough. From MOTHER R. Eleanor Roosevelt's Untold Story, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Painting from e White House Collection.

CAROL BENEFIELD
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
ON MRS. CARTER'S STAFF



The New Woman Power

Leading women in the Carter Administration photographed in spirited clothes that help cope with today's energy crisis.

The order came from the Chief: Turn those thermostats down! Here then, some warming ideas on what you can wear when there's a chill in the indoor air. Shown on four dynamic women who generate their own energy as an exciting part of America's work force. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

Carol Benefield, left, volunteered for Carter's campaign in Atlanta, landed in the White House as an administrative assistant on Mrs. Carter's staff (her desk is nearest to the First Lady). Here, she's in the Blue Room, bundled up in boots and a pretty new sweater-over-sweater look. Zip-up cardigan, soft cowl-neck sweater and button-front dirndl skirt: All, Liz Claiborne.

Testifying before Congress and managing a staff of 11,600 are among the many things making Barbara, right, run. But being the President's appointee to the No. 2 spot in the E.P.A. has its pluses. Barbara sees "a whole new day for environmentalists ... because we have a tougher attitude." Shown in her office, where fuel is conserved with a watchful eye, Barbara wraps up in a wool shawl and skirt over a sweater-shirt (all by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Tudor Square) and leg-warming tights.

Photographs by Joel Baldwin.
Hairstyles and makeup by Bruce Clyde Keller
Fashion and accessory information on page 1


BARBARA BLUM
DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR
U.S. ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY

CONNIE PLUNKETT
INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S YEAR
COMMISSIONER



The New Woman Power

Connie Plunkett, left, is one of I.W.Y. Commissioners (anothe we're proud to say, is our Edito Lenore Hershey) who is study the major women's issues — fro employment to homemaker rig The big meeting's in Houston (Nov. 18-21), then recommend to the President and Congress. has been a councilwoman in he hometown, Carrollton, Ga., is member of the Democratic Na Committee. She hails Rosalyn Carter as "Jimmy's best asset." When in Washington, Connie the "going-out-life." She's sho with husband, Tom, at the Ken Center for the Performing Art one of the terrific evening knits chill factor here!). Glitter gown draped neckline, dolman sleeve sparkle-jewel belt; by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.

"Protocol has become much than parties," explains M Hernández, right. The P Rican-born chief of protocol cho her energies into showing best of New York to visiting taries — whether it's settin meeting with top-level bank guiding them through a ne hood block party. Marifé brea proverbial "diplomatic i inviting the international visito meet with New York my home." An added plus — married to career diplomat, " Carter. Photographed in her room, Marifé's wearing a wom at-home look — the relaxed w of a long, blanket-plaid dre shawl in contrasting plaid Bill Blass for Bla

Fashion and accessory information on page 152.

MARIFÉ HERNÁNDEZ
CHIEF OF PROTOCOL
OF THE UNITED STATES FOR NEW YORK





AN ENCHANTED CHILDHOOD BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

The queen of mystery goes behind the Victorian walls of her own early years.

Thinking over what gave me most pleasure in my childhood I should be inclined to place first and foremost, my hoop. A simple affair, in all conscience, costing — how much? Sixpence? A shilling? Certainly not more.

And what an inestimable boon to parents, nurses and servants. On fine days, Agatha goes out into the garden with her hoop and is no more trouble to anyone until the hour for a meal arrives—or, more accurately, until hunger makes itself felt.

My hoop was to me in turn a horse, a sea monster and a railway train. Beating my hoop round the garden paths, I was a knight in armor on a quest, a lady of the court exercising my white palfrey or, less romantically, I was engine driver, guard or passenger, on three railways of my own devising.

There were three distinct systems: the Tubular Railway, with eight stations and circling three quarters of the garden; the Tub Railway, a short line, serving the kitchen garden only and starting from a large tub of water with a tap under a pine tree; and the Terrace Railway, which encircled the house. Only a short while ago I came across in an old cupboard a sheet of cardboard on which 60 odd years before I had drawn a rough plan of all these railways.

I cannot conceive now *why* I so enjoyed beating my hoop along, stopping, calling out "Lily of the Valley Bed. Change for the Tubular Railway here. Tub. Terminus. All change." I did it for hours. It must have been very good exercise. I also practised diligently the art of throwing my hoop so that it returned to me, a trick in which I had been instructed by one of our visiting Naval officer friends. I could not do it at all at first, but by long and arduous practice I got the hang of it, and was thereafter immensely pleased with myself.

On wet days there was Mathilde. Mathilde was a large American rocking horse that had been given to my sister and brother when they were children in America. It had been brought back to England and now, a battered wreck of its former self, [illegible] mane, [illegible] paint, *sans* tail, etc., was ensconced in a small greenhouse that adjoined the house of one side—quite distinct from The Conservatory, a grandiloquent erection, containing pots of begonias, geraniums, tiered stands of every kind of fern and several large palm trees. This small greenhouse, called, I don't know why, K.K. (or possibly Kai Kai?) was bereft of plants and housed instead croquet mallets, hoops, balls, broken garden chairs, old painted iron tables, a decayed tennis net and Mathilde.

Mathilde had a splendid action—much better than that of any English rocking horse I have ever known. She sprang forwards and back, upwards and down, and ridden at full pressure was liable to unseat you. Her springs, which needed oiling, made a terrific groaning, and added to the pleasure and danger. Splendid exercise again. No wonder I was a skinny child.

As companion to Mathilde in Kai Kai was Truelove—also of trans-Atlantic origin. Truelove was a small painted horse and cart with pedals. *(continued on page 194)*

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THE ART OF CUTTING UP

Make your own collage masterpiece—with sharp scissors and a sense of fun.

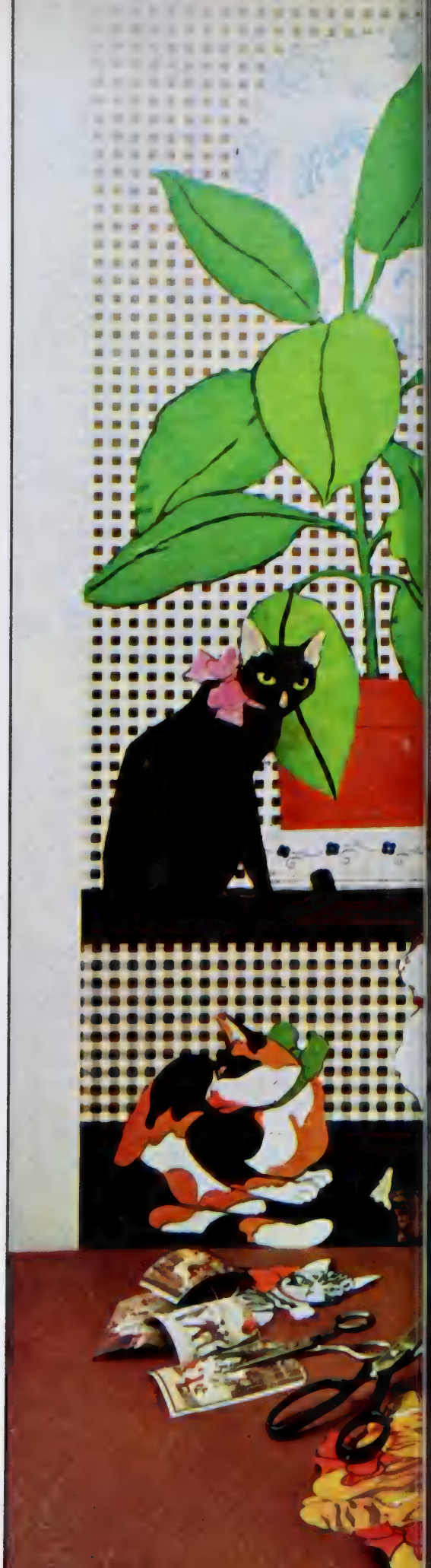
Clip your way through stacks of cloths, wallpapers, posters and gift wraps—to transform any plain wall into an imaginative art gallery. Train your eye to isolate an item, to trim it away to fit your arrangement. Snitch witty shapes from magazines, seed catalogs, wherever. Haunt remnant counters, thrift shops, mill-end outlets for bits of lace, embroidery, braid and get started; instructions on page 18. These cut-ups take patience, but the charming results are worth every snip. Happy pasting! By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

▼ *Art by the yard, below. A jungle of glazed chintz, planted with extra foliage (from wallpapers). Macaws are cut from another bolt of cloth.*

► *Art by the litter, right. A cuddle of cats from gift-wrap papers, fabric plants, wallpaper "porcelains" and a French poster make up this enchanting collage.*

Photographs by Allen Vogel, Cyrus Clark Chintzes, Mayhew Ceramics.






Lait pur de la Vingeanne
Stérilisé
Steinlen


CURRY
PARSLEY BAY LEAVES
CUMIN TARRAGON
TUMERIC ALLSPICE
RIKA CHERVIL THYME
LEMON PEPPER



◀ *Art by the peck, opposite. Vegetables freshly picked from fabric; the country blackboard, cut from a square of spice wallpaper; the frame, adhesive-backed plastic. Hoedown plaid is gift paper, pasted in swags. Gaggle of geese waddled in, off barnyard cotton.*



▲ *Art by the bouquet, above. More flowers than Eden, in gay profusion—without a thought to season, climate or natural habitat. All blossoms (and lone bird) cut from chintz against a cloud-print sky.*

◀ *Art by the array, left. Turn-of-the-century (art nouveau) posters and border cloth move in a sinuous flow of wallpaper vines and lush flowers; velvet ribbons add twists of dimension.*

Complete how-to's, page 18.



MAKE-IT-YOURSELF

FIRESIDE SWEATERING

Chill-proof your winter by knitting and crocheting a family's worth of warmers. This page: Classic cardigan, knit in thick cables. Opposite, left: Ruffled jacket in soft crochet. Center: Pullover with Scandinavian look, popcorn stitches. Lower right: Bold turtleneck in basketweave crochet. Far right: Fireside afghan of crochet squares. Instructions, page 227.

By Ann B. Bradley. Photograph by Tosco T. Balidikos

Art yarns, "Danish Petite" by Bernat Knits designed by Monna Weinman; crochets by Linda Biondi



BEYOND THE MALE MYTH

In a startling, new national survey of male sexuality—first since the Kinsey Report—men tell how they really feel about sex.

By Anthony Pietropinto, M.D., and Jacqueline Simenauer.



Most men like being married. . . . Half of all men have never been unfaithful. . . . Men like hugging and kissing. . . . Men are not that wild about casual sex. . . . Men value responsiveness in women far more than beauty. . . . Men want women to enjoy sex, though they're not always sure how to tell when women have.

These are among the findings of a new national survey of more than 4,000 men—the first time since the Kinsey report that men's feelings about sex, women, marriage, love and relationships have been documented. Every woman who'd like to know more about the person on the other side of the bed should read this report. It may reveal more than you ever guessed about what men are really like—and you just might take a new look at the man in your own life.—The Editors

---

The modern American male is an enigma. Like the hero in a mystery plot, he seems at first to be clear-cut and uncomplicated, undevious and open. On the other hand he frequently is cast as a villain, accused by feminists and contemporary analysts of being shallow, egotistical, uncommunicative, exploitative and obsessed with indiscriminate sexual gratification. In recent years he has found an increased availability of sexual partners, but not without accompanying new problems: increased sophistication in women, pressure to perform well in bed, lack of commitment from women, new definitions of virtue and promiscuity, and reassessment of concepts of masculinity.

While psychiatrists and feminists have probed women's past and present sexual and emotional responses with great thoroughness in the past decade, the present literature about the sexuality of males is appallingly scarce. Since Kinsey's study of sexual behavior in the human male in 1948, no one has taken a long, objective look at the American male. And even the Kinsey report is little more than a compilation of sexual chronology, preferences and deviations. It falls short of examining man's intellectual and emotional orientation to his own sexuality.

This study proposes to do precisely that. We do not feel that sex can be separated from concepts of love, dependency, marriage, self-image, and life goals. Neither, apparently, did the men we surveyed: more than 4,000 American males, encompassing all age groups, geographical areas and social strata. To avoid preconceived prejudices and biased samples, we have based our findings both on an objective questionnaire and on the words of the men themselves. We have worked, not with typical patients or typical magazine readers, but with typical men.

We especially hoped this study would do a lot for women. We wanted it to give them psychological insights into the workings of men's minds and how men view women; to tell them about the kinds of women men look for and turn away from, the women who make men nervous and the women men would want or reject as potential wives. We wanted information that would help to enrich the sex lives of both men and women through increased emotional understanding. It seemed only fitting to find out from women themselves what they most wanted to learn. So we prepared a list of potential questions and presented them to a number of women from various backgrounds, both working women and housewives, and asked them to rate each question. We included many of their preferred questions in our final questionnaire.

That questionnaire was presented to 4,066 men nationwide. It consisted of questions of the multiple-choice type as well as a series of "essay" questions requiring handwritten answers. Many of the "essays" elaborated on questions asked in the multiple-choice section, thus giving us both numerical data on male preferences and the subjective reasons for them.

While the responses to the essays were too individualized to be tabulated in the manner of the multiple-choice questions, they were really the heart of our study, so we *(continued on page 206)*

Copyright © 1977 by Anthony Pietropinto, M.D., and Jacqueline Simenauer. Excerpted from BEYOND THE MALE MYTH: What Women Want to Know About Men's Sexuality, A Nationwide Survey, by Anthony Pietropinto, M.D., and Jacqueline Simenauer, to be published by Times Books. Photograph by Photofile, Ltd./Tom Grill

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MEN AND SEX

What do you consider the ideal sex life for yourself?

Marriage, wife being only sex partner	50.5%
Marriage, with outside sexual activity	19.9%
Living with one female partner, unmarried	10.6%
A few regular partners	9.3%
Many casual partners	6.3%
One female partner, but living separately	4.1%

What type of woman would you most want for a long-term relationship?

A woman with a concern for my needs	28.4%
A sincere woman	23.0%
An affectionate woman	20.8%
An intelligent woman	16.1%
A self-confident woman	12.2%
A sexy woman	11.1%
A woman with sense of humor	10.3%

How do you feel about sex?

One of the most, but a very important pleasure	61.2%
It's the most important pleasure in life	19.8%
It's important only as a means of expressing love	11.4%
It's strictly a physical pleasure	4.2%
Other things are more important, such as business or hobbies	1.7%
It's not very important to me	1.4%
It's something you have to do	.7%

What type of woman makes you feel most nervous?

Beautiful woman	24.7%
Very intelligent woman	21.4%
Virgin	14.0%
Woman with much sexual experience	12.7%
Wealthy woman	11.7%
Woman with high paying job	9.0%

How do you feel about being in love?

It's the most important thing in life	38.4%
It's good, but one can live a full life without it	25.2%
If you're in love sex is better	21.5%
Love is necessary for good sex	8.9%
Sex is better without love to complicate it	3.3%
Love is an old-fashioned idea	3.0%

How do you feel about today's women?

They are too independent	23.3%
They are better company	22.5%
They are more intelligent than ever	18.2%
They've become more loving and giving	16.9%
They expect too much from men	11.4%
They are too promiscuous	8.2%

What else besides love would be your main reason for getting married?

Companionship	47.0%
Having a homelife	24.0%
Having children	14.1%
Emotional security	9.3%
Regular sex	7.6%
Don't want to marry	7.4%

What most irritates you during sex?

If the woman seems cold or disinterested	60.1%
I never get irritated	16.6%
If the woman criticizes me	11.5%
If the woman made demands	4.9%
If the woman is too "easy" (seems promiscuous)	4.8%
If woman made first advance	2.8%

When are you likely to be so "turned-off" you can't complete a sex act?

If the woman seems unresponsive	45.6%
If you've been quarreling	18.2%
I never get "turned-off"	16.2%
If the woman seems physically unattractive	12.5%
If the woman tries to control things	4.8%
If it's the first time with that woman	3.0%

What is your attitude toward cheating on your wife or steady girlfriend?

Would never become involved with anyone else	33.6%
Would cheat only if affair was brief and casual	17.9%
Would cheat only if relationship with regular partner was bad	17.2%
Would cheat only if away from partner for long period	13.0%
Would cheat to have different sexual partners regardless of wife or girlfriend	11.7%
Would cheat only if I fell in love	7.0%

Have you ever cheated on your wife or steady girlfriend?

No	49.5%
Yes, with one or two others	28.5%
Yes, with many different women	13.0%
Yes, with partner's knowledge and consent	5.5%
Never had a wife or steady girlfriend	2.8%

What would be most likely to tempt you to cheat?

Poor sex at home	26.7%
Exceptionally attractive woman	24.8%
Fighting at home	18.4%
Would not be tempted	15.5%
A woman who understands me better	10.8%
Available woman at work	8.2%

What sort of sexual experience would you prefer a wife to have had prior to marriage?

It would not matter	33.5%
No other man except myself	32.0%
One or a few men she really loved	20.5%
A few casual affairs	11.5%
Many men	2.2%

Who should take responsibility for birth control?

Preferable for women to be responsible, but men should have protection ready	35.9%
Both should use protection	32.2%
Women should take the sole responsibility	19.7%
Men should use protection	6.0%
No birth control measures should be taken	4.1%
Use withdrawal method	1.5%

Do you tell the woman you have sex with what you'd like her to do?

Yes, discuss it as we have sex	28.0%
No, I do what she seems to enjoy	25.3%
No, I just do what I enjoy	19.6%
Only after considerable experience together	15.8%
Yes, talk about it before we start or after we finish	9.1%
No, I'd be too inhibited or embarrassed	3.0%

When does a sex act end?

When we both have an orgasm	40.9%
When I have one orgasm	18.2%
When the woman wants to stop	17.7%
When I want to stop	10.8%
When the woman has an orgasm	5.2%
When I have more than one orgasm	5.1%
When the woman has more than one orgasm	5.0%

What percent of the time does your partner have an orgasm during intercourse?

90% or more	29.8%
I'm not sure when she has an orgasm	13.0%
80 to 89%	10.5%
70 to 79%	10.0%
50 to 59%	9.8%
60 to 69%	5.5%
40 to 49%	5.1%
0 to 9%	4.5%
30 to 39%	4.3%
20 to 29%	3.3%
10 to 19%	3.2%

How do you feel about hugging and kissing without it leading to sexual intercourse?

Enjoy it, even without sex	59.1%
I have a real need for it	12.3%
Routine way of expressing love	10.9%
Frustrating unless sex follows	10.5%
I do it mostly to please a woman	4.8%
I rarely do it	3.2%

How do you feel after climaxing?

Content	45.2%
Very loving	23.9%
Exhilarated/high	15.9%
Very drowsy	15.5%
Somewhat depressed	2.2%
Somewhat guilty	1.5%

Do you deliberately try to delay your orgasm—and for how long?

Yes, until partner has orgasm	31.4%
Yes, as long as possible	24.8%
Yes, until partner seems satisfied	23.6%
No, don't try	14.7%
Yes, up to 5 minutes	5.4%
No experience in intercourse	1.2%

How have your feelings about sex changed over the past five years?

Find sex more enjoyable than ever	40.3%
Not at all	26.0%
Have changed attitude, want to experiment more	13.3%
Vary my sex practices more	10.7%
Sex seems more routine	6.5%
Find it less enjoyable	4.6%

Ideally, how often would you want intercourse?

3 to 4 times a week	34.6%
5 to 7 times a week	25.3%
1 to 2 times a week	18.2%
More than once a day	13.1%
2 to 3 times a month	5.9%
Once a month or less	1.7%
Never	.4%

How would you feel when a love affair ends?

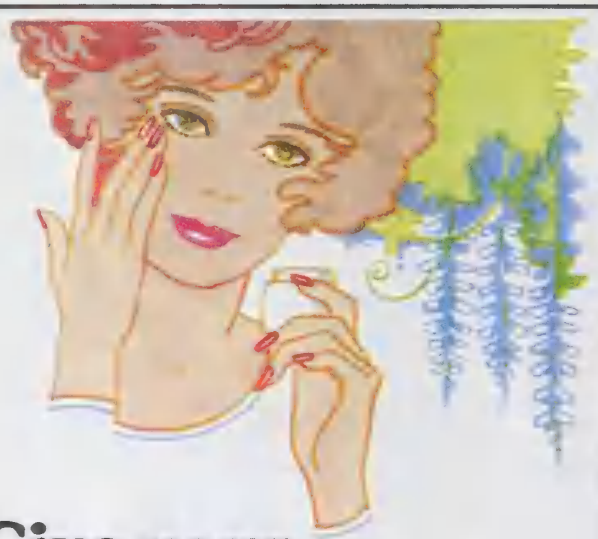
A little sad, but adjust easily	37.3%
Quite hurt, avoid women for a while	21.5%
Quite hurt, but quickly seek a new woman	19.8%
Indifferent	9.5%
So depressed my work suffers	6.0%
Close to a mental breakdown	2.3%

(Editors' Note: Because we have omitted "no-answer" responses, and some questions could be answered with more than one response, these figures do not total 100%.)

BEAUTY AT EVERY AGE

Beauty grows with you through the years. This is more a matter of taking good care of yourself than the happenstance of being "born beautiful." But taking care of yourself has changing rules at various turning points in life...stages at which physiology and lifestyle demand new routines. Here are four such turning points—the boundaries are variable, of course—and the steps we think necessar for maintaining best looks. Start with the critical twenties-into-early-thirties category; then read on.

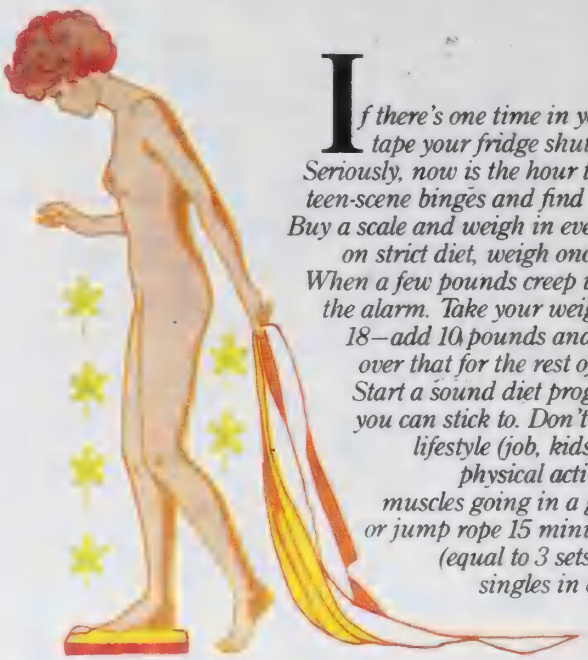
By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.



Give your skin a daily drink

Don't be lulled into false security by your tender age—get into the habit of good skin care. Moisturize!—every day—especially around the dry eye area. Prevention is easier than correction. And, believe it or not, you should be applying a facial mask to deep-clean once a week. At about age 25, skin type should be re-checked. Normal/dry = tiny lines around eyes, nose. Normal/oily = shiny nose, large pores. Use products according to your particular skin.

Makeup? As you like it! The minimum for day—blusher, eye pencil, lip gloss. What's f pulling out all the stops for those Big Evenings on the town. Positively dazzling.



If there's one time in your life tape your fridge shut, this i Seriously, now is the hour to stop teen-scene binges and find nutrit Buy a scale and weigh in every day on strict diet, weigh once a we When a few pounds creep up, sou the alarm. Take your weight at 18—add 10 pounds and never over that for the rest of your Start a sound diet program t you can stick to. Don't let a n lifestyle (job, kids) hamp physical activity. K muscles going in a gym cl or jump rope 15 minutes a (equal to 3 sets of ten singles in excerci

SNIP DECISIONS: What do you do with your hair when you say farewell to childish days? A good haircut is the important thing. Care should be fast and easy. Wash-and-wear. Maybe one overall length. Ask for a versatile style that can go from everyday to glamorous at night. Wash often—use a gentle shampoo with least amoun detergent. Conditioners after shampooing, a must. O a month, a deep conditioning treatment for long-last shine. For working women—try a color lift to add b highlights. Nothing artificial, just natural.

EXPLORATION

Starting in the early twenties, establish good beauty habits that will last for life.

Time to develop beauty and fitness habits—habits to keep you company for life. Starting-out time may mean marriage (perhaps, pregnancy, then caring for small children). Or, more schooling or building the blocks of a career. Or, all of the above. Whatever—it's the first phase of living as your own person; taking responsibility for yourself, the way you look, feel. This is the time to play 20 (or more) questions with yourself. What's the best hairstyle for my lifestyle? Should I be going to exercise class two or three times a week? Etc. The danger is a "Why worry?" attitude. We're not asking you to fret, but to be aware and take care. Just because you can't see many problems in a full-length mirror doesn't mean they won't appear. One woman we talked to was constantly being complimented on her beautiful skin. She told us that she started on a serious skin regimen at 18 and hadn't missed a day since. She's now 38 and radiant. Moral: concentrate on prevention now—it pays off later.



MODEL: SARA TRUSLOW, AGE 22

ALL PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN HOFER. HAIR AND MAKEUP, SHARON SLATTERY. ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE VAN DUN.
SHIRT AND SKIRT BY CALVIN KLEIN. CHOKER BY ELSA PERETTI OF TIFFANY.

The skin you're in

By now, if you've settled down, chances are, you're skin's settled down. Most skin can be classified as "normal"—since the norm is one that's dry around the eyes and edges of the face, oily down the center T-strip of the face. The sebaceous glands (ones that produce oil) are more or less stabilized. At this age though, if you make sudden changes in your lifestyle, don't be surprised if you develop some late acne. Skin reacts to moves—geographic and psychological (stress)...to crash diets...to starting and/or stopping the Pill. Treat the same as teen acne. Proper cleansing is a must. And avoiding any fatty, greasy products that coat skin and make matters worse.

• Do you remember the first time you searched in a mirror and saw it—your first set of wrinkles? Those little tracks typically begin around 30–32, fan out more in the 40's. It's up to you to try and stop the spread by keeping your skin soft and supple.

• Besides cleansing and moisturizing, what's good for your skin? A long night of uninterrupted sleep—regularly. An extra catnap can be beneficial.

• The most important caution for your skin: stay away from the sun. Sun damage is cumulative. More sun at this age simply aggravates the damage already done.

Making-up is an art—and you are your own canvas



Confidence is your byword. You've tried out the tricks and have found your own "best look." Emphasizing the positives, minimizing the negatives. For instance, handling a blusher skillfully to sculpt your face, bringing out the bones. One trap to avoid: rigidity. Don't paint the same mouth in the same color—day and night, year after year. Like most busy women with little time to spare, your beauty plan has to work efficiently. Try doubling up in the same time slot—doing nails with face mask on, leg exercises while on the phone.

"Beauty has no relation to price, rarity, or age."

Hairstyling is at the top of everyone's be list. After all, you wear your hair every day. you, for now:

• Extremes are "out." Hair that's waterfall- or crew-cut short probably won't fit your ne or image anymore. You should know what hair will or will not do; if you're uncertain, s for a hairstylist who understands you and hair.

• Too sharp an edge on a haircut line or harsh a hair color can make you look old you color your hair, choose a subtle shade try growing out the gray hairs. Hard at first, may find a scattering of gray flattering.

• Besides a good cut and pretty color, the critical consideration for hair is a style you easily manage yourself. One stylist we k says 5 minutes maintenance a day is a g cut; 10 minutes, fair; and anything beyond the wrong style for you.

The more you use your body the better it will work

Weight put on now is murder to get rid of later. Don't let changes such as pregnancy get you out-of-shape (permanently, that is). And don't feel obliged to finish your kids' leftovers—or, if at work, to chase after the coffee cart. Good way to prevent unwanted bulges, sagging muscles—an all-around exercise program. At classes, if you crave discipline, or at home. Even if you play tennis or swim, each sport usually rallies only one set of muscles. Take time to get your total body in balance.



The abdomen is a high-priority area for firming. Do the classic "double leg lift" as many times as you can—slowly, rhythmically.

REALIZATION

Beginning with your mid-thirties, good looks are the result of good planning, making every minute count.

How often do you catch yourself saying, "I'll do it when I find the time." These are the busy years when that phrase is uttered all too often. When young ones are at home—requiring shuttle service and a watchful eye. When your job demands more than strictly 9-5 (perhaps a business trip here, a press conference there). Or when you aim for higher education. Time has to be juggled and it's all too easy to slip from your good habits. But glance around: Often the busiest women are the best-groomed. Their secret: knowing it saves time in the long run to maintain *rather than* salvage. *No need to wait for a large chunk of time to fall free—instead, grab hold of minutes, even seconds, for beauty and fitness. Plant a regular haircut or tennis lesson into your schedule—and stick to it. Think of the time spent on yourself not as a luxury, but an essential part of your daily life.*



MODEL: SUSIE WRIGHT, AGE 35.

CHAIR FROM W&J SLOANE

You know what quirks your hair has—but don't get locked into only one style



Keep learning how to use new equipment designed for up-to-date styles. No special dexterity is needed for blow dryers, style wands. Here, with a good cut and round brush, you'll be ready to go.

Hair is a marvelous fiber. It has the ability to do more than one thin well, and if kept in the peak of condition, you can continue to var style and color endlessly. Generally, most women in these years loo best with shorter hair. It's easier to handle, softer and keeps the ey focused up to the face. If longer and swept back—steer clear o looking too severe (not everyone has the bone structure of a Marth Graham). If your own color is fading, warm it up with a natura looking hair color, full of conditioners. Experiment with a rinse-i color at first. Or, if you're going gray, decide first if you can carr that color. If you opt for all gray, keep it lively. Enrich the color t take away the yellow tones or deepen it to even out the cloudy shade

"No Spring nor Summer Beauty hath such grace, As I have seen in one Autumnal face."

Tis true, John Donne. But then again, even a face with the utmost grace can benefit from a little help and some loving care. Moisturizing alone isn't enough. As skin ages, it stretches and thins, loses elasticity and good color (can get a grayish cast). More lines, less oils. What you need are things to stimulate, to nourish, to stir up some action (shedding old, hastening new skin cells). Essential picker-upper: face masks for a quick (15-30 minute) skin treatment. Masks come in every variety from hydrating to vitamin-packed to natural fruit oils to mud pies. Perhaps more drastic methods for needy faces: professional salon treatments to get back into shape, maybe even one of the various surgical procedures. About your daily regime: if you've not been doing so already, start using a night cream on your face.



Take a new look: with your new self-assurance, let makeup project your personality. Be as dramatic as you like, but keep these tips in mind: no frosted eye shadows or shiny lipsticks. They both emphasize wrinkles. Instead, try matte shadows, slightly dry lipstick. Plenty of mascara. Use a foundation to even out skin tone (especially if you have spidery capillaries). Keep eyebrows in character—neither heavily penciled nor heavily tweezed.

WHY EXERCISE? Here are 10 sensible reasons why you should keep up a steady program. Or, if you've slipped into a sedentary existence, why it's never too late to start. Just warmup slowly. **1** Exercise turns fat into muscles; gives muscles firmness. **2** Like Newton's apple, natural gravity, unless counteracted, eventually will make you look droopy. **3** Exercise gives you good posture; lessens lower back troubles. **4** It increases stamina, coordination. **5** Exercise packs an energy boost; makes you feel bouncy and up. **6** It changes the way you walk, dance—with grace and glide. **7** Around menopause, there's a tendency to gain weight. Besides toning exercises, you'll need cardiovascular stimulants (walking, running, jumping rope; check with doctor first) to strengthen another muscle—your heart. **8** Exercise eases tension and fatigue. **9** Exercise is healthy—free—and fun. You'll laugh more. **10** You'll sleep better—it's the best tranquilizer.

On hand

Hold out your hands. Often hands can seem ten years older than your face. Drier, more wrinkled. After all, they've done the dirty work. Washing dishes. Painting chairs. Planting geraniums. ▪ *Slip into the protective-glo habit.* ▪ *After each and every hand-y ch slather with cream or lotion.* ▪ *Brown spots. Some women get them, some never do. No cure, but sometimes the spots lighten up with a mix of lemon juice with either glycerine or salt.* • *Fast exercise for flexibility. Make fist; hold to count of 6; spring open, spreading fingers wide. Repeat 5 times.*

SELF-ASSURANCE

By your mid-forties, you have more control over your time, more confidence in yourself.

This is a good time to take a deep breath and examine your lifestyle. What was planted should be blooming, whether it's children, career, etc. Instead of settling back on your laurels, prod yourself into new beginnings. Time spent will be more at your discretion. Start a new sport (ever sailed or played paddle tennis?). Take up rug-hooking or Chinese cooking. Study creative writing, real estating or urban planning. Energy and enthusiasm are your best allies. There's a whole new character to your looks, too. Self-assurance and a sense of direction have an attractiveness all their own. Play on that. Throw off the hesitancy to pamper yourself. Try a salon pedicure, a week at a beauty spa. You deserve it.



MODEL: ANN PICKFORD, AGE 47

SHIRT AND SKIRT BY CALVIN KLEIN, CHAIR FROM W & J SLOANE. GOLD CUFF BY ELSA PERETTI OF TIFFANY.



Mirror mirror on the wall who's still the loveliest of all?

You are. Pride in your looks is the most important aspect. Use makeup cleverly to create a focal point: emphasize your eyes with a sweep of mascara or try false lashes—wear them only if they look almost-natural. Foundation should be a sheer liquid—nothing that will cake heavily. About your mouth: Try a bright, affirmative lipstick, say, a sunny coral. Forego the wishy-washy pinks, the wine-dark reds. Keep your cheek blusher north of your nose, heading diagonally up under cheekbones. No apple cheek circles! Grooming is essential. Take time to refresh your makeup before it needs it. And wear glasses if you need to—to put on your makeup meticulously.

Do You Realize: The Average Heated Home Drier Than the Sahara?

Your skin is facing a lifelong battle wi the elements. Help it along. Inside, wi winter heating, a humidifier is a prime beauty aid. Outside, we emphasize o again—protect yourself at all times. Never go bare-skinned. In winter, col blustery weather is chapping and dry Wear a skin-care buffer. In summer, wear a sunbonnet (a straw hat will do and a light sunscreen. If you must su only get a slight tan. Unless your skin still chronically oily, abandon soap fo lotion or cream cleansers. Don't forg to smooth them way down on your ne Baths and showers are mandatory fo hygiene, but four times a week is pro bly enough. Plus, go extra-heavy on t oils and the body lotions to leave you soft and glowing. Keep all products o the mild side; none should contain al hol. At this stage, your looks depend the care you've been taking and the blessings of your genes.

A Host of Hints on Hair Care. / Get a hairstyle you can manage yourself. Temptation's there to give up independence and rely on steady salon appointments. / Don't lose spontaneity. / Simplicity is best. Classic styles also are winning—chignons, soft waves, allover curls. / No cute little ribbons or bows. And no blue-ing (you are not a laundry). / More conditioning necessary. Hair becomes dry. Texture of gray hair is different. More porous. / Although a body wave is a terrific boon, too many perms can be drying. / If thinning happens, face it squarely. A wavy, closer cut looks thicker. Protein hair products—shampoos, conditioners, thickeners—can add a certain fullness by plumping up the hair shaft. Try wigs or hair pieces, but be sure to have them styled and thinned out enough to look natural.

Lean and limber

Be the person others point to and whisper, "Isn't she in great shape?" The rewards of good, steady exercising come on strong. Now is the payoff time. Of course, no amount of exercise is going to slim you down without eating right. The two go together hand-in-hand. You'll need to cut down on calories—and may find that you actually need to consume less to maintain your energy level. Never give up on sensible fitness. Find your favorite—walking three miles a day...taking ballroom dancing with a partner...doing action-packed toe touches and deep stretches to music...or yoga (illustrated), a calming exercise that offers good circulation, flexibility and relaxation.



STAND TAL

Poor posture is a disaster fo your body. Hopefully, no one slips to this point, but slouch (we're sorry to report) can c tribute to such things as a do ble chin, "dowager's hump," sway back. It's a strain on th heart. Plus you'll look heavie older. Proper posture: Keep shoulders in line, tummy he in, back straight and but-tocks tucked under. Isn' that enough to make y snap to attention?

CELEBRATION

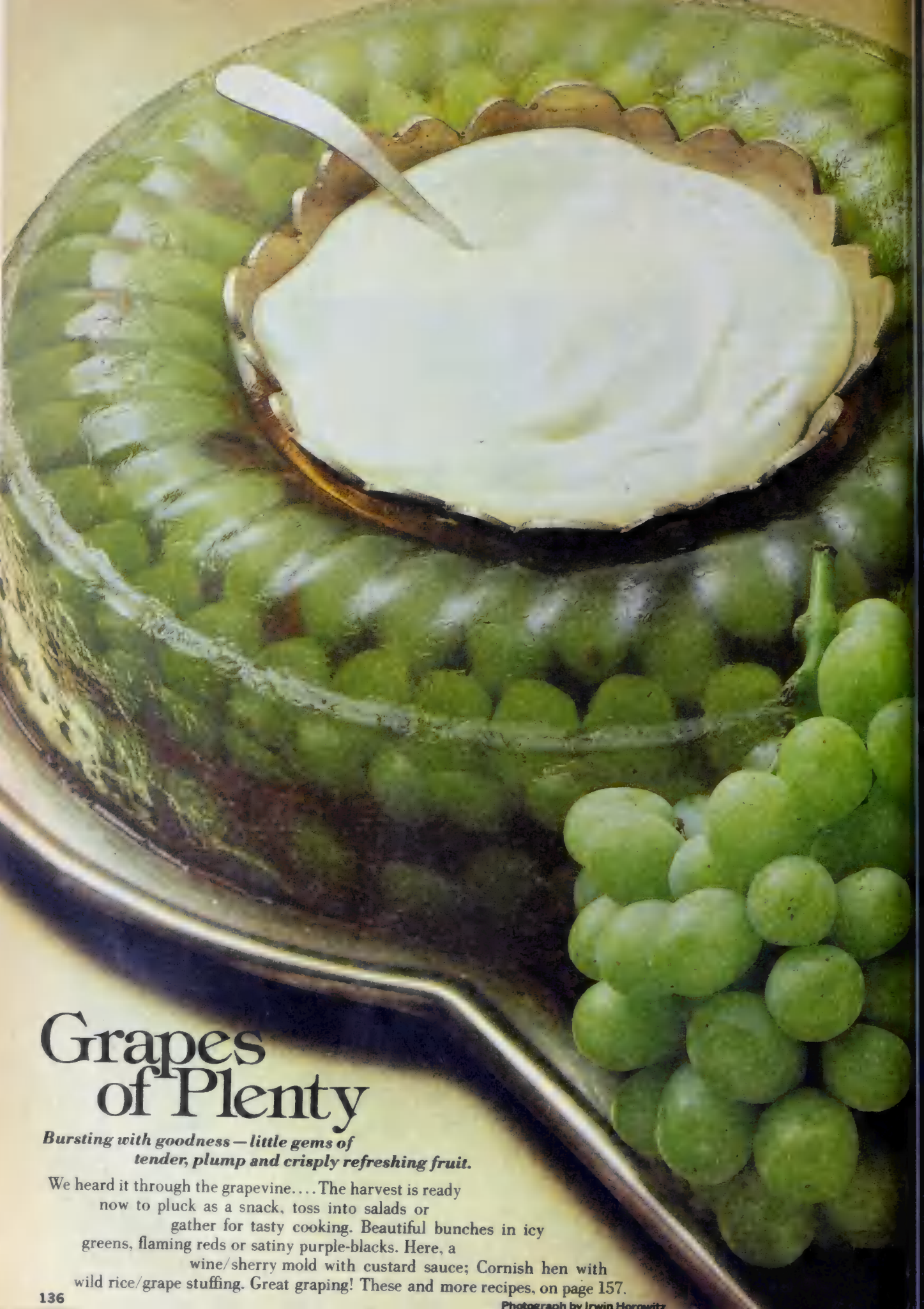
From the mid-fifties on, it's a beautiful time to share and build on your life experience.

There is a saying that goes something like this. "At 20, you have the face you inherited; at 40, face you developed; and 60, the face you deserve." All the good deeds and good times are written there. You've come to a diamond point of brilliance with ur beauty that should be shared. It goes with a sense of judgment nd life experience. It's a time to teach—as well as to learn even more. This is when you should stand the tallest—literally and figuratively. Perhaps the ost individual period for your looks and physical bearing. You can project:—"Here I am. This is what I've done. I wouldn't change any of it. And there's more to come."



MODEL: MARY WHELCHEL, AGE 61

FASHION BY JOHN ANTHONY. EARRINGS BY SCHLUMBERGER OF TIFFANY



Grapes of Plenty

Bursting with goodness—little gems of tender, plump and crisply refreshing fruit.

We heard it through the grapevine.... The harvest is ready now to pluck as a snack, toss into salads or gather for tasty cooking. Beautiful bunches in icy greens, flaming reds or satiny purple-blacks. Here, a wine/sherry mold with custard sauce; Cornish hen with wild rice/grape stuffing. Great graping! These and more recipes, on page 157.

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz



FAST FOOD AT HOME

Everyone's busy these days—and getting busier—which helps explain the booming rage in going-out-for-fast-food. But even in the busiest of families, there's no need to go out: food at home can be just as fast, with the added personal touch of grace and style. Here's the plan: stock up at the supermarket (jars, cans, packages, frozens) and put together tempting menus. For instance, frozen fish fillets get topped with a cheese slice, slipped in a bun and served with a side of deli-coleslaw and chips. Round out with a tall glass of tomato juice and melon balls for dessert. It's the closest thing to non-cooking—without stepping a foot off the premises. For our inventory of quick combinations (some doctored up to fill out nutritionally or perk up flavor), turn to page 164.

Illustration by Robert Weber • Photographs by George M. Cochran











1. Frozen fried chicken; sweet-sour vegetables over rice; cherry cheesecake; milk.
2. Canned minestrone; pizza with extra pepperoni; zucchini; a trio of ice creams.
3. Fillet of fish, tartar sauce, cheese; coleslaw; potato chips; assorted melon balls; tomato juice.
4. Thick-as-stew beef soup; packaged biscuits; lettuce; dressing; lemon sherbet.





RAH-RAH TAILGATE PICNIC!

Rally round the car, folks—for a rip-rah-and-rousing good time. Be it school game or pro game (or perhaps a trailblazing trip to see those changing autumn leaves), put your spirits in overdrive and prepare spectacular outdoor fare. Our spread is planned for eight—and in keeping with the JOURNAL's party philosophy, it's easy-to-make, handsome-to-serve. Get the cheering section ready—you've got a winner!
By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.

How America Entertains

How does a tailgate picnic differ from one, say, by the old millstream? It's definitely heartier, more exhilarating. From kicking off with a thick pumpkin soup and homemade crunchy breadsticks to the hero—little footballs of stuffed chicken breasts—to the final scoring points, a super-moist prune cake and spiked coffee. Nothing's difficult—it's all done ahead in careful stages. Shopping list, timetable, recipes, page 142.

TAILGATE PICNIC MENU
Serves 8
Tailgate Pumpkin Soup
Crunchy Breadsticks
Stuffed Chicken Breasts
Marinated Vegetables
Italian Spinach Cheese Pie
Basket of Fresh Fruits
Assorted Cheeses
Sue's Prune Cake Spiked Coffee
Wine and Beer

Photograph by Nick Samaridge at Giants Stadium, NJ.

RAH-RAH TAILGATE PICNIC!

continued

FOOD CHECKLIST

- 4 whole chicken breasts
- ¼ pound cooked ham
- 3 cups chicken broth
- 1 cup canned pumpkin
- 2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach
- 2 packages (10 or 11 oz. each) pie crust mix
- 1 loaf (16 oz.) sliced pumpernickel or rye bread
- ¼ cup sesame seed
- 1 cup puréed prunes (about 1¼ jars junior baby food)
- 1 cup (4 oz.) chopped walnuts
- ½ cup white wine
- 1¼ cups buttermilk
- 1¼ cups (5 oz.) grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 container (16 oz.) cottage cheese
- 1 container (16 oz.) ricotta cheese
- 1 stalk celery
- 1 bunch green onions
- 1 bunch parsley
- 2 medium zucchini
- 1 pint cherry tomatoes
- 1 head (1¼ pounds) cauliflower
- 1 large onion
- 1 lemon
- Radishes, optional
- Chicory, optional
- Assorted cheeses
- Liqueurs (for spiked coffee)
- Wine
- Beer
- Paper plates
- Disposable cups, hot and cold
- Plastic knives, spoons and forks
- Napkins

Staples to Have on Hand

- Sugar
- Salt
- Pepper
- Paprika
- Cinnamon
- Allspice
- Tarragon
- Nutmeg
- Dry mustard
- Chervil
- Olive oil
- Salad oil
- Ground cloves
- Cinnamon sticks
- White wine vinegar
- All-purpose flour
- 9 eggs
- 6 slices white bread
- Vanilla extract
- Baking soda
- Coffee
- Butter or margarine (1 lb.)
- Light corn syrup

FOR TAILGATE PICNIC

Up to Two to Four Weeks Before:

1. Purchase ingredients for breadsticks and prune cake. Prepare both recipes and freeze.

One Week Before:

1. Purchase remaining non-perishable ingredients.
2. Make salad dressing for marinated vegetables; refrigerate.

Two Days Before:

1. Purchase remaining ingredients.
2. Prepare spinach pie; refrigerate.

One Day Before:

1. Prepare chicken rolls, cook chicken; cover and refrigerate in plastic container.
2. Prepare soup; refrigerate.
3. Prepare marinated vegetables; cover and refrigerate in plastic container.
4. Refrigerate white wine and beer.

That Morning:

1. Remove cake from freezer; transfer to carrying container.
2. Place marinated vegetables, breadsticks and fruit in basket.
3. Heat soup; pour into thermos.
4. Make spiked coffee; pour into thermos.

One Hour Before Leaving:

1. Place wine, beer, chicken and spinach pie in ice chest or insulated container. Place cheese in picnic basket.

All recipes pictured on pages 140-141

TAILGATE PUMPKIN SOUP

Equally tasty hot or cold.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery
3 cups chicken broth
1 cup canned pumpkin
½ cup white wine
1 teaspoon sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon allspice

In medium saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Add onion and celery and sauté until tender, about 3 minutes. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer, uncovered, stirring occasionally for 30 minutes. Pour half the soup into blender container, purée until smooth. Purée remaining soup. Serve hot or cover and refrigerate to serve cold. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To serve hot, cook over medium heat until heated through, stirring occasionally.)* Makes 4½ cups or 8 servings. About 65 calories per serving. *For picnic:* Pour hot soup into thermos container for tailgate picnic.

CRUNCHY BREADSTICKS

Careful—these are addictive.

1 cup butter or margarine, softened
¼ cup sesame seed
1 loaf (16 oz.) sliced pumpernickel or rye bread

Preheat oven to 425°F. In small bowl, combine butter or margarine and sesame seed. Spread butter mixture evenly on both sides of bread slice. Place 4 slices of bread in pile. Cut each into ½-inch thick strips. Repeat with remaining bread. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Repeat until all the bread is used. Bake 10 minutes, turning bread once. Remove from oven. Cool. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Store in air-tight container up to 1 week. Or wrap well and freeze up to 1 month.)* Makes 80 breadsticks. About 40 calories each.

Variations

Celery Breadsticks: Prepare breadsticks as in Crunchy Breadsticks but substitute 2 teaspoons celery seed for sesame seed.

Onion Breadsticks: Prepare breadsticks as in Crunchy Breadsticks but substitute 2 teaspoons onion powder for sesame seed.

Garlic Breadsticks: Prepare breadsticks as in Crunchy Breadsticks but substitute 2 teaspoons garlic powder for sesame seed.

STUFFED CHICKEN BREASTS

Finger food fare never tasted so good.

Filling
1 cup (4 oz.) chopped cooked ham
½ cup chopped green onions
¼ cup fresh bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon tarragon
⅛ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
4 whole chicken breasts (4 lbs.) half, skinned and boned
Coating
1 cup fresh bread crumbs
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon tarragon
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup butter or margarine
Chicory and radish roses, for garnish (optional)

In medium bowl, combine all filling ingredients and mix well, set aside. Pound the bottom of a small saucepan, 1 chicken breast halves between 2 of waxed paper to ¼-inch thickness aside. Place 2 tablespoons filling in ter of each flattened chicken breast bring the sides over filling. Fold or over, making sure that no filling is ing and roll each, jelly-roll fashion *To coat:* In pie plate, mix together crumbs, paprika, tarragon and sa another pie plate, beat eggs. Dip chicken piece first in egg and then crumb mixture, coating evenly. chicken in freezer for 10 to 15 m to help coating to adhere.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Melt but margarine in 13x9-inch baking d the oven, about 5 to 10 minutes. Re dish from oven. Add chicken and chicken in butter until well coated turn dish to oven and bake 50 mi Serve immediately or refrigerate to cold. *(May be prepared in advan this point. Cover and refrigerate 24 hours.)* Makes 8 servings. Abou calories per serving.

For picnic: Prepare chicken as and bake. Place in plastic cont cover and refrigerate. Carry in insu container to picnic. Garnish with cl and radish roses.

ITALIAN SPINACH-CHEESE PI

Absolutely fantastic—for picnic or party. It's good hot, cold or at temperature.

Filling
2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and well drained
1 package (16 oz.) ricotta cheese
1 package (16 oz.) cottage cheese
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese
3 eggs, beaten
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Crust
2 packages (10 to 11 oz. each) pie crust mix
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
5 to 9 tablespoons cold water
1 egg yolk, beaten

For Filling: Preheat oven to 3 Grease 9-inch springform pan; set In large bowl, combine all ingred for filling until well mixed; set asid *For Crust:* In medium bowl, com

(continued on page

ou have a way with Campbe

e yellow arrow on Campbell's Soup labels points to 870 ways you can add more flavor to meals with soup.





Campbell's Soup labels give you dozens of ways to create new soups. For example, combine a can of Campbell's Chicken NoodleO's Soup with a can of Campbell's Curly Noodle with Chicken Soup; add 1½ cans water and heat. Makes about 4½ cups. It's a soup mate!



's a way to make super meat loaf with Campbell's Soup. Mix *thoroughly* Campbell's Tomato Soup (10¾-oz. size), 1½ pounds ground beef, 1 cup small cubes, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon salt, nerous dash pepper. Shape *firmly* into loaf; place in shallow baking pan. t 350° F. for 1 hour 15 minutes. Blend remaining soup, ¼ cup water, and spoons drippings. Heat; stir often. Serve with loaf. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



You have an easy way to dress up broccoli with a flavorful hollandaise sauce. Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with ⅓ to ½ cup milk; heat. Add 2 tablespoons *each* butter and lemon juice and 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten. Simmer until just thickened (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly. Pour over cooked broccoli and get ready for the compliments.

You have so many ways to add variety and excitement to meals when you turn to the back of Campbell's Soup labels. There you'll find recipes, super sauces, soup mates, menu suggestions, main dish soup ideas, seasoning suggestions, garnish ideas and many more. There are so many ways you may never have thought of to make meals tastier and so much more interesting with Campbell's Soups.

You have a way with Campbell's.





HERITAGE OF TREASURED RECIPES

Here's a collection from Salt Lake City of over 500 recipes that will take you, as it did us, from brunch to lunch on through an elegant formal dinner.

Community cookbooks are flourishing with particular flair during the post-Bicentennial period. One of the best we've seen is the *Heritage Cookbook* from the Salt Lake City, Utah, Junior League.

To give a sample of recipes from the book, we photographed three parties—a brunch, featuring a fascinating egg casserole and an unusual vegetable salad; a Mexican lunch-dinner, and a truly elegant dinner party in a lavish formal dining room. It was a fascinating variety, reflecting the rich amalgam of people who have settled in Utah and particularly the Salt Lake area, from the Indians pre-dating Brigham Young and his Mormon followers who arrived in 1847 right up to the Japanese who were "resettled" nearby during World War II. In between have been waves of Greek, German, English, Spanish, Italian and others, all of whom have kept favorite recipes in their repertoire while constantly adding new ones and updating others. Rich potential for *Heritage Cookbook*.

Our brunch was a relaxed affair in the welcoming kitchen-living area of Sue Turner. A deviled ham-stuffed eggs casserole intrigued us all, as did a wonderfully imaginative salad of zucchini and Brussels sprouts, with cherry tomatoes for garnish and color. "Out of This World Rolls" in three variations—plain, cheese, *(continued)*

Brunch features a casserole of hard-cooked eggs stuffed with deviled ham; an intriguing salad of Brussels sprouts, zucchini and cherry tomatoes; yeast rolls in three flavors—plain, cheese and orange.

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

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Every can!



Can after can!



Harriet.
Did you know you can...



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HERITAGE OF TREASURED RECIPES

orange—were too tempting, but delicious.

Lunchtime took us to the patio and backyard of Kaye Dumke in the foothills of Salt Lake's Wasatch Mountains. An early frost had wiped out the last autumn flowers, but towering spruce and hemlock more than compensated. Mexican was the theme of this menu, highlighted by a delicious pork-bean-carrot-corn casserole called Sopa de Guadalajara.

Patty Schneider was our dinner hostess, in one of the most dramatic contemporary homes we've ever seen. The table setting was a splendor, making it difficult at first to concentrate on the food, but in due course we savored a delicious menu, with salami-cheese-green onion-stuffed chicken breasts the highlight. A barley-pine nut casserole and strawberry pie were among the other delights.

Everywhere we went in Salt Lake, including a reception for League members and husbands, we were impressed with the open friendliness and sophistication. As with Leagues everywhere, this one is involved in all kinds of good works, which cookbook proceeds help support. Two projects we found especially appealing were restoration of an adobe farmhouse built in 1898 as part of a local educational program; and an ambitious juvenile-court research program.

Salt Lake and Utah have a marvelous heritage, and one suspects they have an even brighter future. For a flavor of the former and an insight to the latter, check the coupon on page 150 for a copy of *Heritage Cookbook*. Sample recipes begin at right.

JOHN STEVENS

SOPA DE GUADALAJARA
pictured below

An array of garnishes make this a colorful entrée.

3½–4 pounds boneless pork shoulder
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 cup finely chopped onion
2 garlic cloves, minced
7 cups water
2½ cups beef broth
1 cup dried pinto or small red beans
2 teaspoons chili powder
1 teaspoon cumin seed
1 teaspoon oregano
4 cups carrots, thinly sliced
1 package (10 oz.) frozen whole kernel corn
Salt and Pepper
Suggested garnishes (see recipe)

Trim excess fat from meat. Cut into 1-inch cubes. In a large Dutch oven, heat salad oil over medium-high heat. Add meat and brown well. Push to side of pan. Add onion and garlic and sauté until tender. Stir in water, beef broth, dried pinto beans, chili powder, cumin seed and oregano. Cover and simmer for 1½ hours until meat and beans are tender. Refrigerate. Skim off fat, discard. Heat to boiling. Add carrots. Cover and simmer 30 minutes (until carrots are tender). Stir in corn. Season to taste. Serve with choice of cherry tomato halves, sliced green onions, chopped fresh coriander, sour cream, lime or lemon wedges, bottled jalapeña sauce. Makes 8 to 10 servings; about 520 calories for each of 8 servings, 415 calories for each of 10.—*Ruth Cline Boss*

SWISS ENCHILADAS
pictured below

Rich? Yes, but what a way to go!

1 chopped onion
½ cup plus 1 tablespoon salad oil
3 cans (5 oz. each) boned chicken, drained
2 green chilies, chopped (fresh or canned)
1 garlic clove, crushed
Salt and pepper
18 corn tortillas
3 cups half and half cream
6 chicken bouillon cubes
8 ounces Cheddar cheese, thinly sliced
2 cups (8 oz.) mozzarella cheese, grated

Preheat oven to 375°F. In skillet, sauté onion in 1 tablespoon salad oil until soft. Add chicken, green chilies, garlic, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes; set aside. In another pan, heat ½ cup salad oil. Fry tortillas, one at a time, until soft and pliable, about 1 minute. Set aside.

In saucepan, heat cream and bouillon cubes; stir until dissolved. Dip each tortilla in cream mixture. Then add chicken filling. Roll up tortillas. Place tortillas, smooth side up, in two buttered 13x9-inch casseroles. Pour remaining cream mixture over tortillas. Cover with Cheddar cheese. Top with mozzarella. Bake for 30 minutes until hot and bubbly. *(May be made ahead and refrigerated or frozen. If frozen, thaw. Then bake for 40 minutes.)* Makes 10 servings. About 440 calories per serving.—*Josephine Critchlow Brooke*

SOUR CREAM BEEF BURRITOS
pictured below

Flour tortillas may be difficult to find in some areas. It's okay to substitute corn tortillas.

2½ pounds round steak, cut in ½-inch cubes
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, diced
1 large onion, diced
3 garlic cloves, crushed
1½ teaspoons salt
2 beef bouillon cubes
2 cans (4½ oz. each) diced green chilies, drained

(continued)

Left: An elegant dinner in a formal setting started with spinach soup, went on to stuffed chicken breasts, "company" carrots and barley-pine nut casserole, ending with an airy strawberry pie. Right: Our Mexican menu—pork and vegetable stew, sour cream-beef burritos, cheese and chicken enchiladas, baked papaya with a cheese filling.





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TREASURED RECIPES

continued

1 can (15 oz.) pinto beans, drained
2 cans (10½ oz. each) mild enchilada sauce
10 large flour tortillas
3 cartons (8 oz. each) sour cream
1 pound mild grated Cheddar cheese
1 head iceberg lettuce, shredded

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large skillet, slowly brown stea cubes in salad oil. Stir in tomatoes, onion, garlic and sal Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Stir in bouillon cubes until di solved. Mix in chilies and pinto beans. Cover. Simmer anothe 20 minutes. *(May be frozen at this point.)* Warm enchilad sauce. Dip each tortilla in sauce. Spoon meat mixture acro center of tortilla. Generously top with sour cream. Overla tortilla edges. Place, seam-side down, in large baking dis Repeat with remaining tortillas. Spoon remaining enchilad sauce, on top. Generously sprinkle with Cheddar chees Bake until sour cream and cheese are melted and are bubbl Remove from oven. Top with shredded lettuce. Makes 1 servings. About 745 calories for each serving.—*Shirley Sempl Chetwood*

BAKED PAPAYA MAUNA KEA
pictured on page 146

One of the LHJ food department's favorite recipes from th entire book. Try it!

¼ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1½ cups cottage cheese
1 package (8 oz.) and 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softene
2 tablespoons chutney, chopped
1 teaspoon curry powder
½ cup water chestnuts, very thinly sliced
2 tablespoons white seedless raisins (optional)
3 papayas, halved and seeded
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted

Preheat oven to 450°F. Mix sugar and cinnamon thoroughly set aside.

Combine cottage cheese, cream cheese, chutney and curr powder until well mixed. Stir in water chestnuts and whit raisins. Spoon into papaya halves.

Place papayas in baking dish. Pour melted butter over eac and sprinkle with cinnamon-sugar. Bake for 15 minutes Makes 6 servings. About 430 calories per serving.—*Hele Roberts Dinwoodey*

CHILLED FLORENTINE SOUP

An excellent and delicious way to begin a company meal al year round.

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup shallots, chopped
2 bags (10 oz. each) fresh spinach
5¼ cups chicken broth
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash of nutmeg
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, cut in cubes
Hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped

In Dutch oven or large saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Add shallots and sauté until soft, stirring occasionally. Add spinach; cover. Cook over medium heat just until leaves are wilted, about 10 minutes. Add chicken broth, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Simmer 5 minutes. Cool slightly. Pour ¼ of the soup at a time into a blender container. Cover and purée until smooth.

Repeat puréeing remaining soup until all of it is blended. Return soup to saucepan. Add cream cheese. Heat, stirring constantly, just until the cheese is *(continued)*

Souped up pasta.



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t in pasta by adding the
ess of onion, the richness of
oom and the heartiness of
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o one will pass up.

r Skillet Pasta

ed above)
d ground beef
ope Lipton Beef Flavor
hroom or Onion-Mushroom mix
spoons oregano
(16 oz. ea.) whole tomatoes,
ained
water
uncooked medium shell
aroni (about 8 oz.)
grated parmesan cheese
rella cheese

arge skillet, brown ground
rain. Add soup mix, oregano,
es, and water. Bring to a boil,
ir in macaroni and simmer
d, stirring occasionally, 20
s or until macaroni is tender.
Stir in parmesan and top with mozzarella cheese. Makes about 6 servings.

Fettuccine a la Lipton

1 package (16 oz.) fettuccine or medium egg noodles
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cups whipping or heavy cream
1 envelope Lipton Onion-Mushroom or Onion soup mix
1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
½ cup grated parmesan cheese

Cook noodles according to package directions; drain.

Meanwhile, in small saucepan, melt butter and add cream and soup mix; heat through, but do not boil. To serve, toss hot noodles with cream mixture and cheeses. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Spaghetti Sauce Bravissimo

2 cans (15 oz. ea.) tomato sauce
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1½ cups water
1 envelope Lipton Onion soup mix
1 teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 bay leaf

In large saucepan, combine tomato sauce, tomato paste, water, soup mix, basil, garlic powder, and bay leaf. Bring to a boil, then simmer, stirring occasionally, 30 minutes. Makes about 5 cups of sauce.

Try adding cooked meatballs, ground beef, or sausage; or chopped mushrooms, clams, or green pepper during the last 10 minutes of cooking.

Lipton® Onion, Onion-Mushroom and Beef Flavor Mushroom. In the boxes with the blue band.



The soups you cook with. From Lipton.

Plain chicken tonight?

Chicken is anything but plain with Betty Crocker Scalloped Potatoes.

Tender potato slices in a velvety smooth white sauce. Delicious, partnered with tonight's chicken or any other plain meat your budget demands. Try them. They make the meal.



The Plain-Meat Potatoes

TREASURED RECIPES

continued

melted. Chill 4 hours or more. Garnish with chopped hard-cooked eggs. Makes 10 servings. About 150 calories per serving.—*Lee Olsen Brennan*

PARTY STUFFED CHICKEN BREASTS
pictured on page 146

Cheese, salami and green onions make a tasty filling for these crunchy chicken breasts.

4 whole chicken breasts
1½ cups (6 oz.) grated Gruyère or Swiss cheese
¼ pound salami, diced
½ cup chopped green onions
1 egg
1 package (3 oz.) chicken coating mix
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
2 cups milk
Parsley or watercress

Preheat oven to 400°F. Halve chicken breasts. Remove skin and bones. Put each piece of chicken between 2 sheets of waxed paper. Pound with mallet until ¼-inch thick; set aside. Toss 1 cup cheese, salami and green onions. Put ¼ cup cheese mixture in center of each breast. Roll up and fasten with toothpick. Dip chicken in beaten egg then roll in coating mix. Place in 13x9-inch greased casserole. Bake for 40 minutes until brown.

Meanwhile, make sauce. Melt butter or margarine in small saucepan. Stir in flour until bubbly and smooth. Gradually beat in milk. Cook and stir until thick. Add remaining cheese, remove from heat and stir until melted. Pour over baked chicken. Garnish with parsley or watercress. Makes 8 servings. About 360 calories per serving.—*Mildred Spencer Waters*

BARLEY-PINE NUT CASSEROLE
pictured on page 146

An intriguing change of pace from rice or potatoes.

6 tablespoons butter or margarine
⅓ cup pine nuts or slivered almonds
1 cup barley
1 onion, chopped
½ cup fresh parsley, minced
¼ cup minced chives or green onions
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3½ cups beef or chicken broth

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease a 1½-quart casserole. In medium saucepan, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add pine nuts and stir-fry until lightly toasted. Remove nuts from skillet; set aside. Add remaining ¼ cup butter to same pan. Sauté barley and onion, stirring constantly until tender. Remove pan from heat. Stir in nuts, parsley, chives, salt and pepper. Spoon into casserole. *(This may be done ahead and refrigerated.)* Heat the broth to boiling. Pour over barley mixture and stir. Bake for hour until barley is tender and liquid absorbed. Makes 6 servings. About 30 calories per serving.—*Susan Dahlstrom Sorensen*

COMPANY CARROTS
pictured on page 146

Fantastic—it's the horseradish that gives this character.

2½ pounds whole carrots
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon minced onion

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

Heritage Cookbook is a handsome spiral bound volume with a patchwork quilt illustration on its cover. Tabs between chapters tell fascinating tales of Salt Lake's history. The book contains over 850 recipes on 284 pages. To order your copy send $5.50 plus $.70 for postage and handling to:

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tablespoon prepared horseradish
lt and pepper to taste
cup finely crushed saltine crackers
tablespoons butter or margarine
rsley, chopped
prika

eheat oven to 375°F. Cook carrots in iling salted water until fork tender. eserve ¼ cup cooking liquid. Cut carts lengthwise in narrow strips. Arrange 9-inch square baking dish; set aside. Combine reserved cooking liquid with ayonnaise, onion, horseradish, salt and pper. (The sauce may be done ahead d refrigerated.) Pour sauce over carts. Sprinkle cracker crumbs on top. ot with butter or margarine. Sprinkle ith parsley and paprika. Bake for 20 inutes. Makes 8 servings. About 165 lories per serving.—*Katherine White umke, Elaine Rampton Marsden*

MILE-HIGH STRAWBERRY PIE
pictured on page 146

ou'll feel like a genius serving this dine frozen pie. Make it at least a day ead.

cup sugar
egg whites
package (10 oz.) frozen strawberries, partially thawed
teaspoon vanilla extract
tablespoon lemon juice
nch of salt
cup heavy or whipping cream, whipped
9-inch pastry shell or crumb crust, baked

ombine sugar, egg whites, strawberries, vanilla, lemon juice and salt in large mixer bowl. Beat mixture at high speed for *15 minutes* until thick, fluffy and voluminous. Fold in whipped cream and pile mixture into baked pie shell. Freeze several hours. After pie is frozen, wrap pie well in foil or plastic wrap. *(May be frozen up to 3 weeks.)* To serve, remove from freezer, slice and serve immediately. Makes one 9-inch pie; 8 servings. About 355 calories per serving.—*Leah Schoenfeld Jones*

DEVILED HAM STUFFED EGGS AU GRATIN
pictured on page 144

We're always looking for good brunch ideas. This recipe fills the bill nicely.

Filling
6 hard-cooked eggs
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 can (2½ oz.) deviled ham
3 green onions, finely chopped (include some tops)
4 sprigs parsley, finely chopped
Salt and pepper

Sauce
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
2 cups milk
2 teaspoons chopped chives
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
¼ cup bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 325°F. Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and set whites aside. In small bowl, combine yolks, melted butter, Worcestershire sauce and mustard and mash until smooth. Stir in deviled ham, green onions, parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Evenly spoon some mixture into each egg white. Arrange in 9-inch square buttered casserole.

To make sauce: Melt butter or margarine and stir in flour with whisk until smooth. Continue stirring, gradually pouring in the milk. Add chives, salt and pepper. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly; pour over eggs. Sprinkle with cheese. Top with crumbs. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 410 calories for each of 6 servings; 305 for each of 8.

ZUCCHINI-BRUSSELS SPROUT SALAD
pictured on page 144

An ingenious use of Brussels sprouts. Make the day before if you like.

1 teaspoon salt
Water
2 cups fresh Brussels sprouts
2 zucchini, unpeeled and sliced
¼ cup sliced green onions
1 cup salad oil
¼ cup fresh lemon juice
¼ cup vinegar
2 garlic cloves, crushed
2 teaspoons seasoned salt
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon red chilies, crushed
Salad greens
10 tomato slices or cherry tomatoes

continued

Plain meatloaf tonight?

Meatloaf is anything but plain with Betty Crocker Sour Cream n' Chive Potatoes.

Tender strips of russet potato with the rich tang of real sour cream seasoned lightly with chives. Enjoy them with tonight's meatloaf, or any time your budget calls for plain meat



The Plain-Meat Potatoes

TREASURED RECIPES

continued

Bring 2-inches salted water to a boil in large saucepan. Add Brussels sprouts. Return to boil. Cover and reduce heat. Simmer just until crisp-tender, 4 or 5 minutes. Plunge immediately into cold water. Cut Brussels sprouts into thin wedges. Toss with zucchini and onions. Set aside. Shake oil, lemon juice, vinegar, garlic, seasoned salt, sugar, dry mustard, salt and chilies in covered jar to blend. Pour over vegetable mixture. Cover. Refrigerate 4 to 24 hours, stirring occasionally. Serve on salad greens. Garnish with tomatoes. Makes 10 servings. About 130 calories each.—*Harriet Cline Nielson*

OUT OF THIS WORLD ROLLS
pictured on page 144

They are!

Basic Rolls

2 packages active dry yeast
1¼ cups warm water
3 eggs, well beaten
4½ to 5 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
Butter or margarine

Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup warm water. Let stand 10 minutes. Combine dissolved yeast, eggs, 2½ cups flour, 1 cup warm water, shortening, sugar, salt in a large mixer bowl. Beat until smooth at medium speed, scraping sides of bowl, for 2 minutes. With wooden spoon, stir in remaining flour to make soft dough. Cover. Let rise until double in bulk, about 1 hour. Punch down, refrigerate overnight.

Three hours before baking, roll out as desired. For Dinner Rolls, divide dough in half. Roll each dough half into a ½-inch thick rectangle. Spread with butter. Starting with long side, roll up jelly-roll style. Cut 1-inch slices. Place in greased muffin pan cups, open side down. Cover. Let rise 3 hours until doubled. Bake in 400°F. oven 12–15 minutes. Makes 30 rolls. 125 calories, each.

Variations:

Orange Rolls

½ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ cup sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange
Powdered sugar icing (your own recipe)

Roll out dough as indicated for Dinner Rolls. Combine ingredients and spread on dough instead of butter. Bake. Frost with powdered sugar icing while hot. About 170 calories per roll.

Garlic Parmesan Rolls

Garlic salt
Grated Parmesan cheese

Follow basic recipe exactly up to taking dough from refrigerator 3 hours befor baking. Pinch off small pieces, roll b tween hands to form slender sticks. Plac on greased baking sheets. Shake lightl with garlic salt; heavily with Parmesa Let rise until not quite doubled in bul Bake at 400°F 12–15 minutes. Makes 4 rolls. About 80 calories each.
(Note: Make ahead and freeze. Rehe wrapped in foil.—Bonnie Lake

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: THE NEW WOMAN POWER

PAGE 114: LIZ CLAIBORNE tweedy, wool cardigan sweater with raglan sleeves and pockets, $50, worn over ribbed cowl-neck sweater of lambswool and angora, $32, and ■ flannel wool-blend dirndl skirt, $52. Available at Macy's, N.Y.; Fahs, Inc., Albany and Syracuse; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Hudson's, Detroit; Higbee's, Cleveland; Foley's, Houston; Bullock's, Northern California.

ACCESSORIES: Buckled boots from SEARS.

PAGE 115: GAYLE KIRKPATRICK FOR TUDOR SQUARE polo sweater of lambswool and angora blend, $40, with softly gored plaid skirt, $70, and matching triangular shawl, $28, both 100% wool. Available at Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y., Chicago and San Francisco; Hess's, Allentown, Pa.; The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. and Baltimore; Montaldo's, all stores.

ACCESSORIES: Nubby knit leg warmers, HOT SOX; gray walking shoes from SEARS; bracelets, CATHERINE STEIN; earrings and rings, KJL.

PAGE 116: SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN sparkly knit synthetic and wool blend evening gown, comes with its own rhinestone belt, $300, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin, all stores.

ACCESSORIES: Glittery rings and earrings, KJL.

PAGE 117: BILL BLASS FOR BLASSPORT peasant-like, blanket plaid dress has full sleeves, elasticized cuffs and neckline, worn on or off the shoulder, $124. Large square, fringed shawl, $58. Both, wool and nylon blend. Available at Bonwit Teller, all stores; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; The Carriage Shop, Dallas; Neusteter's, Denver.

ACCESSORIES: Jewelry by KJL.

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Graham Streusel Cake

Made with Betty Crocker® Cake Mix

- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- ¾ cup chopped nuts
- ¾ cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1¼ teaspoons cinnamon
- ¾ cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1 cup water
- 1 package Betty Crocker* yellow, white, German chocolate, sour cream yellow, Butter Brickle,* lemon, chocolate fudge supreme, devil's food or butter pecan cake mix
- ¼ cup vegetable oil
- 3 eggs
- Vanilla Glaze (below)

Heat oven to 350° Generously grease and flour oblong pan, 13 × 9 × 2 inches. Mix crumbs, nuts, brown sugar, cinnamon and butter; reserve. Blend cake mix, water, oil and eggs on low speed until moistened, about 30 seconds. Beat on medium speed, stirring occasionally, 3 minutes. Pour ½ of the batter (about 2½ cups) into pan; sprinkle with ½ of the reserved crumb mixture. Spread remaining batter evenly over crumb mixture; sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture. Bake until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean, 45 to 50 minutes; cool. Drizzle cake with Vanilla Glaze.

This recipe has been tested in the Betty Crocker Kitchens using a Betty Crocker Cake Mix. For best results use Betty Crocker.

VANILLA GLAZE: Mix 1 cup powdered sugar and 1 to 2 tablespoons water until desired consistency.

*Reg. T.M. of General Mills, Inc., *Reg. T.M. of Fenn Brothers, Inc.

Look for other delicious recipes on all of our cake mix packages.



Even the strongest cynics have to admit microwave ovens are here to stay. You may have one already—approximately 7 to 8 percent of the homes in the U.S.A. do, and by 1985 one out of every two households will be microwaving. We have one—and couldn't live without it. Or wouldn't want to. But we, like many, are guilty of using the micro constantly for defrosting and heating but not COOKING in it as much as we could. Beginning this month we will correct this situation by sharing with you a recipe for a microwave entrée along with menu suggestions for a quick and easy meal. And of course, there are some excellent microwave cookbooks available (every manufacturer has at least one) to help you begin to *think* microwave. Here, to start our new series, are two speedy entrées—a beef noodle casserole (you don't even have to precook the noodles) using spaghetti sauce in a jar, and micro "fried" chicken (dried bread crumbs and paprika add color). Happy microwaving!

BEEF NOODLE CASSEROLE
pictured above

1 pound ground beef
1½ cups (about 4 oz.) medium noodles, broken into pieces, about 1-inch
½ cup diced onion
2 cups (16 oz. jar) meatless spaghetti sauce
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper
1 cup water
1 medium tomato, peeled

Crumble ground beef evenly into a 2-quart glass casserole; sprinkle on uncooked noodles and onion. Stir ¼ cup of the cheese, sugar, salt and pepper into the spaghetti sauce. Pour sauce over the ingredients in casserole. Cover with waxed paper. Cook in the microwave oven for 10 minutes; stir and break up meat. Replace waxed paper and turn dish. Cook an additional 5 minutes. Stir and let stand out of oven 10 minutes, stirring again after 5 minutes. Meanwhile, cut tomato into ¼-inch-thick slices. Cut each slice in half. Place tomato over meat mixture and sprinkle tomato with remaining cheese. Cover and cook 2 minutes. Makes 4 servings. About 570 calories per serving.

To peel the tomato: In 1-pint glass measuring cup, heat 1 cup water in microwave oven for 2½ minutes, or until boiling. Add tomato, let stand 1 minute. Remove from water and peel.

Suggested Menu: Serve with spinach salad with mushroom, egg slices, bottled oil and vinegar dressing; French bread and butter; lime sherbet and sugar cookies.

MICROWAVE FRIED CHICKEN

1 cup dried bread crumbs*
1½ teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon finely crumbled bay leaf
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg white
1 tablespoon water
1 (3 lb.) broiler-fryer chicken, cut up
¼ cup butter or margarine

On sheet of waxed paper combine bread crumbs, paprika, salt, bay leaf, garlic powder and pepper. In pie plate mix egg white with the water. Dip each piece of chicken into the egg white; then coat evenly with bread crumb mixture. Place in 12x8-inch glass baking dish with larger pieces on the outside, smaller in the center. In 1-cup glass measure, melt butter or margarine in the microwave oven for 45 seconds or until melted. Pour over chicken. Cook, uncovered, 5 minutes; rotate dish a quarter turn and cook an additional 5 minutes. Cover with waxed paper and cook 10 more minutes; rotate dish a quarter turn after 5 minutes. Let stand covered 10 minutes before serving. Makes 4 servings. About 470 calories per serving.

Suggested Menu: Serve with mixed vegetables with rice, Brussels sprouts and baby carrots; chocolate layer cake, milk or coffee.

The paprika is what gives the chicken that "fried" look. **End**

Photograph by Allen Lieberman

A marshmallow a day puts a smile on your face.





If you use any oil but Planters, your Szechuan Shrimp won't taste like Shun Lee's.

Shun Lee's Szechuan Shrimp

½ cup minced scallions
½ cup minced bamboo shoots
3 tablespoons water
3 large cloves garlic, minced
½ cup catsup
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ teaspoon liquid hot pepper sauce
1½ cups Planters Peanut Oil
1 pound shelled and deveined raw shrimp
¼ teaspoon minced fresh ginger root
3 tablespoons Dry Sack® sherry
1½ teaspoons sesame oil *or*
1 tablespoon toasted sesame seeds

Makes 4 servings.

Combine scallions, bamboo shoots, ginger, garlic, and pepper sauce in a small bowl.

In second bowl combine sugar, catsup, sherry, soy sauce, and sesame oil (or sesame seeds).

In third bowl mix cornstarch and water. Heat Planters Oil in wok or large skillet to 400°F. Have ready a large strainer with a bowl underneath. Add shrimp to hot oil, stirring until done, about 2 minutes. Pour oil and shrimp into strainer to drain.

Heat 2 tablespoons of the strained oil in same wok or skillet over high heat. Add scallion mixture and stir-fry 1 minute. Add drained shrimp and stir-fry 30 seconds more. Pour in catsup mixture. Stir for another 30 seconds. Add cornstarch mixture to wok. Cook and stir until slightly thicker.

There is hardly a fine chef who doesn't know all about peanut oil. It is a key ingredient in innumerable gourmet recipes. And it's one of the few gourmet ingredients you can routinely use in your kitchen to make the most of everyday seafood dishes, sauces and salads.



Another fine product of *Standard Brands*

Planters® Oil. The key ingredient.

The Shun Lee Palace, 155 East 55th Street, N.Y., N.Y., is one of New York's finest Oriental restaurants.

Grapes

continued from page 137

GRAPE MOLD
pictured on page 136

...ly elegant—yet elegantly simple!

...cup sugar
...envelopes unflavored gelatin
...cup water
...cups white wine
...cup sweet sherry
...½ pounds (4 cups) seedless grapes
...ard Sauce
...cup half and half cream
...egg yolks, slightly beaten
...tablespoons sugar
...teaspoon vanilla extract
...cup heavy cream, whipped

...*mold:* In large saucepan, mix sugar ...gelatin. Add water and cook over ...heat until sugar and gelatin are dis...d, stirring constantly. Stir in white ... and sherry. Place grapes in a 6-cup ... mold; pour in gelatin mixture. Re...rate until set, about 4 to 5 hours.

...*Custard Sauce:* In heavy saucepan, ... half and half cream until bubbles ... at the edge. In a small bowl, beat ...yolks and sugar. Gradually add some ...cream to egg mixture, stirring con...tly. Pour warmed egg mixture gradu... back into heated cream, stirring ...tantly, to prevent lumping. Cook ... low heat, stirring constantly, with ...den spoon, until thick, about 15 ...utes. Cover surface of custard with ...ed paper; refrigerate until well ...led. Stir in vanilla and fold in ...pped cream. Makes 2 cups. About ...alories per tablespoon.

...Quickly dip grape mold into warm ...er and invert onto platter; remove ...d. Serve with Custard Sauce. Makes ...o 10 servings. About 215 calories ...hout Custard Sauce per 8 servings; ...ut 170 calories per 10 servings. ...ecipe doubled for photography to fill ...11-cup ring mold.) *(continued)*

...E SINGLE LEAF

...Don Manker

...s looking;
...t happened to be looking

...n it fell
...o no sound
...ll—(no bell,
...ermon on the mount)—
... made a scribble
...ght going down,

...n it fell
... a bright penny
... wishing well,
...ling through water)
...ng through light
... made a little scribble
...g down.



Rice. And when you combine it with some sliced mushrooms, green peas and a few other good things, you've got yourself a terrific vegetable dish. Combined with meats or poultry, rice will make almost any meal go further and taste better—whether you're cooking for two...or six...or more. Because rice tastes great with everything and it's right there in your kitchen.

So tonight, throw open the cupboard doors and treat your family to rice. Starting with good-tasting Mushroom Rice—a quick, economical side dish that's really delicious. And it's easy...once you get the rice out.

Mushroom Rice

3 cups hot cooked rice, cooked in chicken broth
1 can (4 ounces) sliced mushrooms, drained
1 cup cooked green peas
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
¼ teaspoon onion powder
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons diced pimiento

Combine rice, mushrooms, peas, butter, seasonings and pimiento. Heat until vegetables are hot, about 3 or 4 minutes. Toss lightly. Makes 6 servings.

For more easy-to-make rice recipes, write to: Rice Council of America, Dept. L, Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

©Rice Council for Market Development 1977

Rice

Rice Council of America

Grapes

continued

CORNISH HENS WITH GRAPES AND WILD RICE
pictured on page 137

A festive entrée for family or company.

Stuffing
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup finely chopped onion
- ½ cup finely chopped celery
- ½ cup diced, cooked ham
- 1 package (6 oz.) long-grain and wild rice mix
- 2½ cups water
- 1 tablespoon marjoram, crushed
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups seedless grapes, halved

Herb Butter
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons chopped chives
- ½ teaspoon marjoram, crushed

4 (1 lb. each) Rock Cornish game hens
¼ cup white grape jelly, melted

For stuffing: In medium saucepan, melt butter or margarine; add onion and celery and sauté over medium heat until golden. Add ham and rice (do not add seasoning packet); stir until well coated, about 1 minute. Stir in water, marjoram, salt and pepper; heat to boiling. Cover; reduce heat and cook for about 25 minutes or until rice is almost tender. Add grapes and set aside.

For herb butter: In small saucepan, melt butter or margarine; add lemon juice, chives and marjoram. Set aside.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Rinse hens with water and dry well. Sprinkle inside and outside with salt and pepper. Spoon about ½ cup stuffing into each hen. (Place remaining stuffing in 1-quart casserole.) Close opening of each hen with wooden toothpicks; tie legs together. Place in shallow roasting pan. Brush hens with Herb Butter. Roast for 1 hour, basting occasionally. During last 30 minutes of roasting, place remaining stuffing, covered, in oven and bake along with hens until hot. Five minutes before hens are done, brush with melted jelly. Serve stuffing with the Cornish hens. Makes 4 servings. About 760 calories each.

GLAZED HAM WITH RED GRAPES
pictured on this page

Quick but spectacular. A treat for the family.

2 cups water
1 pound fully-cooked ham steak
½ cup white grape jelly
2 teaspoons prepared horseradish
1¼ teaspoons dry mustard
¼ cup lemon juice
2 cups red grapes, halved and seeded

In 10-inch skillet, heat water to boiling. Add ham steak; cover and simmer 25 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes or longer. Drain off water. Meanwhile, in small bowl, combine remaining ingredients except grapes. Add jelly mixture and grapes to ham. Cook over low heat until ham and grapes are well glazed and heated through, about 5 minutes. Makes 4 servings, about 430 calories each.

BAKED CHICKEN WITH GRAPES
pictured below

Walnuts and sesame seeds add crunch and flavor.

1 cup white wine
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon rosemary, crushed
2 garlic cloves, crushed
Salt
2 (1 lb. each) whole chicken breasts, halved
⅓ cup ground walnuts
¼ cup dried bread crumbs
2 tablespoons toasted sesame seed
1 cup seedless grapes

Mix first 4 ingredients and 1 teaspoon salt in shallow dish. Rinse chicken in cold water; pat dry. Place chicken in wine mixture and turn to coat. Cover and marinate in refrigerator for at least 2 hours, turning once. Meanwhile, in small bowl or pan mix 1 teaspoon salt and remaining ingredients except grapes.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Drain chicken from marinate; reserve. Coat chicken evenly in crumb mixture. Place chicken in greased baking pan. Bake uncovered for 45 minutes. Pour marinade into pan and add grapes; continue cooking for 5 to 10 more minutes. Makes 4 servings, about 375 calories each.

CURRIED GRAPE AND TUNA SALAD
pictured below

A terrific fall luncheon entrée.

⅓ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons lemon juice
1 can (6½ or 7 oz.) tuna, drained
¼ cup diced water chestnuts
1 cup red grapes, halved and seeded
2 medium avocados, halved

In medium bowl, mix sour cream, may onnaise, curry powder, salt and 1½ tea spoons of the lemon juice. Add tuna an stir until well mixed. Stir in water chest nuts and grapes. Cut avocados in hal and remove pits. Rub cut sides wit remaining lemon juice. Fill with tun mixture. Makes 4 servings, about 29 calories each.

DEVILED VEGETABLES WITH GRAPES
pictured below

A colorful and zesty accompaniment t almost any meat, fish or poultry course

2 cups water
½ pound carrots, peeled and cut in 2½-inch julienne strips
½ pound parsnips, peeled and cut in 2½-inch julienne strips
⅓ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons light brown sugar
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
8 drops bottled red pepper sauce
2 cups seedless grapes

In 12-inch covered skillet, heat water t boiling. Add carrots and parsnips an cook for 2 to 3 minutes or until just ten der; drain and set aside. In same skille melt butter or margarine; add next ingredients and mix well. Add grape and return vegetables to skillet. Coo over medium heat, stirring occasionally until grapes are soft and vegetables ar well glazed. Makes 6 servings, about 19 calories each.

(continued on page 162)



Clockwise, upper left: Glazed Ham with Red Grapes, Baked Chicken with Grapes, Deviled Vegetables with Grapes and Curried Grape Tuna Salad



A sandwich is a sandwich, but a Manwich® is a meal.

ill on the left has a sandwich. His
d Johnny has a Manwich. The difference
ndwich is cold, while a Manwich is
nd hearty. More like a meal.
hat's because a Manwich is a sloppy joe
with your fresh ground beef and
's Manwich Sauce. And what a thick
—with tomatoes, sweet onions, crisp
eppers and a special blend of 10 spices
easonings.
Next time you're thinking of making a
wich, remember Johnny. And make
nwich.

Here's another way to make a Manwich:

ITALIAN MANWICH

1 lb. lean ground beef
1 (15½ oz.) can Hunts Manwich Sandwich Sauce
½ teaspoon Italian herb seasoning
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan Cheese
6 hamburger buns

In a 10" skillet, saute ground beef until beef loses redness; drain fat. Add Hunt's Manwich Sauce, Italian herb seasoning and Parmesan. Simmer 5-10 minutes. Spoon equal portions of meat mixture between bun halves. Makes six servings. For 12 servings, use the Family Size (27½ oz.) can of Manwich; double other ingredients.

For our free, 33-page Manwich recipe booklet, send 25¢ to cover postage and handling to:

50 Famous Manwich Recipes
Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.
P.O. Box 16757
Irvine, CA 92714



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▲ Broccoli with Cheese Sauce



▲ French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds



▲ Green Peas with Cream Sauce

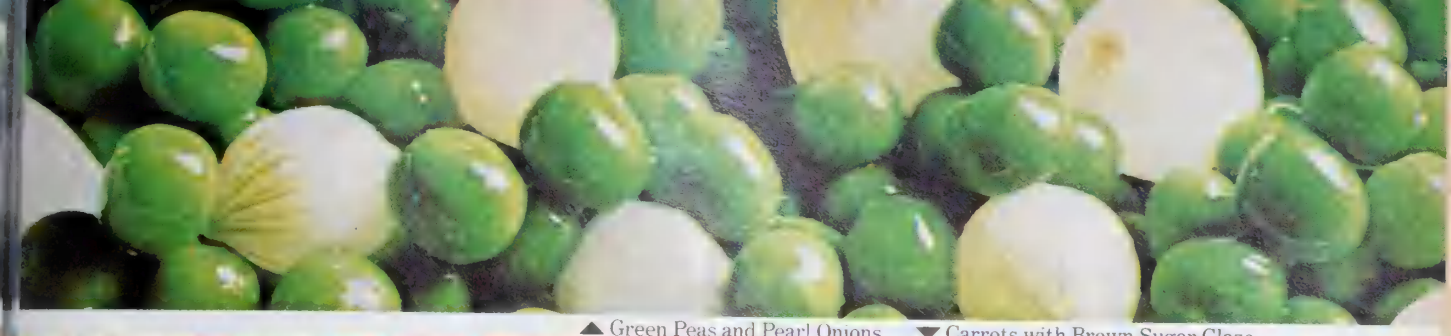


▲ Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce



▲ Creamed Spinach ▼ Small Onions with Cream Sauce





▲ Green Peas and Pearl Onions ▼ Carrots with Brown Sugar Glaze



Birds Eye® Combinations will do almost anything to get your husband's attention.

Does your husband think your vegetables are all as alike as peas in a pod? Even when you're not serving peas? Then you should be serving him Birds Eye® Combinations.

Birds Eye® Combinations are mixed vegetables, glazed vegetables, vegetables in a cream sauce, vegetables with almonds, interesting, colorful, exciting vegetables.

They're even vegetables in a tangy, brand-new cheese sauce: Broccoli with cheese sauce and Cauliflower with cheese sauce.

In short, they are vegetables that your husband absolutely cannot ignore. That's because Birds Eye® Combinations will catch his passing fancy...the kind that makes him keep on asking you to pass the vegetables over to him.



BIRDS EYE®

Birds Eye® Combinations.

The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

e photographs are approx. 2 times actual size.

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Grapes

continued from page 158

GRAPE-SOUR CREAM COFFEECAKE
pictured on this page

Perfect for brunch or as a goody with coffee or tea.

Topping
- ½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine

Coffeecake
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2½ cups seedless grapes

For topping: In small bowl, combine first 3 ingredients. Cut in butter or margarine until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Set aside.

For Coffeecake: Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease a 12 x 8-inch glass baking dish. Cream butter or margarine with sugar. Beat in eggs and vanilla; blend in sour cream. Reserving 1 tablespoon flour, combine remaining dry ingredients and add to sour cream mixture. Mix well.

In small bowl, toss grapes with reserved flour. Spread batter into baking dish. Evenly sprinkle on grapes then topping mixture. With knife or spatula, swirl this mixture through the batter. Bake for about 50 to 60 minutes or until toothpick inserted into center comes out clean. Serve warm or cold. Makes 12 servings, about 345 calories each.

GRAPE WINE MERINGUE PIE
pictured on this page

Surprise! Looks like a cream pie but the filling is made with wine. Unusual—and quite tasty.

- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie crust
- 2 cups dry white wine
- 1 cup sugar
- Peel of ½ lemon
- 2 cups seedless grapes
- 6 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- Salt
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

Preheat oven to 400°F. Prick pie shell and bake 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from oven to wire rack. Reduce oven temperature to 350°F.

Meanwhile, in medium saucepan, heat 1½ cups wine, 2 tablespoons of the sugar and lemon peel, over medium heat just until the liquid begins to boil, about 3 to 5 minutes. *Do not boil.* Add grapes; reduce heat to medium-low and simmer, uncovered, for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove grapes with slotted spoon; set aside. Discard lemon peel.

Meanwhile, in small bowl, combine flour, 6 tablespoons sugar, dash salt, egg yolks and remaining ½ cup white wine until smooth. Gradually add some of the hot wine liquid into the egg mixture until slightly warm. Then add egg mixture all at once to hot wine liquid, stirring constantly with wire whisk to prevent lumping. Cook over medium-low heat, stirring until thick and bubbly, about 5 to 7 minutes. Let boil on low heat 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add butter or margarine and stir until melted. Fold grapes and any liquid that drains from the grapes into the egg mixture until well combined. Pour into baked pie crust.

For Meringue: In small mixer bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar at high speed just until soft peaks begin to form. Gradually add remaining ½ cup sugar, beating constantly, just until stiff peaks form. (Be careful not to overbeat.) Spread a thin layer of meringue over warm custard mixture, sealing to edge of crust. Pile on remaining meringue and swirl. Bake 10 to 15 minutes until light golden brown. Cool. Makes 8 servings. About 355 calories per serving.

GRAPE JELLY
pictured below

Have the kids help in making their favorite jelly.

- 1 cup bottled purple grape juice
- 1 cup bottled white grape juice
- 3½ cups (1½ lb.) sugar
- ½ a 6-ounce bottle liquid fruit pectin
- 4 jelly glasses, sterilized (see Ed. Note)
- Paraffin, melted (see Ed. Note)

In large saucepan, combine juices and sugar; stir. Cook over high heat, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves and mixture begins to boil. At once, stir in liqu fruit pectin. Heat to a full rolling b and boil for 1 minute, stirring constant Remove from heat. Skim off any fo with metal spoon; discard. Ladle i hot sterilized glasses. Cover each gl at once with ⅛-inch melted paraff Store at room temperature. Makes fi 6-ounce glasses. About 50 calories p tablespoon.

Ed. Note: *To sterilize jars or glass* Wash jars or glasses thoroughly in h soapy water; rinse. Place jars or glas in pan and cover with water. Boil for minutes. Leave jars or glasses in wa until ready to use. Then remove fr water and drain well; fill.

To melt paraffin: Place paraffin in sm container in hot water over low he (Do not melt paraffin over direct hea it may splatter and could ignite.)

GRAPE WINE JELLY

Make now and save for gift-giving.

- 2 cups bottled purple grape juice
- 1 cup sauterne wine
- 5 cups sugar
- ½ a 6-ounce bottle liquid fruit pectin
- 7 jelly glasses, sterilized
- Paraffin, melted

In large saucepan, combine juice, w and sugar; stir. Cook over high heat, s ring constantly until sugar dissolves a mixture begins to boil. At once, stir liquid fruit pectin. Heat to a full roll boil and boil for 1 minute, stirring c stantly. Remove from heat. Skim off a foam with metal spoon; discard. La into hot, sterilized glasses. Cover e glass at once with ⅛-inch melted paraf Store at room temperature. Makes sev 6-oz. glasses. About 50 calories per tab spoon. E



Clockwise, upper left: Grape Jelly, Frosted Grapes (no recipe), Grape Wine Meringue Pie and Grape Sour Cream Coffeecake



VAIST NOT, WANT NOT.



Some things are not
ney appear. Take a Dole
ana. Sweet and plump
creamy enough to satisfy
hungries. Maybe you think
oaded with calories. Uh-uh.
ıedium-size Dole banana
:ains only about 101 calories,
holesterol and about as much
fat as you'll find in lettuce. So when that 10 A.M. craving comes and you want to keep the scale tipped in your favor, grab a Dole banana. It's one snack that won't go to your waist.

The Dole Banana.
As a snack, it's a natural.

CASTLE & COOKE, INC.



continued on page 139

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN DINNER MENU
Serves 5
pictured on page 139

Hawaiian Chicken with Vegetables and Sauce
Quick Cooking Rice
Frozen Cherry Cheesecake
Milk

Hawaiian Chicken and Rice

1 package (1½ to 2 lb.) frozen fried chicken
2 packages (10-oz. each) frozen Hawaiian-style vegetables with sauce
3 cups hot cooked rice (use quick cooking rice)

Place chicken in a 9-inch square baking dish. Bake in heated oven according to package directions. Meanwhile cook vegetables according to package directions. During 10 minutes of heating time for chicken, spoon vegetables sauce over chicken. Serve with rice.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
Thaw frozen cheesecake at room temperature or in refrigerator according to package directions. Pour milk.

PIZZA DINNER MENU
Serves 4
pictured on page 139

Minestrone Soup
Pepperoni-Cheese Pizza
Zucchini Sticks
Neopolitan Ice Cream

Pepperoni-Cheese Pizza

2 frozen (12 inch) cheese pizzas
1 package (4 oz.) shredded mozzarella cheese (1 cup)
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon garlic powder
1 package (3½ oz.) pepperoni slices

Preheat oven as directed on package for pizza. Sprinkle cheese evenly on top of each pizza, then oregano and garlic powder. Top each pizza with half the pepperoni slices. Bake as directed on package. Cut each into wedges.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS:
Heat 2 cans (10½ oz. each) condensed minestrone soup according to label. Cut 2 medium zucchini into wedges or sticks. Scoop ice cream.

PORTS O'-CALL
Serves 4
pictured on page 139

Tomato Juice
Fish Sandwich
Coleslaw
Potato Chips
Melon Balls

Fish Sandwiches

4 frozen breaded fish fillets
4 slices American cheese
4 hamburger rolls, split
4 tablespoons tartar sauce (optional)

Place fish fillets on baking sheet and bake according to package directions. During last 5 minutes of baking time, place rolls on baking sheet, cut side down. Top each fillet with cheese slice. When cheese has melted, place fillets on bun and spoon on tartar sauce, if desired.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
Use 1 can (18 oz.) chilled tomato juice for 4. *(continued)*

Wessonality™!

That's when you taste the salad, not the oil.



Florence Henderson's shown you on TV how Wessonality is the nicest thing that can happen to fried foods. She can show you how to make it happen to salads, too.

"The last thing you want in your salad is an oil with a strong taste of its own. That's why Wesson's so wonderful. Wesson's pure, 100% vegetable oil lets you taste your salad, your whole salad and nothing but your salad—with all its fresh greens, its delicate herbs and seasonings. You see, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own. You'll taste the salad, not the oil. And when *that* happens, *that's* Wessonality!

"Try it yourself with this delicious Chef Salad."

CHEF SALAD: On top of a bed of endive and romaine lettuce, arrange sticks of cheddar cheese, Swiss cheese, turkey breast and ham—plus halved cherry tomatoes. Then mix ½ cup Wesson Oil with ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ tsp. Italian herb seasoning and ¼ tsp. garlic powder. Mmmm.

© 1977 Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.

Florence Henderson

Serve sandwiches with coleslaw (1 lb.) from refrigerator or deli section, potato chips and 1 bag (16 oz.) melon balls, partially thawed and drained.

BEEF STEW DINNER MENU
Serves 4
pictured on page 139

Beef Stew with Green Beans
Biscuits
Iceberg Lettuce Salad
Orange Sherbet

Beef Stew with Green Beans

2 cans (1 lb., 3 oz. each) chunky beef soup with vegetables
1 cup green beans (canned, drained; or frozen)
¼ teaspoon thyme (optional)

In a medium size saucepan, over medium heat cook soup, beans and thyme until hot, stirring occasionally. Serve with biscuits.

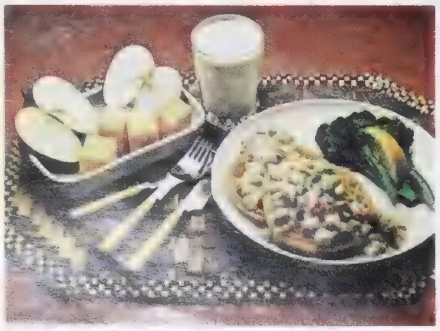
MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
Prepare 8 heat and serve baking powder biscuits according to package directions. Slice 1 medium head iceberg lettuce into 4 wedges; top with bottled Thousand Island dressing. Scoop sherbet.

SUNDAY SUPPER MENU
Serves 4
pictured below

Chicken a la King on Waffles
Broccoli Spear Salad
Apples and Cheddar Cheese

Chicken a la King

3 packages (5 oz. each) frozen chicken a la king in cooking pouches
1 cup baby lima beans (frozen or canned, drained)
8 frozen waffles, toasted



Sunday Supper Menu



German Dinner Menu

Remove chicken a la king from cooking pouch to a medium size saucepan. Add lima beans and cook over low heat until heated through. Serve chicken a la king over waffles.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
For a Broccoli Salad, thaw and drain 2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen broccoli spears; top with bottled Italian dressing and lemon wedge, if desired. Halve apples and serve with chunks or wedges of Cheddar cheese.

GERMAN DINNER MENU
Serves 4
pictured on this page

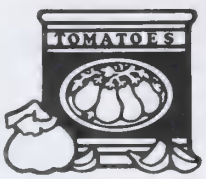
Salisbury Steak with Gravy
Sweet and Sour Red Cabbage
Mashed Potatoes
Sliced Cucumber Salad
Apple Turnovers

Salisbury Steak

1 package (2 lbs.) frozen salisbury steak with gravy
1 tablespoon light brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon white vinegar

Heat salisbury steak and gravy according to package directions. Before serving, in a small bowl, dissolve brown sugar and salt with vinegar and two tablespoons of the hot gravy from steak. Stir mixture into remaining gravy in baking pan.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
Prepare instant mashed potatoes to equal 3 cups according to package directions. Spoon 1 jar (16 oz.) sweet and sour cabbage into covered baking dish and heat in oven along with steak. Slice 2 medium cucumbers; top with bottled oil and vinegar dressing. Bake frozen apple turnovers according to package directions.



CHOW MEIN DINNER MENU
Serves 4
pictured on this page

Egg Rolls
Shrimp Chow Mein on Noodles
Pineapple-Orange Cup

Shrimp Chow Mein

1 can (2 lb 11 oz.) shrimp chow mein with separate can sauce attached
4 green onions, cut in ½-inch slices
2 teaspoons soy sauce
1 can (3 oz.) fried noodles

In large saucepan add green onions and soy sauce to contents of can of shrimp sauce. Heat to a simmer. Do not boil. Add vegetables from large can. Cook over low heat until heated throu Serve with fried noodles.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
Heat frozen egg rolls according to pa age directions. Toss 1 can (8 oz.) pi apple chunks, drained and 1 can oz.) mandarin oranges, drained, toge er.

MID-WEEK SUPPER MENU
Serves 6
pictured below

Macaroni and Cheese with Sausa
Baked Tomato Halves with Seasoned Crumbs
Celery and Carrot Spears
Fruited Gelatin Dessert with Sour Cream

Baked Breaded Tomato

3 tomatoes, cut in half
¼ cup seasoned bread crumbs
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Sprinkle each tomato half with 2 spoons bread crumbs. Dot top with ter or margarine. Place on baking sh set aside.

Macaroni and Cheese with Sausag

2 packages (20 oz. each) frozen maca and cheese
1 package (8 oz.) fully cooked sausage links, thawed and cut into ½-inch slices

Bake macaroni and cheese accordin package directions. During last 20 m utes of baking place tomatoes in o with the macaroni. During last 10 m utes of baking, place sausage slices macaroni and cheese.

MENU SERVING SUGGESTIONS
Keep prepared carrot and celery sp on hand in refrigerator in plastic b For dessert, top 1 carton (14 oz.) fru gelatin dessert (from your superma deli section) with sour cream.



Chow Mein Dinner Menu



Mid-Week Supper Menu

Chocolate Bavarian is so special, even most bakeries don't make it.

Sara Lee does.

Just try to find a bakery that'll make it. With all that whipped cream and more whipped cream and more whipped cream on top. All laced with rich dark chocolate.

But that's the way they do it in Bavaria where this recipe comes from. So being Sara Lee, we naturally feel we have to do as much.

And maybe more. Even though most wouldn't attempt it at all.

Sara Lee

International Desserts



A Consolidated Foods Company responsive to consumer needs

RAH-RAH TAILGATE PICNIC!

continued from page 142

both packages pie crust mixes, grated cheese and enough water to moisten mixture so it forms into a ball. Roll out ⅔ of the pastry into a 14-inch circle about ⅛-inch thick. Line bottom and sides of springform pan with pastry. Cut off excess pastry at rim of pan. Brush bottom of crust with egg yolk. Spoon filling evenly into pastry. Fold down sides of pastry. Moisten edge with egg yolk. Roll remaining pastry into 9-inch circle. Cut slashes in pastry for steam to escape during baking. Place pastry over filling and pat edges together to seal. If desired, cut leftover pastry to decorate top crust (or form into bread sticks). Add 1 tablespoon water to remaining yolk and brush top of pastry. Bake for 1½ hours. Let stand 10 minutes before serving or cool to room temperature, then refrigerate. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Refrigerate up to 48 hours.)* Cut into wedges and serve. Makes 10 to 12 servings. About 505 calories for each of 10 servings; 420 calories for each of 12.

For picnic: Prepare as above; cover and refrigerate until well chilled, up to 2 days. Carry in springform pan in an insulated container to picnic.

MARINATED VEGETABLES

You can't beat marinated veggies for snacking or picnicking.

Vegetables
- 1 head (about 1¼ pounds) cauliflower, cut into flowerets to equal 4 cups
- 2 medium zucchini, sliced ¼-inch thick
- Boiling water
- 1 pint cherry tomatoes

Dressing
- ½ cup salad oil
- ¼ cup olive oil
- ¼ cup white wine vinegar
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¾ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon chervil

In large saucepan, blanch cauliflower and zucchini in boiling water for 1 minute. Drain. Prick holes in cherry tomatoes. Combine dressing ingredients and mix well. Pour over vegetables, stir until well coated. Marinate for at least 2 hours or overnight; stirring occasionally. *To serve:* Spoon vegetables into bowl with slotted spoon. (Reserve any remaining dressing to serve on tossed salad another day.) Makes 8 servings. About 155 calories per serving.

For picnic: Prepare vegetables 24 hours in advance. Spoon into plastic container; cover and refrigerate. Carry in basket to picnic.

SUE'S PRUNE CAKE

Our food editor's favorite cake, even above chocolate. Don't expect a ligh fluffy cake—this is dense and moi slightly reminiscent of steamed puddin

Cake
- 2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 cup puréed prunes (we used junior or baby prunes)
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Topping
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup buttermilk
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon light corn syrup
- ⅛ teaspoon baking soda

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 12-c Bundt pan; set aside. In large mix bowl, combine all cake ingredients e cept walnuts. Beat at low speed until ingredients are moistened, scraping sid of bowl occasionally. Increase speed medium; continue beating until smoo Stir in nuts. Pour into pan and bake 1 hour and 15 minutes. Cool cake in p for 20 minutes on wire rack. Remo from pan to wire rack.

Meanwhile, prepare topping. In sm saucepan, combine all topping ing dients. Cook over low heat, stirri constantly, for about 10 *(continue*

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RAH-RAH TAILGATE PICNIC!

continued

minutes. (Watch closely for it can boil over easily.) Place cake on rack over a sheet of waxed paper. Using fork or wooden skewer, prick holes in cake. Slowly pour syrup over warm cake letting excess topping drip onto waxed paper. Let cool completely before slicing. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap well and freeze up to 2 months. To thaw, unwrap and let stand at room temperature for 2 to 3 hours.)* The cake is better if made the day before. Makes 16 servings. About 410 calories per serving.

For picnic: Place frozen, unwrapped cake in cake carrier or unbreakable platter; cover and carry.

Editor's note: For 8-cup Bundt pan (9-inches), which we used for photography, bake for 1 hour and 25 minutes. Cool in pan for 10 minutes.

SPIKED COFFEE

A good halftime refreshment for added team "spirits."

20 ounces hot coffee (2½ cups)
6 ounces (¾ cup) anise-flavored, coffee-flavored, almond-flavored or golden Italian liqueur

Mix coffee with liqueur choice. Makes 4 servings, about 125 calories each.

For picnic: Prepare coffee as above. Pour into thermos container. Double recipe for Tailgate Picnic. **End**

STAY-WARM DIET

continued from page 102

CANTONESE SHRIMP

1½ lb. shelled and deveined shrimp
¼ cup thinly sliced onion
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger
1 package (9 oz.) frozen cut green beans
1 cup chicken broth
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon water

Cook shrimp, onions and garlic in oil for 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in seasonings, green beans and chicken broth, cover; simmer 5 to 7 minutes. Combine cornstarch and water; stir into shrimp mixture. Cook until thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Serve over rice. Makes 6 servings; about 150 calories per serving.

STRAWBERRY FLUFF

1 package low-calorie strawberry gelatin
½ cup hot water
½ cup crushed strawberries (unsweetened)
¾ cup evaporated milk, chilled

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Add crushed strawberries. Whip the evaporated milk until almost stiff and fold into the gelatin mixture. Pour into 4 individual dessert dishes. Chill until set. Makes 4 servings; about 125 calories per serving.

FLUFFY CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

6 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated onion
Dash of hot pepper sauce
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 cups water
⅔ cup instant nonfat dry milk solids
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
5 eggs, separated

Blend first 7 ingredients with ½ cup water until smooth; add nonfat milk solids and remaining water. Blend; cook until thickened. Stir cheese into hot white sauce; cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Beat egg whites until they stand in moist peaks. Beat egg yolk slightly and add to hot mixture; fold hot mixture into egg whites. Pour into ungreased 1½ quart baking dish. Bake at 375° F. until done and golden brown. Makes 4 servings; about 600 calories per serving.

CHOCOLATE PIE

¾ cup graham cracker crumbs
1½ tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 cups skim milk
1 envelope low-calorie chocolate pudding mix
1 envelope low-calorie whipped topping

Combine crumbs with butter or margarine. Press into 8-inch pie plate. Bake in 350° F. oven for 5 minutes. Cool thoroughly. Add milk slowly to pudding mix, stirring constantly; cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil. Cool 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon into pie crust; chill until firm. Top with low-calorie whipped topping. Makes 6 servings; about 135 calories per serving.

BAKED CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 cup uncooked macaroni
2 cups skim milk
¼ cup flour
2 chicken bouillon cubes
¼ teaspoon marjoram
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup chopped onion
1 cup mushroom pieces, drained
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
2 cups diced cooked chicken
Salt to taste

Preheat oven to 350° F. In boiling salted water, cook macaroni as directed on package; drain. Slowly add milk to flour in a 2-quart saucepan, stirring constantly to form a smooth paste. Add bouillon cubes to mixture; cook on top of range until bouillon dissolves and sauce is thickened and smooth. Stir in cooked macaroni and remaining ingredients. Bake uncovered in 2-quart casserole for 25-30 minutes or until top of casserole is bubbly. Makes 5 servings; about 280 calories per serving.

BAKED APPLES

4 medium apples
raisins
1 can (12 oz.) black cherry diet soda
cinnamon
nutmeg

Core apples. Do not peel. Place in baking dish. Fill each cavity with raisins. Pour black cherry soda over apples. Sprinkle each with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake, uncovered in 350° F. oven for 30 to 40 minutes or until apples are soft. Baste occasionally with soda in pan as apples bake. Makes 4 servings; about 145 calories per serving. *(continued)*

OCTOBER RECIPE INDEX

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ver notice how often your favorite recipes start with your favorite trademarks?

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TRADEMARK RECIPES 2

CLIP AND SAVE

This is page 2 of our Trademark Recipe Collection. Look for more in later issues of this magazine.

You'll find these recipes good tasting – and good values, too.

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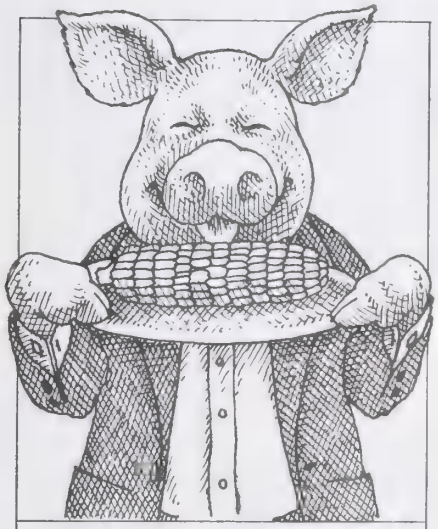
Our brand names are your *guarantee of quality.*

FLAVORED MILK SHAKE

2 tablespoons KOOL-AID® Brand Strawberry or Cherry Flavor Sugar-Sweetened Soft Drink Mix
1½ cups milk
½ cup vanilla ice cream

Combine all ingredients in electric blender container. Blend about 1 minute or until smooth and frothy. Makes about 2 cups or 1 to 2 servings. *Note:* Recipe may be doubled.





PORK AND CORN BAKE

2 cans (12 oz. each) whole kernel corn with peppers
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 envelope SHAKE 'N BAKE® Seasoned Coating Mix for Pork
8 pork chops, about ¾ inch thick

Spoon corn into 13 x 9-inch baking dish. Add sugar and dry mustard to bag of seasoned coating mix; then coat pork chops as directed on package. Arrange chops in a single layer on corn. Sprinkle any remaining coating mix over chops. Bake at 425° for about 50 minutes. *Always cook pork thoroughly.* Makes 8 servings.



BANANA-MALLOW DESSERT

1 large banana, sliced
1 cup miniature marshmallows
1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Strawberry Flavor Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
2 cups ice cubes

Place banana slices and marshmallows in a serving bowl; set aside. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add ice cubes and stir until gelatin begins to thicken, about 3 minutes. Remove any unmelted ice. Pour over banana and marshmallows in bowl. Chill until set, about 30 minutes. Makes about 3 cups or 6 servings.



HOT MOCHA

¼ cup SANKA® Brand Decaffeinated Freeze-Dried Coffee or Instant Coffee
½ cup chocolate syrup
4½ cups milk, scalded
¾ cup thawed BIRDS EYE® COOL WHIP® Non-Dairy Whipped Topping

Measure coffee and syrup into a carafe or pitcher. Stir in scalded milk and stir until coffee is dissolved. Pour into cups or mugs. Top with whipped topping and garnish with grated chocolate, if desired. Makes about 5 cups or 6 servings.



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GF
GENERAL FOODS

TUNA TONIGHT, MERMAID'S DELIGHT.

You'll be delighted, too, with these hot, hearty, flavorful main-course sandwiches. They're made with tender chunks of CHICKEN of the SEA® BRAND TUNA, and tangy, one-of-a-kind MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing. Try these easy-to-prepare, golden, toasty sandwiches tonight.

MERMAID'S DELIGHT SANDWICHES

MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing
½ cup chopped cucumber
¼ cup milk



12½-oz. can CHICKEN of the SEA TUNA, drained, f
1 cup dry bread crumbs
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ cup finely chopped onion
Margarine
6 Italian bre slices
Lettuce
Tomato slic

Combine 1½ cups Miracle Whip, cucumber and n mix well. Combine CHICKEN of the SEA TUNA, bre crumbs, 1 cup Miracle Whip, egg and onion lightly. Shape into 6 patties. Brown on both si in margarine. For each sandwich, spre slice of bread with Miracle Whip. C with lettuce, tomato and patty. Top cucumber mixture. Garnish with cucumber slices and parsley, if desi 6 servings

©Re

KRAFT



AY-WARM ET *continued*

CREOLE COD

frozen cod fillets
espoons flour
all onion, sliced
(16 oz.) tomatoes
iento, chopped
leaf
spoon salt
of pepper
aspoon oregano

frozen fish. Cut into serving pieces; in shallow 2-quart baking dish. remaining ingredients; pour over Bake at 350° F. about 1 hour. Makes vings; about 155 calories each.

PINEAPPLE CUSTARD

os water
up instant nonfat dry milk solids
gs
ap sugar
spoon vanilla extract
up drained crushed pineapple

bine water and dry milk solids in of double boiler; beat with rotary er until blended. Heat until tiny les form at edge. Beat eggs until and lemon colored; blend in sugar vanilla extract. Mix a small amount alded milk with eggs; stir egg mix- into remaining milk. Stir in pineap- Pour into eight ½-cup custard cups; e cups in pan filled with hot water epth of 1 inch. Bake at 300° F. for 1 30 minutes or until knife inserted center comes out clean. Remove hot water; cool immediately in cold er. Chill. Makes 8 servings; about 75 ries.

FROSTED AMBROSIA

velope low-calorie whipped topping ix
up skim milk, cold
aspoon orange extract
n (16 oz.) pineapple slices, in juice
n (8 oz.) mandarin oranges, nsweetened
up flaked coconut, toasted

ip topping mix as package label di- s with skim milk. Add orange extract. d in drained pineapple and oranges. st coconut in Teflon-coated pan over heat. Arrange fruits in sherbet sses. Garnish with toasted coconut. ll in refrigerator till served. Makes 6 vings; about 110 calories per serving.

TASTY BEEF STROGANOFF

. beef tenderloin
ablespoons margarine
lb. sliced mushrooms
cup chopped onion
an (10½ oz.) beef bouillon, undiluted
cup buttermilk
ablespoons flour
t to taste
per to taste

m tenderloin and slice ¼ inch thick. t into strips ¼ inch wide. Brown quickly in margarine in skillet. Push meat to one side. Add sliced mushrooms and chopped onion. Cook until tender, but not brown. Add beef bouillon and heat just to boiling. Blend buttermilk with flour. Stir into bouillon. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Sauce will be thin. Add salt and pepper. Serve over hot noodles. About 5 servings; about 220 calories per serving.



APRICOT MOUSSE

2 cans (16 oz. each) apricot halves, water packed
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¾ cup instant nonfat dry milk solids
½ teaspoon liquid artificial sweetener
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Drain apricots, reserving liquid. Purée apricots in blender adding almond extract. Soften unflavored gelatin in ½ cup apricot liquid. Chill ¾ cup apricot liquid in freezer. To remaining liquid, add enough water to make 1 cup. Bring the 1 cup of liquid to a boil. Add to the softened gelatin stirring until gelatin is completely dissolved. Chill to the consistency of unbeatened egg white; fold into apricot purée mixture. Whip dry milk solids with chilled ¾ cup fruit liquid instead of water. When soft peaks have formed add sweetener and lemon juice. Continue to beat until mixture holds stiff peaks. Fold into apricot mixture; turn into 6 cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with additional drained low-calorie apricot halves. Makes 8 servings; about 125 calories per serving. **End**



Duncan Hines

Alice—
Remember the lemon pound cake you said was fantastic? Here's "my" recipe you wanted!
Sue
P.S. My Orange + Devils' Food pound cakes are pretty fantastic too.

DUNCAN HINES
LEMON SUPREME POUND CAKE
(Makes 12-16 servings)

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe II Lemon Supreme Cake Mix
1 pkg. lemon instant pudding mix (4 serving size)
1 cup Crisco Oil* 1 cup water 4 eggs

Preheat oven to 350°. Blend all ingredients in a large bowl, beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Bake in a greased and floured tube pan, 10-inch or fluted, at 350° for 45-55 minutes, until center springs back when touched lightly. Cool 25 minutes in pan, then invert onto serving plate.

GLAZE: Blend 1 cup confectioners sugar with either 2 tablespoons milk or 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Drizzle over cake.

*Crisco Oil is recommended as some other oils may cause the cake to fall.

Sue knows it's Duncan Hines layer cake mix that makes her pound cakes so moist and delicious. So cut out her recipe for "your" pound cake.







What was it like to live with the man who shot President Kennedy? In this fascinating new book, Lee Harvey Oswald's widow paints an intimate, bizarre portrait—freshly relevant in this age of violent crime. By Priscilla Johnson McMillan

MARINA & LEE

ussian scholar Priscilla Johnson McMillan claims unusual distinction of having known both John F. nnedy and Lee Harvey Oswald. She counted Ken- y a friend, having worked on his senatorial staff ing the 1950's. In 1959, while working as a Moscow respondent, she interviewed Oswald about his de- tion to the USSR.

our years later, Oswald murdered Kennedy, and s himself shot dead the next day. It became impor- t to McMillan to reconcile the quiet, gentle, young n she had interviewed in Russia with the dangerous assin who had killed her friend, the President. She eded, she says, to answer the question that puzzled nation then—and which still puzzles many people ay: Why?

Working with Oswald's widow, Marina, she spent 13 rs in search of the answer. In this first of a two-part ies from her forthcoming book, the *Journal* presents at Ms. McMillan learned about Lee Harvey Oswald: sband, father—and assassin.

On March 17, 1961, Lee Harvey Oswald met petite, blue-eyed Marina Prusakova in the Soviet city of Minsk. An ex-Marine and a self-styled Marxist since the age of 15, Oswald had defected to Russia in 1959, where he staged a suicide attempt to convince Soviet authorities to let him stay. The Soviets relented, but did not grant him Russian citizenship; nor would they allow him to attend a Moscow university as Oswald, a ninth-grade dropout in America, had wished. Instead, he was given a job as a metalworker. He disliked manual labor and became increasingly dissatisfied with Soviet life. Just as he met Marina, a charming, good-looking pharmacist, and began an emotional, sexually-charged courtship, he also began a campaign to return to America.

Marina knew little about Lee or his plans, but she was attracted to him, and six weeks after their first meeting, she agreed to be his wife. They were married in a civil ceremony. Lee was 21, Marina 19. Their story, which begins on the following page, opens in the early days of their marriage—THE EDITORS

right © 1977 by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. From MARINA AND LEE, by Priscilla Johnson McMillan, to be published by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.

Only a few nights after they were married Marina came home to a surprise: a new kitchen table and tablecloth and a new set of silverware. Not only had Lee bought the table and set it, he had decorated it with a bunch of spring flowers he had stolen in a public park. But it was not, as some brides might suppose, a hint that he would like to start taking his evening meal at home. "Better the cafeteria," he said to her, "than what you fix."

He bought her another surprise—white lace curtains. When he got them home, they were the wrong length; his solution was straightforward. He took a pair of scissors and sheared them off across the bottom. At woodworking he was more accomplished. He made little legs for their bed and fashioned a rod to hang their clothes on in the closet.

But Lee's main concern was washing and cleaning. If he did not meet Marina at her pharmacy job, the first thing he did when he arrived home was wash the breakfast dishes and mop the floor. Then, on the days when they had hot water, he did the laundry. When Marina came in the downstairs door, she could hear her husband, four flights up, singing the "Volga Boatman" song or some other Slavic melody.

Lee was extraordinarily jealous. Even if she was only a few minutes late, he demanded a full explanation of where she had been, with whom and what she had been doing.

Even though Lee was jealous of Marina, he had never actually said that he loved her. Once, when she asked him if he loved her, he replied impatiently, "You ought to know how I feel from the way I act." He seemed content, it was true, especially when they were together. But sometimes when he was sitting by himself Marina noticed that an enveloping thoughtfulness settled over him, as if he were unhappy or uncertain in some way. She suspected that he might be thinking about another woman.

Marina's suspicions were correct. Lee was thinking about [an old girlfriend] Ella Germann. In the early weeks of his marriage, he confided to his diary:

> May—The transition of changing full love from [Ella] to Marina was very painfull esp. as I saw [Ella] almost every day at the factory but as the days weeks went by I adjusted more and more [to] my wife mentaly. . . . She is maddly in love with me from the very start.
> June—A continuence of May, except that; we draw closer and closer, and I think very little now of Ella. . . .

There was another woman in Lee's life whom Marina did not know about—his mother, Marguerite. Lee had told her that his mother was dead and she had no reason to doubt him. But a few weeks after they were married, she saw him reading a letter from home with such a thoughtful expression that she asked whether it contained bad news. An hour or so later he glanced up from the book he was reading and said: "Forgive me, Marina. That letter isn't from my aunt. It's from my mother."

Marina was startled. "Why didn't you tell me your mother was alive?"

"I didn't know we were going to get married. If people had known I had a mother, I was afraid it might cause her some unpleasantness."

After that Marina noticed that the arrival of a letter from his mother never seemed to raise her husband's spirits. "Don't you love her?" she asked.

"No. It's a long story," he explained. "We had a fight when my brother Robert got married. I didn't like her treatment of his wife." He told Marina to ask no more about it.

The pain of learning that her husband had lied to her was blunted by Marina's discovery that she was pregnant. From the moment they were married Lee wanted a child. When the first weeks went by with no sign, he suggested that he might have something wrong with him. "Maybe it's my fault. If there's no sign in another month we'll go to the doctor to be checked."

Marina did not know it, but her husband had been treated twice in the Marine Corps for gonorrhea. Perhaps that is why he suggested it might be his fault when she showed no sign of pregnancy in the early weeks of their marriage. Perhaps, too, that fear played a part in his elation at the news of Marina's condition.

Once she knew that she was pregnant, a change came over Marina, however. She had enjoyed making love before, but now she was repelled by it. When Lee approached her, she had to summon up strength in order not to push him away. She thought she had made a mistake getting married.

On the morning of July 8, Marina went straight to the pharmacy after seeing her husband off on a trip to the American Embassy in Moscow. She received a phone call from an old boyfriend asking if he might see her. How on earth, she inquired, had he known her husband was out of town? "Sheer intuition," he replied enigmatically. Marina agreed to meet him that evening. Half-hoping something might come of it, she went home after work and washed her hair. She took a nap, then rose and carefully put on her best dress. Perhaps the evening would show whether she had made a mistake getting married or not.

Her old boyfriend certainly knew the script. He had an empty apartment at his disposal; he even had a bottle of French aperitif. Once they were in bed, however, his sophistication proved to be a matter of appearances only. He was making love to a woman, or trying to, for the first time. It was all over before it had begun. Marina was furious. She insisted on walking home by herself—two o'clock in the morning.

Lee, on the other hand, never tried see his old girlfriend. In fact, his soc contacts were limited. While he liked fellow workers, he was not really a p of things at the plant and Marina kn it. At lunchtime, he nearly always sat himself, or at a table of men he did know, rather than with the men worked with. He did not join the oth men on drinking sprees, or go to s them at their homes. He was consider antisocial, and with some of them he w actually unpopular because he had be given an apartment of his own simp because he was an American. Th would have forgiven him quickly had been either congenial or a good work But his work, if anything, was bel average. He did only what he had to and no more. It is ironic that Lee grew dislike the Soviet system, in part, cause of the restrictions it placed up him, while his colleagues disliked h



Marina and Lee in Minsk soon after their marriage. At first, their sex life was a disaster. But, admits Marina, "the longer I lived with him, the more I felt attracted to him." He could be, she says, "quite a seducer."

because of the privileges he received.

Yet Lee was as well liked in Russia he had ever been before or was ever be again. At the plant, he was the obj of a good deal of teasing, much of it wi sexual overtones. Was he sorry he h married a Russian girl? Was she pre nant yet? So many and so personal we the matters discussed at the plant th Marina felt acutely self-conscious. "F heaven's sake, Lee," she would exclai "don't tell them about our lovemaking For her husband would come home wi the most intimate details of the othe sex lives, together with suggestions th they try some new sexual technique had heard about. Marina enjoyed l tales about the sex lives of others but h no wish for Lee to reveal their own.

The truth was that the Oswalds we having difficulty in sex and they we worried about it. It made Marina so fu ous that at times she could have hit hi

They tried all sorts of distractions looking at television or talking abo

ething else—while they were making , hoping that he could go on longer, l she was ready for him. Nothing ed. Sometimes, in the early months heir marriage, she refused sex altoer: "I'd rather you didn't touch me. finish too soon. It makes me sick."
All men are like that," Lee said. Or, th *you*, what man could wait more five minutes?" Or, "It would take men to satisfy *you!*" Marina began to k it really was her fault. Then one he suggested oral sex. Marina was tly embarrassed. But Lee assured that "between husband and wife rything is good and pure," and she ented to try it.
Marina was ashamed of her body. She acutely self-conscious about it. All ugh the sexual act she would be king how sinful she was, how thin was and wondering what Lee must k of her. He took endless pains to sure her. Again and again he said she was "the best woman" in the



ld for him, sexually and in every oth- way. As she grew to realize that her band was not critical of her body in way, Marina eventually came to feel r with him.
Lee appears to have been proud of his ly. Marina sometimes teased him ut his shoulders, which were sloping as she put it, "weak" and "womanly." she considered his legs, his back and thighs objects of real beauty, and she gratified to think that her children ght inherit such marvelous features.
Marina was gratified, too, by his clean- ss. She would not have gone near the dsomest man on earth were he not immaculate. In this respect Lee left hing to be desired. He was as obsed as she by the notion of cleanliness. ariably, no matter how late at night might be, he bathed, shaved and shed his teeth before they made love, ging or whistling and looking forward ppily to what was ahead of him.
Her sexual feelings changed a good deal. She continued to feel an underlying disappointment. But as time went on, their sexual relationship grew more harmonious, and eventually Marina came to consider her husband a tender and accomplished lover. "The longer I lived with him, the more I felt attracted to him," she says, adding that he was "quite a seducer" when he wanted to be.
Lee hated divorce and he hated infidelity, especially on the part of a woman. When he heard of a case, he would say: "Women are all alike." He also disapproved of abortion. People, he said, "ought to pay for their mistakes." He never sought out anybody else and neither, after that one night in July, did Marina. He never blamed or reproached her for his sexual difficulty—or theirs. Despite their problems they both enjoyed sex. It resolved many a battle between them and was one of the best things in their troubled life together. But because of the form it took, Lee thought he was less than he should be as a man, and Marina thought she was less than she should be as a woman. Even though their sexual relationship got better as the months went on, each felt that he or she had something still to prove.

One evening Lee came home in a special hurry. "President Kennedy is going to speak tonight," he said. He closed the balcony doors to shut out noises from the street, or perhaps to keep the neighbors from hearing.
Lee recognized Kennedy's voice the second it came over the air. This speech was Kennedy's address of September 25, 1961, given at the United Nations General Assembly, announcing the end of the Berlin crisis.
Lee was rigid with attention as Kennedy spoke for about an hour. The voice was wavy and distorted and now and then a word was lost by jamming. "Oh, *chort*" (damn) Lee swore each time it happened. Once, when Marina made a slight sound, he waved her in irritation into the kitchen.
The moment the speech ended, Lee bounded into the kitchen to make tea. "What was it about?" Marina asked. "About war and peace," he told her, and quoted a few of the President's phrases.
A day or so later, Lee defended the President's speech in a discussion with Marina's Uncle Ilya. He thought the Soviet government was "sneaky," since it had attacked the speech without publishing it or printing a fair account. Marina heard her husband speak up stoutly for the United States; Uncle Ilya was equally staunch in his defense of the Soviet Union. But on one thing they both agreed—the Bay of Pigs. Lee roundly deplored American policy toward Cuba and Fidel Castro.
Marina did not know it, but her husband had long been enthusiastic about Castro. That autumn, he took her to see a movie about the Cuban leader. Lee loved it and he started calling Castro "a hero" and "a man of talent." And at about this same time, he began to seek out the Cuban students in Minsk, 300 or so strong, to learn what he could of Castro's revolution.
The Cuban students were a lively lot, who found Soviet communism a drab disappointment. They loved singing, dancing and playing the guitar, but no matter what amusement they thought up, the militia quickly forbade it. They were even discouraged from going out with Soviet girls, and they hated the cold weather. The Cubans were in dread that the Americans would invade their country and overthrow Castro, dooming them to stay in Russia forever. Looking at the dreary, colorless city around them, they asked—was it for this we built a revolution?
Lee shared their disappointment in Russia, but he had believed in communism for six years now, and it was hard to give up the dream that somewhere a perfect society was coming into being. Was it not sensible to suppose that the clumsy, stolid Russians, who had never done things right anyway, had merely fumbled the chance history had given them, and that in the hands of a livelier, more talented people like the Cubans, and with a heroic leader like Castro, communism might yet yield its promise? And so, perhaps seeking a cushion against his disenchantment, Lee turned again to Castro, who might truly achieve an egalitarian society and whose communism, he was certain, would be of a gaudier feather altogether than the drab thing Russia had created.
All through the fall, America was very much on Lee's mind. He pored through copies of *Time* magazine that began to arrive in bundles from his mother in Texas, issues that were full of stories and pictures of the Kennedys, and of another American public figure who would later be important to Lee, [right-wing activist] Major General Edwin A. Walker.
On the whole, however, it was the mechanics of getting to America that claimed most of Lee's attention. He was increasingly impatient for the Soviet authorities to issue their visas. But where he was inclined to push, complain and go "to the top" when he could, Marina's attitude was: What will be, will be. Finally, on Christmas Day, Monday, December 25, 1961, Marina was informed that she and her husband had been granted exit visas.
The Oswalds were free to leave Russia. But now the American government was causing the delay; and Oswald's letters to the American Embassy during this period were peremptory and, as always, impatient. On January 23 he added a new reason for his haste: "I would much rather have my child born in the United States, than here, for obvious reasons."

Oswald was expecting a boy, of course. He wanted his son born at home, and not in Russia, so that he could be president of the United States.

"My David will be president," he said a number of times as he lay on his back, stared at the ceiling and dreamed of the future. But when the visa business dragged on and it became apparent that the child would be born in Russia, he remarked matter-of-factly one day: "Too bad. If it's a boy, he can't be president." When the child was born and was a girl, he said: "That's all right. My son will be born in America. *He* can be president."

While Lee battled government officials, Marina left her job at the pharmacy on maternity leave just after the first of the year. The last month of her pregnancy was a privileged time, and she enjoyed it to the full. Her legs and thighs ached. Lee rubbed and kissed them and said: "My poor, poor girl. You're hurting yourself just to give life to our baby." He curled up into a tiny ball in one corner of the bed so that she could have the rest for herself. Soon she got used to sleeping with her feet on his back for warmth, as well as for the relief it gave her aching legs. He would ask, "Are your feet cold?" Even when the answer was no, he would tell her to "put your feet up there anyway."

They bought a secondhand crib for the baby and Lee lovingly gave it three coats of white paint. He got a copy of Dr. Spock, and well before the baby was due, had the book nearly memorized.

On February 14, their daughter June was born. Because of hospital regulations, Lee did not see the baby until she was eight days old, when he arrived to take mother and daughter home. He was, he confessed later, shocked by the sight of the child; he expected her to be partly grown and already pretty.

He made their homecoming memorable. In Marina's absence, he had washed the floors, cleaned the apartment from stem to stern and washed and ironed all the laundry. Ushering the two of them in, his wife and child, he was filled with happiness. He kissed Marina and said simply: "Thank you." Then, quietly, "What a pity we have to wait," meaning for sex. Marina herself felt that if they could have made love on that day, it would have been a kind of completion. It was, anyway, the happiest day of her life. She felt that her husband truly loved her and that, for the first time, he was aware of it.

That evening two of Marina's friends came by to teach her to swaddle and feed the baby. They left, and Marina was alone. Lee had gone to celebrate a friend's birthday. At one o'clock he came home, his cap falling off the back of his head, smiling and tipsy (the last time Marina was to see him so). "Where's my baby?" he said. "I want to look at her."

The baby was asleep, and Marina objected when he said he wanted to pick her up. So he stood over the crib and gazed at her. That night, and every night thereafter, he dragged the crib over to the bed and insisted on sleeping on the side closest to it.

His anxieties about returning to America were never wholly quiescent. In letters written before and after his daughter's birth, he was anxious about what might happen to him when he set foot on American soil. In a letter to the American Embassy on January 16, he wrote that he believed his passport might be confiscated on his arrival home.

Then, at the end of the month, a real blow fell. From his mother, Lee heard that his "honorable" discharge from active Marine Corps duty had been changed to "dishonorable." In fact, it was only changed to "undesirable," and it had all happened years before when he defected to Russia. But this was the first he knew of it.

Lee lost little time in mailing a new batch of letters. On January 30 he wrote the governor of Texas, John Connally. Under the impression that Connally was still Secretary of the Navy, and would have jurisdiction over the Marines, he asked Connally to look into the matter. "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice," he wrote. He claimed that he was a "boni-fied" American citizen, and had "allways had the full sanction" of the U.S. Embassy and government. He went so far as to compare his sojourn in Russia with that of Ernest Hemingway in Paris during the 1920s. It was the first round of a prolonged, ultimately futile battle to change the status of his discharge.

By mid-March of 1962, Marina and Lee were allowed to leave Russia, and in June they sailed to America. The voyage marked the beginning of a change in Lee's behavior, and in his relationship with his wife. It was not a change for the better.

On the first day out, the two of them went out on deck, struck up a conversation with a Romanian girl, laughed and had a fine time. But after that, Lee hardly took Marina out on deck at all. He got seasick there and she did not. It did not occur to her to go alone.

She spent most of the voyage in their cabin with the baby. Lee would vanish upstairs to the library and remain there for hours. Often, at night, he went alone to the movies, leaving Marina and the baby behind. He came to fetch her for meals, and it seemed to Marina that the other passengers were staring and laughing at her. She became self-conscious about her appearance and her clothes, unaware that it was the baby, swaddled from her waist to her toes, that was the object of so much attention. They had never seen swaddling before.

Marina did not know what to make of the change in Lee. Whenever he t her anywhere, it was plain from his pression that he was doing it only ou duty. It was not that he was making e er friends. Marina saw no sign of t She concluded that he was ashame her because, as she put it to herself, looked like a "little Russian fool." Al much of the time in the cabin, she s into low spirits. Everything she k and loved lay behind her; ahead, ev thing was unknown. Clearly, Lee neit loved her nor cared for her. Why earth was she going to America?

Marina's unhappiness boiled over party they attended their last evenin sea. In spite of her attire—a red broc dress she had worn the night she Lee—she felt morose, and looked it.

"Wipe that expression off your fa Lee said. "People are staring at you."

"I can't look any other way," Ma said. "You've changed toward me. don't love me and I feel hurt."

"If you don't care for me the wa am," Lee said, "go away."



"Where am I to go?" Marina s "There's only one way to go. And t the ocean."

"Okay. Go."

Marina ran from the table in tear was rainy and cold on deck, and bel the water was gray and forbidding. did not know what to do. She wal around the deck, and finally, she thou of the baby, who was asleep in the ca "Junie needs me, even if Lee doesn't

Lee found her in the cabin when came in an hour later. "You're here, you?" he said.

"Only because of the baby."

He quickly went out again. But h turned and they made up. He esco her to the bar, bought her a liqueur himself a soda.

Marina thought that she was somel responsible for Lee's strange behav She did not know the real reason for abstraction and indifference to her the ship steamed toward New York was deeply concerned about what m happen when he reached America.

)nce in America, the Oswalds moved 'ort Worth, Texas, to stay with Lee's ily. Lee's arrival in Fort Worth did go unnoticed. He had several calls n newspapermen, with whom he de- ed to talk. And he had a call from the , which he could not so easily put off. agreed to an interview on June 26, at FBI office in downtown Fort Worth. pecial Agent John W. Fain and his stant, B. Tom Carter, pelted him with stions. The agents' real purpose that was to try to find out whether Os- d had been recruited by Soviet In- gence, possibly as the price for bring- Marina out. Again and again Lee ied it, stressing how hard it had been get Marina out, how long it had taken how much paperwork it had re- red. He sketched Marina's life for m, but refused to give names or ad- sses of any of her relatives, lest it get m in trouble.

The interview lasted about two hours. ien he filed his report a week or so r, Agent Fain described Oswald as



The Oswalds in Moscow with daughter June before leaving for U.S. in 1962. Lee expected a son—and wanted him born in America, "so he can be President."

ıpatient and arrogant during most of interview." He felt that Oswald had en "evasive" and recommended that be interviewed again. Later, looking ck at a distance of two years, it oc- rred to Fain that behind the "arro- ıce" and the "coldness," Oswald might ve been "just scared."

Lee and Marina lived with Lee's ther Robert for four or five weeks ıen Marguerite Oswald appeared on scene. She gave up her job in Cro- ll, Texas, and took an apartment in rt Worth so that she, her Prodigal Son d her Russian daughter-in-law could united under one roof. According to bert, Lee was "not overjoyed." He d his mother that he would soon be rking, and he and Marina would then ınt to live on their own. But Marguer- got her way, not so much by arguing e point as by acting as if it were al- ady settled.

Marguerite paid the rent. She slept in e living room, while Lee, Marina and e baby had the bedroom to themselves. Marina found her mother-in-law a superb housekeeper, meticulously neat and one who used up every scrap of food. Moreover, it was she and she alone who held the key to Lee's appetite. With everyone else, his wife included, he was a finicky eater. But he demolished everything Marguerite cooked for him. Had the way to Lee's heart lain through his stomach, relations between mother and son would have been peaceful indeed.

Throughout his childhood, Lee had been unremittingly exposed to one person: Marguerite. The impact of her rigid, unyielding personality upon his emerging one had been undiluted. His father, Robert, had died two months before Lee was born. He had no one else, and especially no man, on whom he could pattern himself. And so he did the only thing he could. He conquered his mother. He took over her personality and became very like her.

He sensed it—and he loathed it. By joining the Marine Corps, he would not only get away from her but would find a sheltering substitute that would also make up for his lack of a father. But the Marine Corps, too, failed him as a parent, and Lee defected to Russia.

Marina once commented, with insight, that Lee must have been rejected as a child or he would not have become a Marxist. It is true. In Russia, in what he conceived to be a perfect Marxist society, Lee was again looking for an impersonal mother, a society that would give to him "according to his needs," without subjecting him to the angry vagaries of his real mother. Russia was, moreover, a society that was supposed to have ended "exploitation," such as he and his brothers Robert and John had known at the hands of Marguerite. But once again the substitute failed. Lee rejected Russia, and came back to his mother country and the real mother who was at the heart of it all.

Lee's brother John once said that from the moment Lee was born, he had the feeling that "some great tragedy" was going to strike him. And of course he was right. Lee's tragedy lay in the double conquest of the mother he despised. He had conquered her first by becoming like her. And he had conquered her again by winning the battle for her affections. She loved him better than her third husband, better than his brothers. She made him feel that he was special. Yet his chances of achieving maturity rested on his perceiving that it was one thing to be special to Marguerite, quite another to be special in the world outside. The fact that he had unlimited prerogatives with his mother did not mean he had unlimited prerogatives with everybody else. If Lee was ever to grow up, he had to relinquish the feeling that he was special, that he was at the center of the universe, and trade it for another and better incentive system. But instead of giving up that feeling of specialness, he was to spend the rest of his life trying to justify it.

Marguerite and Lee shared an uncanny constellation of emotions. Feeling, as they did, that "the world owed them a living," they both carried around with them a prickliness, a miraculous capacity for ingratitude. Both were forever accepting favors, and failing either to reciprocate or to thank anyone. As he saw it, it was not favors or help he was getting—it was his due. Lee, like his mother, was obsessed by his rights. And every now and then he gave the game away by standing up and roaring for them.

Since both felt that they were at the center of the universe, they assumed that others were thinking about them, and even plotting against them. Other things followed from this. Neither Lee nor his mother could open up or allow themselves to be vulnerable to anyone. They had to keep others from glimpsing what was inside their minds. As a result, both of them lied. But in this they differed from one another, for Marguerite apparently had enough contact with reality to control her abuse of it. This was not true of Lee. His sense of reality appears to have been so badly impaired that the line between truth and falsehood was wavy, and falsehood was often truer than truth. He lied pointlessly, to no purpose and all the time, even when he had nothing to hide.

Since mother and son both assumed that other people were thinking about them, publicity was essential to them. It did not matter if the publicity was negative, as it had been after Lee's defection, for it confirmed what they had known all along: that the world was against them. Publicity proved that they were the center of the universe.

After a fortnight or so of living together, Marguerite started scolding her daughter-in-law when they were at home alone. Marina could not understand her words. She thought Marguerite resented having to cook for her, or that somehow she had displeased her mother-in-law. But one day there was a scene with much weeping and screaming and slamming of doors, and Marina was afraid her mother-in-law was going to hit her. This time she caught the words and she repeated them that evening to Lee—"You took my son away from me!" Mother and son had it out the same night, once again with screaming and slamming of doors. Afterward Lee told Marina to forget it; they would be leaving soon, anyhow.

Marina knew nothing of the relationship between Lee and his mother. She did not know that Marguerite also had fought with her other two sons over *their* wives. She knew only that Marguerite had three sons, and not one of them wanted to live with her. To Marina,

Marguerite's jealousy was natural; it was Lee whose feelings seemed unnatural. She felt sorry for Marguerite and urged Lee to show more warmth toward his mother. "How will you feel," she asked, "if Junie won't speak to you when she grows up?"

"Don't meddle," he growled. "You know nothing about it."

On Saturday, August 10, less than a month after they had moved in with Marguerite, Marina and Lee moved out. Lee had found an apartment. Accustomed though he was to the family ways, Lee's brother Robert was astonished to hear loud sounds of discord when he drove up that morning to help them move. Marguerite was screaming, her hair mussed and her eyes red from crying. Lee was calm, but Marina looked bewildered. There was very little luggage, a few boxes and a couple of old suitcases, and Lee and Robert quickly carried them to the car. They confronted their mother's outcries with silence, creating a vacuum into which she poured even louder protestations. When the young people clambered into the car and drove off, Marguerite ran after them.

Pity suddenly broke through the numbness Marina felt. "It's cruel to leave her that way. She'll have a heart attack and die."

Lee was as cool as could be. "She'll be all right," he said. "It's not the first time."

The apartment Lee had found was a furnished "duplex," one-half of a shabby, single-story clapboard bungalow. It was located among other one- and two-family frame houses at 2703 Mercedes Street, Fort Worth, across the street from a Montgomery Ward retail store and down a dusty road from Lee's job. He had paid a month's rent in advance of $59.50.

Friends who visited the place later described it as "horrible," a "slum," "a shack," "very poorly furnished" and "decrepit." But Marina did not feel that way. There was a bedroom, a living room with a dining area, a kitchen and bath, plus a yard and some grass outside. In Russia, they could have worked a lifetime and not had so much space. The furniture was cheap, but the place was clean, and that meant a lot to Marina. As content as she had been to live with her mother-in-law, Marina was happier still to be alone with her husband.

Marina had, indeed, found a fount of riches, a cornucopia of daydreams, across the street. With June in her arms, she spent hours wandering through Montgomery Ward, a fairyland of treasures that could not be bought in all of Russia no matter how much money you had. Ties, trousers, notions, dresses—Marina did not want to buy them. It made her happy just to look. When they went to the store together, she would visit the toy and dress departments while Lee, with the most obvious enjoyment, made his way to the gun department. For the first week or so, he gave Marina $2 a week spending money, but except for cigarettes she never spent it. Then he stopped giving her any money at all. "I never cared about money," she remembers. "I don't know why."

She loved grocery shopping. Lee would steer her to a delicatessen and say: "Look, Mama. No need to be homesick. You can get the same things as in Russia." He bought her the foods she especially liked—sour cream, sauerkraut, pickles, kidneys, herring. "Mama, would you like some caviar?"—as he lifted a jar of the red variety off the shelf. And, for all it cost him, he stuffed it in the shopping basket and took out something he had chosen for himself. When they got home, he sat at the dining table and looked on with a rapturous air while Marina ate the caviar. It was one of the few Russian foods he liked. But he refused to touch it, not even when she tried to feed him with a spoon; he did not want to deprive her.

About three days after their move, Marina heard a knock at the door. She looked out and there, to her astonishment, stood *Mamochka*, looking just as blithe and unconcerned as if the hysterical scene of parting had never occurred. Marguerite brought a high chair for the baby and silverware, dishes and utensils for Marina and Lee. Marina welcomed her in, Marguerite played with the baby and then left.

Lee was upset when he came home that night and heard that his mother had been there. He instructed Marina not to let her in next time. Marina objected. "She's your *mother*, Lee. How can I not let her in?"

"You know nothing about her," he said. "You're not to let her in again."

The next day Marguerite came again, with a live green and yellow parakeet inside a cage. Lee had given the cage and the very same parakeet to his mother nearly seven years before, in November 1955, when he was 16 years old, with money earned from his first real job as office boy at Tujague's shipping company in New Orleans. Again, Marina welcomed her mother-in-law.

Marguerite had a camera with her, and she was snapping a picture of the baby when Lee walked in. He started to scold her immediately. The moment Marguerite was gone, Lee turned on his wife. "Why didn't you obey? I told you not to open the door."

"You ought to be ashamed," Marina said. "You've no right to behave as if your mama didn't exist."

Lee was shouting now. "I have a right to tell you what to do! I told you not to open the door!"

"I will not obey."

"You will not open the door!"

"I will, too."

He hit her a few times across the face.

One day, about a month later, Marina came home to find the parakeet gon Lee had taken it outdoors and let it f out of the cage.

Despite her son's hostility, Margueri came to the apartment fairly often. O one visit she found Marina in the be room, nursing the baby with her hea down. Eventually she looked up, a Marguerite saw that she had a black ey

"Mama—Lee," was all Marina w able to say.

Marguerite strode out to the livi room, where her son lay reading. "Le what do you mean by striking Marina

"Mother, that is our affair," he sa

Marguerite, on balance, agree "There may be times," she remark later, "that a woman needs a black ey Just as Lee had hit *her* when he w growing up, now he was hitting his wi

In fact, from the moment of Margu ite's first visit to Mercedes Street t beatings had become routine—once twice a week. Typically, after Lee h beaten her, Marina would say: "Lee



am not your maid. I am good enough to have you hit me." He, after an hou two, would repent and beg Marina forgive him. And the next day he wo buy her caviar or a trinket for the ba

At the smallest sign that he valued and the baby, Marina forgave and for —until the next time. Their sexual re tionship also began to deteriorate. W out by heavy physical work in hot wea er, Lee did not want sex more than o a week or so, and Marina, dispirited the turn things were taking, did not w sex much, either.

Still there were happy moments. M rina was grateful for the good times, talistic about the bad. As a child, stepfather had beaten her, and he done it exactly as Lee did, with the of his hand, across her face. She belie she deserved to be beaten.

She took the very Russian view t beatings are a private affair betw man and wife, as private as sex. Still, hoped that her brother-in-law Rob

t intervene. But Robert had suffered
n Lee's anger in the past, and wheth-
e was loath to invoke his brother's
h again or was simply the non-inter-
ng sort, he stayed out of Lee's mari-
ffairs.

early November, 1962, Lee decid-
hat his job prospects would be better
Dallas, and the family moved again.
move was not a happy one. Within
y or two they were fighting again.

ne evening Marina was angrier than
had ever been. Lee had used the
sian word *blyad*, a very strong word
whore," which was simply so insult-
that it seemed to give her no choice.
nbling, she ran out the door.

Go. I don't care," Lee shouted after
"I don't need you."

Marina telephoned a Russian friend
had met in Dallas, and was quickly
ed a place to stay. Going back to the
rtment, she grabbed the baby and a
ble of diapers, and went out again.
was stretched out on the bed.



Marina and Lee arrive in America in June, 1962. The ocean voyage marked the beginning of a change in Oswald's behavior—and in his relationship with his wife. It was not a change for the better.

I'll never go back to that hell," Ma-
promised herself when she left.

Finally, Lee telephoned and begged
rina to see him. "I'm lonely," he said.
want to see Junie and talk to you."

Marina caved in. "All right," she said,
ne over."

Marina's heart jumped when she saw
husband. They went into a room by
nselves.

Forgive me," he said. "I'm sorry. Why
you torture me so? I come home and
e's nobody there. No you, no Junie."

I didn't chase *you* out," Marina said.
u wanted it. You gave me no choice."

He loved her, he said. It wasn't much,
knew, but he loved her the best he
w how. He begged her to come back.

Marina realized that Lee needed her.
had no friends, no one to count on
her. Harsh as his treatment was, she
w he loved her. But she brushed him
ay when he tried to kiss her. He went
vn on his knees and kissed her ankles
l feet. His eyes were filled with tears
and he begged her forgiveness again. He would try to change, he said. He had a "terrible character" and he could not change overnight. But change he would, bit by bit. He could not go on living without her. And June needed a father.

"Why are you playing Romeo?" Marina said, embarrassed at his being at her feet. "Get up or someone will come in the door." Her voice was severe, but she felt herself melting inside.

He refused to get up until she forgave him. Both of them were in tears.

"My little fool," she said.

"You're my fool, too," he said.

Suddenly Lee was all smiles. He covered the baby with kisses and said to her: "We're all three going to live together again. Mama's not going to take Junie away from Papa any more."

The heart of the relationship between Marina and Lee was a mutual willingness, indeed a mutual need, to inflict and accept pain. They were deeply and reciprocally dependent. Lee needed to keep Marina outlandishly dependent on him in order to mask the fact that he was humiliatingly dependent on her. Indeed, in the view of those who knew them best, Marina, not Lee, was the fulcrum of their marriage. Dependent as they both were emotionally, he seems to have been even more dependent on her than she was on him. He was exasperated by the fact that for the second time in his life he found himself dependent on a woman. And at times it made him so angry that he was driven to strip Marina of autonomy by his beatings. The beatings, in turn, depressed her and made her even less capable of breaking away from him than she had been before. Lee had her in his power.

At first, after their reconcilation, Marina and Lee were like children together and, like children, they had a good time. Grinning, holding aloft a cup of cocoa in one hand and a doughnut in the other, Lee did the Twist in the kitchen a night or so after her return. "Come dance with me," he said. "I can do it without spilling." Marina declined out of fear of looking ridiculous.

Every night he took her walking and bought her doughnuts and coffee. He escorted her to a bowling alley down the street and suggested that he teach her to bowl. Again she declined, this time because the balls were too heavy. He played "Moscow Evenings" on the jukebox while they watched others bowl and he crooned words to her in Russian. "No one here but us speaks Russian," he said, well pleased with himself.

For a few days he approved nearly everything she did. Fired by a new spirit of independence, Marina refused to draw his bath. It was three days before he objected. "Do you think you're a prince?" she told him. "You always complain, anyway. First I make it too hot, then I make it too cold."

And that was that. Except for a few occasions when she felt like "spoiling" him, Marina never drew his bath again.

Actually, Lee was not spoiled in domestic matters. It was he who vacuumed the apartment, carried out the garbage, did most of the dishes and turned down the bed every night. He rarely refused a household chore. He was not only a dutiful but an affectionate husband, and there were periods when he would follow Marina around all day. At such times, she says, he literally "wore me out with his kisses." Besides, he had allowed her two indulgences. One was deciding whether and when they would have more children. The other was letting her sleep in the morning. He got up by himself very early, made his breakfast and left coffee on the stove for Marina. On weekends he very often served her breakfast in bed. On Sundays, and Saturdays if he did not go to work, it was Lee who made up their bed.

He played with the baby daily and, most evenings, it was he who gave the baby her bath. He did not trust Marina and was afraid she would drown the child. He drew the water and tested its temperature with great care before he lowered the baby into the bathtub. Then, to Marina's horror, he would step in himself, utterly naked, with the exception of a washcloth over his private parts. Then he would splash June and play with her as if he longed to be a little child himself.

"Mama," he would shout to Marina, "we got water on the floor." Marina would tell him to mop it up himself. "I can't," he would shout back to her. "I'm in the bathtub with Junie."

"Mama," he would call out again, "bring us our toys." And she would bring them.

"Mama," came the call a third time, "you forgot our rubber ball." And, to the baby's delight, he would splash the rubber ball in the water.

"Mama," he would call out one last time, "bring us a towel, quick. We have water in our ear." Junie could not have cared less, but Lee was squeamish about *his* ears (he had had a mastoid operation as a child) and tenderly wiped the baby's ear, as if she were squeamish, too.

The first weeks of the new year, 1963, Lee continued to hit Marina, but their battles were within limits both could bear. Toward the middle of January, however, things subtly began to change.

Lee began having trouble with his work at a photography lab—trouble with the job itself and trouble with the other men. Everything had been going smoothly up until then. For his first three months there, he had been a trainee, and as promising as any other. But in January he was expected to take more responsibility and, according to his supervisor, John G. Graef, started to make mistakes. "It wasn't that he lacked indus-

try or didn't try," Graef recalls, "he somehow couldn't manage to handle work that was that exact." Moreover, in the extremely tight confines of the darkroom, Graef concedes, Lee's "hostile personality began to come out."

Lee was also preoccupied with politics. The John Birch Society had risen to national prominence while he was out of the country. But he had read about it in the news magazines his mother had sent to Minsk. Of particular interest were items about a segregationist, Major General Edwin A. Walker, who had played a leading role in the Society. Lee talked frequently about the "Birchers" and the "Minutemen" when he first moved to Dallas. The fact that Walker actually lived close at hand in Dallas seems to have stirred Lee a good deal. He had endless discussions about the Birchers, Walker and the danger of fascism.

Marina was puzzled over her troubled husband. One day Lee was the perfect husband, affectionate with her and the baby, while the next day he hit her for no reason. "I don't see how you can kiss me one day and beat me the next," she complained.

"We're young," Lee said. "We haven't yet learned to give in to each other. All couples quarrel over something."

"I know," she answered. "But not all husbands beat their wives."

For Marina, the month of February 1963 was far and away the worst in all her married life. Lee had been hitting her ever since they arrived in America; in February there was a dramatic change in the style and ferocity with which he did it. No longer did he strike her once across the face with the flat of his hand. Now he hit her five or six times—and with his fists. The second he got angry, he turned pale and pressed his lips tightly together. His eyes were filled with hate. His voice dropped to a murmur and she could not understand what he was saying. When he started to strike her, his face became red and his voice grew angry and loud. He wore a look of concentration, as if Marina were the author of every slight he had ever suffered and he was bent on wiping her out, obliterating her completely. To Marina it seemed that it was not even a human being he saw in front of him. Most terrifying of all was the gleam of pleasure in his eyes.

Their fights occurred over nothing, with Lee's anger ballooning up quickly, out of all proportion to the occasion. He became even stingier than usual, and if by accident Marina left some item off the grocery list she gave him, or if she went to a store herself and bought some item, no matter how cheap, that they did not absolutely require, it might be the cause of another beating.

Marina could defend herself only with words. "Your beating me shows your upbringing," she said on one occasion.

"Leave my mother out of this!" Lee cried, and struck her harder than before.

Marina yearned for some sign of affection. But whenever she tried to wheedle it out of him, he would say, "I know what you want," meaning sex, and Marina's feelings were so hurt that she would run from the room. His own sexual demands were violent. Late on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon he might bark at her: "Stop washing the dishes. Lee's hot!" and force himself upon her. He insisted on having sex any time he felt like it, whether Marina wanted it or not. He would pin her down by the arms and legs and take her by force while the tears came pouring down her cheeks.

Marina thought that it was only the violence, the struggle, that made him want her at all. Once she told him he was "crazy."

"What's that you said?"

"You're crazy."

He grabbed her by the throat and threatened to kill her if ever she said that again.

As his anxiety mounted, she was increasingly the object of his rages. He showed no concern for her even though she was again pregnant, and treated her in a manner that reached the point of ferocity. One day he hit Marina so hard across the face that her nose started bleeding. The moment Lee saw blood, his arms fell motionless to his sides, "Oh, my God. I didn't mean *that*. I didn't mean *that*." He made Marina lie down. But his anger was not spent. He slammed the door and went out. He found the front and back doors locked when he came home. Quietly, he smashed a pane of glass in the kitchen door, then coolly reached in and unlocked it. He scooped up the pieces of glass and piled them neatly on top of the kitchen trash. He strode into the bedroom and, without a word to Marina, lay down on the bed with his back to her.

As baffling as his anger were his repentances, for sometimes his fury departed quickly. Then he would burst into tears, and the two of them would cling to one another and cry. Marina, of course, saw that Lee was in terrible inner turmoil. She had no idea what was causing it, and told herself that perhaps he struck out at *her* because he had to hold himself in at work and she was the only person he could get angry at. She also told herself that she was to blame, that she brought on many of their quarrels and that her punishments were the least she deserved. She continued to beg for affection—he had none to spare.

The Oswalds' neighbors heard the sounds of discord from their apartment. One neighbor went to Mahlon Tobias, the building manager, and complained, "I think he's *really* hurt her this time." Mrs. Tobias cooked up a pretext and dropped by to see if Marina was all right.

When the noise grew even louder, a the frightened baby began to wake u wailing, in the middle of the nigl another neighbor complained to Tobi "I think that man over there is going kill that girl."

Tobias went to Mr. and Mrs. Willia Martin Jurek, the owners of the buildi who in turn paid a call on Lee, warni him that he and his wife would have stop fighting or move. Lee tried to shr it off, but the visit told him what he w uncomfortably aware of already. He h too many neighbors on Elsbeth Stre too many eyes and ears upon him. H movements were being observed. Peo knew he was beating his wife. Wh might they notice next?

Lee kept the Jureks' visit secret fr Marina. But he made up his mind move. Before the week was out he a nounced to a startled Marina that had found them a new place to live. she liked it, they would move.

It was on the second floor of a buildi only about a block from the Elsbe Street apartment. It was cleaner th the place they had and the rent was le $60 a month instead of $68. But the b attraction was a balcony. "Just like o balcony in Minsk," Lee said. "You c plant flowers on it. And it's healthier f Junie. She can crawl out there and y needn't watch her all the time." He al pointed out one of the apartment's oth advantages. There were fewer neighbo there, fewer witnesses to their comin and goings. He would like that, he sai

Sitting in the kitchen the first week March, he asked Marina to fetch him t mail-order catalog. Marina was ove joyed. He was going to buy a present f her and June. She brought him the cat log, then crept behind his chair to s what he was going to buy. Abruptly, h snapped the catalog shut. Next time sh got a better look. It was not dresses toys he was looking at. He was readi the section on rifles.

On the morning of Wednesday, Ap 10, Marina thought, Lee looked pensiv and rather sad. With tears in his eyes, h confessed at last that he had lost his jo "I don't know why," he said. "I tried. liked that work so much. But probab the FBI came and asked about me, an the boss just didn't want to keep someo the FBI was interested in. When w they leave me alone?"

Marina ached with sympathy. She ha no idea how to comfort him; and whe he went out for the day she supposed h was looking for work. He was dressed i his good gray suit and a clean white shi

As nearly as Marina can recall, L did not come home for supper that nigh She waited until seven, an hour pa their usual suppertime, then absen mindedly cooked something for hersel Between eight and nine she was bus putting June to bed. Then she began t grow uneasy. *(continue*

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s
flour
espoon sugar
Malcolm Hereford's Banana Cow
water
espoons butter or margarine,
ted

gs in medium bowl. Add flour and
ternately with Malcolm Hereford's Banana Cow and water, beating until smooth after each addition. Beat in melted butter. Refrigerate covered 1 hour. Pour 2 tablespoons batter into hot buttered 7-inch crepe pan or skillet. Tilt pan to coat bottom evenly with batter. Cook over medium heat until brown; turn crepe to brown second side. Makes 16 crepes. Garnish with banana and orange slices.

THE COW SLUSH

Pour 6 ounces of Malcolm Hereford's Chocolate Mint Cow into your blender. Add six ice cubes. Blend for 30 seconds. Makes 2 servings.

HEREFORD'S COW HOT DESSERT SAUCE

1 square (1 ounce) semi-sweet chocolate
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup Malcolm Hereford's Mocha Cow

Melt chocolate and butter in small saucepan over low heat. Add sugar; cook and stir over medium heat 3 minutes. Stir in Malcolm Hereford's Mocha Cow. Serve warm over ice cream or cake. Makes 3/4 cup.

HEREFORD'S COW DAIQUIRI

6 oz. Malcolm Hereford's Strawberry Cow, chilled
1 can (6 oz.) frozen lemonade
1 package (10 oz.) frozen strawberries, slightly thawed
4 oz. Light Rum
1 cup of ice

Place all ingredients in blender, cover and blend for 30 seconds. Pour into chilled glasses. Makes 8 servings.

PIÑA COW-LADA

1-1/2 cups Malcolm Hereford's Coconut Cow, chilled
1/2 cup Light Rum
1 can (8 ounces) pineapple chunks in unsweetened juice, chilled
1 cup crushed ice
1/2 cup heavy cream

Place ingredients in blender. Cover and blend at medium speed 15 seconds. Pour over ice cubes. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings, about 1 cup each.

COW CROSSING

Put crushed ice or cubes in a 12-ounce glass. Fill with an equal blending of Hereford's Strawberry Cow and French Vanilla Cow. Stir. Serves one.

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MARINA & LEE

continued

For months Lee had been tense, preoccupied, ready, like the high-powered rifle he had purchased from a mail order house in Chicago, to "go off." Nor, despite efforts to censor her curiosity, could she suppress an awareness that his comings and goings had been out of the ordinary. Now it turned out that he had been fired. Marina sensed, too clearly for her own peace of mind, that this element on top of the rest made up a recipe for danger, although what kind of danger she could not have said.

She paced anxiously from room to room, doing her best not to think. On an impulse, about ten o'clock, she opened the door to her husband's study. There on the desk she saw a key with a sheet of paper lying under it. At the sight of the key, Marina felt a thud inside: Lee was never coming back.

She picked up the paper and read the note he had written her in Russian.

1. Here is the key to the post office box, which is located in the main post office downtown on Ervay Street, the street where there is a drugstore where you always used to stand. The post office is four blocks from the drugstore on the same street. There you will find our mailbox. I paid for the mailbox last month so you needn't worry about it.
2. Send information about what has happened to me to the Embassy [the Soviet Embassy in Washington] and also send newspaper clippings (if there's anything about me in the papers). I think the Embassy will come quickly to your aid once they know everything.
3. I paid our rent on the second so don't worry about it.
4. I have also paid for the water and gas.
5. There may be some money from work. They will send it to our post office box. Go to the bank and they will cash it.
6. You can either throw out my clothing or give it away. *Do not keep it.* As for my personal papers (both military papers and papers from the factory), I prefer that you keep them.
7. Certain of my papers are in the small blue suitcase.
8. My address book is on the table in my study if you need it.
9. We have *friends* here and the *Red Cross* will also help you.
10. I left you as much money as I could, $60 on the second of the month, and you and Junie can live for two months on $10 a week.
11. If I am alive and taken prisoner, the city jail is at the end of the bridge we always used to cross when we went to town (the very beginning of town after the bridge).

Marina had no idea what his message was supposed to convey. Only two words meant anything to her. They were "prisoner" and "jail." She saw them and started shaking all over.

At 11:30 Lee walked in, white, ered with sweat, his eyes glittering.

"What's happened?" Marina aske

"I shot [General] Walker." He out of breath and could barely spea

"Did you kill him?"

"I don't know."

"My God. The police will be here minute. What did you do with the ri

"Buried it."

Marina's teeth started to chatter. was certain that police dogs would t the rifle and be at the house any sec

"Don't ask any questions." switched on the radio. There was news. "And for God's sake don't bo me." He peeled off his clothing hurled himself on the bed. He fell as right away and slept soundly the w night through.

Closeness and fear

Marina lay awake for hours liste for the barking of police dogs and footsteps of policemen on the stairc She glanced over at Lee, who was l like a dead man beside her, and she sorry for him. She felt a pity almost p ical in its closeness and fear of w the police would do to him.

An idea flickered across her mind. would go to the police. She put thought aside. The truth is that she no one to lean on but Lee and was de ly afraid of losing him. *(contin*

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LUCKY DATE CAKE: Dissolve 2 packages Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast in 1/2 cup warm water (105°F-115°F) in a large warm bowl. Stir in 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 3/4 cup softened margarine, 3 egg yolks and 1 cup unsifted flour. Beat until thoroughly blended. Stir in an additional 1-3/4 cups unsifted flour. Mix well. Cover tightly. Refrigerate 2 hours. Make meringue by beating 3 egg whites until soft peaks form; gradually add 1/2 cup sugar; beat to stiff, not dry peaks. Reserve 2/3 cup for topping. Divide dough in half. On a floured board, roll into 2 (12 x 10-inch) rectangles. Spread meringue to within 1-inch of edges. Sprinkle with 1 cup chopped pecans and 1 (8-ounce) package Dromedary Chopped Dates. Roll up lengthwise as for jelly rolls. Seal edges and ends tightly. Place on greased baking sheets, curving to form narrow U shapes. Cover; let rise in warm place, about 1-1/4 hours or until light to the touch. Bake at 350°F. 18 to 20 minutes. Stir meringue lightly; spread over cake. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup chopped pecans. Bake 8 to 10 minutes longer. Makes 16 servings.





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MARINA & LEE

continued

"I'll be alone without a husband," she said to herself, "and what good will that do anyone?" Nor, with her lack of English, did she know *how* to tell her story, much less make anyone believe her. The police would only send her home, and Lee would give her a beating.

The Dallas papers of Thursday, April 11, 1963, ran front-page stories about the attempt on General Walker's life. Lee left the apartment to buy both morning and afternoon editions, and lay on the sofa listening to news bulletins. It was reported that the police had identified the bullet as a .30-caliber. It was also reported that an aide to the general noticed two men in a "late-model, unlicensed car" in the alley behind Walker's house that night. A neighbor of Walker's claimed that he had seen two cars, one with one man in it, the other with several, speed away from the scene.

Reading that, Lee roared with laughter. "Americans are so spoiled!" he said, proud of his escape. "It never occurs to them that you might use your own two legs. They always think you have a car. They chased a *car*. And here *I* am sitting *here!*" Once again he said that before any car left the scene, "my legs had carried me a long way."

Lee also laughed at the police identification of the badly smashed bullet. "They got the bullet—found it in the chimney," he said. "They say I had a .30-caliber bullet when I didn't at all. They've got the bullet and rifle all wrong. Can't even figure *that* out. Fools!"

Low as his opinion of the police was, Lee was angry at himself and disappointed. "It was such an easy shot," he said again and again. "How on earth did I miss? A single second saved him. I fired and he moved. A perfect shot if only he hadn't moved!"

Capable of killing

Marina now knew that Lee took his politics far more seriously than she had ever, in her wildest dreams, supposed. She knew, for the first time, that he was capable of killing in cold blood, merely for the sake of his ideas. But her fears for the future started and ended with General Walker. She saw that Lee was bitterly disappointed by his failure to kill Walker, that he still was keyed up and tense and that his desire to do the deed had by no means burned itself out. She was afraid, terrified, that he would take another shot at Walker. It never occurred to her, then or at any other time, that he would try to shoot anybody else.

But on Sunday, April 21, all her fears were revived. Lee went out early to buy a newspaper and some doughnuts. They had breakfast together, and afterwards Lee sat by himself in the living room and read the newspaper. It was the Dallas *Morning News*, that had a banner headline that day: "Nixon Calls for Decision to Force Reds Out of Cuba." The lead story reported a speech, which Richard Nixon had delivered the day before in Washington, accusing President Kennedy of being too soft on Castro and demanding a "command decision" to force the Russians out of Cuba. The speech could have been interpreted as a call for a new invasion.

Marina had no idea what Lee was reading. But she noticed that he had laid the paper carefully on the coffee table as if he wanted her, or someone, to see it. Then Lee stood before her, dressed in gray slacks, white shirt and a tie. He had his pistol at his waist and was about to put on his jacket. His face was white.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Nixon is coming to town. I am going to have a look." He spoke slowly and with deliberation.

"I know what your 'looks' mean."

Marina had no idea who Nixon was and she did not care. She knew his life was in danger and that was enough. Thinking fast, she went into the bathroom and asked Lee to follow her there. Once he was inside, she squeezed herself out and shut the door. Marina held the door closed as hard as she could, bracing her feet against the wall.

"Let me out. Let me out," Lee screamed. "Open the door!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Marina said. "How *can* you lie to me after you gave me your word? You promised me you'd never shoot anyone else and here you are starting in all over again. I'm pregnant. I can't take it all the time. I could lose the baby and you wouldn't even care." Marina was hurt, angry and in tears.

"Let me out!"

"Over my dead body I will. I have evidence against you. I'll take it to the police."

Their tug of war lasted three minutes. Although she weighed less than 100 pounds, Marina could summon up a wonderful, concentrated energy at moments like this. She had held Lee in the bathroom before at least once in t apartment in Fort Worth, and she to do so three or four times again, al always to avoid a beating.

But her words seemed to disarm this time: "I could lose the baby. Y have killed your own child."

Lee relented. "Okay, I won't d Open up."

"Only if you give me your gun.

"Okay. Only open the door."

She opened it and Lee came out. face was red from exertion and his had the angry glitter she knew wel

Marina was trembling all over. eyed him like a watchful bird.

"Give me the gun," she said.

He handed it to her.

"Take off your clothes."

He stripped to his T-shirt and sh

Marina went quickly into the bedr carrying the revolver. She shoved it der the mattress without looking to if it was loaded.

"If you're going to keep me her day," he yelled, "at least give me so thing to read."

She looked around for his book brought it to him. Then she took a his shoes. For two or three hours sat on the toilet seat, reading with door closed. Marina could not see but she kept her eyes on the door her ears alert for any sound.

Finally, at three or four in the a noon, he came out of the bathroom sat in the living room, reading in undershorts, which were all Ma would allow him. They did not exch a word. Toward evening, he carried baby to her bath and sat with her, na in the tub. They played more qu than usual and he did not use baby

End of P

COMING NEXT MONTH

In the final installment of "Mar and Lee," Mrs. Oswald recalls h she taunted her husband by comp ing him to her former lover—who s said looked like President Kennedy and describes the events leading to that day in November.



"Could you read faster, Dad? I'd like to go to sleep."



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Rocky Road Halloween Squares

(Makes about 40 squares)

- 1 (12-ounce) package semi-sweet chocolate morsels
- 1 (14-ounce) can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 cups dry roasted peanuts
- 1 (10½-ounce) package miniature white marshmallows

In top of double boiler, over boiling water, melt morsels with sweetened condensed milk and butter; remove from heat. In large bowl, combine nuts and marshmallows; fold in chocolate mixture. Spread in wax paper-lined 13 x 9-inch pan. Chill 2 hours or until firm. Remove from pan, peel off wax paper; cut into squares. Cover and store at room temperature.

FOSTER PAREN

continued from page 70

But one day a friend came to c sit with us on the lawn and he b a friend along. Our friend's friend believe in signs. Perhaps you kn type—as a child always putting a your mudpies and mussing your b furniture. Despite a startled warn to touch the pole, he had to te firm it was against the building we noticed that Mrs. Swallow come around the nest any mo guessed that the shake against the from the tested pole had driven l Later, when we took the pole do saw the two addled eggs that t sad story.

Shock destructive

When we took the pole back the slope to examine the nest fr porch, I tried to take pictures, l shock to so delicate a construc such heavy material had been d tive to more than just the eggs w this, together with its precarious jo had started the nest's breaking tried to keep the pieces in place occasion, but could do nothing about the sun's disinterest in ligh and about all I got was a faint re its size and general shape. I still h box and all the fragments and they two and a half pounds, even thou clay has become very dry and cr

I do wonder what sort of nests berry and Raspberry built later fo selves and their families. They surely want their children to gr with a knowledge of the outside that can best be gained from ol tion.

TWO GIRLS

By Beatrice Meyer

There were two girls lived by our st
One was dark; the other, fair.
One plaited lilies in her hair.
The other, roses.

One's hair looked like winter wheat,
gold-white,
And tangled, spun like doves in flig
The other's, like a passage—still at
And raven's wings.

The fair one married a man from to
And walked through the streets in a
brocade gown.
She slept on pillows of eiderdown
And satin.

The dark one married a gypsy man
And lived with him in a caravan.
She tied back her hair with a coral f
And roses.



An old-fashioned man brings back old-fashioned cookies.

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SINGLE MOTHERS

continued from page 107

portunity to learn about loving dissonance. When I am pleased with them, everything is fine; when I am not, their world is rotten. They have no refuge. One of the best things I ever did was to bring Peggy into our household—another adult with ideas, background and perspectives different from mine. A married couple might have been even better, giving the children a man around the house and a chance to see how men and women function in a marriage.

Teaching one-parent children such lessons is difficult. Very few couples who band together to go with their children to beaches, picnics, football games, movies, think to include the single parent and her children. Single-parent families could and should reach out to other such families and band together to do things with their children. But the fact is that the mother is often too shaken by the new experience of finding herself totally alone, totally responsible, to be able to take any initiative. She is often too tired. Things that make sense, that seem easy enough to do, can represent impossible hurdles to her.

But it is time that we—the women alone—did something about it, especially now that there are so many single-parent families. We could make great changes—if only we would. If we would just take the first step and overcome our shock, our inertia, our fear. If we would learn to think constructively and imaginatively about the options open to us. For there *are* realistic options worth trying.

Could change lives

On a very small scale, for instance, I think of all the women in my apartment house who bake just one potato every night. Some of them work, others are older women—widows mostly—who are home all day and whose evenings are even lonelier than their days. I keep wondering, would one of those women enjoy having dinner with us one night a week? Would she like to join in a drink before dinner, to relax, chat and listen to Buffy talk about school? Would she like to join us playing Scrabble after dinner or listening to records? Would a quiet family evening lessen her loneliness, give her pleasure? And if it would, would she take Buffy shopping on Saturdays or ice skating or to the museum or the movies or for a walk? A commitment of a few hours a week, an exchange of caring and concern, even on this limited basis, could change lives.

It also seems a shame that so many single parents, including myself, spend so much time trying to get babysitters, when there are older women in our own apartment houses who spend their evenings alone in front of the television set. I keep wondering, would one of them enjoy spending an occasional evening in front of *our* television set, as an honorary grandmother and valued baby-sitter? And in return, Jon and Buffy might run errands and do chores for her—carry groceries home, pick up the dry cleaning, go to the post office, return library books. I could help with her shopping. These are family-expanding possibilities to be explored.

Margaret Mead, wise woman that she is, has made bolder proposals for relieving the emotional poverty of one-parent families. She wrote, "We have somehow obscured the needs of adults for the company of other adults, for people who are not little people two feet high, but full-grown individuals who can share the tasks of providing for the children. This is an adult need, but one that can make all the difference for the growing child. There is no intrinsic reason why parenting must be limited to one or both of the biological parents. What we need to do is devise other kinds of homes in which two adults—at least two adults—can have a continuing, loving and responsible relationship with each other and with the children."

She suggests that these two-or-more-adult households might include grandparents, or sisters, or friends of the same sex, or a friend of the same sex and her children. And why not a friend of the opposite sex? And his children? Or a couple? Or a couple and their children?

I see no reason why, in this day and age, a woman should not share her home with a divorcé or widower, with or without children. And one does not necessarily have to live under the same roof. A two-family house or adjoining apartments are possibilities, or a large h where each family has its own pri quarters, but shares the kitchen, di room and living room.

Another excellent solution is wh becoming known as an "intentional f ily." This is a group of people—mar divorced, single, widowed—who l decided that there is a need for the rious kinds of caring relationships were found in the old-fashioned ext ed family.

This solution seems to combine best features of communes and indi ual families. It offers great flexibi Since an intentional family embrace many different family units and age allows the children a wide range of m els. It also gives the single mother f dom that she would not have otherw as well as a back-up system for emer cies and a comfortable social life.

Many churches support and encou this movement. Some call them clu families, others cooperative familie like the term "intentional," because such an apt description. And isn't tempting idea to be able to choose y own relatives?

An important advantage of such ternative living arrangements is the e tional security they offer the child Children who have experienced often worry about what will happe them if something happens to the pa with whom they live. This fear is a v real one, although the child may not about it. When it is not expressed, s youngsters develop sleeping proble others are afraid to go to school. A pa may be aware of the symptoms but aware of their cause. If your child se seriously upset about being apart f you, it may be a good idea to talk v your pediatrician or even *(contin*



"Since Miss Evangeline died, guess who owns controlling stock?"

They say a woman thrives on change.
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for something new to do.
Something new to wear.
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Scalloped Potatoes. Broccoli au Gratin.
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SINGLE MOTHERS

continued

a child psychologist, and get advice on helping your child get his or her fear out into the open.

One reason most single parents are not aware of this fear is that few of the hundreds of how-to books and articles on bringing up children offer meaningful advice on the special problems of the single parent. And when they do offer advice, it often seems off-target. Typical was the advice given the divorced mother of a nine-year-old girl. The mother was fortunate in having a good job, but it involved two or three business trips a month. The daughter always complained when her mother left. The mother was overcome with guilt. What should she do? How should she handle this? I wanted to know what the psychologist advised. It might help with Jonny and Buffy.

The answer—disappointingly—was to give the girl a lot of extra attention before the mother went away and a present when she came back. To me, that amounted to bribing the child and teaching her that the answer to loneliness and sadness is to go out and buy something. No toy or game can compensate a child for your absence. Kenneth Keniston, author of *The Uncommitted* and head of The Carnegie Council on Children, emphasizes this: "Our middle-class children are awash in skateboards and stereos, but they fall prey to alcohol, drugs, aimlessness and boredom." The only thing that helps is your love, your concern for them.

When Buffy was a very little girl, she taught me the folly of trying to bribe a child. I was going to be away longer th usual, and guilt hit me like a ton bricks. I went to F.A.O. Schwarz, t toy store for superindulgent parents a grandparents (this was while my hu band was still alive), and bought one their most expensive dolls. Buffy u wrapped the big box, took out the d —and flung it across the room in a rag

I was furious. Then I was hurt. A then, despite myself, I had to admire t child. She did not want a doll. S wanted me. And she was angry that would attempt to buy her off.

Buffy and Jonny never liked me to away on business. But that has alwa been part of the way I earned our livin so I have tried to teach them to view n trips in a routine way. I call them eve day when I am out of town. And wher come home, there are lots of hugs a kisses. Sometimes we go out for dinn but that's it. And life is easier sin

ggy has come to live with us—she has come part of the family and the household routine goes on whether I am there not. That helps Buffy feel more secure, and I no longer feel so guilty when ave to leave.

What it comes down to is that everyone has options. Sometimes it takes eks and months to determine what ir options are and which will be the st satisfactory. But once you have de up your mind, you must act. Do wait for someone to come knocking your door and invite you to share a ne, offer to take the children off your nds or invite you to join an intentional nily. It may be a long wait.

In many ways we have been taught to back, to wait for things to happen to And then we feel sorry when nothing ppens, when no one pays any attention, when we suddenly realize that we living on our own psychological island. It is up to us to de-program ourselves, to learn to make things happen.

Talk to people about your plans, your ideas. Ask your clergyman; talk to your pediatrician. He or she may very well know another woman in similar circumstances. Put an ad in your local paper or a notice on the community bulletin board. Do something. And if, in the course of doing, you make mistakes, don't get discouraged. Just pick yourself up, take a deep breath and start all over again. It gets easier each time. I know.

We women, I believe, are particularly fitted for pioneering these new family constellation concepts. The late political philosopher, Walter Lippmann, would have agreed with me, I am sure. He had great respect for the potential of women. "Understand that the forms of cooperation are of precious little value without a people trained to use them," he wrote. "The family with its dominating father, its submissive and amateurish mother produced invariably men who had little sense of a common life and women who were jealous of an enlarging civilization. It is this that feminism comes to correct. And that is why its promise reaches far beyond the present bewilderment. The awakening of women points straight to the discipline of cooperations. And so it is laying the real foundations for the modern world." (I love the fact that Mr. Lippmann wrote this in 1914.)

We women alone can be the pioneers of this cooperation, can make our lives and our children's lives better. We must not be held back by doubts and inertia. There are bound to be difficulties in changing one's life, no matter how slightly, but there are difficulties in any living, growing relationship. And no one can live in a sterile vacuum, uncontaminated by life. Change is difficult. I know that. But change is life. **End**

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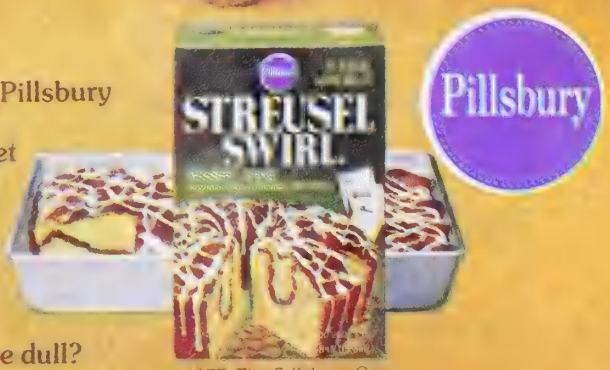
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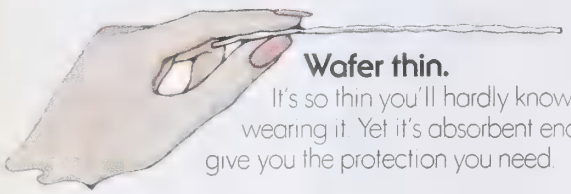
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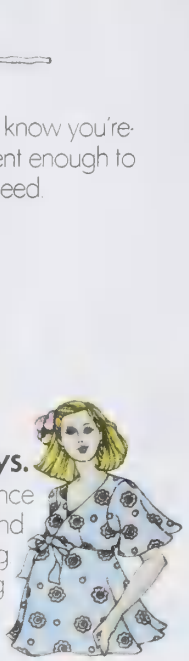
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AN ENCHANTED CHILDHOOD *continued from page 119*

Presumably from long years of disuse, the pedals were longer workable. Large applications of oil might have do the trick—but there was an easier way of making Truelo serviceable.

Like all gardens in Devon, our garden was on a slope. method was to pull Truelove to the top of a long, grassy slo settle myself carefully, utter an encouraging sound and we went; slowly at first, gathering momentum whilst I brak with my feet, so that we came to rest under the monkey p zle at the bottom of the garden. Then I would pull Truelo back up to the top and start down once more.

I discovered in later years that it had been a great sou of amusement to my future brother-in-law to see this proc enacted, for sometimes an hour at a time, always in perf solemnity.

When Nursie left I was, naturally, at a loss for a playma I wandered disconsolately about until the hoop solved problem. Like all children I went round trying to induce p ple to play with me—first my mother, then the servants. in those days, if there was no one whose business it was play with children then the child had to play by itself. T servants were good-natured, but they had their work to d plenty of it—and so it would be: "Now run away, Miss Agat I've got to get on with what I'm doing." Jane [another serva was usually good for a handful of sultanas, or a slice of chee but suggested firmly that these should be consumed in garden.

So it was that I made my own world and my own pl mates. I really do think that it was a good thing. I have nev all through my life, suffered from the tedium of "nothing do." An enormous number of women do. They suffer fr loneliness and boredom. To have time on their hands i nightmare and not a delight. If things are constantly be done to amuse you, naturally you expect it. And when no ing is done for you, you are at a loss.

I suppose it is because nearly all children go to school n adays, and have things arranged for them, that they seem forlornly unable to produce their own ideas in holiday tim am always astonished when children come to me and s "Please, I've nothing to do." With an air of desperation I po out:

"But you've got a lot of toys, haven't you?"

"Not really."

"But you've got two trains. And lorries, and a painting s And blocks. Can't you play with some of them?"

"But I can't play by *myself* with them."

"Why not? I know. Paint a picture of a beautiful bird, t cut it out and make a cage with the blocks and put the b in the cage."

The gloom brightens and there is peace for nearly minutes.

"My tastes have not changed"

Looking back over the past, I become increasingly sure one thing. My tastes have remained fundamentally the sa What I liked playing with as a child, I have liked play with later in life.

Houses, for instance.

I had, I suppose, a reasonable amount of toys: a dolls' b with real sheets and blankets and the family building bric handed down by my elder sister and brother. Many of playthings were extemporized. I cut pictures out of old ill trated magazines and pasted them into scrapbooks made brown paper. Odd rolls of wallpaper were cut and pasted o boxes. It was all a long, leisurely process.

But my principal source of indoor amusement was doubtedly my dolls' house. It was the usual type of pain affair, with a front that swung open, revealing *(continu*





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AN ENCHANTED CHILDHOOD *continued*

itchen, sitting-room and hall down-airs, two bedrooms and bathroom up-airs. That is, it began that way. The rniture was acquired, piece by piece. here was an enormous range of dolls' rniture in the shops then, quite cheap price. My pocket money was, for ose days, rather large. It consisted of hat copper coins Father happened to ve in his possession every morning. I ould visit him in his dressing-room, say od morning, and then turn to the essing-table to see what fate had de-eed for me on that particular day. wopence? Fivepence? Once a whole evenpence! Some days, no coppers at l. The uncertainty made it exciting.

My purchases were always much the me. Some sweets—*boiled sweets*, the ly kind my mother considered healthy purchased from Mr. Wylie who had a op in Tor. The sweets were made on e premises, and as you came in through e shop door you knew at once what as being made that day. The rich smell boiling toffee, the sharp odor of pep-rmint rock, the elusive smell of pine-pple, barleysugar (dull), which practi-lly didn't smell at all, and the almost verpowering odor when pear drops ere in process of manufacture.

Everything cost eightpence a pound. I spent about fourpence a week—one pennyworth of four different kinds. Then there was a penny to be donated for the Waifs and Strays (money-box on the hall table); from September onwards a few pence were salted away to save up for such Christmas presents as would be bought, not made. The rest went towards the furnishing and equipping of my dolls' house.

Armchairs and saucepans

I can still remember the enchantment of the things there were to buy. Food, for instance. Little cardboard platters of roast chicken, eggs and bacon, a wedding cake, a leg of lamb, apples and oranges, fish, trifle, plum pudding. There were plate baskets with knives, forks and spoons. There were tiny sets of glasses. Then there was the furniture proper. My drawing-room had a suite of blue satin chairs, to which I added by degrees a sofa and a rather grand gilded armchair. There were dressing-tables with mirrors, round polished dinner-tables, and a hideous orange brocade dining-room suite. There were lamps and epergnes and bowls of flowers. Then there were all the household implements, brushes and dustpans, brooms and pails and kitchen saucepans.

Soon my dolls' house looked more like a furniture storehouse.

Could I—could I, possibly—have *another* dolls' house?

Mother did not think that any little girl ought to have two dolls' houses. But why not, she suggested, inspired, use a *cupboard*. So I acquired a cupboard, and it was a wild success. A big room at the top of the house, originally built on by my father to provide two extra bedrooms, was so much enjoyed in its bare state by my sister and brother as a playroom that that is what it remained. The walls were more or less lined with books and cupboards, the center conveniently free and empty. I was allotted a cupboard with four shelves, part of a built-in fitment against the wall. My mother found various nice pieces of wallpaper which could be pasted on the shelves as carpets. The original dolls' house stood on top of the cupboard, so that I now had a six-storied house.

My house, of course, needed a family to live in it. I acquired a father and mother, two children and a maid, the kind of doll that has a china head and bust and malleable sawdust limbs. Mother sewed some clothes on them, from odd bits of stuff she had. She even fixed with glue a small black beard and moustache to the face of the father. Father, mother, two children and a maid. It was perfect. I don't remember their having any particular personalities—they never became

(continued on page 200)

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MEDIUM (110 to 140 lbs. 5'3" to 5'6")	65	66	67	68	69
LARGE (130 to 160 lbs. 5'7" to 5'10")	70	71	72	73	74
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Selection example: size medium—shade nude is number 65

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LIMIT ONE PER FAMILY

Pets and children

By Roger Caras

Why pets are good for children—and what animal is best for *your* youngster.



Many, or even most, children can be aided in their emotional and intellectual growth by the pet-owning experience.

What pet is best for *your* child?

First, be sure your child does not have any allergies that might complicate pet owning and is, in your estimation, ready to have a pet. (Is your child old enough *emotionally* to give up some of the center of the universe it has claimed since birth?) Then select an animal that matches your child's activity level and interests and your family's living habits, accommodations and financial flexibility.

Children interact well with cats and, because cats are easy to care for, youngsters can participate in feline maintenance. Cats do not require a lot of space, do not have to be walked late at night and in bad weather, and travel well once they are used to it.

Since cats are not noisy and are usually sedate when they have passed the kitten stage, they are ideal as pets for quiet, introspective children and as confidantes for pre-teenagers. Because cats cuddle, they are a source of security to many. Cats also are free. Every shelter and pound in the country is overloaded with felines that desperately need homes. Kittens are appealing, but grown cats can be just as successfully adopted. All cats should be sexually altered, male as well as female. They are better pets that way. (Note: it is *not* a good idea for small children and pregnant women to attend to a kitty litter box because of the very remote possibility of disease. When children are old enough to see to that small chore, they should always wash their hands well afterwards. All in all, cats are extremely clean, and the likelihood of disease or parasites being transferred to human beings is very small.)

Dogs are undeniably the most popular of all pets. They come in an enormous variety of shapes, sizes, styles and temperaments. But dogs, like cats, reflect their home. Although there may be exceptions, a cheerful, stable home is likely to be represented by cheerful, stable dogs.

Generally, large dogs are steadier and can handle childish exuberance a little better than can smaller, more fragile dogs. The size of the dog you choose, however, must be keyed to the amount of room you have and the amount of exercise it will receive. Too little room and too little exercise mean an improperly maintained animal.

Some kids have amazing rapport with horses and other farm animals. Small rodents and rabbits make pleasing pets. Birds, fish, snakes and other such creatures make fair to good pets in the right settings, but no animals will respond to your children, or engender the kind of reaction from them, that cats and dogs will.

The child's role in pet care and treatment

In order for a pet to play its role in the development of your child, the youngster's role must be defined. Here are key considerations:

1. **The pet is a playmate and not a plaything.** We live in a world of disposable plastic, and the child must learn very early that living creatures are not toss-aways —and that life is something very special. Nothing good can come from pet owning until that lesson is learned. The fact that animals have feelings may be the first real evidence that the child can accept that the world does not wholly revolve around himself.
2. **The pet has needs.** A child is well aware of the meaning of hunger and thirst, and the sensation of being tired or grouchy. When the child finally reaches the point where he is as concerned about the pet's thirst as he is about his own, the pet has more than paid his way.
3. **The pet is mortal.** The child learns that it is one thing to leave a door ajar when it will make mother angry, and another thing when an open door can mean a pet running in traffic. Illness, also, takes on special meanings when it attacks a pet. Older family members tend to hide their illnesses from children so as not to worry them. Pets cannot do that and often show even slight illness by a sudden drop in activity and loss of appetite. Children quickly associate these disturbing changes with the fulfilling of obligations. The very act of taking a pet to a veterinarian to be "repaired" is important for the child. It is an irresistible invitation to participate in something that is wholly for the good of a friend. It requires the child to really reach out to help another living creature feel well and enjoy life.

The more a child is invited to participate in the care of a pet the better. Children should feed the animals. Children should participate in the animal's exercise and coat care. If the child is too small to handle these tasks alone, he or she should be required from the very beginning to "help." Even a tiny child can quickly learn that routine spells health and happiness for an animal friend.

It is possible, of course, to raise healthy, happy fulfilled children without pets. It is not overstating the case, however, to say that pets offer a readily accessible aid in child development. **End**

Photograph by Walter Chandoha.

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I remember vividly a field of buttercups. I must have bee under five, since I walked there with Nursie. It was when w were at Ealing, staying with Auntie-Grannie. We went up hill, past St. Stephen's Church. It was then nothing but field and we came to one special field, crammed with golden bu tercups. We went to it—that I do know—quite often. I dor know if my memory of it is of the first time we went there a later occasion, but the loveliness of it I do remember an feel. It seems to me that for many years now I have nev seen a field of buttercups. I have seen a few buttercups *in* field, but that is all. A great field full of golden buttercups early summer is something indeed. I had it then, I have with me now.

What has one enjoyed most in life? I daresay it varies wi different people. For my own part, remembering and reflec ing, it seems that it is almost always the quiet moments everyday life. Those are the times, certainly, when *I* hav been happiest. Adorning Nursie's old gray head with blu bows, playing with Tony, making a parting with a com down his broad back, galloping on what I feel to be re horses across the river my fancy has set in the garden. Follow ing my hoop through the stations of the Tubular Railwa Happy games with my mother. My mother, later, readi Dickens to me, gradually getting sleepy, her spectacles ha falling off her nose and her head dropping forward, and m self saying in an agonized voice, "Mother, you're going *sleep*," to which my mother with great dignity replies, "Not ing of the kind, darling. I am not in the *least* sleepy!" A fe minutes later she would be asleep. I remember feeling ho ridiculous she looked with her spectacles slipping off her no and how much I loved her at that moment.

It is a curious thought, but it is only when you see peop looking ridiculous, that you realize just how much you lo them! Anyone can admire somebody for being handsome amusing or charming, but that bubble is soon *(continue*

AN ENCHANTED CHILDHOOD *continued*

people to me, they existed only to occupy the house. But it really looked *right* when you sat the family round the dinner table. Plates, glasses, roast chicken and a rather peculiar pink pudding were served at the first meal.

An additional enjoyment was house-moving. A stout cardboard box was the furniture van. The furniture was loaded into it, it was drawn round the room by a string several times and then "arrived at the new house." (This happened at least once a week.)

I can see quite plainly now that I have continued to play houses ever since. I have gone over innumerable houses, bought houses, exchanged them for other houses, furnished houses, decorated houses, made structural alterations to houses. Houses! God bless houses!

But to go back to memories. What odd things really, when one collects them all together, one *does* remember out of one's life. One remembers happy occasions, one remembers—very vividly, I think—fear. Oddly enough, pain and unhappiness are hard to recapture. I do not mean exactly that I do not remember them—I can, but without *feeling* them. Where they are concerned I am in the first stage. I say, "There was Agatha being terribly unhappy. There was Agatha having toothache." But I don't *feel* the unhappiness or the toothache. On the other hand, one day the sudden smell of lime trees brings the past back, and suddenly I remember a day spent near the lime trees, the pleasure with which I threw myself down on the ground, the smell of hot grass and the suddenly lovely feeling of summer: a cedar tree nearby and the river beyond. . . . The feeling of being at one with life. It comes back in that moment. Not only a remembered thing of the mind but the feeling itself as well.



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AN ENCHANTED CHILDHOOD *continued*

pricked when a trace of ridicule comes in. I should give as my advice to any girl about to get married: "Well, now, just imagine he had a terrible cold in his head, speaking through his nose all full of b's and d's, sneezing, eyes watering. What would you feel about him?" It's a good test, really.

What one needs to feel for a husband, I think, is the love that is tenderness, that comprises affection, that will take colds in the head and little mannerisms all in it's stride. Passion one can take for granted.

But marriage means more than a lover—I take an old-fashioned view that *respect* is necessary. Respect—which is not to be confused with admiration. To feel admiration for a man all through one's married life would, I think, be excessively tedious. You would get, as it were, a mental crick in the neck. But respect is a thing that you don't have to think about, that you know thankfully is there. As the old Irish woman said of her husband, "Himself is a good head to me." That, I think, is what a woman needs. She wants to feel that in her mate there is integrity, that she can depend on him and respect his judgment, and that when there is a difficult decision to be made it can safely lie in his hands.

It is curious to look back over life, over all the varying incidents and scenes—such a multitude of odds and ends. Out of them all, what has mattered? What lies behind the selection that memory has made? What makes us choose the things that we have remembered? It is as though one went to a great trunk full of junk in an attic and plunged one's hands into it and said, "I will have this—and this—and this."

Ask three or four different people what they remember, say of a journey abroad, and you will be surprised at the different answers you get. I remember a boy of 15, a son of friends of ours, who was taken to Paris as part of his spring holidays. When he returned, some fatuous friend of the family said, with the usual jovial accent inflicted on the young, "Well, my boy, and what impressed you most in Paris? What do you remember about it?" He replied immediately: "The chimneys. The chimneys there are quite different from chimneys on houses in England."

From his point of view it was a perfectly sensible remark. Some years later he started studying as an artist. It was, therefore, a visual detail that really impressed him, that made Paris different from London.

So, too, another memory. This was when my brother was invalided home from East Africa. He brought with him a native servant, Shebani. Anxious to show this simple African the glor London, my brother hired a car an ting in it with Shebani, drove all London.

He displayed to him Westm Abbey, Buckingham Palace, the H of Parliament, the Guildhall, Hyde and so on. Finally, when they ha rived home, he said to Shebani, " did you think of London?"

Shebani rolled his eyes up. "It is derful, Bwana, a wonderful place. did I think I would see anythin it."

My brother nodded a satisfied he "And what impressed you most said.

The answer came without a mom thought. "Oh, Bwana, shops full of Such wonderful shops. Meat hangi great joints all over it *and nobody them*, nobody rushes and pushes way there and snatches. No, they by them in an orderly fashion. How how great a country must be to ha this meat hanging in shops open t streets. Yes, indeed, England is a derful place. London a wonderful

Point of view. The point of view child. We all knew it once but v traveled so far away from it that it's cult to get back there again. I reme seeing my own grandson Mathew he must have been, I suppose, abou and a half. He did not know I was t I was watching him from the top o stairs. He walked very carefully the stairs. It was a new achievement he was proud of it, but still some scared. He was muttering to hi saying: "This is Mathew going d stairs. This is Mathew. Mathew is g downstairs. This is Mathew going d stairs."



I wonder if we all start life thinkin ourselves, as soon as we can think of selves at all, as a separate person, were, from the one observing. Did I to myself once, "This is Agatha in party sash going down to the din room?" It is as though the body in w we have found our spirit lodged i first strange to us. An entity, we kno name, we are on terms with it, but not as yet identified fully with it. We Agatha going for a walk, Mathew g downstairs. We see ourselves rather t *feel* ourselves.

And then one day the next stage of happens. Suddenly it is no longer " is Mathew going downstairs." Sudd it has become *I* am going downst The achievement of "I" is the first in the progress of a personal life.


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BARBARA WALTER

continued from page 90

and we didn't know how to find our w back to each other."

But over the past few months, s Barbara, everything's been changi Already, Roone Arledge, who has tak over as president of ABC News, has gun to build a strong, new team. the Reasoner-Walters show, he's brou in Av Westin, a legendary TV figure, executive producer, and he's also hi Sander Vanocur, once a famous N correspondent, to do "political and vestigative reporting."

From time to time, a mocking it still surfaces. "Long in charge of Howa Cosell, Arledge now finds himself also charge of Harry Reasoner and Barba Walters," wrote one columnist, addi snidely, "If anyone is up to the tortuc task, it's Roone."

But these days, the mockery does seem to matter so much. Because A is doing well in its entertainment depa ment, it's willing to spend some m time and money on its news departme "My Castro show got high critical a claim but a relatively low national r ing," Barbara says, "but when you ha as many entertainment hits as ABC, y can afford to put Castro on in an hour prime time."

No news cutback

Before Arledge took over, accordi to Barbara, he made the ABC bra agree not to cut back on news. "Even they have a bad year in entertainme he'll still be allowed to do a certain nu ber of nighttime specials."

The Castro show may not have be viewed by the same number of citize who watch *Hollywood Squares*, b Barbara's very proud of it—and of a pie of paper which reads, "To Barbara Wa ters for the longest and most diffic interview I've ever done in my life. 1: A.M. Fidel Castro."

When it comes to getting interview Walters says she isn't a superwoma she's persistent. "Most people don't g off their butts. I make the calls, I wri the letters, I try to find out why this pe son would want to do an interview. A I get turned down a lot."

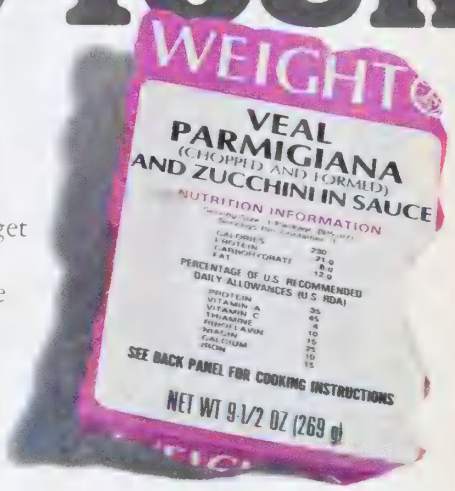
Who has she been unable to inte view? "Jackie Onassis. I'd like to get he Tito. Any of the Chinese leaders."

She's determined about going aft stories she wants, and she's equally d termined that the news show she an Reasoner are doing is going to keep in proving. Though Reasoner's commi ment to journalism as a "formal, traine discipline" is not likely to change ("reporter has to be detached," he sai recently. "A *reporter* couldn't say to Ni on, 'Would you like to apologize to th American people?' and then *(continue*



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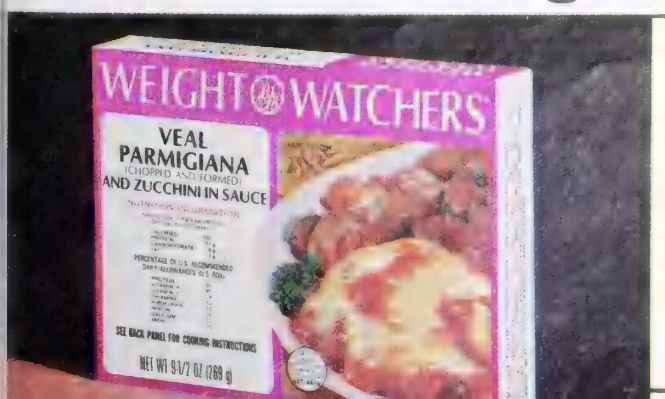
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BARBARA WALTERS

continued

they both cry"), Barbara says her views and his are not incompatible. "I don't want to cry, I don't want to come out and sing and dance, but I think news writing could be a little more understandable, and I think there should be the possibility of making a human comment occasionally, of Harry and me saying something to each other once in a while."

She says she and Reasoner know "we are still perceived as a couple bickering, but we'll work that out. Nobody ever said that Chancellor and Brinkley had tea together every night, but then nobody expected them to."

Reasoner and Walters have relaxed to the point where they now can tease one another—off-camera, at least. "He came in one day and said, 'Guess what, Tom Snyder's going to be your partner next week,' and I said, 'I know, I'm spreading that rumor.'" Barbara is hoping she and Reasoner can begin to communicate some of that more relaxed feeling on the air. "What made Huntley-Brinkley was not just the stories they read, but something about the two men's personalities that complemented each other."

Private world more relaxed

The private world of Barbara Walters has become more relaxed, too. "I've stopped the whole party scene. There was a time when I was newly divorced, just breaking out, and it was wonderful to go, but I've sat next to Henry Kissinger, and I don't need to do it any more."

Barbara did give one party last June. Her daughter Jacqueline turned nine, and the celebration was held beside a midtown swimming pool. Jacqueline shapes up as a very straightforward child: what she liked best were the presents; what she liked least was that she had to write a lot of thank-you notes.

"This past year has given me a sense of what's important," Barbara Walters says. "It sounds corny, but it's true. My child and I are healthy. Physically and emotionally, Jackie's in good shape. She doesn't bite her nails, she doesn't twitch, she's happy."

In August, another blow fell when her father, to whom she was very close, died. "I wouldn't want to live the year over again. I'm not enough of a Pollyanna to say it was wonderful, but I know now that I'm incurably sane, that I'm not going to have a breakdown, and that I'm not going to leave the evening news.

"Would I ever leave? Who knows? I always clung to the same hairdo, the same perfume, and wanted a kind of security and stability, but I no longer say anything's going to be forever. Now, I just want to do a good show, and have a little peace of mind." **End**

MALE MYTH

continued from page 126

have included the "voices" of our subjects throughout.

We surveyed more than 4,000 men because, according to statistical principles, a sample that large is equivalent to an infinitely greater population. In other words, if we had gone on to survey 10,000 or 100,000 or four million men, the percentages who responded in various ways to our questions would not be expected to differ significantly from the results obtained from a carefully balanced and representative 4,000.

The questionnaires were shipped out to testing sites in 18 different states. The men who became the subjects for the study were approached primarily in shopping centers and malls, as well as in office-building complexes, tennis clubs, college campuses, airports and bus depots in the Northeast, Midwest, South and West. The communities in which the testing sites were located varied in character and affluence, insuring that our sample would include ample representation from all income groups, ages, educational and racial backgrounds. We were gratified to see that the final percentages in our sample closely approximated 1970 census data (the latest available) regarding household status, education, type of employment, age and other parameters.

The U.S. Census, however, provides no data on unmarried people living together. We felt that the attitudes of such men should be considered in our study, and so we included them in what seemed to be a representative amount.

Although there were many differences in response to our questions among various groups—old men vs. young, professional men vs. blue-collar workers, uneducated vs. highly educated men, etc.—we learned that today's men essentially agree on most of the issues we raised; many of their views, however, are not what we would have predicted. We found that the American male is a complex, sensitive creature with definite feelings, attitudes and ideals of sexuality, and we discovered that much of existing male lore, though widely accepted as fact, belongs more properly to the realm of modern mythology.

The results of our survey are directed primarily to women. We'd like this new information to enrich their relationships with friends, lovers and husbands. But we believe that men, too, will profit from sharing the frank views and emotions of their contemporaries—and that the experience will encourage them to explore their own feelings more deeply.

Is Sex #1?

Sex is many things: biological need, psychological drive and an act of free choice involving a highly personal lationship between two human bein We wanted to know, how strong is influence of sex upon men? Is sex most important thing in men's lives?

When we asked our sample of 4,(men, *"How do you feel about sex?"* found that most men (61.2 perce considered sex to be a compelling pl sure, but not life's most important o Single men, married men, men of ev occupation and educational level ch this answer more often than any otl elaborating in their essays by say such things as, "Sex is important; love and emotional stability, makin meaningful contribution and my car are at least equally important," a "Sex is important in my life but I d consider it #1. Possibly #2. I th success with money and my profess are more important."

Thus the first priorities of the majo of these men fell into two categories, being success in work and financial fairs, and the other being love and sa fying interpersonal relationships.

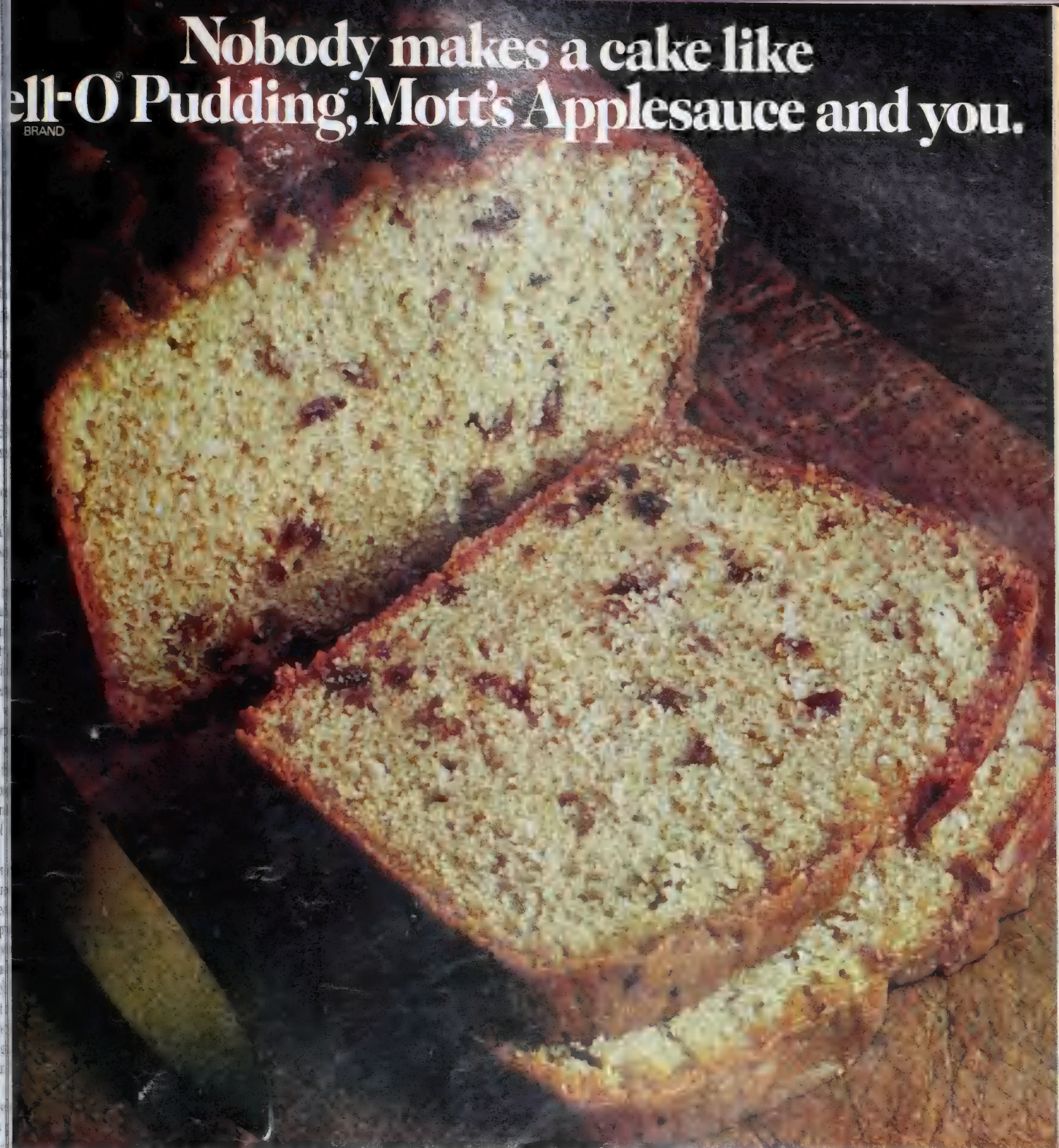
We were not surprised that many r ranked work and achievement ahead sex, for in our society such volunt pursuits often assume the intensity biological drives. But the most strik finding was that, although the grea numbers of all men said that sex "not the most, but a very import pleasure," the percentages of men v answered this way increased with t education. We received this respo from 64.5 percent of the college gra ates and from only 47.9 percent of less-than-high-school graduates.

If for 80 percent of American men is not the most important pleasure life, it is still a very important aspec most men's lives. But does it impr with age like a good wine, or doe depreciate like an automobile? We as our sampling of men how their feeli about sex had changed in the last years: long enough to include rec significant changes but short enough deemphasize age-related crises that cur over an entire lifetime.

The only age group that did not se "more enjoyable than ever" as its dominant response was the oldest bra et, 55 years and over; their m frequent answer was "no change at One man, over 54, explained, "I older and don't crave it as much. harder to do different things n although I'd like to."

Better-educated men reported t were less bored with sex, perhaps cause they communicated more v their partners. Most men who found more enjoyable attributed it to be more liberal in their attitudes. One m said, "My feelings have changed a have grown older. Sex used to inte me because of what I didn't know. N it's because of what I know. *(contin*

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MALE MYTH

continued

I'm less inhibited and more adventurous now." "Sex has changed as I've become more involved in my partner's needs," said another. "This makes the experience more enjoyable for both."

Men Like Marriage

Cartoonist Al Capp once created for L'il Abner and the denizens of Dogpatch an irresistible food called "druthers." The men in our survey liked sex. If they could have their sexual druthers in this liberated age of ours, what would that elusive delicacy be? We asked, *"What do you consider the ideal sex life?"*

Surprisingly, considering the myths of contemporary male sexuality and the options available to men, a majority of all the men—50.5 percent—considered monogamous marriage to be the ideal sexual situation. Add to this 19.9 percent who wanted marriage with outside sexual activity, and we have a total of 70.4 percent of all men who felt that, ideally, men should be married.

All kinds of men made monogamous marriage their first choice except, as expected, those who were living with a woman to whom they were not married. But even 35.3 percent of these felt that they *should* be married—more than the 31.1 percent of them contented with their present unwed status.

By far the greatest percentage of the married men—61.4 percent—champion monogamous marriage; 26.3 perce more chose marriage plus outsi partners, so that a total of 87.7 perce of married men believe in marriage.

Of the men who selected monog mous marriage for themselves, ma spoke of it in terms of the companionsh it offered: "I believe in marriage a security, a family life and sharing," o man said. "It can go *beyond* sex in th two people have pledged to build much better life together than they cou have done apart." Other men empl sized love: "I'd choose marriage, l cause sex is an expression of love a marriage is the ultimate love."

Most men, therefore, not only wa marriage; they consider it the ideal se al relationship, and even speak of it terms that go far beyond the sexu Our men spoke of developing their p tentials, of working together, of buildi a much better life for themselves a their partners. The main point is th this majority argument for marriage a monogamy was rarely presented in pu ly sexual terms. Marriage takes on f midable dimensions since it applies n just to sexual man, but total man.

How Often, How Much?

To pursue the topic of sexual "dru ers," we asked, *"Ideally, how oft would you want intercourse?"* We c not ask our males how often they *ha* intercourse, because adequate statist on actual frequency already exist.

Our results were these: Though m ried men in our study desired intercou less frequently than their bachelor pee every occupational, income and edu tional group selected three to four tim a week as its ideal, with five to sev times a week taking second place. Ov all, 70 percent of the men wanted sex least three times a week.

Estimating from existing statistics the frequency of intercourse, we c gauge from our survey that a good ma men ideally would want sex more f quently (i.e., five or more times a wee than most of them actually achieve.

Women have their sexual "druther too, and one of them probably includ men expressing affection to them. Ho do men feel about it? We asked the *"How do you feel about hugging a kissing without it leading to sexual tercourse?"* and found that they enjoy As a matter of fact, a total of 71.4 p cent (including 12.3 percent who s they need it) find it enjoyable even wi out subsequent intercourse.

We also asked men to tell us whetl there were specific times when th would like to be hugged and kisse Many men pointed out that hugging a kissing could elicit strongly positive fe ings: "Just after having a fight with m wife or when I am feeling low and I ne to have her companionship *(continue*



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and love. I think hugging is great. It gives me a warm, feeling."

It seems apparent from most of our subjects' responses men do enjoy hugging and kissing. They may not initiate routinely as women tend to, but by no means do they dis it altogether.

Satisfying Women

Many a mate has foundered in the sea of love for ha bailed out of the sexual embrace too quickly. How many today consider a sex act to be over when they have had orgasms?

If we add all the percentages that include female or in response to our question, *"When does a sex act end?* find that 51.1 percent of men do not consider a sex act over until their partners have experienced orgasm. If we to that the 17.7 percent who wait until the woman wan stop—an answer that implies female satisfaction, thoug necessarily orgasm—we find 68.8 percent of men use fe gratification as the criterion for terminating intercourse.

Of course, men who answered "when I have one org or "when I want to stop" do not necessarily fail to bring partners to orgasm. The striking finding here is that two-t of the men took their cues from women.

In their essays, many men correlated their post-coital ings with those of their partners. One man said, "I feel tented after orgasm. I try to delay my orgasms for m pleasure." Another described his feelings this way: "I girl does not feel satisfied I feel a bit guilty. If she do reach orgasm but appears to be content then I feel like ing close emotionally. If we both have orgasms then I great."

Most men may feel content after climaxing and they care about their partners' feelings; but how many try act to satisfy their women? We asked them, *"Do you deliber try to delay your orgasm and for how long?"* and we rec good news: that four out of five men make a conscious to delay climaxing for as long as possible. The "delay fo minutes" response was something of a trick question, bec we felt that what appeared to be a positive response wa tually a negative one, five minutes of penetration bein sufficient for many women. Not many men gave this resp Only about 15 percent of men make no attempt whatso to delay orgasm. This was most true of men over 54.

Better-educated men were more considerate lovers. percentage of those who did *not* delay dropped steadily 19.9 percent without high school degrees to 9.9 percent a postgraduate level. Those who did delay until the woman orgasm were found most often in the high achieve groups: $25,000 or more income, postgraduate educatio professional occupational status, *although every single group gave this as their most frequent response.*

When we asked men to tell us how they felt if a woma not have an orgasm, about 98 percent of the men surv emphasized it was important to them that she did. More half felt self-critical if their partner did not respond fully would feel that it was my fault," said one.) Some stressed they needed communication from the woman. ("Each ner has a responsibility to the other to inform them what initiates orgasm. There is nothing I would not do to a female have an orgasm.") A few men seemed pessi about bringing women to orgasm, and a few protested orgasm isn't necessary to a woman. But not many.

What Men Like in Women

"Today's woman" is not just a nice rhetorical phrase; en are different today, even if only to the degree that the tential to be different has expanded infinitely. *(conti*

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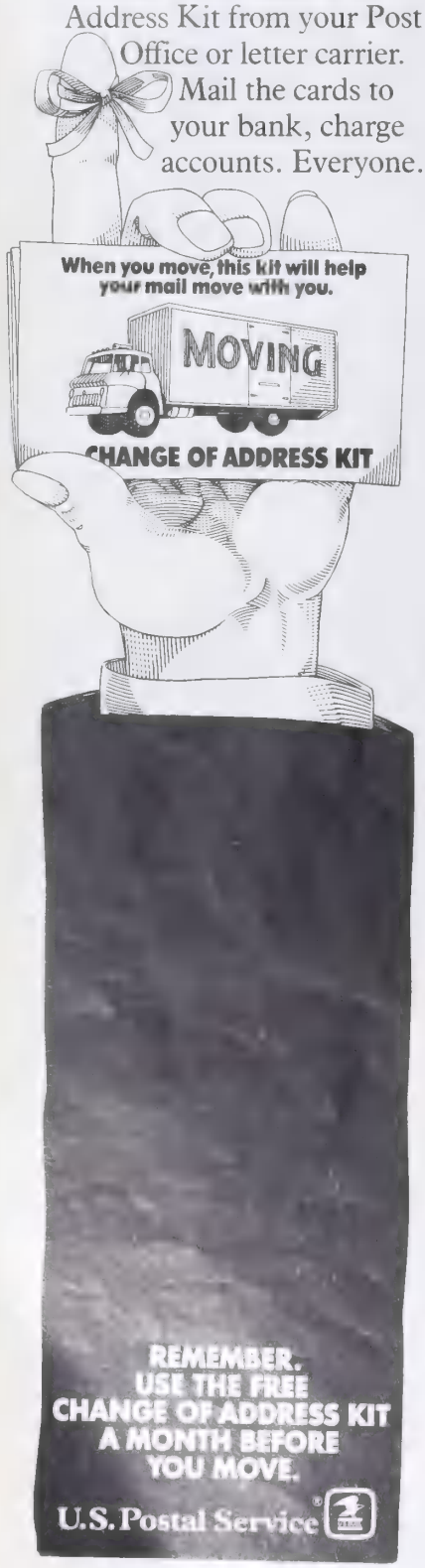


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MALE MYTH

continued

What pleases the average man about women today, and what distresses him? We asked our sample for their predominant impression of contemporary women, and provided them with three responses (more intelligent, more loving, better company) that were positive, and three (too independent, expect too much, too promiscuous) that were negative. Of our sample, 57.6 percent responded positively, 42.9 percent negatively (multiple answers accounting for the percentage total in excess of 100.0).

The biggest difference we found was that men under 30 had the most positive attitude toward contemporary women. Only 18.6 percent of them thought women were too independent, for example, compared to a consistent 26 percent of all older men.

The higher the income and educational level of the men we sampled, the less likely they were to complain about women's independence. We therefore saw a clear pattern wherein the men who have achieved most in terms of education or earning power are least threatened by women's independence.

Of the men who disliked independence in women, many *did* seem threatened by it. One man said, "Most of the women are too independent to make good wives. In other words, the husband would *not* come first, even if he is the breadwinner." But many felt more positively. One man put his enthusiasm this way: "Today's women seem more self-reliant, aggressive and independent—and that is how all people should be."

We also found that many men today have turned to women for companionship. A companion is usually an equal. Our youngest men more frequently felt that today's women are better company than did the other groups. As with independence, men valued women more as companions as their education increased. But nearly a quarter of all men responded this way; it seems that we are beginning to see an acceptance of women as equals, and a desire for such.

Of our respondents, 18.2 percent were most impressed by today's women's intelligence. Again, their esteem correlated somewhat with their own level of schooling. Divorced men praised female intellect least, being slightly more negative in their overall view of women; the living-togethers were most impressed by intelligence. General male acceptance of intelligence in women is probably the natural result of seeing females as allies and companions. Or, as one man put it, "Women are easier to communicate with and more able to talk with a man at the same level. Therefore, I am more comfortable because I do not have to play a role."

As a whole, the response to this q tion seemed to indicate a sincere re for women, a concern for their we and a growing awareness of their po tial as equals.

With this relatively positive vie women today, is there anything a them that makes the average man ually anxious? We asked our samp of men, "*What type of woman m you feel most nervous?*" and discov that the financially independent or cessful woman, a growing phenom in our society, does not unnerve me much as the beautiful woman.

Not surprisingly, younger men more intimidated by beauty than o ones; 25 percent of men under 40 it as being most nerve-wracking, pared to 19 percent of men over 54. oldest group was made more anxiou high intelligence. Understandably, with a poor education were more th ened by very intelligent females highly educated men were.

From our figures it seems that a temporary woman, possessed of be and brains is bound to arouse anxie nearly half of all men. When we a men to elaborate on what about wo particularly distressed them, they n tioned homeliness only once or tw They did not demand exceptiona even average beauty; but they did they expected a woman to take pri her appearance and to groom he well. A woman's attitude was also portant to many men. They disl egotism, dependence and apathy.

Still, why is half of the male po tion alarmed by beauty and outstan intelligence? It occurs to us that a the turn-offs men cited in their es were basically rejections. The o weight, poorly groomed woman is fusing to make herself attractive; lazy, apathetic woman does not see care about men. Perhaps men are af of rejection by exceptional women,

We pursued the subject of the t off with the question, "*What mos ritates you during sex?*" and fo overwhelmingly, that a cold and d terested woman was most apt to irri

Many women who have read literature about men's fragile egos w about making suggestions to men. only 11.5 percent of our men said the most irritating aspect of sex wa the woman criticizes you" and only percent selected "if the woman m demands." Men over 54 were most tient, and men under 30 most likel find some irritating aspect in their se relationships.

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca use do a skit where they were eating restaurant and she asked, "Do you k your fork in your left hand when eat, or do you switch it to your r after you cut your food?" He looke his hands in bewilderment *(contin*

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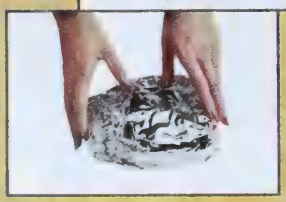
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MALE MYTH

continued

and found himself unable to get the to his mouth with either hand, fi sobbing, "I'll starve to death now!"

When we asked our 4,000 *"When are you likely to be so 'tu off' you can't complete a sex act?"* about one in six replied that they "n get 'turned off.'" Since the que specified inability to complete i course, this means that about 84 per of men today have experienced s sort of potency problem. Perhaps, Sid Caesar, when some men begi think about what was formerly a s taneous, routine activity, they can't form at all.

In any case, our results show it is more educated man who is more li to have potency problems. Only 13 cent of college graduates were imm compared with 20 percent of high sc educated men. Men under 30 less o reported that they were never "tu off" (14.7 percent) than the older n Those living with regular partners v less inclined to episodes of impot than those living alone.

According to our results, an unres sive woman was the biggest turn and married men had as great a p lem with this as the others. Physical attractiveness was cited more often the singles (19.5 percent). Men u 40 (and especially under 30) were n preoccupied with physical attractive than their seniors.

Even if a woman was perceive trying to control things, not more t 4.8 percent of men would be drastic "turned off"—only one-tenth as man those threatened by an unrespon woman. Given the most capable lo the average sex act lasts less than hour; the feeling about themselves men and women take away from that lasts considerably longer. Most men tolerate constructive criticism, direct —even giving up control—more ea than indifference.

Brains vs. Beauty?

We know that men are most distres by impassivity; we know, too, that t don't want or expect outstandin beautiful women. What do they wa When our sample responded to question, *"What type of woman wo you want for a long-term relationshi* we were not surprised that sexir ranked so low on the list of posit qualities, first of all because sex isn't most important thing in men's lives, secondly because men seem to respo to sex within a framework of relati ship and emotion.

Most men wanted a woman who concerned with their needs. All m except the oldest, answered *(continu*

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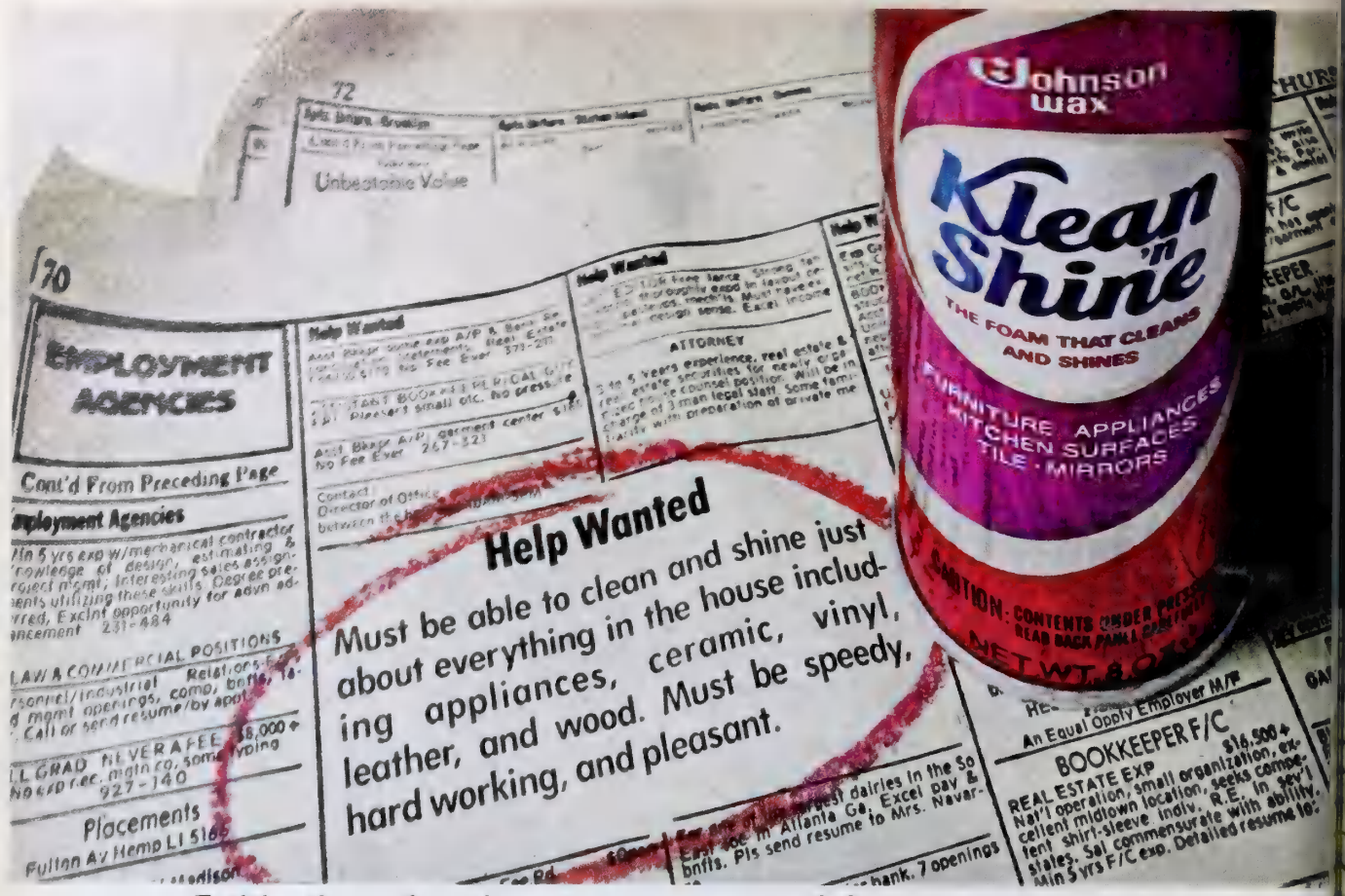
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MALE MYTH

continued

this way most often, but men in their twenties and thirties placed even more emphasis on a concern for their needs than men in their middle years. Some men who answered this way emphasized their own comfort, like the man who said, "I need a woman to center her life around caring for me." Many more considered feminine concern a sign of maturity and a promise of security. One man said, "I want a woman who asks no more than she is willing to give."

The second most popular trait was sincerity, chosen by 33.0 percent of our sample. Men evidently do not want a woman who is a mystery to them, or one who will manipulate or deceive them.

It is not surprising that "an affectionate woman" would also rank high among men's preferences in a long-term partner, as it did with 20.8 percent of our men. Affection connotes a genuine liking and respect for someone, and often proceeds naturally from sincerity and a concern for someone's needs.

It may be a little more surprising that men (16.1 percent) value an intelligent woman more than they do a sexy woman (11.1 percent). This was not true of men who did not go beyond high school, but there was an emphatic preference in college-educated men. Self-confidence and the ability to think independently were praised by many of our men (12.2 percent), too. One man summarized his feelings this way: "Companionship is a solution to alienation and loneliness. I'd like all of these qualities (sincerity, affection, intelligence, concern). I want to marry a mentally healthy partner and would want her to want me in the same way."

What about Love?

Men say that they want women companions and that marriage still a peals to them as the ideal sexual situ tion. But will they be in love with the partners? Do men even believe in lo anymore?

Well, we asked them, and the ne was good for the romantics among Over one-third of all the men believe that love is the most important thi in life. Another 30 percent said lo made sex better or was essential f good sex. Only six percent felt that lo was an outdated idea or that sex w better without it.

Married men (40.4 percent) we most enthusiastic in proclaiming love be most important, but men who h never been married were right behi them with 38.0 percent.

We also asked an essay question on t subject to ascertain how *(continue*



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men define love and its place in their lives. While not many volunteered in their answers that they considered love the most important thing in life, the answers of the majority made it difficult to imagine anything of comparable importance. "Being in love is the greatest," said one. "Being in love with sex partner is the only way and the best. Love means contentment, good sex life and good marriage." "I experience challenge in my career," said another, "but real fulfillment comes only from marriage and the home I've established with the woman I love. It is truly frightening to think I might endanger or destroy this special relationship."

Altogether, more than 90 percent of the men we asked said that love was necessary, important, enhancing to sex. In their essay responses, these men spoke of commitment, sharing, overcoming problems together, meeting each other's needs and empathizing with each other's feelings. Sometimes they made it sound more like work than fun—but it was what they wanted.

These days, neither men nor women are under much pressure to marry early or, for that matter, to marry at all. Then why do men get married? We thought "love" might be an easy answer, so we asked, "*What besides love would be your main reason for getting married?*"

Companionship was the main reason given by half our men and by every subgroup in our sample. In the essays men wrote in response to this question, they often cited commitment, and one man in ten emphasized the emotional security marriage provides. One man said, "I feel most men continue to want the security of marriage: having one person to go through life with, to build together." Another told us, "We married because we deeply loved each other and wanted to add permanence to our relationship by having children. It's great. The advantages of marriage are security, sexual companionship and the proper atmosphere for the rearing of children. The disadvantages are restricting sex to one partner, the danger of emotional hurt made possible by the closeness and knowledge of another's weaknesses brought about by living together daily."

Only a few men mentioned sex in their answers, one of whom grumbled, "Advantage is you always have sex. Disadvantage is what is yours is hers and what is hers is hers."

Of the men who had never married, 17.2 percent said they did not want to marry, virtually identical with the 17.0 percent of divorced and widowed men who said the same. Of those living with a partner, most apparently still saw marriage in their future, since only 21.8 percent said they don't want to marry; 1.6 percent of those married and living with a wife also gave this response, which may indicate that they married unwillingly or, if single again, would remain so.

The fact is, though, that most men *do* want to be married; over 90 percent of them, even in this liberated age.

Cheating

"Men wander, women weep," laments lyricist-singer Dory Previn. Well, according to Kinsey, *half* of men wander: "About half of all the married males have intercourse with women other than their wives," he said, "at some time while they are married." Since Kinsey wrote that 1948 study, there has been an increase in premarital intercourse, a decrease in sexual inhibitions and a rise in the divorce rate. We would expect extramarital sex to be on the rise. But is it?

Our question, "*Have you ever cheated on your wife or steady girl friend?*" yielded some surprising results. Despite the revolutionary changes in premarital freedom, 51 percent of our subjects, including the unmarried, had never cheated in a relationship. Thus, remarkably enough, since Kinsey's time there has been no increase in marital infidelity.

Comparing the men in our sample by age, we found a great difference between those over 55 and those under. We found that about half of men under 54 had cheated; but only 36 percent of men at least 55 years old had, despite their longer period of opportunity.

No one can predict which men will ultimately cheat. In 1948, Kinsey found that three-quarters of his sample wished on occasion to have extramarital intercourse. Wishing is not intention; more important than "Would you like to?" is, "Would you—and when?"

The latter is just what we asked. We came away with some good news and some bad news. The bad news is that only one-third of the men feel they could never become involved with anyone else. The good news is that less than one man in eight would expect to cheat simply because he wants variety.

Of course, if we consider the 17.2 percent who said they would cheat only if their monogamous relationship were bad, our percentage of potential philanderers is back down to that old 50 percent of Kinsey's. One married man, a blue-collar worker in his thirties, said, "Cheating would not be necessary unless a breakdown in my marriage occurs." One of our respondents said he cheated only on business trips, perhaps because the risk of detection was so low. A small 7 percent said they would cheat only if they fell in love, which indicates that men, married or otherwise, don't often fantasize about greater romance.

We do see a very definite trend toward infidelity among younger men today. While nearly half the men over 54 said they would never cheat, only abo 30 percent of men under 40 were convinced. Only half as many unm ried men living with partners as m ried men said that they would ne cheat. This living-together group w highest, too, in advocating routine ext marital affairs. One of these men, in l twenties and living with a woman, stat what seems to be a consensus. "Yes, I cheated when the opportunity strong presented itself. My regular partner h no way of knowing."

We followed up our question abo men's attitudes toward cheating with t question, "*What would be most like to tempt you to cheat?*" For those m who saw themselves capable of bei tempted, slightly over one half felt pro ocation would come from inside t home—a result of poor sex or fightin An example was the white-collar work in his thirties who had cheated with o or two women and who said, "I cheat because of poor communication home. Puritan hangups. We chang both; now we enjoy each other."

Married men cited poor sex at ho as the prime inducement to cheat (3 percent), while the unmarried felt an (ceptionally attractive woman would the biggest temptation. Men over saw themselves as less vulnerable temptation altogether; 29.4 percent s ing they would not be tempted, j about twice the average percentage other men. This attitude seems quite line with the lower incidence of act cheating we have seen in older men.

Half of men still don't cheat; if couple has a good sex life, which, turn, should induce them to keep fig ing limited to daylight skirmishes, th will have won more than half the bat against cheating.

A note in conclusion: In our study, have found a partial breakdown of t ditional class barriers with regard sexuality. Kinsey's study showed mark differences on the basis of class; we s some of the old expected differences flected in the percentages too, but, in t majority, men today tend to hold t same attitudes and engage in the sa practices regardless of "social class."

In our study, age emerges as t greatest variable. Certain factors, su as attitudes toward love, needs and m riage remained consistent throughc all age groups. But when it came to ge eral attitudes toward the modern wo an and the double standard, age ma a difference.

We feel that the differences are not much attributable to aging itself as the climate of thought and permissi ness in which men began their sexual tivity. Thus, we believe that a man w is 35 today will not, in 20 years, chan his attitudes to conform with those our study's oldest group. E

ALLERGIES

continued from page 44

nts of what she's allergic to, to help ody learn to tolerate larger and doses, in effect "tricking" the sys- f IgE release.

reasons not completely under- the same allergens that produce ver and other allergy attacks when d will spark the production of anti- s that *block* the release of media- hen they're injected. De-sensitiza- ften works, but is of very question- alue in asthma, food, cosmetic or allergies, or any allergy in which lergen is weak or the reaction mild. any allergists," says Dr. Martin tine of Johns Hopkins, "indiscrimi- begin shots when most symp- could be relieved with small doses ugs or simple avoidance of the ling allergen." Studies also show ome patients who receive injec- are even worse off than before they d the shots—and a third of all cases no improvement at all. However, ew techniques can eliminate some problems associated with tradi- allergy-shot treatments.

rgoids, developed by Dr. David n, formerly at California Institute chnology, and Dr. Lawrence Lich- in of Johns Hopkins, are allergens d with formaldehyde. This way, ability to provoke an allergic reac- severely weakened, but they can roduce blocking antibodies, which nt mediator release. Still experi- l, these "super allergy shots" l become available shortly for at ome forms of hay fever.

ne allergists also will hospitalize ts for a day or two and give them doses of allergens under carefully vised conditions so that medical ent is available if the shots pro- an all-out attack. For those who fford the time and are willing to the minor risk, this method can nonths of office visits and produce relief for some allergies.

EMPERATURE CHANGES

Cincinnati man with no history of ver or other allergies, finally real- the true cause of his constantly nose when he casually placed his on top of a cold metal filing cabi- his office. Within moments, his egan to run and his eyes to fill tears. He realized that even small es in temperature—putting his feet on the cool floor in the morn- ould trigger his rhinitis.

led vasomotor rhinitis, this is the ic reaction that, in its extreme nearly killed the young swimmer bed in the beginning of this arti- is also responsible for the fact that nditioning aggravates some al- lergies. There is no cure, although some relief is possible with decongestants and hormone drugs. De-sensitization treatment is also worthless, much to the chagrin of thousands of patients who've found that out the hard way.

PENICILLIN REACTIONS

Penicillin allergy often takes the form of anaphylaxis, the sudden shutdown of vital systems that can produce death within minutes of exposure to the medicine. Today, the experts say, there is little excuse for most of the 300 deaths and 3,000 life-threatening reactions provoked by penicillin treatment each year. Some pediatricians and hospitals already routinely test for, and ask about, sensitivity to this widely used drug.

Recently, tests have become available that safely and accurately predict who will develop a dangerous reaction to penicillin. The most popular, called the PPL test, detects the presence of products made when the body breaks down penicillin.

A CURE FOR BEE STING ALLERGY

For years, people who developed severe internal reactions to bee, wasp, yellow jacket and hornet stings were treated with shots prepared from the ground-up whole bodies of these insects. By next summer, however, many victims of these potentially lethal allergies will be able to get de-sensitization therapy with shots prepared from the real cause of the allergy: the pure venom in the bee's stinger.

"Whole-body" shots sometimes fail to protect victims. But tests of IgE levels before, during and after venom therapy among dozens of patients show that this new therapy works 99 percent of the time. Some experimental patients, who previously had suffered near-fatal reactions, were deliberately stung (in the hospital) after treatment, without any serious allergic consequences. And the family of a Pennsylvania beekeeper, which already has lost one child to a honeybee sting, has a second child who is now safe thanks to venom therapy.

PREVENTING ALLERGY IN CHILDREN

Scientists now know that if both parents have allergies, their children have a 70 percent chance of suffering too. If one parent has the disease, the children's chances are still more than 50 percent.

Research suggests that if infants born to allergic parents are breast fed and kept in a dust, pest and pet-free home, their chances of developing eczema (an allergic skin disease) and possibly hay fever and asthma are reduced.

Other investigators have found that giving a child under two years a general anesthetic increases their risk of developing hay fever or *(continued)*



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74-09-0437-T

ALLERGIES

continued

asthma from 12 to 60 percent. They recommend delaying any elective surgery until a child is older.

THE REAL CAUSES OF ASTHMA

While hay fever, chemical fumes, exercise and emotional upset may trigger or intensify asthmatic attacks, asthma is a disease of the lungs marked by damage to the cells that line them called "mast cells." Says Dr. Martin Valentine of Johns Hopkins: "Asthma is not in your head, it's in your lungs."

The process that damages the lungs of the asthma victim is now believed to be the same as in any allergy. Blood and other tests prove that mast cells release mediators, which travel quickly throughout the lungs and cause secretion of mucous, spasms of the bronchial muscle and accumulations of inflamed cells.

Recent research is believed to explain why emotions are linked to asthma attacks. The mediators from the mast cells also make lung tissue very sensitive to chemicals released by the brain. An emotional upset prods nerves to release these chemicals in abnormal quantities.

There are two main forms of asthma. About a third of the nine million cases in the U.S. can be traced to specific allergens. Most asthma, however, and the wheezing, wracking cough it brings, cannot be pinned to any common substance. Asthma patients can have both major types of asthma, so avoiding a known allergen will not always stop the wheezing and coughing of asthma.

About 70 percent of all children and teens with asthma will also wheeze and cough within a few minutes of short bursts of strenuous exercise, a condition that has prompted many parents and teachers to severely restrict their lives. But research shows that with proper treatment (primarily drug therapy and avoidance of allergens), victims of exercise-induced asthma can do just about anything, including sprinting, swimming, high jumps, football and rugby. Weight lifting is the exception because of its demand for unusual peaks of lung expansion.

Two drugs have recently been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use against asthma and are being investigated for their possible use in hay fever as well. Sodium cromolyn, sold under the names of Intal and Aarane, brings relief to 50 percent of all children with exercise-induced asthma and asthma caused by pollens or other common allergens. Studies in England and the U.S. indicate it will also prevent hay fever attacks when applied as a nasal spray five times a day.

Beclomethasone, marketed as Vanceril, is used as a three-times-a-day nasal spray to prevent asthma attacks in children and adults. Like other steroids widely used for asthma (such as cortisone), beclomethasone is very effective. In addition, it does not produce the sometimes severe side effects from long-term use of other steroids; nor does it have to be injected or swallowed.

Though allergies can be serious, they should not be a cause for panic. "We are not all living in a sea of allergens waiting to drown us," notes Dr. Michael Sly, a Louisiana State University allergist and author of a new textbook on children's allergy. "The majority of Americans are not allergic, and the number of common allergens are few—trees, grass and weed pollens, animals, mold, dust and a few foods and drugs."

Sometimes allergy is overdiagnosed, as well, experts say. "I treat a lot of parents for their children's asthma," quips Dr. Valentine. "The symptoms drive the parents up a wall even when the child is hardly bothered." Nor are all allergies "true" allergies, products of the IgE antibody process. Poison ivy and upset stomachs from milk, for example, are rarely true allergies.

And what about the growing controversy over cigarette smoke in public places? Are some non-smokers allergic to it? Probably not; very few people would get a positive reaction to a skin test of nicotine or any other component of cigarettes. Most so-called "allergy" to cigarettes is actually a localized response to heat or smoke; some people are more sensitive than others.

TIPS FOR SUFFERERS

This first line of defense against allergy is the simplest: avoid the offending substance whenever possible. This might mean giving away the family pet, foregoing chocolate, or going to the pollen-free beach during the height of the hay fever season.

In addition, if you are allergic, or suspect you are, experts offer these tips that may save you worry, time, money and unnecessary illness.

1. Don't automatically move to Arizona. There *are* small geographical differences in allergen distribution in the U.S., but no place is 100 percent safe. There are allergists with busy practices in Arizona, as well as in New York.

2. Don't take allergic symptoms lightly. If your child has more than six "colds" a year that don't produce fever or yellow discharge from the nose, "colds" that seem worse in the morning and at night, suspect allergy. Double the suspicion if *you* are allergic.

3. Don't wait for children to "outgrow" serious allergies. Hay fever rarely goes away by itself. Asthma may, but there is no way to tell when—or in whom. By contrast, 80 percent of all allergy victims get 80 percent relief with the right treatment—at the very least.

4. Don't rush off to a specialist at first sneeze. Most pediatricians family doctors can handle the e steps in allergy treatment. Only w allergies interfere for more than a with a patient's life, school or work (to an unacceptable degree) shoul specialist be called in.

5. Be prepared with an emerge kit if you or anyone in your fa has insect allergy. The kits—availa by prescription—contain a ready-to needle with epinephrine, an adren inhaler, an antihistamine and tou quet.

COMMON ALLERGIC TROUBLEMAKERS

Insect bites
Honeybee
Wasp
Yellow jacket
Hornet

Pollens
Ragweed
Timothy
Bluegrass
Bermuda grass
Oaks
Elms
Hickory (includes all hardwood nut trees like walnut and pecan)
Cottonwoods

Spores
Mushrooms
Wheat rust (on wheat stalks)
Corn smut (mold on corn tassels)

Animals
Dogs
Cats
Horses

Foods
Eggs
Chocolate
Saccharin
Milk (especially in babies)
Chicken and duck meat
Shellfish
Wheat flour
Peanuts
Tomatoes
Celery
Walnuts and pecans
Strawberries
Fin fish

Drugs
Penicillin
Insulin
Horse serum (used in anti-toxins & toxoids, as in diphtheria and teta shots)

Others
House dust
Wine (especially red)
Whiskeys made from grain
Rum

Eleanor Roosevelt

continued from page 113

On January 20, 1961, she preferred to accept the President's invitation to it at his side in the presidential box beside the Capitol. To do so would have her in the company of old Joe Joseph P. Kennedy, former Ambassador the Court of St. James's in London and n's father], and fondness for the son not extend to the father. Sharing a nket with a neighbor in the stand be- to fend off the icy cold, she remi- ced about the March day in 1933 en Father spoke from the same spot, ce resonating as he declaimed, "This at nation will endure as it has en- ed, will revive and will prosper . . . only thing we have to fear is fear lf."

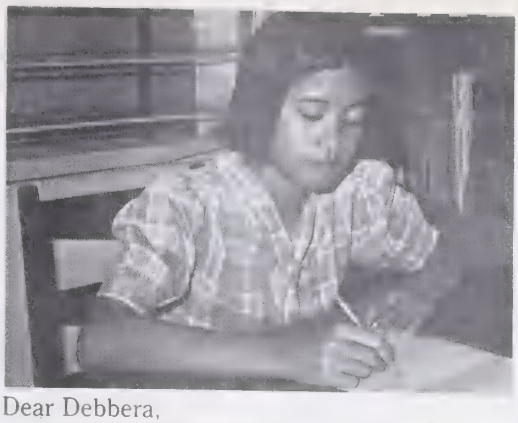
I remember how it rained," she con- d, "and I was wearing a velvet hat, *urple* hat. I rode in an open car, and hair was purple when we reached White House. I took one look in a ror, but there wasn't time to do any- ng about it, so I put the hat back on l wore it the rest of the day." Or was t another Inaugural? In 1937, per- s, or 1941? She could not be sure.

n March, fresh symptoms of physical line appeared. Soreness and swelling her legs were evidence of blood ves- clotted by phlebitis. Marooned at l-Kill Cottage, her home near Hyde k, N.Y., she announced to all but se closest to her that it was nothing re than a bout of influenza.

New will drawn

The experience drove her to have a v will drawn by Harry Hooker, mak- him, Franklin and her youngest son, nny, her executors. Dr. Gurewitsch s to be left an etching of Father, her lection of Turner watercolors that ther had given her and $10,000 in h "for his devoted care for which he uld not accept compensation during lifetime." I was down to receive hat remains of Grandmother Roose- t's pink china and two silver serving ys," Johnny for the contents of Val- l Cottage. All possessions not specif- lly allocated were to be divided ong us children. Her only daughter, na, was bequeathed furs, jewelry and, cause she had known thin times, life- e income from Mother's estate.

In a letter written to me in a hand so vering as to be all but illegible, she d she felt the one way left for her to lp her children was to die, so that we uld share the inheritance. But she had en feeling better lately. Death, she re- tted to say, was some distance away. A huge box of presents *(continued)*



Dear Debbera,

I want to tell you about my study. At the end of last year I was announced as best student. My school report is very satisfactory. I got a present from school. How about you, Debbera? Are you still studying? I hope you are successful in your studies. I stop my letter now. I give you all my love. From your sponsored child,

Tristaca



Dear Tristaca,

I was so pleased to get your letter. That's quite an honor to be first in your class. I'm very proud of you. I'm still teaching, but the only classes I'm taking now are ballet. Did you get all the postcards I sent? It was a great trip. I'm looking forward to the holidays now—hope to do a lot of skiing this winter. Take care now and write soon.

Debbera

P.S. I love you.

Tristaca and Debbera, though they've never even met, share a very special love. Tristaca lived in extreme poverty. Her mother has tried to support her family herself, but she can only get menial jobs that pay almost nothing.

Tristaca was a girl without any hopes, without any dreams. Then Debbera Drake came into her life.

Debbera sponsors her through the Christian Children's Fund for $15 a month. Her money gives Tristaca food and clothing and a chance to go to school. It gives her hopes and dreams once more.

You can give a child hope. Become a sponsor. You needn't send any money now—you can "meet" the child assigned to your care first. Just mail the coupon. You'll receive the child's photograph and background information. If you wish to sponsor the child, simply send in your first monthly check or money order for $15 within 10 days. If not, return the photo and other materials so we may ask someone else to help.

We have thousands of children like Tristaca on our waiting list right now who desperately need sponsors. Let one of them share something special with you. Love.

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills OLHJOO
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.
Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

Eleanor Roosevelt

continued

arrived for Christmas, each package wrapped in bright paper whose creases told that she had saved it from gifts made to her in former years. Shirts, socks and sweaters for me, gloves and stockings for my new wife Patty, a sweater apiece for each of the four children she had brought into our marriage—all tied in ribbons and fumbled bows with old-fashioned cards attached, bearing greetings in spiderweb handwriting.

After Christmas, Patty and I flew to New York City to see mother at her East 74th Street apartment. She looked ill and very old. The stoop in her shoulders was more pronounced, and the puffiness in her cheeks had not been there before.

Later, Mother came to see us in our home in Minneapolis. She landed at the airport holding a travel-worn, blue-canvas zipper bag: "Thank you, no. I can carry it." She survived a tumultuous reception there; a garden party that kept her standing for two and half hours, shaking hands; rides in a series of motorcades to the scream of police sirens; a dinner party for 200 guests at the art museum, where a display of Roosevelt-iana was opening that evening and a receiving line in which 3,000 ticket buyers at the exhibit felt the touch of her strong, welcoming fingers.

At every turn, she was careful to share the adulation with the woman at her side. "Yes, how *delightful* to see you! This is my daughter-in-law Patty, Elliott's wife. . . ." A breakfast confined to chocolate Metrecal next morning, and Mother was off to the airport in another motorcade. Neither Patty nor I had found the right moment to let it be known that Patty was pregnant.

Livingston Delano Roosevelt was born by Cesarean section two months early. The call from Mother reached me at six in the morning. "Oh, I'm so *thrilled* for you and Patty. Now do you need anything? Remember, I shall be more than glad to share the expense. If you need me, I'll come right away." Placing calls was unusual for my old-fashioned parent, set in her ways but not in her thinking, who regarded telephones with suspicion and much preferred to write. She never saw her new grandson. At five days old, Del suffered a death similar to that which was to strike Patrick, age 39 hours, son of John and Jacqueline Kennedy, a year later.

On March 21, 1962, Mother wrote: "Dearest Elliott and Patty, I must tell you again how sad I am for you both and how I wish the baby could have lived to be strong and well, but perhaps this could not be, and we have to accept often in life what is hard to understand. I know how hard it is to lose a baby and especially for Patty, and I do hope she will soon be stronger and have no more setbacks. You can bear things together, I am sure. Let me know if I can do anything for you. My love to you both."

March 22: "Elliott darling, I have just paid my income tax and find I can send you $3,000, which will, I hope, pay the extra medical etc. expenses you've been under. I know you must live on a budget, and unexpected expenses would upset it. My love and deep sympathy to you both."

It was out of the question for us to accept the money as a gift—only as a loan. I mailed a note to formalize that arrangement.

She could no longer count on enjoying a day when chills or fever, which might rise seven or eight degrees above normal, would not force her to rest. Rather than cancel an appearance, she would have her assistant, Maureen Corr, call Jimmy in California, Franklin in New York or me in Minnesota to pinch-hit, depending on what part of the country Mother was due to speak. On five or six occasions, I found myself selling bonds for Israel in Canada, Kansas City and Paterson, N.J. To raise funds for her charities, she was writing a new book, *Tomorrow Is Now*. Some mornings, her hands were too shaky to hold a pencil.

There was something else she wished to donate for a useful purpose that went unmentioned in her will. An accompanying letter took care of it—her eyes were to go to an eye bank for the blind. At the same time, she spelled out the arrangements she wanted for her funeral: a simple oak coffin, covered not with flowers but with branches of evergreen from the Val-Kill woods; her wrists to be opened for fear of being buried alive; Charlie Curnan and Les Entrup of the Hyde Park luncheonette to be her pallbearers.

Back to old haunts

Early in 1962, she made her last flight across the Atlantic to work on a television series, *Prospects of Mankind*, which, to our disbelief, she had contracted to make. Back she went to the old, familiar hotels where she was greeted as if they were home—Claridge's in London and the Crillon in Paris. With her crew of three—Maureen, Dr. Gurewitsch and his wife Edna—she also fitted in a few days sleighing at St. Moritz in the Swiss Alps.

She reminisced. "Franklin and I came here on our honeymoon—well, it was really our second honeymoon, when his term at Columbia University Law School was over. I had *never* been so well looked after in my life. Of course, I had been here before as a schoolgirl—and that was during the Boer War! I remember getting up early in the mornings to walk with Aunt Tissie to a little café perched out above the lake. We would have our cocoa or coffee and fresh ro with honey and watch the sun co peeping over the mountains—utter co *tentment!*

"Franklin liked to climb the mou tains, but I could not. There was a la from New York who owned a hat sho and *she* went climbing with him. I w jealous beyond belief! We had to home for the start of the next term Columbia. I could not make out why felt so *miserable* on the return crossi and then Anna was born the followi May."

The blood transfusions needed to supplemented by other treatment as t anemia progressed, bringing on those explicable fevers. Dr. Gurewitsch p scribed cortisone to counter the risk concealed hemorrhages. Her conditi was kept so secret that one New Yo congressman seriously proposed maki a television appearance to press her ca didacy for a seat in the Senate.

Nobody must know that she was fa ing fast. As the 1962 campaign got the mark, she felt obliged once again do her bit for the Committee for Dem cratic Voters. She agreed to speak at open-air rally.

"My head is heavy," she explained the young man sent to escort her fr East 74th Street. "You'll have to stea me when I get out of the car." To t girl who waited with a bouquet bef Mother climbed the steps to the pl form, she murmured, "I had to come was expected." A handful of teenag wearing lapel buttons of the new formed Conservative Party *(continue*

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We matched one Handi Wipes against a roll of
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time you're at the supermarket. They're a great way to
clean up around the house.

stood in the crowd, chanting, "Communist, go back to Russia!"

If she heard them, she ignored them. In an old, light-blue print dress, she spoke for 15 minutes. The chanting resumed as she made her way through the audience afterward, shaking every hand within reach. She slumped into the seat of the returning car. "I don't feel very well," she complained for the first time.

Dr. Gurewitsch was away at sea aboard the peace ship *Hope*, on a voyage to Peru to which he had committed himself earlier. Mother would not hear of him canceling the trip, though he was the only doctor in whom she placed any faith. My sister Anna and her husband were pressing for other consultants to be brought in on the case. Mother threatened to dispense with medical attention altogether before she would deliver herself into the hands of an outsider.

On the eve of Dr. Gurewitsch's return, the physician he had recommended in his absence gave Mother a transfusion of fresh blood. Her temperature shot up and stayed perilously high. As soon as Dr. Gurewitsch saw her, he ordered an ambulance to hurry her to Presbyterian Hospital.

My brother Jimmy telephoned me in Minneapolis. "Mummy's in the hospital. It looks like the beginning of the end." Anna flew in from Detroit, bringing her husband with her, to install themselves in a back bedroom on the third floor of Mother's brownstone. I came with Patty to stay in the Summit Hotel on Lexington Avenue. Johnny and Anne had a Manhattan apartment of their own. Franklin and Sue were close by in Dutchess County. Jimmy and Irene had already arrived from Washington.

There were times when Mother recognized nobody, yet incredibly to all of us, she continued working on *My Day* into August, albeit spasmodically. Anger was the spur and the feeling that overwhelmed her, a consuming rage first with her inability to force herself back to health and then because she was not to be allowed to die. All this fussing with testing blood and temperature and bone marrow was so *useless*. There was little anyone but Dr. Gurewitsch could do to comfort her.

Conflict broke out between him on one hand, Anna and her husband on the other. My sister was fearful that compassion might tempt Dr. Gurewitsch into acceding to Mother's wish and injecting an overdose to end her torment. At A na's insistence, specialists were su moned, and Dr. Gurewitsch was thr into the background.

No sooner was she able to leave bed than she demanded to be tak home—she was expected at Campobe Island in Canada for the dedication Father of a memorial bridge. We wo fly up there with her. During much the time on the journeys to and fro, s was only dimly aware of what was ha pening. Again s implored D Gurewitsch hasten her exit.

On Septemb 26, she was admitted to hospital, refusi all visitors beyo the family and few deare friends for f that anyone e would see her duced so lo Even Adlai St enson was turn away. "I love y dearly," said t note he sent, "a so does the wh world."

She needed o gen now to h her breathe a saline solution f constantly in her blood strea So many inj tions had be given that t nurses had search for areas unscarred skin. no one else wo grant her desi she would have see to it herse Believing it w nonsensical to on any longer, s spat out the p she was hand or held them der her tong She remained the hospital three weeks.

She was carried home on a stretch seven days after her 78th birthday, fo days after U-2 reconnaissance reveal that Soviet missiles were being install in Cuba. As she lay dying in her b room, it seemed that the peace for whi she had striven was to die with her.

She did not care to hear about When [her friend and biographer] Lash offered to read the newspapers her, she whispered, "It'll never come gether. Nobody makes sense." He p

(Unsolicited Testimonial)

"For the first winter I have not had cracked, bleeding knuckles."

BETTY PENDLETON—Owensboro, Kentucky



Dear Sirs:

I only wish I had discovered your Hand Cream years ago. For the first winter I have not had cracked, bleeding knuckles.

Being a R.N., working in a doctor's office I wash my hands frequently and the alcohol used isn't any help, but your hand cream is the answer to my prayers.

Thank you,

Mrs. Betty Pendleton

Originally developed for Arctic fishermen, Neutrogena® Hand Cream is a heavy-duty formula which literally shields your hands, helps them heal. Medical tests show it helped clear up acute skin conditions within 14 days. **Price $3. Your satisfaction guaranteed, or money back from Neutrogena.**



NEUTROGENA HAND CREAM

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l over her meaning. Then her mind ıred for a moment. "All I want—" his dedication to her led him to ex- t some crystalline pronouncement ut the state of the world—"is to be ıed over."

ınna took complete charge, replaying role she had created for herself in her's terminal years. She ran the sehold; paid the bills from Mother's ɔunt; brought in her daughter and and his wife to help.

walked 20 blocks uptown and 20 :ks back twice a day to sit with ther. She lay in a three-quarter bed 'h a tall headboard in a room that ned bizarre in its brightness when light streamed in through the bay dow, hung ceiling to floor with red ret curtains. The gleaming chrome of pital equipment, the jars and tubes charts were new. In front of the dow stood the Queen Anne desk at ich she had so often sat up late, writ- her dozen letters a day. At the foot he bed was Granny's old hope chest, :ked with blankets, and by Mother's a simple dressing table, its top cov- d with the photographs she had trav- l with and the silver-backed brush comb, ready if she ever again could her hair and tie it with a bedtime ɔon. Across the room a gold pendulum :k ticked time away.

"Let me die"

Holding her still hand, I spent hours dying that room, listening to the :k. Only rarely did she stir into con- ɔusness, to open misted eyes and press fingers before she faded back into ep. Once, at the thrust of yet another ɔodermic, I watched her wake and tter, "Let me die."

preferred to walk, not ride, between house and the hotel. There was ıty to think about and much to regret. roughout her life, she had received nt solace from her family. We had n blind to her immense capacity for e, compassion and understanding, de- ɔped with such effort over the past 17 rs. Perhaps our neglect deepened her ght into human failing and her un- standing for all mankind as a result. and I had been too long apart of late, l too much had been left unsaid. She l been told too seldom of my love and need for hers.

She had been home a week when lysis of the latest hospital tests was npleted. The illness ravaging her was erculosis, spreading unimpeded ɔugh her body. It had lain dormant l unrecognized in her for nearly half entury, since she caught what she ıgined to be influenza in the epidemic t swept the world after the first world r, accounting for 548,000 Americans a total of 20,000,000 dead. Disdain checkups and her belief that will- ver was a cure-all had *(continued)*

Here's another good reason why I'm a Thinner.

I started smoking Silva Thins for their looks. You know, long, lean and elegant.

Now they're lower too. Low in tar. Because Silva Thins lowered tar 5mg. Which is another good reason for being a Thinner.



In menthol too.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Eleanor Roosevelt

continued

left the lung damage undetected by X-rays until now. There was no clue in the medical records, dating to childhood, which she provided for Dr. Gurewitsch.

The waiting and watching went on, the period uncertain, the outcome not. Workaday jobs to be done prevented all of us but Anna from staying on every day. I was with Patty on a business trip to Miami Beach when Franklin traced us at the home of a friend there. The telephone muffled his voice. "I'm sorry, old man, but Mummy's gone." There would have to be an autopsy, which revoked one more wish of hers—the bequest to the eye bank could not be met.

We took the first available flight to New York on that seventh day of November, 1962. As the jet droned northward, I began an attempt—it would be months before it was half-way complete—to figure how history would assess her, a rare and independent spirit who emerged from the shadow cast by her husband to attain her own greatness.

More than anything else, she made of herself a measure of what could be accomplished if you abided by your principles and held on to your faith. Idealism as she practiced it had proved its worth in human affairs. But now the last of the undaunted idealists was dead, and there was no telling whether her like would be seen again.

No surprises in will

On the day after her death, Johnny asked Anna and his brothers to meet in his apartment to hear the terms of the will. There were no surprises. So far as the cash estate was involved, it was to be held in trust, as expected, with income paid quarterly to Anna. Mother had regarded money as something to hand out to others. What remained amounted to roughly $150,000 in all, little more than a single year's earnings when her activities were at their peak. In the files lay my note for the $3,000 I owed Mother and one from Jimmy for $100,000. Both of us would honor them with all the speed we could muster.

Anna and Johnny supervised arrangements for the funeral. The service would be held at St. James's in Hyde Park, at 3 P.M. Lunch was to be served in nearby Stone Cottage at noon. More than a thousand invitations went out by telegram; the most distinguished guests were phoned. Tickets were printed for the luncheon and church admission.

The oak coffin rested in state in Val-Kill Cottage, not under evergreen boughs but covered with a magnificent floral blanket. At its head was placed a portrait of Father, gleaming in lamplight in the shadowed parlor. The evening before the funeral, we gathered in Mother's sitting room. Tomorrow, we should be wearing identification badges complete with photographs to clear our way through the throng, the police cordons, the carefully screened photographers and reporters assembling in a multitude that swarmed along the highway and up the drive to the big house.

Before noon the next day, the limousines came swaying over the bumps in the dirt road to Stone Cottage. A black Continental brought John and Jacqueline Kennedy, with the President's brother Robert and wife Ethel. On their heels came Dwight D. Eisenhower, alone. Harry and Bess Truman were there, along with Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson, Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Adlai Stevenson.

Three- or four-dozen limousines drove in procession to the church. Protocol presented a problem. Jimmy was for having presidents take the lead in chronological order. I disagreed. "Mother died, not Kennedy or Ike or Truman. The first cars should be for the family." And that was how it was settled.

Mother was laid to rest in the rose garden in accord with Father's wish, set down a quarter of a century ago: "I hope that my dear wife will be buried there also. . . ." The stonecutter had done his work. ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT 1884-1962. Dr. Gurewitsch heard Truman's comment: "I told her she was the First Lady of the World."

When the last guest had left, we returned for a while to Johnny's cottage to talk over plans for two memorial services. Jimmy and Franklin would concern themselves with the first one, in New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine; Anna and Johnny with the second, in Washington Cathedral.

Adlai Stevenson, who mounted the pulpit in scarlet robes to address a congregation of 10,000 in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, said of Mother, "She would rather light a candle than c the darkness." Which was as true something Aunt Polly sniffed at the eral: "What *nonsense!* Eleanor w have hated all this fuss."

Ten years passed. On another da drenching rain, I went back to H Park. With my brothers and sister was invited to witness the fulfillmen seven lines in Mother's will: "During lifetime I have given away from tim time part of my manuscripts and o works of mine: files, documents, cor pondence, papers and memoranda every kind. All the rest of such prop which may belong to me at the tim my death I give and bequeath to Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. . . ." Eleanor Roosevelt wing of matching fieldstone was about to be declared o

Here we were together again: John 56, the epitome of a successful st broker in his gray business suit with long square of pocket handkerch Franklin, soon to be 58, assuming a h of-the-family air; Jimmy, 64, flashing version of Father's smile; Anna, wh haired and hollow-cheeked at 66, gu ian of the more revealing docum stored inside these walls and carrying some of Mother's work in philanthr I would be 62, and I felt a stranger.

The five not-so-young Roosevelts continued to walk our separate w heedless of Mother's yearning to unit as a family worthy of our name. T was no trace of kinship. We had bro with each other as we had with her. had lived only in a reflection of our ents' glory. I knew that we should n meet as a family again.

There was only one thought that s ened that realization. Where we fa her memory, her grandchildren hon it. The next generation of Roosev were growing up accepting the tene her faith, realizing the validity of w both Father and Mother believed: *I my brother's keeper*. It applied to a f ily, a nation and the world.



"Pumpernickel, again?"

FIRESIDE SWEATERING

continued from page 124

All pictured on pages 124-125

MAN'S CARDIGAN

ES: Directions are for Small (40). Medium and Large (44) are in brackets.

ERIALS: Bernat Danish Petite: 16 [19, 22] of Birch White. Knitting Needles 1 pair No. d No. 6; 1 Double-pointed needle, No. 6; 6 ons ¾" in diameter.

GE: With No. 6 needles: 13 sts = 2"; 6 = 1". Be sure to check your gauge before ing article. Use any size needles that will ob- the stitch gauge above.

K: Starting at lower edge with No. 4 needles, on 133 [141, 147] sts. **Row 1 (wrong side):** * k 1, p 1. Repeat from * across. **Row 2:** K 1, 1, k 1. Repeat from * across. Repeat these 2 alternately 2 more times and Row 1 once , increasing 1 [0, 1] st on last row—134 [141, sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work in pat- as follows: **Row 1 (right side):** P 2, * *slip st as if to k on dpn and hold in front of work, rt st, sl the slipped st from dpn onto right- needle*—twist over 2 sts made; k 2, p 3. Re- from * across, end last repeat with p 2. **Row** 2, * p 4, k 3. Repeat from * across, end last t with k 2. **Row 3:** P 2, * k 1, twist over 2 sts, k 1, p 3. Repeat from * across, end last t with p 2. **Row 4:** Repeat Row 2. **Row 5:** * k 2, twist over next 2 sts, p 3. Repeat from oss, end last repeat with p 2. **Row 6:** Repeat 2. These 6 rows form pattern. Work in pat- until total length is 17" [17½", 18"], end row 6 of pattern.

hole Shaping: Continuing in pattern through- bind off 7 [7, 8] sts at beg of next 2 rows. off 2 sts at beg of next 2 rows. Dec one st at end and every other row 9 times in 8 [105, 110] sts. Work even in pattern until from first row of armhole is 9½" [10",], end with row 2, 4 or 6 of pattern.

lder Shaping: Continuing in pattern, bind [8, 9] sts at beg of next 6 rows. Then 9 [9, 8] beg of next 2 rows, bind off in pattern re- ing 38 [39, 40] sts for back of neck.

et Lining (make 2): With No. 6 needles, on 34 sts. **Row 1:** P 1, * twist over first 2 sts, 3. Repeat from * across, end last repeat with **Row 2:** K 1, * p 4, k 3. Repeat from * across, ast repeat with k 1. **Row 3:** P 1, * k 1, twist next 2 sts, k 1, p 3. Repeat from * across, end epeat with p 1. **Row 4:** Repeat Row 2. **Row** 1, * k 2, twist over next 2 sts, p 3. Repeat * across, end last repeat with p 1. **Row 6:** at Row 2. Work in pattern as established un- tal length is 5", end with row 6 of pattern. sts on a stitch holder.

T FRONT: Starting at lower edge with No. dles, cast on 71 [75, 79] sts. Work ribbing as on Back, increasing 1 [1, 2] st on last row 76, 79] sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work ttern as follows: **Row 1 (right side):** Work bing over the first 7 sts as established for border; p 3 [0, 3], * twist over first 2 sts, 3. Repeat from * across, end last repeat with **Row 2:** K 2, * p 4, k 3. Repeat from * across t 7 [11, 7] sts; p 0 [4, 0], complete in ribbing . Work in pattern as established, working the r sts in ribbing until length from last row of g is 5", ending with Row 6 of pattern. **Next** Work across 21 [20, 23] sts, sl next 34 sts stitch holder for pocket border, work in pat- across the 34 sts of pocket lining, complete in pattern. Continue in pattern until total is 16" [16½", 17"] end with row 6 of n.

e Shaping: Row 1: Work in ribbing across sts; k 2 tog (dec made inside border); com- in pattern across. **Row 2:** Work in pattern s. Repeat last 2 rows 2 more times.

hole Shaping: Row 1: Bind off in pattern [7, 8] sts: work in pattern across. **Row 2:** Work across border sts, k 2 tog; complete pattern across. **Row 3:** Bind off 2 sts at beg of row; work pattern across. **Row 4:** Dec one st at inside border edge before, work in pattern across to last 2 sts, work 2 sts together. **Row 5:** Work in pattern across. Repeat last 2 rows alternately 6 more times. Keeping armhole edge even, continue in pattern, decreasing one st at neck inside border every 4th row until 37 [40, 42] sts remain. Work even until length of armhole is same as Back, end with right side row.

Shoulder Shaping: Row 1: Bind off 7 [8, 9] sts at beg of row; complete in pattern. **Row 2:** Work even. Repeat 2 more times. Bind off first 9 [9, 8] sts; complete row. Continue in ribbing over the 7 border sts until piece measures about 3" [3", 3¼"] from last row of shoulder shaping. Bind off in ribbing.

With pins, mark the position of 6 buttons evenly spaced along right front border, having first pin 1 row above ribbing and last pin in line with first row of neck shaping.

LEFT FRONT: Work as for Right Front until ribbing has been completed. Change to No. 6 needles and work as follows: **Row 1:** P 2, * twist over first 2 sts, k 2, p 3. Repeat from * across to last 7 [11, 7] sts; work 0 [4, 0] sts in pattern; k 1, p 1, bind off next 2 sts for buttonhole; k 1, p 1, k 1. **Row 2:** Casting on 2 sts over the bound-off sts, work border sts in ribbing; p 0 [4, 0]; * k 3, p 4. Repeat from * across, end with k 2. Continue in pattern as established until length from last row of ribbing is 5", end with row 6 of pattern. **Next Row:** Work in pattern across first 15 [22, 22] sts; place next 21 sts on a stitch holder for pocket border; work in pattern across the 34 sts of 2nd pocket lining; complete row.

Working buttonholes in line with pins on right front, complete as for Right Front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES: With No. 4 needles, cast on 51 [53, 55] sts. Work in ribbing same as on Back for 3", increasing 13 [18, 16] sts evenly spaced across last row—64 [7, 71] sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work in pattern same as on Back until piece measures 4", end with wrong-side row. Keeping increased sts in pattern, continue in pattern, increasing one st at each end on next row and every 4th row thereafter 21 times in all—106 [113, 113] sts. Work even until total length is 19" [19½", 20"], end with row 6 of pattern.

TOP SHAPING: Continue in pattern, bind off 7 [7, 8] sts at beg of next 2 rows. Dec one st at each end of next row and every other row thereafter until 76 [85, 77] sts remain. Dec one st at each end every row until 24 [25, 25] sts remain. Bind off 3 sts at beg of next 6 rows. Bind off remaining 12 [13, 13] sts. Block to measurements.

POCKET BORDERS: From wrong side, sl the sts from holder onto No. 4 needle. **Row 1:** K 2 tog, * p 1, k 1. Repeat from * across. **Row 2:** P 1, * k 1, p 1. Repeat from * across. **Row 3:** K 1, * p 1, k 1, Repeat from * across. Repeat last 2 rows 2 more times and row 1 once more. Bind off in ribbing. Work other border the same way.

Sew shoulder seams, matching pattern. Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew bound-off edges of front band together and sew in place at back of neck. Sew pocket linings in place. Sew pocket borders in place. Sew on buttons.

GIRLS' RUFFLED JACKET

SIZES: Directions are given for size 4. Sizes 6 and 8 are in parentheses.

MATERIALS: Bernat Danish Petite: Winter Moss—3 (5, 7) balls (WM); Copper Frost—3 (5, 7) balls (CF); Sun Gold—2 (3, 4) balls (SG). Crochet Hook: Bernat Aero: For Size 4-I; 6-J; 8-K.

GAUGE: I hook: 3½ sts = 1"; J hook: 3 sts = 1"; K hook 2½ sts = 1".

Stitch Note: Hdc is half-double: Yo, insert hook, yo, draw through a loop, yo, draw through all 3 loops on hook.

BACK: With WM chain 43. **Row 1:** Hdc in 3rd chain from hook and in each remaining chain (41 hdcs). Ch 2, turn. **Row 2:** Hdc in each hdc. Do not work in turning ch. Ch 2, turn. **Row 3:** Hdc in each hdc. Ch 1, turn. **Row 4:** Sc and dc in first hdc, * skip next hdc, sc and dc in next hdc, repeat from * to end of row, turn. **Row 5:** Skip first dc, * sc and dc in next sc, skip next *(continued)*

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DERMA•SOFT

FIRESIDE SWEATERING

continued

dc, repeat from * to end of row, turn. **Rows 6-10:** Repeat row 5. At end of row 10, ch 2, turn. **Row 11:** Skip first dc, hdc in each remaining stitch, ch 2, turn. **Rows 12 and 13:** Repeat row 2. At end of row 13, break off WM, turn. **Row 14:** With SG sc in each hdc, ch 1, turn. **Rows 15 & 16:** Sc in each sc, ch 1, turn. Break off SG at end of row 16, turn. **Row 17:** With CF, sl st and ch 1 in first sc, hdc in same sc and in each remaining sc, ch 2, turn. **Rows 18-33:** Repeat rows 2-17. At end of row 29, break off CF, turn. Work rows 30-32 in WM, break off at end of row 32, turn. Work row 33 in SG, ch 2, turn. **Rows 34-47:** Repeat rows 2-15. At end of row 45, break off SG, turn. Work rows 46 and 47 in CF. At end of row 47, ch 1, turn. **Row 48:** Sl st across first 7 sts, sc in next 27, sl st over last 7, break off.

FRONT: Begin each of the 2 front pieces the same and work the same through row 42. Start with WM, ch 23. **Rows 1-42:** Work same as Back on 21 sts. **NECKLINE SHAPING**—*Right Front:* **Row 43:** Skip first st, hdc in next 10 sts, work next 2 together as 1: * *Yo, insert hook in next st, yo, draw up a loop repeat once from *, yo, draw through all loops on hook. Decrease of 1 hdc made.* Ch 1, turn. **Row 44:** Decrease 1 hdc in same manner over first 2 sts, hdc in each remaining hdc, ch 1, turn. **Row 45:** Hdc in each hdc until within 2 sts of end, decrease 1 hdc over those last 2 sts, break off SG, turn. **Row 46:** With CF, work first 2 sts together as 1 sc: *Draw up a loop in each st, yo, draw through all loops on hook.* Sc in each remaining st, ch 1, turn. **Row 47:** Sc in each sc, ch 1, turn. **Row 48:** Sc in first 7 sts, sl st over last 7, break off.

LEFT FRONT: Row 43: Sl st over first 3 sts, ch 1, dec 1 hdc over next 2 sts, hdc in each remaining st, ch 1, turn. **Row 44:** Hdc to within 2 sts of end, dec 1 hdc over those last 2 sts, ch 1, turn. **Row 45:** Dec 1 hdc over first 2 sts, hdc in each remaining st, break off, turn. **Row 46:** With CF, sc to within 2 sts of end, dec 1 sc over last 2 sts, ch 1, turn. **Row 47:** Sc in each sc, ch 1, turn. **Row 48:** Sl st over first 7 sts, sc in last 7, break off.

SLEEVES: With WM ch 35. **Rows 1-32:** Same as for Back, but on 33 sts. Break off. Slip 11 over the 3 sts at the end of row 42 so it will match the other side of the neckline. Weave in all loose ends and block all pieces.

ASSEMBLE: Sew shoulder seams and press. Sew tops of sleeves into armhole between row 32 and shoulder on front and back. Press. Sew underarm and side seams; press.

RUFFLES: 1st row: With WM, sc in each chain around end of sleeve, ch 1, turn. **2nd row:** Sc and dc in each sc, break off, turn. **3rd row:** With CF, skip first dc, sl st and ch 3 in next sc, sl st and ch 3 in same sc, * ch 3, skip next dc, sl st in next sc, repeat from * across, sl st and ch 3 in last sc, turn. **4th row:** Sl st in first ch-3 space; * ch 3, sl st in next ch-3 space, repeat from * around sl st in last ch-3 space, break off, turn. **5th row:** With SG, sl st and ch 3 in sc, * sc in next ch-3 space, ch 3, repeat from * around, sl st in last ch-3 space, fasten off.

FOR NECK: 1st row: With WM, wrong side facing, work 25 scs as evenly as possible around neck edge between front slip stitches, ch 1, turn. **2nd row:** Sc and dc in each sc, break off, turn. **3rd row:** With CF, skip first dc, sl st and ch 3 in next sc, * sl st in same sc, ch 3, sl st in next sc, ch 3, repeat from * around, sl st in last (same) sc, ch 3, turn. **4th row:** Repeat 4th row of sleeve ruffle. **5th row:** Repeat 5th row of sleeve ruffle. Break off, weave in loose ends, sew seams, press or steam very lightly if desired.

TIES: With matching color, 2 strands held together, sl st in center of each end of the 2 front narrow stripes. Chain 11" or desired length, break off, press, knot end.

Right side facing, with WM, sc in each chain around lower edge, break off, press lightly.

SWEATER WITH FAIR-ISLE YOKE

SIZES: Directions are given for size Small (Bust 33). Sizes Medium (Bust 36) and Large (Bust 40) are given in parentheses.

MATERIALS: Bernat Danish Petite: 8 (10, 12) balls of Birch White (MC); 2 balls each of Redwood and Ice Blue; 2 bobbins. Knitting needles: Small Size (33")—1 pr. each No. 4 & 5; Medium Size (36")—1 pr. each No. 5 & 6; Large Size (40")—1 pr. each No. 6 & 7.

GAUGE: No. 5 needles—5½ sts = 1". No. 6 needles—5 sts = 1"; No. 7 needles—4½ sts = 1".

Note: Wind 7 bobbins each of Blue & White, 8 Red. Attach Red bobbins on Row 1 of pattern, B & White on Row 7. Twist yarns when changing colors to prevent holes. Carry yarn loosely across ba To make a bobble: (bb) into 1 st make (k 1, p 3 times and k 1; (7 loops on needle), slip 2nd, 3 4th, 5th and 6th st over the first st, then slip stitch back onto the left-hand needle and knit with the main color.

BACK: With No. 4 (5, 6) needles and White on 90 sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 6 r inc 1 st on last row. Change to No. 5 (6, 7) nee and work in stockinette stitch until piece meas 14½ (15½, 16½) inches. Place a marker both e of row to indicate armhole. Work in bobble patt as follows: **Row 1:** K 9 MC * attach Red and w bb in next st, k 11 with MC. Repeat from last 10 sts, bb in next st, k 9 MC. **Row 2 and even rows:** Purl. **Row 3:** K 7 MC; * bb, k 3 bb, k 7 MC. Repeat from * across. **Row 5:** MC, * bb, k 3 MC, bb, k 7 MC. Repeat from last 6 sts, bb, k 3 MC, bb, k 1 MC. **Row 7 (each bobbins across row):** K 3 MC, bb, * k 5 k 1 Blue, k 5 MC, bb. Repeat from * to last 3 k 3 MC. **Row 8:** Purl. Starting with 2nd row pattern (wrong side of work) work in stockin stitch following chart (below) until 32 rows been completed. **Next row:** (Row 33 of patte repeat row 7 of bobble pattern. **Next row and even rows:** With MC, purl. **Row 3:** Repeat ro **Row 5:** Repeat row 3. **Row 7:** Repeat row 1. **Next row:** Purl.

SHOULDERS: Bind off 9 sts at the beg of ne rows. **Next row:** Bind off 7 sts at the beg of k 1 MC. * K 1 Blue, k 1 MC. Repeat from last 7 sts, bind off these 7 sts. **Following row:** tach Blue and with wrong side facing p 1 Blu p 1 MC, p 1 Blue. Repeat from * across. Knit 1 with MC. **Following row:** (Wrong side of w Knit. Change to No. 4 (5, 6) needles and with work in stockinette stitch for 6 rows, inc 1 st ends of every other row. Bind off loosely.

FRONT: Work as for Back.

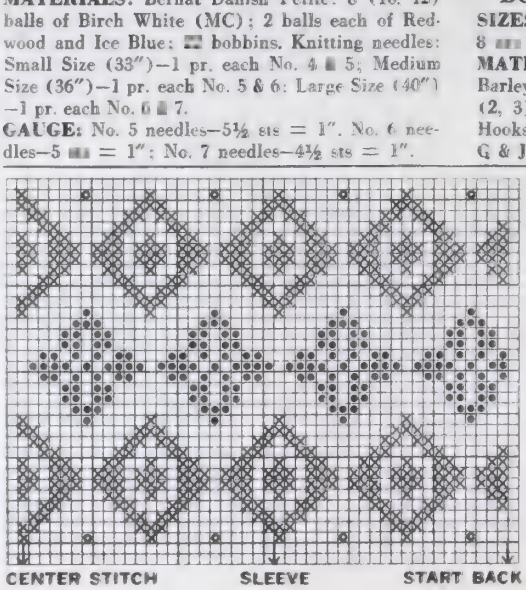
SLEEVES: With No. 4 (5, 6) needles and MC on 46 sts and work in ribbing for 15 rows inc on last row. **Next row:** Purl. Change to No. 5 7) needles and work in bobble pattern as foll K 11 MC, * bb, k 11 MC. Repeat from * ac Work in pattern as for Back until 11 rows of tern have been completed. **Next row:** P 11 M p 1 Blue, p 11 MC. Repeat from * across. Wo rows in MC. **Next row:** K 1 MC, * k 1 Blue, MC. Repeat from * across. **Following row:** Blue, * p 1 MC, p 1 Blue. Repeat from * ac With MC only work in stockinette stitch, inc both ends of next row and every inch 12 ti Work on 71 sts until piece measures 19 (19½, 1 inches or desired length from start. Bind off loo

FINISHING: Sew side seams to marker. Sew sl der and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn fa at neck edge to inside and stitch in place.

BOY'S TURTLENECK SWEATE

SIZES: Directions are given for size 4. Sizes 6 8 are in parentheses.

MATERIALS: Bernat Danish Petite: Color Barley, 9 (11, 13) skeins; Color B—Ice Blu (2, 3) skeins; Color C—Celery, 1 skein. Cr Hooks: Bernat Aero, for Size 4: F & J; for Si G & J; for Size 8: H & K.



X = Blue

O = Red bobble

• = Red

□ = Main color

GE: F hook: 4 sts = 1"; G hook: 7½ sts = f hook: 7 sts = 2".
E: *"Fdc"* means to make a dc around the bar stitch, working from the front, which is the acing you (yo, insert hook as shown in Fig. 1 is page and complete the dc); *"Bdc"* ng around the bar from the back, the side from you (Fig. 2).
K: Start at hem with F (G, H) hook and A. **Row 1:** Dc in 4th ch from hook and in each oss—51 dc, counting turning chain as one dc. turn. **Row 2:** Fdc around 2nd dc, * 1 bdc, 1 tepeat from *, end dc in turning ch. Ch 1. **Row 3:** Bdc around 2nd dc, * 1 fdc, 1 bdc. t from *, end dc in ch-1. Ch 1, turn. **Rows 5:** Repeat 2 & 3.
CK PATTERN: Row 6: Fdc around 2nd & s, * 5 bdc, 5 fdc. Repeat from *, end fdc. ch-1. Ch 1, turn. **Row 7:** Bdc around 2nd & s, * 5 fdc, 5 bdc. Repeat from *, end 2 bdc, ch-1. Ch 1, turn. **Rows 8 & 9:** Repeat 6 & 7. **10-13:** (Repeat 7 & 6) twice. **Rows 14-21:** t 6-13. **Rows 22-25:** Repeat 6-9. At end of 25, omit last dc, sl st in ch-1. Break off A.

OR BAND: Divide C into 2 balls. On large nly, divide 1 ball of Blue into 2 balls. Use e strand and I (J, K) hook throughout Band. **26:** Attach B in first dc, ch 1, sc in same * skip next dc, sc in 2 dc. Repeat from *, ng last st—33 sc. Break off. Turn.
2: Rows 27-35 are worked in scs. Ch 1, turn at each row. *To change color, using first color, hook in st and draw loop through; drop first with second color, yarn over hook and draw gh the two loops on hook.* Work in color pat- s follows: **Row 27:** C. **Row 28:** B. **Row 29:** 5 A, 3 B) 3 times; 5 A, 2 B. **Row 30:** 1 A, (2 , 2 B, 1 A) 4 times. **Row 31:** 2 A, * 2 B, 1 A, A. Repeat from *, end 2 A. **Row 32:** 3 A, (3 .) 3 times; 3 B, 3 A. Break off A. **Row 33:** B. **34:** C. **Row 35:** B. Break off B & C. Turn. **36:** With F (G, H) hook attach single strand n first sc, ch 3, dc in 2 sc, 2 dc in next sc, * next sc, 2dc in next sc. Repeat from *, end last 3 sc—47 dc, counting the ch-3 as one dc. turn. **Row 37:** Bdc around 2nd dc, 4 bdc, c, 5 bdc. Repeat from *, end dc in turning 1, turn. **Row 38:** Fdc around 2nd dc, 4 fdc. dc, 5 fdc. Repeat from *, end dc in turning 1, turn. **Rows 39 & 40:** Repeat 37 & 38. **41-44:** (Repeat 39 & 37) twice. **Rows 45-** epeat 37-44. Break off.
T: Work same as Back for 46 rows. Mark 7 sts for front of neck.
SHOULDER: Row 47: Work in pattern st before first mark, sl st in this st. Turn. **48:** Sl st in next st, work in pattern across. **49-52:** Work in pattern, working sl st in rst st at neck edge on each row—14 sts remain d row. Break off.
T SHOULDER: Row 47: Attach yarn in st narked st, sl st in this st, complete row in . Complete as for Left Shoulder.
VES: Start at cuff with F (G, H) hook and 26. **Rows 1-5:** Same as Back—24 dc, count- rning ch. **Row 6:** Bdc between first and 2nd fdc, dc between next 2 sts) twice; 1 bdc, dc n next 2 sts, 3 bdc, 5 fdc, 5 bdc, 3 fdc, dc n next 2 sts, dc in turning ch—31 dc + g ch. **Row 7:** Fdc around 2nd dc, 4 fdc, * 5 fdc. Repeat from *, end dc in turning ch. turn. **Rows 8-9:** Work in pattern. **Row 11:** first dc, * 5 bdc, 5 fdc. Repeat from *, end n turning ch. (One st has been increased at nd of row). Ch 1, turn. **Row 12:** Fdc around , * 5 bdc, 5 fdc. Repeat from *, end 1 bdc, turning ch. Ch 1, turn. The sts increased on us row have been worked into pattern, start- e next block on either side. **Rows 13-29:** in pattern, increasing one st at both ends kth row until 41 sts are on row. *Be careful to ncs into block pattern.* Break off A at end of).
R BAND: Use double strand and I (J, K) **Row 30:** Attach B in first dc, ch 1, sc in lace, sc in 4 dc, * skip next dc, sc in 2 dc. t from *, end sc in last 5 sc—25 sc. Break off. **31-37:** Same as Rows 27-33 of Back (3 re- instead of 4). **Row 38:** With C sc across, increasing one sc at each end of row—27 sc. Break off. **Row 39:** With B, sc across. Break off.
Block pieces. Sew shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew underarm and sleeve seams.
TURTLENECK: With wrong side facing you and F (G, H) hook, attach a strand of A at center back, ch 3 and make 48 dc evenly around neck. Do not join. Work as for Rows 1-5 of Back for 6 rows. Change to I (J, K) hook and work for 6 more rows, or desired length. Break off. Sew back seam.

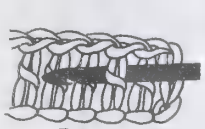
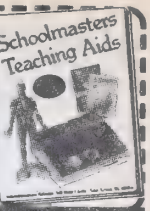

Fig 1


Fig 2

CROCHETED FIRESIDE AFGHAN

MATERIALS: Bernat Danish Petite: Color B—Barley, 4 balls; Color C—Celery, 11 balls; Color CF—Copper Frost, 2 balls; Color IB—Ice Blue, 10 balls; Color SG—Sun Gold, 2 balls; Color WM—Winter Moss, 5 balls. Crochet Hook: Bernat Aero, Size K, or to give gauge.
GAUGE: 3 sts = 1".
SIZE: 64" Square, including scalloped edging. Center Square is 37" Square; Outer Squares are 12" square.
CENTER SQUARE: Start at center with IB, ch 6. Join with sl st to form ring. **Rnd 1:** Ch 3, 2dc in ring, ch 1, (3dc in ring, ch 1) 3 times. Join to top of ch-3. **Rnd 2:** Ch 1, sc in top of ch-3 and in next 2dc, (3sc in ch-1 sp—*corner*, sc in next 3dc) 3 times; 3sc in ch-1 sp. Join to first sc. Break off. **Rnd 3:** Attach WM to first st, ch 1, sc in same place, sc in each sc around, making 3sc in each corner. Join to first sc, break off. **Rnd 4:** Attach SG in center sc of any corner, ch 1, sc in same place, sc in next sc, * † sc in next sc on Row 2—*long sc made*, sc in next sc. Repeat from † to next corner, 3sc in corner. Repeat from * 3 more times, end with 2sc in same place as first sc. Break off. **Rnd 5:** Attach CF in any corner sc, ch 1, 3sc in same place, * sc in each sc to next corner, 3sc in corner. Repeat from * around, join to first sc. Break off. **Rnd 6:** Attach C to any corner sc, ch 3, 2dc in same st, * † skip next sc, dc in next sc, dc in skipped sc—*cross dc made*, dc in next sc. Repeat from † to 2 sts before corner st, cross dc, 3dc in corner. Repeat from * around, end sl st in top of ch-3. Break off. **Rnd 7:** Attach WM in center dc at corner, ch 1, 3sc in same place, sc in each sc across to next corner. Repeat from * around. Join and break off. **Rnd 8:** With IB, repeat Rnd 3. **Rnd 9:** With CF, repeat Rnd 4. **Rnd 10:** With SG, repeat Rnd 5. **Rnd 11:** Attach C to center st of any corner, ch 3, 2dc in same st, * dc in each st across to corner, 3 dc in corner. Repeat from * around, join to top of ch-3. Break off. **Rnds 13-15:** Repeat Rnds 3-5. **Rnd 16:** Attach C in any corner st, ch 3, 2dc in same st, * dc in next st (cross dc over next 2 sts, dc in next st) 10 times; 3dc in corner. Repeat from * around. Join and break off. **Rnds 17-25:** Repeat Rnds 7-15 in colors as follows: Rnd 17: WM. Rnd 18: IB. Rnd 19: WM. Rnd 20: B. Rnd 21: C. Rnd 22: IB. Rnd 23: WM. Rnd 24: B. Rnd 25: IB. **Rnd 26:** With C, repeat Rnd 11. **Rnds 27-46:** Repeat Rnds 17-26. **Rnds 47-51:** Repeat Rnds 17-21. **Rnd 52:** With IB, repeat Rnd 3—424 sts.
"COLOR" SQUARE (make 8): Repeat Rnds 1-16 of Center Square. 136 sts on Rnd 16.
"GREEN/BLUE" SQUARE (make 8): Repeat Rnds 1-16 of Center Square, in colors as follows: **Rnds 1&2:** IB. **Rnd 3:** WM. **Rnd 4:** B. **Rnd 5:** IB. **Rnd 6:** C. **Rnd 7:** WM. **Rnd 8:** IB. **Rnd 9:** WM. **Rnd 10:** B. **Rnd 11:** C. **Rnd 12:** IB. **Rnd 13:** WM. **Rnd 14:** B. **Rnd 15:** IB. **Rnd 16:** C. Block squares to measurements.
JOINING: Alternate small "Green/Blue" and "Color" squares around center squares with "Color" squares at 4 corners and at the center of 4 sides. Attach IB to any corner of a Green/Blue (GB) Square, sc in same place, ch 1, sc in any corner st of Center Square, ch 1, ** sc in next st on Outer Square, †(ch 1, skip one st on Center Square, sc in next st, ch 1, skip one st on Outer Square, sc in next st) 16 times; ch 1, skip next st on Center Square, sc in next st, ch 1, sc in corner st of Outer Square, ch 1, sc in any corner st of a Color (c) Square, skip next st on the Outer Square, ch 1. **. Joining the GB Square to the Color Square, repeat from ** to **, end with ch 1, sc in corner st of the Color Square.
Attach IB to same center st as first corner of the Color Square, sc in same place, and repeat from †, joining another GB Square to the Color Square. Join 2 GB Squares and 3 Color Squares to each side of the Center Square in the same way, then join the remaining 4 open seams in the same way.
EDGING: Rnd 1: Attach IB in any corner, ch 1, in corner make sc, ch 1 and sc. † * Ch 1, skip 1 st, sc in next st. Repeat from * to corner, sc, ch 1 and sc in corner. Repeat from † around. Join. **Rnd 2:** Ch 1, sc in first sc, * ch 3, dc in first ch of ch-3, tr in next sc, sc in next sc. Repeat from * around. Join and break off. **End**

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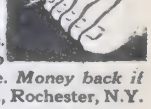


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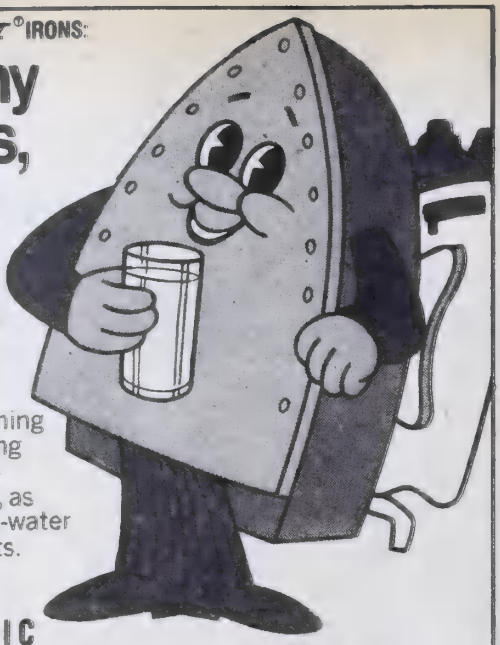
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continued from page 94

wife's illness. Then, after she died, I continued going for almost a year because there were lots of other things that I had to deal with in my early childhood and background that I did not understand.

My family was constantly being broken up. My father used to come and go and come and go. My parents broke up maybe 10, 12, 15 times during my childhood, and each time it seemed final. So my life was on a yo-yo emotionally. As a five-year-old kid, I would say, "Oh, terrific, Daddy's back and everything's going to be wonderful"—and then, bang, two months later I'd hear the yelling and the screaming and he'd be gone.

I felt caught in the middle. You feel like you're double-crossing one parent to like the other because *they* hated each other so much. And they sort of used this because one would play me off against the other, as they did with my brother, too. But they did it with me even more because my brother was older and getting out of it at that time.

In a way, my brother was a sort of surrogate father because he was around more than my father and played the paternal role more than my father. He was the *encourager* in a lot of good ways, the one who encouraged me to become a writer, encouraged my sense of humor, encouraged my athletic ability. My father never did any of these things. He didn't *discourage* me, either. I knew that he cared for me but I was very much frightened of him—of his wrath, his anger, his displeasure.

When I first went into therapy, I figured my humor was all based on the defensive attitude I had towards the world. My way of dealing with things was humor and I knew that my humor was coming out a lot from my neuroses. So, being very naive, I said, "Gee, if the doctor cures me, I'm going to lose my sense of humor and I won't be able to write anymore. I will have less impulse, less reason to use this outlet of humor." But this reasoning wasn't true. If anything, therapy enhances your sense of humor because it gives you a broader perspective on what life is and who *you* are.

I think that most people think that if you go and have a successful analysis or therapy that you don't have problems anymore. Well, you *do*, but you just learn how, when they come up, not to let them get as bad as they were, not to let them take hold of you or take charge. You learn that at some point you've got to say, "Hey, wait, that's enough."

Why would I want to harm myself? Because I wanted to say to somebody else, "See how unhappy I am? It's all your fault." And you find out later that's not the way to deal with it. I can't get back at somebody else by harming myself because ultimately all I really do is harm myself. The other person is going to be harmed or not harmed according to what *his* life is like. I think that was one of the most significant things I learned.

I would say most of my therapy was pleasurable. I mean, even when one would break down and start to cry it was pleasurable because it meant you were getting somewhere.

Recently I was feeling very depressed, as I do every time I finish a project, and I flirted for a moment with the idea of finding a doctor here in California. But I wouldn't go through all that again—mostly, because I don't want to be in that much trouble emotionally. **End**

Your Family's Health

continued from page 98

the liquid or powdered protein. Se rate supplements are necessary. Wh supplements and in what quantity m be determined regularly for each in vidual faster through tests in a doct office. One of the most important these trace substances is potassiu which keeps the heart beating regu ly. Too little potassium leads quickly cardiac arrhythmia—which can be fa

The PSMF produces significant of body water. This in turn redu blood volume and may lead to too- blood pressure (hypotension). The sult may be light-headedness and fa ing spells. So fluid intake and bala must be monitored carefully by a doc

Bowel movements may be irregu which initially worries most fasters, Linn says, but is of little medical c cern. Hunger, surprisingly, is no great problem: The body seems con to feed on itself, and after a few d most hunger pangs vanish. For psyc logical reasons, Dr. Blackburn po out, "obese patients are poor dieters, excellent abstainers or fasters."

A few fasters suffer severe emoti stress from not eating. But Drs. L and Blackburn agree that most actu enjoy their fasts. For the succes ones, Dr. Blackburn says, "there ordinarily a feeling of euphoria throu out the weight-loss period."

Where to find help

The American Society of Bari Physicians recently surveyed its members to find out how many ready and able to deliver a compre sive program like that proposed by Blackburn, and how many can del a less-comprehensive level of care, rected mainly to monitoring the phys aspects of the diet. There are about names, coast-to-coast, on the com hensive list, Dr. Haimes says, and so what more on the less-comprehen one. For a copy of the lists write: I atric Physicians, 333 W. Hampden A Englewood, Colo. 80110. Dr. Linn is on the lists, Dr. Haimes says, bec he has resigned from the Society.

The cost of the treatment will v At Dr. Vertes' clinic it is $50 per w Dr. Haimes says that his charge of a day includes the medical and psy logical parts of the treatment, plus liquid protein. Dr. Linn charges $5 $60 per week after the initial visit. P ers, of course, make up part of these in savings on the food they don't eat

"We have a good method here," Dr. Haimes. "It's one of the giant s of the last 20 or 30 years. If it is abu or not done as part of a comprehen method, and is converted into a fad —that would be a crime!"

Spending your money

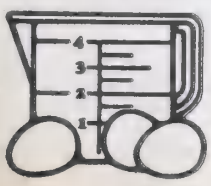
continued from page 16

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uffalo	6	10
hicago	7	11
incinnati	8	12
leveland	8	12
olumbus, Oh.	7	11
allas	11	15
enver	7	11
es Moines	7	11
etroit	7	11
ansas City, Mo.	8	12
os Angeles	12	16
ouisville	9	13
adison, Wi.	5	9
iami	12	18
ilwaukee	6	10
inneapolis	5	9
ew York	8	12
maha	7	11
hiladelphia	8	12
ittsburgh	7	11
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ashington	9	13

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ext month Sylvia Porter will devote r entire column to ways you can save energy bills in every room of your use—and on the highway as well. atch for this money-saving feature.



TWENTY YEARS WITH BING

continued from page 110

alive. Then a sense of outrage came over me that such a good, kind man, who never hurt anyone in his life, should have such a terrible thing happen to him.

"Two of our children, Mary Frances and Nathaniel, were standing at the side of the stage when Bing took that last step. I was downstairs in the dressing room when I heard gasps, and I knew something dreadful had happened. The children were wonderful. Nathaniel cleaned up the dressing rooms, picked up our clothes and took them to the hotel. Mary Frances was up all night phoning friends and relatives to reassure them that Bing was all right. Mary Frances even reached Alan Fisher [the Crosbys' butler] in England, where he was on vacation, and told him there was no need to rush home."

Kathryn asked, "Do you know what Bing did when he was being taken out on the stretcher to the ambulance? In an attempt to keep things as normal as possible, because he could see how upset everyone was, he sang 'Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . .' Imagine!"

The first morning in the hospital was joyful, Kathryn recalled. "Bing was able to stand up with the aid of a special table. He walked four or five steps across the room, but, by afternoon, could no longer take a step. By then, the bruising around the base of the spine had swollen so that the nerves wouldn't work.

"I watched Bing a lot during those first few days and nights and oh, how I wished I could roll time backward, how I wished doctors would be able to say something, or do something, that would help Bing to walk again—immediately."

Kathryn brightened. "Bing and I will celebrate our twentieth anniversary this year (October 24) and we're going to make it the best anniversary anyone ever had. We didn't do a thing on our nineteenth anniversary. We weren't even together. Bing was at his duck club with our oldest son Harry, and I was home alone. But Bing did remember to telephone that night. 'Harry and I had a fine shoot,' he said, 'and, by the way, happy anniversary and I love you.'

"Our twentieth year started out with the whole family opening in *Crosby and Friends*. The show premiered in Houston, and Bing was so good to all my Texas relatives who came up from my hometown, West Columbia, Tex., to see our show. I have fond memories of that time. And, because of the success of our opening, we went on to do more shows—in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Las Vegas, New York and in London.

"In London, Bing and I took walks together around Picadilly Circus, and we had the pleasure of seeing Nathaniel [a one-handicap golfer] play some really good golf. From London we went on to Scotland, where Mary Frances and I did *The Heiress*, on stage in Edinburgh. Bing and the boys, Harry and Nathaniel, traveled all over England, Scotland and Germany. And Bing took us on a quick trip to Paris, but he was smart enough to do it on Saint's Day, when all the stores were closed and we couldn't buy anything!

"But Bing did so many sweet things for me on that trip," Kathryn said. "He played golf with me at the Princess Course at Gleneagles, Scotland, even though I am terrible at the game. Bing was so encouraging—he bragged about the shortest drives I made. I lost eight balls, and he didn't say a word."

Kathryn had mixed feelings about their two-week appearance in New York City. "Someone gave me a terrible review," she said. "When Bing read it, his eyes glazed and he said, in real anger, 'They hate you because you're pretty.' It's funny, Bing hasn't told me that in a long time. It was nice to know he still thinks so."

Kathryn, now 43, was only 21 when she fell in love with the celebrated crooner 30 years her senior. They met in Hollywood on a Paramount Pictures movie lot. Kathryn, a beauty contest winner and rising young actress, was rushing to wardrobe one afternoon when she bumped into the studio's biggest star—Bing Crosby. The blue-eyed crooner was a recent widower with four sons (one a year younger than Kathryn), and Hollywood columnist Louella Parsons had called him "the most eligible man on the face of the earth." After that fateful bump, Bing and Kathryn began a courtship that lasted several years. Three times they made plans to be married—but each time Bing called it off.

Anyplace, anywhere, anytime

After the third break-off, Kathryn refused to see Bing for over a year. Then he sent her a letter asking her to marry him "anyplace, anywhere, anytime." Before Kathryn accepted, she made him promise that she could continue with her acting and pursue her nursing and teaching degrees. He agreed to her terms on the telephone because she still was sworn to her vow not to see him unless "it was inside a church with the door locked." Within 24 hours of their conversation, they eloped to Las Vegas, where, on October 24, 1957, they were married in the chapel of St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church.

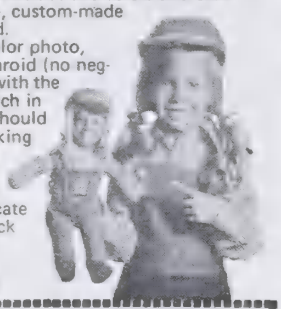
"Bing had his reasons for breaking off our engagements," Kathryn sighed. "Although I didn't understand at the time, I know now that he was right. Bing has the highest regard for the responsibilities of his life—his children, his church, his

(continued on page 234)

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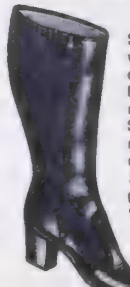
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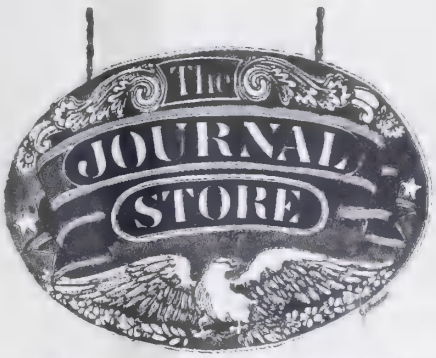
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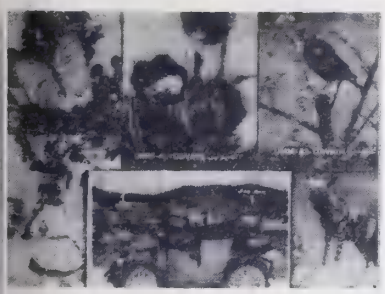
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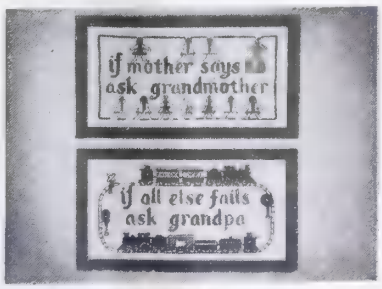
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TWENTY YEARS WITH BING

continued

friends, his public. He wanted to be sure that our marriage was right in every way.

"Nobody else gave our marriage much of a chance," Kathryn admits. "I've never had my wedding ring off, and I've never asked, but I'm sure it's only brass. Bing's manager bought it, and probably didn't want to invest much into something that might not last." (Actually, she wears two wedding bands; the second one belonged to Bing's late mother. Kathryn wears no other jewelry.)

"In the end, our difficult courtship was a good thing," she continued. "By the time we were married, we had thrashed out our differences. Maybe that's the trouble with a lot of marriages today. The two people involved haven't discussed their problems ahead of time, and expect everything to turn out moonlight and roses, which it probably is not going to be.

"I'm glad I married an older man. When I married Bing he was already formed, his character was set; in other words, I knew what I was getting. With a younger man you can't tell how he will develop with the years.

"And, oh, yes, Bing's sons took a lot of teasing after the wedding, but they were always nice to me. I would like to think I handled the situation with grace. I wasn't their mother so I didn't try to be. Instead, I did everything possible to be their friend. To this day, Gary, the eldest, the twins Dennis and Philip, and Lindsay, the youngest, are my friends. We see each other often.

"Bing and I have had a wonderful life. We have shared so much and," Kathryn said with emphasis, "there is still so much for us to share. We love best taking long walks together, holding hands and talking about everything, or not talking at all." ["It really is the most amazing marriage," butler Alan Fisher said to me once. "Although upon occasions we have had some truly epic silences in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are two people who obviously take pleasure in the company of each other. We rarely have guests. The two of them simply enjoy being alone together."]

No scandals, no rumors

Hollywood gossips never have been able to wag tongues about the Crosby marriage. There have been no scandals, no rumors about their private lives. They've never been part of the social scene, have never tossed fancy parties. Their idea of celebrating a momentous occasion is to sit all by themselves, late at night in the kitchen, spooning up cornflakes!

It is obvious to those who know the Crosbys that the reason their marriage endures, and happily, is because they both have the same values, the same reverence for the things they believe important: respect for each other, the sanctity of their home, a commitment to the children they brought into the world and the Catholic religion they share.

The Crosbys' three children were born within the first four years of their marriage. Harry Lillis Crosby III, 19, named after his father (Bing gained his nickname as a young boy from his favorite comic strip, "Bingville Bugle"), is a musician. After a year in college, Mary Frances, 17, Bing's only daughter, has been accepted by the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco. Nathaniel, 15, hopes to combine golfing competition with a teaching career.

"The children have learned so much from their father," Kathryn said. "He's a strict parent, but strict with love—there's a difference. Bing detests sloppiness, cannot abide arrogance or profanity and just naturally expects good manners. The children absolutely adore their father—but they also respect him."

When questioned about how she would feel if her children had sexual relationships outside of marriage, Kathryn replied: "I am sure it is possible for young people to enter into a loving relationship outside of marriage. But," she added, "if it were my children, I'd kill them. As for their father, I cannot tell you how angry that Irishman would be."

Talking more about their 20 years together, Kathryn said: "I'm afraid that I have caused Bing some painful moments. As an example, once I volunteered him, without his permission, to be master of ceremonies for a charity fund-raiser. Bing does so much for charity—he's raised millions—that naturally I expected him to do this for me. Bing felt that it wasn't right for me to volunteer his services without asking. After all, he said, he wouldn't presume to do that to me. Right up to the last minute I thought he'd break down and show up. I absolutely panicked. But Bing dug in his heels and did not go.

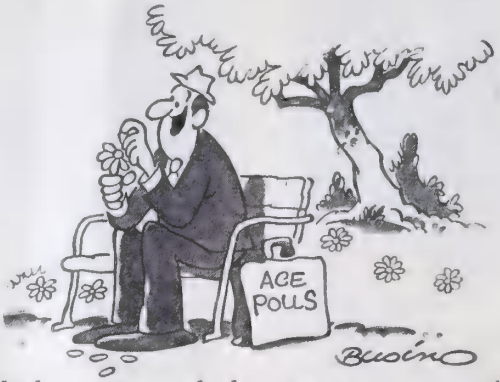
"Still," she said, "in all our married years we have never had a fight. Oh we've had some pretty sticky moments when we didn't see eye to eye, but fight—never! Bing chooses to remain silent when trouble brews. Sometimes he hasn't talked to me for days, even longer. Once he said to me, 'Kathryn, it is better not to speak in anger. And you must realize that sometimes when I've been quiet it is because the words I might have said would have been too hard for you, or for me, to bear.' There is so much talking things out these days, verbalizing and all that, but I think Bing's way may be a lot wiser.

"Bing is no-nonsense and disciplined so disciplined that he can eat one half of a cookie. At the same time he's unfailingly kind, fun-loving and witty. In times of trouble, he's so sweet, so tender; it's impossible to be sad around him."

Kathryn's thoughts returned to the present, and she continued: "Before we know it, Bing will be able to play golf again, he'll be able to sing 'White Christmas'—and we'll even be able to trip the light fantastic. Yes, it will all happen.

"I guess the sound of Bing is woven into the tapestry of many lives. But," she added, "I'm luckier than his fans for I get to hear the special things. For example, hearing him say: 'Late again!', 'What do you mean Mary Frances has a date?', 'Nathaniel should help weed the garden and not spend so much time on the golf course!'—or, 'What do you mean Indianapolis, Indiana, for five weeks?'

On that day, when her heart was heavy, Kathryn still could talk about the mixture of love and fun that made up a large a part of her marriage. I thought that Bing would have wanted the conversation to be like that. Her talk of happier days was a forecast of things to come. How could Kathryn have imagined then that, within six months, Bing would be so recovered that they and the children would be off to London to advance-film their 1977 Crosby Christmas Show? Or that the first celebrity to sign to play golf in the Kathryn Crosby Honda Civic Classic for next March would be Bing? E



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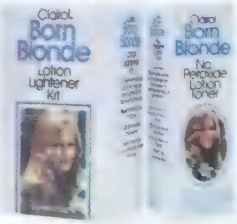
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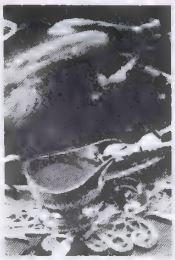
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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

WOMEN ON THE MOVE

This is one of the rare occasions in which I'd like to share some of my personal views with you—and invite an exchange of opinions. As a Commissioner of the President's National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year, appointed first by President Ford and reappointed by President Carter, I am making preparations to attend the first National Women's Conference in Houston, Texas, November 18-21. It is sure to be an historic meeting, having been funded by Congress and put into law, as well as being preceded by 56 state and territorial meetings. Thousands of women are expected to attend the conclave with 1,142 elected delegates from the various states and territories, supplemented by 280 alternates and 400 delegates-at-large. Many of the country's most outstanding women (and interested men) will also attend as invited guests.

The theme of the meeting will be "Women on the Move"—and despite the controversy that swirls around the meeting (and there is much heat and passion from all sides), I still feel it will turn out to be a positive event for the nation. The Conference was established "to assess the progress that has been made to date by both the private and public sectors in promoting equality between men and women in all aspects of life in the U.S."—as well as to "identify the barriers that prevent women from participating fully and equally in national life, and [to] develop recommendations for means by which such barriers can be removed." It will feature workshops on a wide range of subjects, including education, employment, homemaker rights, the problems of teenage pregnancy, etc.

WHERE I STAND

Those of you who read this column know I believe deeply in the woman's role in the home, as well as her ever-expanding options outside it. I am painfully aware of the inequities that still face women in the work force. And though I recognize that many women find homemaking—and mothering—to be a joyous, rewarding core of their lives, the realities of widowhood and divorce also make it an economically hazardous one. "Liberation" is a term too loosely used as the cause of everything from pornography to the breakdown of family life. In actuality, only liberated people, male and female—balaneed by a sense of responsibility—can create the kind of strong family life that is more than a nostalgic replay of the Waltons and far from the situation comedies that are this year's TV rage.

In Houston, there will be many faces, many voices. The far right and the far left will inevitably clash and make it seem as if women are deeply divided. Yes, there are divisions. But the truth is that now, as never before, women have been given an awareness of their own potential. At a time when their lifespan is predicted in terms of 75 years, it is a period in which diversity must not only be recognized and dealt with—but ultimately reconciled. Women cannot move backwards in the United States. They cannot sacrifice the small gains they have earned out of fear of the unknown. They have a right to a point of view dictated by religious and moral convictions. But there are social convictions, too. Somehow, all of these must be brought together and recommitted to progress for the 51.3 percent of this country who are no longer willing to delegate their authority to someone else. As I said, I'd like to hear your side. Meanwhile, I hope that Houston will be a landmark meeting and a forward step for *all* Americans.—LENORE HERSHEY



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The rest of Touch & Glow
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88% moisturizer.
For the look of a beautiful
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the protection skin needs
for a beautiful tomorrow.
12/88 Touch & Glow.
It's 100% beautiful!

88% protective moisturizer.*

*Including 2% fragrance and formula protectors.


JEWELRY BY BULGARI WARDROBE BY PETER BARTON ©1976 REVLON, INC.
100% beautiful!



Beauty Journal

Once in a while something happens to make us sit up and cheer. The "something" now is called *Feel Younger, Live Longer* (Rand McNally, 224 pages, $7.95), a big, soft-cover book that makes reading about exercise, fitness, dieting and coping (job, personality, sex) fast and fun. The illustrations and pictures vary from humorous to dead-serious—and the pages are chockful of charts, quizzes and curious facts. The exercise illustrated at right, is one of the best we've seen for the elderly or inactive. This particular one improves spinal mobility—without strain. "Sit with feet apart and hands on one thigh. Bend over from the waist and slide your hands down the leg toward the ankle. Repeat on alternate side, ten times on each leg." More . . . Perhaps our favorite parts of the book are the myths it explodes (Pow!). For instance, that you can lose weight by massage (only if you're the masseuse). Or that lost sleep can be made up by sleeping longer the next night. No! Or domestic chores make a woman fit. Wrong, only tired. About sugar: honey is a good source of energy. Yes, but not better for you than either white or brown sugar. More facts: It's healthier to leave a sweater *off* until you cool down after exercise. And the most delicious news of all. Eating chocolate does not aggravate acne or oily skin (yes, that's what this group of experts claim).





FLOW AND GLOW

Q. *When I put blusher on my cheeks, it looks blotchy. Two questions: Why does this happen? And is there anything I can do about it?*
—R.F., Youngstown, Ohio

A. From your information, we can only guess that you have fairly dry skin and use a moisturizer as a base. Some of the moisturizer may sink in, but some stays on the surface. Then when you put on your powdered rouge, it goes on unevenly. Either wait enough time to let all the moisturizer disappear or, better yet, switch to a cream blusher (a must for dry or older skin), which flows on smoothly, glows more evenly.

HELP AND HAPPINESS

New things to improve you from the tippity-top of your head right on down to your well-manicured toes. • What do you do if you snub a nail and the tip snaps off? Or if you have layers or ridges that show under polish? Now you can take care of all 20 nails like a pro—at home. Biggest helps: Ridge Filling First Coat (smooth base that dries matte white, good primer), $2; The Nail Fixer™ (kit with tissue-thin papers for major repairs), $2.50; Miracle Nail® Protective Acrylic Hardener (toughie top coat), $2. All part of the new L'Oreal Nail Care System. ▪ Anyone who has fine, thin hair longs for a little more thickness. Well, wish no more. There's a new bodybuilder that adds fullness through an invisible network (it supports each and every strand). Very scientific. Applied after-shampooing. In salons; Bodimer+ by Redken, 4 fl. oz., $4.95. ▪ Remember the morning after, when you fell asleep with your mascara on? Remember those raccoon rings? Gone. There's a smudge and sleep-proof way to darken (and condition) your lashes. Fresh Lash 24 Hour Polymer Mascara by Maybelline, $1.95. ▪ We've said it before and we'll say it again: your skin needs moisture to look healthy. Now makeup's making a splash in the H_2O field (formulated with a light moisturizer rather than the usual oils). Light and feels good. Truly Natural Face Color by Frances Denney, 1 oz., $10.

THE KINDEST CUTS OF ALL

If at this time, you're one of the legions searching for a new hairstylist (hopefully, a wonderfully kind, creative genius), here are some guidelines. **Rely on word-of-mouth:** Ask your friends, even an attractive stranger where to go. Chat about the in-shop habits. Do they always run an hour late? Play favorites? Is the super-cutter a prima donna? Remember, you want a haircut, not more hassle. **Shop around:** By phone or by foot. Inquire about rates. Is a blow dry an extra? Does the place offer manicures, coloring? **Know your needs:** How much time and money can you spend? Have a style in mind and talk it over. If Orphan Annie curls won't work for you, listen to the expert, but . . . **Beware the cookie cutter:** One who stamps out exact copies, more concerned with what's "in" than with you. **Post-cutting:** Monitor your hair for holding and growing-out ease. If things are going great, great! If not, go back to Start. There *is* a stylist somewhere who's waiting just for you!



VIRGINIA WADE'S WINNING CUT
Far left: Fall '76, tied-and-pinned back. Near left: At Wimbledon '77. Shorter, freer . . . prettier.

Lots of women who play active sports have a problem with their hair. Keeping it from flying in their eyes. Looking neat, but pretty. That point's been won by Virginia Wade, tennis player extraordinaire, '77 Wimbledon champ. She's gone from a rather severe look of pulled-back ponytail and bobby pins holding the sides flat (see above) to honest-to-goodness freedom. Virginia doesn't even blow dry her shorter hair—just washes it (especially after a match), runs her fingers through it. Monique of Vidal Sassoon, New York, cut her thick hair in layers (if your hair is too limp or fine, go for a perm). The easy care and jaunty air suits Virginia's lifestyle. Always traveling, always a winner!

Photographs: above left: UPI; above right: Wide World Photos.
Border by Julia Noonan. Drawing by Thea Kliros.




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me rinse after using Clairesse.

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It means that for the first time you can actually improve the condition of your hair as you color—and get a delightfully gentle fragrance to match the gentle conditioner.
Color will come shining through conditioned hair.
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The whole color/condition process is now easier and faster than ever.
Never again will you apply color to hair—and then condition your hair.
Now superb color and the ultimate conditioning happen together.
For the first time!
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Nothing is going to give your hair conditioned color like Clairesse.
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What's happening

By Gene Shalit



Gene and Arthur Fiedler get together (above and below) to talk about the current musical scene. Later on, Gene gives us this month's rundown of the current movie scene.

November: Thanksgiving unfurls. Each of us has something to be thankful for personally, but collectively we can *all* be thankful for Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops. At 84, he is the grand man of American music. Do you know when Fiedler joined the Boston Symphony as a violinist? In 1915! He's been the conductor of the Boston Pops since 1930. Take *that*, you who favor mandatory retirement! Arthur Fiedler has brought more good music to more people for a longer time than has any other conductor in America. Records? I'll give you records. On July 4th, 1976, he had what must have been the most immense audience ever to hear a live symphony orchestra concert—400,000 people on the Esplanade in Boston. The Pops has been on coast-to-coast radio since 1960, on television since 1966 and in homes everywhere. Americans have bought more than 50 million Fiedler records. Now *that's* a record! Not long ago I appeared with him at Tanglewood, the Boston Symphony's summer home in Lenox/Stockbridge, Mass. I narrated *Peter and the Wolf*, with Fiedler conducting. He and I spent many hours together rehearsing, with the orchestra and privately. I had a chance to have long talks with this holder of the Medal of Freedom—America's highest civilian honor—the man who has brought so much good music, good humor (they smile when he conducts "Fiedler on the Roof") and good feelings to concert halls across this land and around the world.

I asked him how, during his 47 years as conductor, the makeup of the orchestra had changed. And speaking of makeup, I asked him what is the role of women in music today?

His response: "When I joined the orchestra in 1915 there wasn't a *trace* of a woman. We even had two male harpists. We simply never even *thought* of a woman. The first woman engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Doriot Anthony Dwyer. That was in 1952, and now 25 years later, she is the orchestra's principal flutist. Today, some ten percent of today's BSO players are women. The orchestra selection committee listens to the applying musicians performing behind a screen so that no one can tell whether they're women, men, black, white, tall, short—all that matters is the music and musicianship. The finalists *are* seen and interviewed. The fact is that today's woman has opportunities in music that were unheard of in years past."

FIEDLER ON CONDUCTING

You get a weariness in the legs. They're planted on the podium, like trees. Conducting is hard work. A physician once told me that conductors have strong hearts because of their vigorous arm waving, which strengthens the chest and heart. My son is a sturdy six-footer, *(continued)*

Photograph by Sean McCloud

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That's you.





CALIFORNIA ALMONDS

Blue Ribbon Idea

CHINATOWN ALMOND CHICKEN

This is a little wok, but it's worth it.

Skin, bone and cut 1½ pounds chicken breast in ½ inch cubes. In bowl mix 1 tsp. ginger, 2 tsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. cornstarch; blend in 3 tbsp. each water and soy sauce, and ⅓ cup sherry. Thaw 2(6-oz.) pkgs. Chinese pea pods. In wok (or skillet) heat ¼ cup oil over medium heat. Add 1 cup BLUE RIBBON Natural (or Blanched) Whole Almonds; stir and cook about 3 minutes. Add chicken and cook just till meat turns white. Pour in sherry mixture; cook till sauce thickens. Add pea pods; stir-fry till hot and glazed. Serve at once. Serves 4.

Continental Nut Company
The BLUE RIBBON
Almond Family



What's happening

continued

and I once challenged him to conduct for 15 minutes without stopping. He couldn't. One physician advises everybody—each day—to put a record on the hi-fi and pick up a pencil and conduct. It doesn't matter if you beat time correctly—but just wave those arms.

Fiedler on programs

Each year we have an all-request concert. I can tell you right now what the requests will be next year and five years from now. *Bolero. The Blue Danube. The William Tell Overture.* Of *course* I'll play them, why not? *William Tell* is a fine overture. Toscanini performed it often, and if it was good enough for Toscanini, it's good enough for me.

Fiedler on the critics

Some accuse me of being a showman. I resent that because a showman is a showoff, and I never show off. I balance my programs to please the widest possible audience. We play everything from Bach to Bacharach, from Motown to Mozart. I have *always* played good music. As Rossini said, "All good music is good except the boring kind."

Fiedler on piped-in music

There is too much music without reason, without listening. Music in barber shops and manicure parlors and airports and elevators. It doesn't *arouse* anything. It is humdrum. Music should be *listened* to.

Fiedler on music for children

I gave my children phonographs when they were *very* young. And I gave them records of all sorts—string quarters, symphonic pieces, rock-and-roll. Children have an uncanny instinct for good music.

Fiedler at 84 looks back—and ahead

I've done the best I can. When I make music, I make music as well as I know how. I play the same in Sqweehonk as I do in Carnegie Hall. As I get older, the job gets more difficult. The packing, the traveling, the *loneliness*. I will do conducting as far as I can, but I will do less of it—and *better*.

AT THE MOVIES

Movie directors have been known to scream at stars: "Will you *please* be more animated!" Now there's a film in which *every* character is one hundred percent animated. Yes, joke lovers, it is the *Fantastic Animation Festival*, a title that holds up 16 animated shorts. Almost all of them are diverting, some are quite extraordinary, and a few are international prize winners.

Ask Americans what first comes to mind when they hear the word "animation," and most will probably say "Walt Disney" or "Mickey Mouse." But there's a whole world of animation that most movie-goers never get a chance to s because most theaters don't *show* sh any more. They don't give audience break. First they pound you with a p view of their next attraction, then t unreel the feature and hustle you out the theater so the next line can hurry to grab your seats. Meanwhile the ex ing animated shorts sit in cans on shelv unseen by the general public. And not talking about Superman or D Duck or Bugs Bunny. I'm talking ab films by movie-makers with someth important to say. One movie in *Festi* lasts just about one minute: *Bambi M Godzilla*, and it's uproarious. Others t I especially admired are: *Icarus* (a markable ten minute film from mania); *The Last Cartoon Man;* (f minutes); *Mountain Music* (nine); *K Me* (eight); and *Night Bird* (nin When the *Fantastic Animation Festi* plays in a nearby theater, I hope yo be drawn to it.

NO SENSE

There have been many popular m ies about the French foreign legion: o casts, miscasts, big-name casts, t marched up the dune and they marc dune again. And here they come, fol in the movie *March or Die*—marchi stumbling, falling behind their to commander, Gene Hackman. Not alw in line are Terence Hill, good guy a

(continued on page 1

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new movie, more than his best film; it is an event. W a treat! Diane Keaton is marvelous; Alle genius.

Black and White in Color, a French film in West Africa, is well-acted comic op stuff . . . but hardly worthy of its Best F eign Film Oscar.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from D ney, takes a madcap look at a moth daughter relationship. What a pleas *good* Disney can be.

MacArthur stars Gregory Peck as y know-who. The great general was reflect and olympian, in love with prose and pc The movie is all of these.

Star Wars is a super picture filled with im ination, humor and joy, with stunning effe that use the visual power of pictures to p vide pleasure. The whole family will hav holiday.

The Spy Who Loved Me is one of the m amusing and lighthearted in the James Bo series. What fun!

The Last Remake of Beau Geste, writ and directed by and starring Marty Fe man, starts with the premise that Mich York and Feldman are identical twins. Ar and frantic farce.

The Rescuers is a dandy Disney full-len animated movie based on books by Marg Sharp. A delight for the whole family.

La Grande Bourgeoise, a story of fam tragedy, moves with languorous ease to intricate, perplexing and sorrowful conc sion—one of the year's most satisfying filr

Sorcerer is a strong adventure story set South American squalor. Well-made ad escape.

Orca, a whale yarn from Dino De Laurent is about as scary as a water balloon childr inflate at the beach.

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Cindy Harrell



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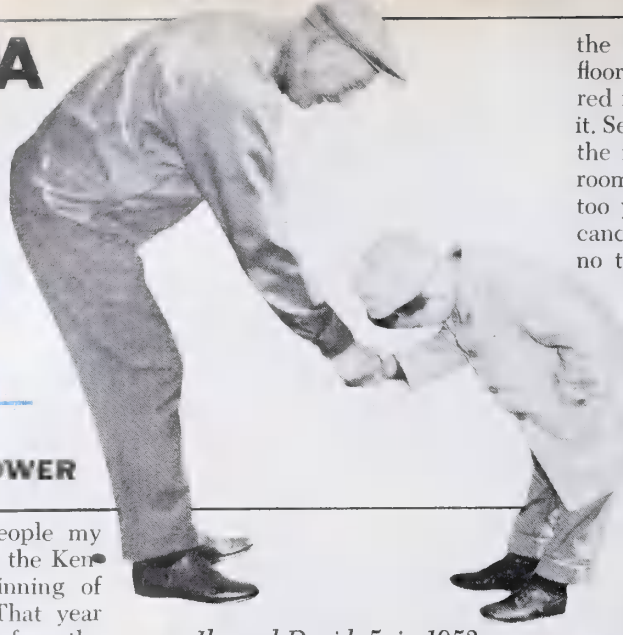
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GRANDPA IKE

"He viewed the presidency as a call to duty, and his duty was done." A touching tribute to a beloved President—and grandfather.

BY DAVID EISENHOWER



Ike and David, 5, in 1953.

Many, perhaps most, people my age look back on 1960 and the Kennedy promise as the beginning of something very exciting. That year marked a passage for many of us—the first real awareness of a political campaign; of being able to take sides. This awareness coincided with a mood: in Kennedy's words, "the passing of the torch to a new generation."

I suppose my experience was very atypical. For my family the new beginning was a bittersweet and poignant ending to the eight years spent in and around the White House.

My family began the transition in 1959, moving from our home in Alexandria to a house on the corner of the Eisenhower farm in Gettysburg. We made a number of trips to Washington from Gettysburg, staying for weeks at a time at the White House. But our ability to drop by was curtailed and we children were continually reminded to begin thinking of Washington as a place we soon would not be able to enjoy.

For a child, the White House was and is a paradise. What's now the press room used to be a heated, indoor pool equipped with shower and workout facilities. The East Wing housed a movie theater that ran top Hollywood selections at the virtual request of the White House. I fashioned a basketball court during the winter out of the wide third-floor corridor leading to the storage and laundry rooms, and in the spring I practiced infield by bouncing tennis balls off the even-surfaced walls. The South Lawn was the backyard of any child's dreams. I raced electric carts along the sloping driveway, and the trees provided perfect "cover" for grade school cowboys and Indians. The open expanse of grass was a perfect place to learn golf.

As the election approached, preparations for a new First Family encroached. A new coat of paint on the third-floor wall ended infield practice. Shrubbery work ended our reenactments of Antietam, Shiloh, Gettysburg, Hastings and Thermopylae.

Even to me as a child this transition meant more than handing over a place we thought of as a home. In countless ways, I sensed the frustration and dislocations we associate with the transfer of power from one president to the next. On election night, we were stunned to watch projections declaring Kennedy a winner. My grandfather went to bed early in disgust. As later returns chipped away at the projected "landslide," converting that election into one of the closest in our history, the mood became one of despair and self-doubt. There was no real sense that anything could be gained by demanding a recount. I don't remember feeling swindled or thinking that the election had been taken away. "What-ifs" haunted our few remaining visits to Washington. Our regrets, contrasting with the nation's sense of anticipation, gave me an inkling of our new isolation from mainstream thoughts.

Just before Christmas, the family spent a farewell weekend at Camp David. The winter's first snow blanketed the Catoctins. I remember wishing the snow would sock us in for a long time. The camp bore my name, and I felt I had a proprietary stake in it. The thing that I regretted, and again this is through the eyes of a 12-year-old, was that the camp would be renamed when we left. The boats named for my sisters had already been retired or renamed—the *Barbara Anne* had become the *Honey Fitz*.

Our last meal in the White House occurred shortly after the new year in the "family dining room," located off the State Dining Room on the first floor. It was a small, predominantly red room with a painting of Tyler in it. Several decorating magazines rated the room as among the leading 100 rooms in America. Though perhaps too young to understand the significance of my grandfather's job, I had no trouble grasping what "top 100" meant. I usually took visiting friends to see that room first.

The discussion that night was somber. I recall distinctly the low and muffled tones near Granddad's end of the table, and the topic of discussion. He had recently briefed Kennedy on the deteriorating situation in Laos. He seemed intent and concerned.

Grandfather regretted passing problems down, and he disliked turning the White House over to a Democrat. But he viewed the presidency as a call to duty, and his duty was done. In that sense, he had no need to come to terms with a personal loss, because the presidency had not been a personal gain. His ideas were tempered by the crowning experience of his life, his leadership in World War II—and I think he always felt that nothing would ever match accepting the German surrender at the Reims cathedral. Our family would never, at least not officially, confuse personal gain and aggrandizement with the trappings of the presidency.

Still, perhaps he was also wrestling with his often-stated declaration that he had long since had his fill of politics and high-level activity. The attitude had never been tested. Saying it was one thing; being confronted with the reality of a different pace and the end of one's truly useful activity was another. He had been sincerely reluctant to enter politics. Giving it up was a bit different, though any reluctance he may have felt did not persist. He became an elder statesman and settled beautifully into retirement.

Grandfather was a man for his time. Politicians have a need to define themselves as liberal, conservative or radical, but he defined himself as a nonpolitician. Much of the country defined itself the same way. The people revered him as a leader for 15 years, and he responded by promising and delivering a fundamentally nonpartisan approach to problems. Though his administration has been classified as "conservative," Eisenhower's words and leadership sounded some of the most radical and far-reaching themes to come from a president since the war. Two decisions were made that *(continued)*

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UPI photograph

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SUPER BEAUTY

Would You Love to Look Younger to Your Husband?

Ever since your husband started playing tennis again and his step became springier, was the secret wish there? When you found yourself suggesting little candlelit dinners and feeling almost absurdly romantic, you probably knew for sure that you'd love to look younger to him, just as he's looking younger to you.

At a moment like this, how lucky to discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger by creating a moist climate for your skin. This secret shared by enlightened women around the world, is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.



Oil of Olay quickly penetrates your skin, without a greasy feeling, to help maintain its natural moisture balance and ease dryness. That's very important, of course, because dryness can make those age-telling little wrinkle lines more noticeable. (If you've glimpsed them in the mirror, you probably felt the pang every woman feels at the thought of looking older than she likes.)

You gentle light and silky Oil of Olay on your face and throat. Almost at once, your skin drinks in the wealth of pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients. Your face becomes softer to the touch. The little lines show less. And, surprisingly, the luminous look you thought had vanished birthdays ago is back. Will others see the difference? Your husband may be the first to notice. How will you look to him? How will he react? Those are pretty exciting things to find yourself wondering about.

If you're like most dedicated users, you'll want to make the mysterious beauty fluid a part of your beauty care twice a day. At night, smooth it on for a deliciously silky feeling as your skin benefits [illegible] the night. In the morning, apply Oil of Olay again for a fresh start under your cosmetics. (Because Oil of Olay is so fast-penetrating and non-greasy, you'll love it under makeup.) Use the beauty fluid at other times, too. Whenever your face feels as though it's having a dry spell, let Oil of Olay create a dewy climate for your skin and watch the bloom come back.

Would you love to look younger to your husband? It's easy to ask yourself that question when Oil of Olay is there to help.



Beauty Secrets

If you're feeling and looking a little frazzled after a long day of shopping, take a break. Feet up, dampened pads on eyes, and a lovely sleeking of Oil of Olay on face and throat. Play a record, sip a cooling beverage and think romantic thoughts. What a pleasant prelude to his homecoming.

* * *

When you and your husband are on a weekend car jaunt exploring the countryside, your skin can begin to look dry. Why not pack a bottle of Oil of Olay in your tote bag. Smooth on the beauty fluid before you get to that charming inn for lunch. You'll arrive fresh-faced and radiant enough for lunching outdoors in the sunlight.

* * *

Don't put too much blame for dry skin on your additional birthdays. Wind, sun, too little humidity in the air...all these things can cause dryness. It's a good idea to get in the habit of applying Oil of Olay whenever you come in from harsh weather.

* * *

Being alone together, not even talking, can be the most intimate of times. The next evening he's listening to music and you're reading, pamper your face with an extra application of Oil of Olay. It's nice to know that because Oil of Olay® doesn't leave a greasy look, he'll see only a lovely, dewy glow.

GRANDPA IKE

continued

permanently affected the fabric of ou domestic life: the unconstitutionality segregation and the importance of mai taining a large peacetime military e tablishment. Eisenhower's presidenc was an instrument of consolidation. I 1960 the presidential candidates a pealed to an amorphous mood that th time for consolidation had ended. Kenn dy charged over and over that it w "time to get this country moving again

Richard Nixon's 1960 campaign rhe oric, though obscured today by Ke nedy's hairbreadth victory, bore resemblance to JFK's. Both candidat appeared to agree that the country w impatient for new initiatives, bo viewed the reach of American pow globally and both shared a martial ton

On Inauguration Day, I sat in th Secret Service station wagon parked ou side our Gettysburg home to listen to th festivities on radio. The radio accoun of the parade described a both famili and alien event. I vividly remembere Grandfather's [second] inauguration 1957. This one honored a man I did n know. I remember especially floats ree acting the PT-109 episode in JFK's lif

Presidential link

The Secret Service station wagon a the agents assigned to us left promot at midnight, severing our most tang'b link to the presidency. The next nig we packed and drove several miles the Gettysburg town square, where th community was holding a celebration welcome my grandparents home. Th heavy snows might have forced us stay in one of the old downtown hot overnight. It was a beautiful night, da and chilly. Floodlights blazed over crowd of 2,000 or more people. My si ters and I joined a bunch of frien across the square from the podium look on as part of the crowd. Our scho band played "The Battle Hymn of th Republic." I knew everyone in the ba —the strangest sensation of the day w watching friends serenade my gran parents. It was the first time I had se them together with my grandparent They were taking time out to welcon a new neighbor, and it gave me glimpse of my grandparents through th eyes of others. I had never appreciate how people outside the family felt.

The floodlights highlighted tufts Grandfather's white hair as he sat on th podium waiting to be introduced. I exuded pleasure and warmth. With th introduction, he stood up and wave grinning and thanking everyone seate nearby. He gave a beautiful talk. I w never so proud of him. **En**

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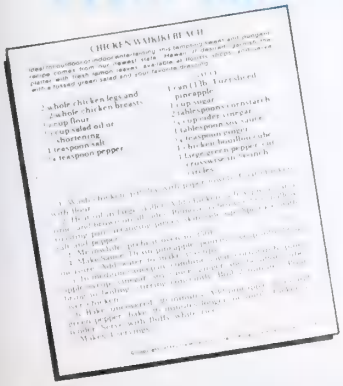
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It's Your Move

Whither thou goest... A short story with a special meaning for contemporary wives. By Suzanne Forse Hartman

Christine's father arrived with the rain. "This is the California you promised me?" he cracked, digging for baggage tickets. He was still tall, though silver-haired; and she was safe as a child in his arms, even now.

"Isn't it enough that I'm here?" she wailed and then admitted, "Winter's not our best season. Especially not today." He cocked a look at her, but she went on, "I'm so glad you came."

"I wanted to help you and Jason celebrate your anniversary. Ten years is some accomplishment these days. Wait till you see what I brought you. Old and you'll never guess."

One of her mother's possessions, Christine knew. Her father had been tenderly relaying them to her since her mother died three years ago. "I've already guessed," she said, a gleam of crystals in her mind.

"We'll see about that." Rain washed across the windshield as they angled up through the fog strewn Berkeley hills. "What about those fancy views you talked about?" he asked her. "Not that I rely on outer landscapes and you shouldn't either. But I might as well be back in Webster City."

"Never satisfied," she chided, but she gave him an indulgent smile, feeling lucky above others still to have him. She swung down the sloping driveway and pulled on the emergency brake. Inside, she showed him the basement recreation room.

"This will be a fine studio, Chris." He propped his easel on the ping pong table and pulled the piano bench over in front of it. Then he turned. "Now what's on your mind?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't try to worm out of it. I've been your father too long."

"I don't want to bother you with it, but . . ." She took a breath. "They want to promote Jason to chief engineer."

"That's a relief. I thought it was something terrible. But you don't sound happy about it."

"The home office is in Pennsylvania. We'd have to go."

"Oh." He put his arm around her. "And you love it here."

"We haven't told the kids. In fact," she looked at him. "I haven't decided I'll go."

"That sounds serious. Is it your job?"

"A big part of it is. I can always get another, but I've got teenagers with alcoholic parents. They're very close to me. Nellie, my supervisor, says it would be hard for them if I left." She shook her head. "One of our clinicians just divorced her husband over the same kind of thing. He got a glamorous job in England and she didn't want to leave."

"As I said, ten years is quite an accomplishment." He squeezed her arm.

"Nuts. Get out your brushes. It's our problem."

"Well, I do have work to do," he said. "The Historical Society wants the whole Bishop Hill collection in another month." He dug in his supplies and handed her photographs. "I have seven canvases finished."

She studied the village scenes done gently in oils. "Beautiful. Your best."

"I'm seasoning."

"I love you, Pop."

"So you think you know what I brought you, eh?"

"Mom's thousand eye cup?"

He raised his eyebrows. "It could be the cup."

"I hope so." As a child, she had loved the mug of amber glass, originally her great-grandmother's. Its surface appeared to be composed of clear marbles, smooth to the touch. But the magic came when you looked into any one of them at just the right angle, and it returned a tiny reflection of the world.

"Grandpa," shouted Margaret and Gregory from the kitchen.

"The old Swede's down here," he called.

"Oh, Grandpa," Margaret said rushing to hug him. "I've missed you."

"So have I," Christine said, longing for a moment to be Margaret's age.

"Come on, Greg. I'm going to teach you to paint. We'll give your mother time to bake me some rusk."

"You wouldn't be hinting, would you?" asked Christine, as she headed up the stairs. *(continued on page 26)*

Illustration by Ben Wohlberg



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Amaretto di Saronno. Originale.
From the Village of Love.

It's Your Move

continued from page 22

Like many of the hillside houses, theirs had a deck overlooking the back garden and on clearer days offered a view of the Bay, the bridges and San Francisco shimmering in breadth and hue. But now, although the rain had diminished to a mist, there was only fog, brushing the glass in great soft clouds.

At first she had hated the fog. It had symbolized her solitude in this place, the same isolation she had felt in each new location, the disconnectedness from things outside her family that made life meaningful. But with time, as had happened elsewhere with golden birches or with snow, the fog had taken its place for her beside the views, the limitless sea, her friends, her work. This moment though, she fought the sensation that none of it was real, that all of it was as ethereal as the fog.

Their life had such a quick obsolescence; she had spent so much time packing and unpacking; finding new doctors and discovering the shoe repairman. Not to mention people to talk to. She had hesitated to make friends. It had become less painful not to make them than to make them only to lose them. But last spring, she had relented, believing they were settled; she had reached out and opened herself to Nellie—nearly as old as her father and nearly as wise.

The phone rang. That would be Nellie now, calling from the clinic. "Social workers are beating down my door," she said to Christine. "Shall I start interviewing applicants for your job?"

"No," Christine said. "Don't do that yet. I haven't decided anything. You're always so cheerful, Nellie. No such hard decisions in your life, are there?"

Nellie laughed. "Since Tom died twenty years ago, I haven't found a man who was over thirteen years old underneath it all. You sure Jason is?"

Christine sighed. "I'm sure. That's why it's so hard. You're still speaking to my group tomorrow night, aren't you?"

"I'll be there. And courage, dear. It'll all work out. Just remember, you have your rights."

" 'With rights go responsibilities,' my father always says."

"Just like a father."

Julius, you don't know how glad I am you came," Jason said after toasting his father-in-law at dinner. "Now maybe Chris won't divorce me." He laughed so the children would know he was joking.

"Ha, ha," Christine said. "I'd only do that if you were transferred again." She frowned. "It's nothing to joke about." Jason's eyes were steady and full of concern. Could she actually stay behind without those eyes? The thought did not destroy her, only left her feeling chilled.

"We aren't leaving here," Margaret declared. "I have a best friend."

Jason looked at Christine again, but she met his eyes only briefly. "Could you get the coffee?" she asked Margaret. "And Greg, put some milk in the pitcher and bring it for Grandpa." As the children disappeared, she looked back at Jason. "Dad knows."

"What do you think, Julius? Does that kind of promotion sound worth a move?" he asked. There was pride in his voice. He deserved to be proud, Christine knew, but that didn't help.

"It's a real vote of confidence in you," his father-in-law said. "But I'll wait to congratulate you until I hear you've accepted." He looked at his daughter.

So did Jason. "The burden's on you, Chris. I know. You have final say."

"Do I?" she asked. "Okay. I have a job I consider important. The kids are happy. The view's become a part of me and I've committed the folly of making friends. So this time we stay. Case closed."

Jason sighed. "On the other side, Pennsylvania would be permanent and stable and that would be good for all of us. Not to mention challenging as hell for me."

The children came in with the coffee.

"I thought you said I had final say." Her face felt hot. "I don't want to go."

"Where?" asked Gregory. "Are we moving?"

Christine reached for Margaret, trying to mask her look. She knew she was failing and suddenly she didn't care.

"I won't go anywhere," Margaret screamed, and refused her mother's arms. "It's your fault, Daddy. All your fault. I hate you."

Jason held up his hand as if to ward off her misery. "I promise you, honey, it would be the last move."

"It's too late," she cried. "It's too late for the last move. Julie's here."

"Would I like it, Dad?" asked Greg uncertainly.

"Come on Greg. Margo—" said their grandfather.

"No," shouted Margaret.

"What? You don't want to see what I brought from the Webster City Candy Kitchen?" He looked at Jason and then at Christine, took the children in hand and left the room.

But when they were alone, they could only stare miserably at each other. They had not been in this knot before; they couldn't find the words to loosen it. Before, their locales had been defined by Jason's jobs and by the major events of their marriage. Seattle—Margaret was born; across the world in Pakistan—Greg; in St. Louis—Christine had finished her degree. That hadn't been very easy, but Jason had urged her to; he had said it was her turn to swing and his to push.

This was the first time, the first place that their needs had diverged so sharply. So painfully.

Finally Jason shrugged, opened the sliding door and walked out on the deck into the fog. Christine got up and took the dishes to the kitchen.

At midnight, instead of spoon-nested for sleep, they lay stiffly on their backs, hands folded on their chests, staring into the darkness of their room. Finally, Christine began, "I've tried to help you know how I feel."

And Jason said simultaneously, "I've worked so hard for this. I deserve it," he continued evenly, "and I want to go."

"I know you have, I know you do, and I don't want to go," she replied, underlining each word.

He sighed again. "Well, let me explain. I want to go," he paused. "But I have this wife whom I value. She has a job she values. She has friends she values."

"And a view," Christine added.

"And a view," Jason ackowledged. For a moment there was silence. "So I've decided all that outweighs the promotion. It's as simple as that. I'd like to ride roughshod over you this time. Part of me would really like to do that. But who am I, I ask myself, to ride roughshod over you?"

"Yeah. Who?" Christine said and promptly burst into tears. Jason told her several times to stop. Finally in desperation, he handed her a tissue, whereupon she cried even harder.

"You'll wake up the children," he pleaded. "You'll wake Julius. He'll think I'm beating you."

She sniffed.

"It's after midnight," he said. "Happy Anniversary."

At that she sobbed again, then hiccoughed, kissed him and fell asleep against his shoulder.

But in the morning, after Jason had disappeared through the fog to go to work, she found herself wondering if he had fallen asleep as easily as she had, or if he had gone on staring into the dark.

Nor, in the afternoon, did she gladly announce to Margaret that there would be no move. *(continued on page 162)*

TOUCH OF LOVE

By Doris Louise Alsup

I would straighten your tie,
smooth your collar,
pick a bit of lint from your sleeve
before you left for your day's affairs
and I turned attention to mine.

Today
I brushed off a leaf that had fallen
on your name.

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By Geraldine Carro



Mothering

How you can cope with bedwetters, save on childbirth costs, make baby toys. Plus, strict vs. permissive parenting.

How some women are cutting childbirth costs

Instead of the traditional four-day hospital stay, some mothers and babies are going home as early as 12 hours after delivery. With the cost of having a baby topping $2,000 in some areas, saving $150 plus a day on hospital fees makes a difference.

But cost is not the only incentive. Pediatrician Mark Janover thinks the intimacy of home favors the mother-child bonds that are formed in the first hours and days of life. Going home early also minimizes the separation from siblings and fathers.

Dr. Janover helped set up a formal early discharge program at Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in San Francisco. There, mothers and babies who meet rigid medical criteria may leave early if another adult is at home to help. A nurse-practitioner pays home visits for the first three days to check for medical complications. So far none have occurred because mother and child happened to be at home instead of in the hospital, Dr. Janover reports.

However, women elsewhere who want to cut their hospital stay may encounter roadblocks, Dr. Janover warns. They must first locate a pediatrician and an obstetrician who, barring medical problems, agree in advance to arrange for the early discharge. Both physicians must be available for daily checkups for at least three days following delivery. Dr. Janover says many doctors remain hesitant about this unorthodox procedure.

STRICT VS. PERMISSIVE PARENTS
What a surprising new study reveals

The debate has kept conversations among parents going for decades: One side argues that strict parents produce uptight kids. The other, that permissive parents raise spoiled brats.

Which of the two camps is right? Dr. Robert W. Chamberlin of Rochester, N.Y., decided to subject the opposing views to scientific scrutiny. He selected two groups of children, one from authoritarian homes and one from permissive homes, and followed their development from age two through first grade. At the end of the study period he found no significant differences between the groups. There weren't more spoiled brats in the permissive homes. Nor were the children from strict homes, as is commonly believed, unusually repressed or aggressive.

There were differences among the children. But these, Dr. Chamberlin thinks, related more to their inborn temperaments. And happily, no matter which side of the child-rearing fence their parents sit, most kids are doing just fine!

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with us? Write Mothering, LHJ 641, Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

COPING WITH BEDWETTERS

The soggy sheets are the least of it. When a child is a bedwetter, it's tough emotionally on parents and kids.

Summer camp and sleep-over dates become humiliating occasions for the child. Parents feel that they're to blame. They try pep talks, bribery, waking the child at night—and when patience grows short, perhaps punishment.

"Punishing a child for wetting won't solve anything," says New York child psychiatrist Ellen Freeman. "In fact, many bedwetters can't help themselves."

Medical experts now believe some wetters suffer from a neurological immaturity that they eventually outgrow. Nighttime wetting also often occurs because a child is an unusually deep sleeper.

"Bedwetting is not a disease," Dr. Freeman emphasizes. "It is a symptom that surfaces in as many as 15 percent of children over age three. It is frequently hereditary and almost always disappears by puberty."

In some cases the problem is emotional rather than physical. Youngsters may use wetting as a weapon in a power struggle with their parents. Stressful events, like the arrival of a new sibling, also can trigger bedwetting.

Dr. Freeman urges parents to "treat the real problem and not the bedwetting." She also suggests that parents consult a pediatrician, who by taking a careful case history of the child, may be able to pinpoint the cause. When warranted, the physician may refer a child for psychiatric treatment. Some doctors prescribe the anti-depressant Imipramine, which for reasons not yet fully understood, can help curtail wetting.

Dr. Freeman is cautious in prescribing drugs to children. Instead, she often recommends that parents buy a behavioral conditioning device with a buzzer alarm that goes off when the first drops of urine touch the mattress.

"Unless a child really wants to stop wetting," Dr. Freeman adds, "there's nothing that parents can do."



BABY TOYS TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

If the legions of children on your Christmas list threaten to break your budget, try making some toys yourself. Infants and toddlers are perfect subjects to create for; they'll be delighted even if your efforts aren't store-bought slick. One area where you do have to meet professional standards is safety. Use non-toxic, lead-free paints, avoid sharp objects and small parts that could be swallowed. Toys should also be matched to the child's age, a criteria author Sarah Swan keeps in mind in her new book *Homemade Baby Toys. Most of the 33 toys she includes are quick and simple to make; photo above shows two.**

***DIRECTIONS:** Soft blocks (left) are made from scraps of foam rubber padding cut into block shapes and upholstered with washable fabric in bright, primary colors. The nesting boxes (right) start with three different sized cardboard boxes that will stack one inside the other. Paint a background on each with white, water-based paint; let dry. Draw a colorful motif on all four sides of each box. Cover with clear adhesive paper. Decorate the edges with fabric tape.*

*Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass. 02107; $4.95.

give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about $6500. Your jeweler
n show you other diamond jewelry starting at about $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



Househusbands

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

What's life like in the "role-reversal" family—the one in which Daddy stays home and keeps house while Mommy goes out to earn a living? Here's a surprising special report.

"Beware of the man who praises liberated women," Erica Jong once said. "He's planning to quit his job."

For many women, this statement isn't a threat, but a promise. They'd like nothing more than to have their husbands stay home—for reasons of his health, impatience with the treadmill, desire to spend time with the children or her desire to go to work or school.

In the best of all possible worlds, we would need no "reasons" to justify a man's decision to stay at home. Couples would be free to divide occupational and household roles without cultural coercion, and the combination of a "househusband" and a working wife would attract no special attention. In our present society, however, such an arrangement is called "role reversal"—except when it's called "weird" or "abnormal."

For five very different men who stayed home for periods ranging from three weeks to 13 years, the system works. (Though they were chosen at random from various income groups and geographical areas, the five men had one curious thing in common: all are, or want to be, writers: none were content doing only housework and child care.)

Dr. George Bear, a New York heart specialist who rarely gets home before 7 P.M., had done little cooking or work-sharing in 13 years of marriage—during which his wife Pat stayed home. His first total immersion in domestic life occurred last summer. He decided to spend his three-week vacation at the family's beach house, taking care of Emily, 11, and David, 8, while Pat stayed in town Mondays through Thursdays working at her new job as a magazine researcher.

"Pat was afraid I couldn't handle it," Dr. Bear recalls. "I'm very absentminded and she thought I'd forget to cook dinner or forget to wake up the kids for camp. She left notes everywhere, reminding us to feed the dog and cats, check the milk and bread supply, have David do his workbook assignments and Emily bring her ballet clothes to camp. A couple of times I did forget to defrost something for dinner, and once I left a pot burning on the stove. But I think I was generally less absentminded than usual—because I was forced to take responsibility. Anyway, I knew Pat would be home every weekend to pick up the pieces.

"My only real problem was my insecurity in matters of judgement. For instance, I couldn't decide whether the children should be allowed to go to a late movie. The worst day was when Emily got sick. I made her some chicken soup, then I didn't know what to do next. I'm only a doctor; I'm not a mother. So I had to call Pat.

"I also called her when I couldn't find something I needed, or when I had a question about the washer or dryer. Those were my daily crises. When I used to call home from the hospital in the midst of 40 million medical pressures, I'd get annoyed if Pat said she couldn't talk to me because something was boiling on the stove. Now I understand how her pressures could be just as urgent to her.

"Interestingly enough, I thought I'd have lots of time to do some writing during those three weeks, but I hardly got anything done. My mind was always occupied; I couldn't relax. There were always interruptions or the anticipation of interruptions. When you're the only parent at home, you can't say, 'Go ask Mommy.' "

Because her father was less strict about neatness, Emily Bear found herself freer to leave things around, but also more responsible. "I had to take care of my drawers without being reminded," she said. Would she like George to stay home all the time? "I'd like it best if Mommy was home one day and Daddy was home the next day and they kept changing off all year long!"

Ted Koppel, 37, foreign correspondent for ABC-TV News since 1963, stayed home for nine months while his wife, Grace Ann, completed her first year as a law student at Georgetown University. She had given up her doctoral studies to marry him, have four children (now 6, 7, 11 and 13), and move the family 11 times to wherever his foreign assignments placed him.

In August, 1976, Ted and Grace Ann made a serious reappraisal of their lives. She decided to pursue her lifelong interest in the law; he decided to take over at home, get to know his children and work with Marvin Kalb on a novel (*In The National Interest*, published this month). Ted's bosses at ABC let him do radio commentaries from home and commute to New York for Saturday newscasts. Here's his report on his nine months on the home front:

"Grace Ann did the laundry, once-a-week heavy cleaning and the family paperwork she's always done. I did the everyday cleaning, shopping, cooking and took care of all the kids' needs. Cooking wasn't the mysterious art it's cracked up to be. If I was expected to understand foreign affairs on my job, I could certainly read and follow a recipe and figure out a balanced menu. What I found most interesting were the mental changes we both underwent—the mutual enlightenment. For instance, one day after I'd finished mopping the kitchen floor, Grace Ann came home from school and walked all over it. I started yelling, 'Take off your shoes, you're tracking up my floor!'—a sentence I'd heard her yell a hundred times. A light went on in both of our heads. *(continued)*

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Househusbands

continued

We understood that it's not necessarily inconsideration that lets you come home from a hard day with more on your mind than taking off your shoes to protect a wet floor.

"Another time I had dinner hot and ready at 6:30 and when she ambled in at ten minutes of seven, everything was cold and ruined. Naturally, I exploded. She hadn't called to say she'd be late. I had done the same thing countless times myself, but it took this perspective to show both of us how inconvenient it can be to have to rush to the phone during a busy day—yet how important the call is to the one at home.

"In addition to this new mutual understanding, our relationship to the children changed. It used to be a big deal for them if I was home from my travels for more than a week at a time. Now, if I put on a suit for anything other than an evening out with their mother, they ask, 'Where are you *going*, Daddy? Why isn't Mommy going?'

"Most men operate on the 'I gotta go' principle. 'I can't take the kids to the doctor because I gotta go to a meeting,' or 'I gotta go to Afghanistan.' I never questioned why I had to do all those things—and neither did anyone else. Now, the kids accept it when Grace Ann says, 'I gotta go to my criminal justice class,' and I know that when the kids are sick I gotta take them to the doctor.

"The first time I called the pediatrician for an appointment, I got one right away. It was assumed that I had more important things to do than wait around with a sick child. Once it was known that I was the 'housewife' of our family, I had to get in line for an appointment like all the mothers do. If you stay home, your time doesn't count.

"I realize how unfair it is to put the total burden of a house and kids on one person. Neither Grace Ann nor I can ever go back to the old roles. She didn't need a Ph.D. to run a household. I discovered that the job I'd thought was *everything* wasn't what I wanted to do anymore. I resigned from ABC in September to devote myself to full-time writing and to continue holding up my share at home. Actually, the whole experience has changed my life."

Arthur Monroe. In 1972, after 25 years in journalism and advertising, and two open-heart operations, Arthur Monroe retired "to do as I pleased." Now 63, he lives in a New Jersey apartment with his wife, Lorraine, 52, formerly full-time mother, now a part-time secretary. Their children—Mike, 30, Valerie, 25, and Andrea, 23—are on their own.

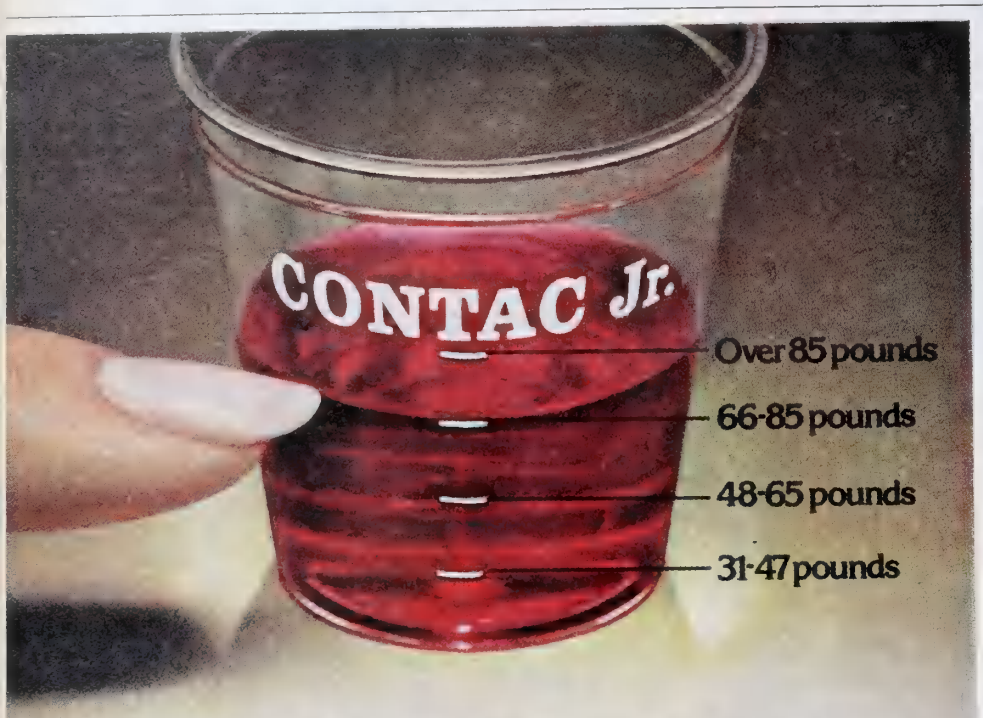
Doing what he pleases means sometimes driving Lorraine to the office on the days she works, or else rising at 9:30, reading the newspaper, working on bills, correspondence or occasional free-lance advertising jobs, and researching unknown aspects of Beethoven's life for a short story he wants to write.

"Lorraine still does most of the housework because she wants to," says Arthur, "and I take care of the car and the taxes as always. Oh, I'll tackle the dishwashing or help with weekend cleanups because it makes me feel better about myself—but my health doesn't let me do too much.

"The one thing I've learned from these five years at home is how much more leisure I should have programmed into my life. I spent so much time beefing and grousing and commuting to work when what I enjoyed most was being with the children, watching them grow up. Lorraine and I had so much fun with those kids, it was paradise. If I had it to do over again, we'd live more as a family unit—maybe on a farm . . ."

Paul Brandis, 40, has been a homemaker since 1971. His wife, Bette, is a dietitian in charge of the school lunch program in Richland, Wash. She does the family's major cooking and meal planning with the "surprises" that Paul brings home from the market, but he has the main responsibility for the house and two children, Althea, 12, and Jason, 7.

In his "spare time," Paul has taught painting and art history at a local junior college, and worked on three novels (all yet unpublished). A few *(continued*



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Househusbands

continued

months ago, he opened a book store in a former dance studio. "It's strange to be actually talking with people at the store. For over five years, I seldom got out of the house, except for grocery shopping. I used to write every morning because I believe it's important for man or woman to get a sense of accomplishment from something other than house work.

"I never imagined I'd grow up to be a househusband. When Bette and I married 14 years ago, we expected that I'd go out to work and she'd stay home. I was a philosophy major in college, but I never knew what I wanted to do. After three years in the Marine Corps, I tried about a hundred different jobs: truck-driver, can factory inspector, driving instructor, bouncer, bartender, grocery store checker, tree planter, potatoscraper, naval aviation cadet, insurance broker—you name it.

"I was climbing the walls. Everything felt wrong. Then Bette was strong enough to accept the role of the wage earner and I stayed home. That felt right. Taking care of my children is constructive, meaningful work. My kids and I are unbelievably close. I think love is the most powerful form of creation.

"I sympathize with women who stay home. *Everyone* denigrates housework. When I tell people what I do, I can feel their disdain. The fact is, Bette makes more than I ever did when I worked full time—and I have a loving family. I don't need to make money to feel like a man."

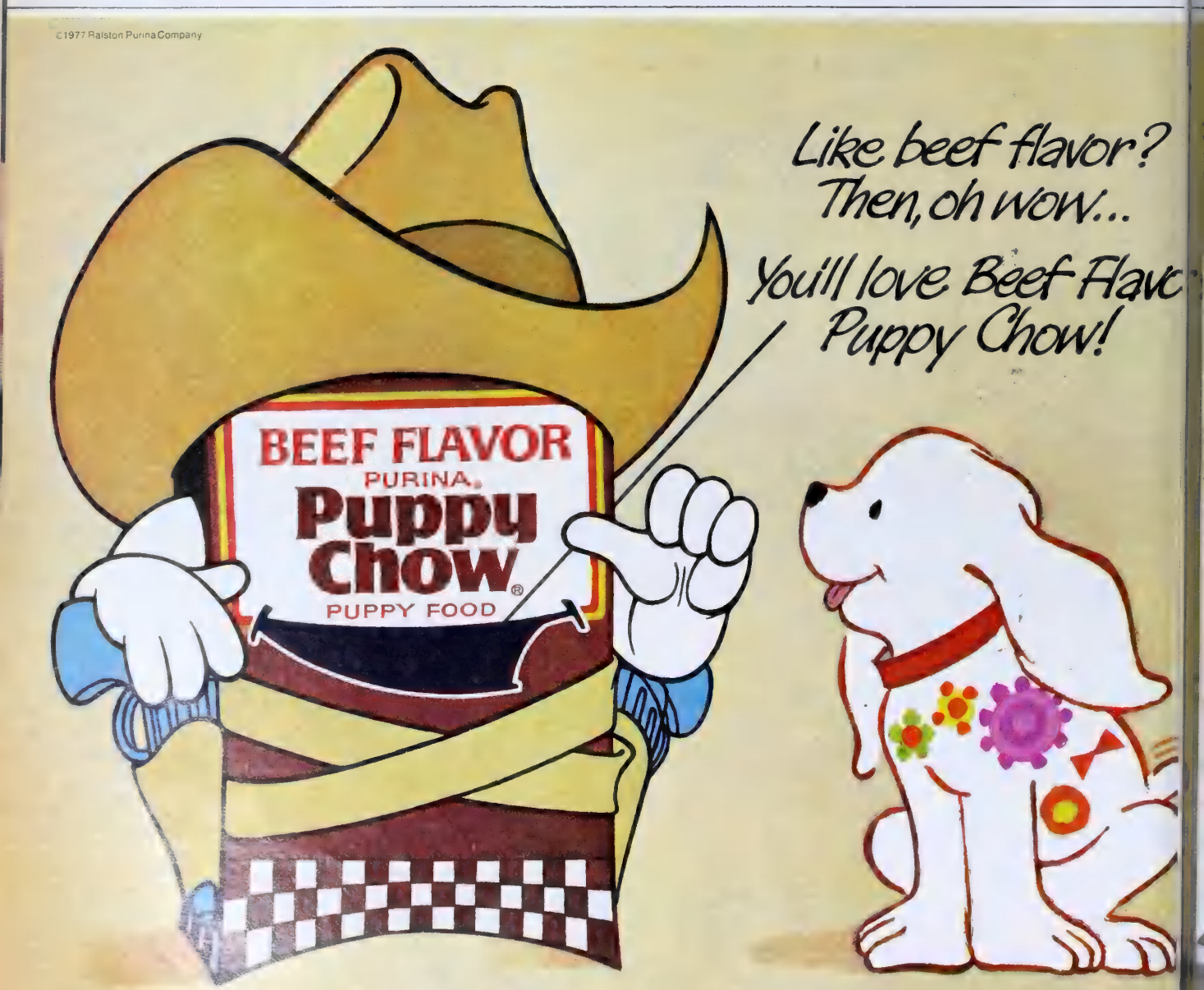
Until 1964, **Taber Collins,** 52, was a golf and tennis pro; his wife, Mary Beth was a wife and mother studying toward her masters degree. Then Taber had a heart attack, she went to work and he became housekeeper and full-time fa ther to their 11 children. Now that th children are grown (they range from 1 to 29), he's writing a book about his 1 years at home.

"I was against her working, but w needed the money. She took a $3,000-a year job with the Arizona Welfare D partment, and over the years, we'v moved whenever her work required Today she's Director of Substance Abus Control for the State of Michigan, she in *Who's Who,* she talks to the governo testifies before the Senate, has met Pres dent Carter—and earns $40,000. If I had my heart attack five years earlie she'd be president of the world by nov

"But I'm better with the children tha she is. I loved all those kids around m We *talked* to one another, and to th day they come to me with their pro lems and the ones who live far awa

(continued on page 8

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Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Couples often marry with vastly different sexual expectations. In Elise's case, Hobey's aggressive demands were a turn-off—a painful reminder of the rape she desperately wanted to forget.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit, educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Dick Littrell.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

ELISE'S SIDE

"Rape was the last thing I ever expected from a low-key type like my old boyfriend Arnold," said 25-year-old Elise, a plump, pretty woman who had been married for 11 months to Hobey, a sales supervisor.

"Two years ago," she continued, "I told Arnold that I wanted to stop seeing him and that I was in love with Hobey. Arnold didn't argue with me at the time.

"The day after I became engaged to Hobey, I ran into Arnold on the sidewalk. I showed off my ring and he congratulated me. We shook hands and parted.

"Ten minutes after I reached my apartment, the doorbell rang and there stood Arnold with an odd little smile on his face. He said that he had come to pick up a book I'd borrowed from him a year earlier. I recalled no such book, but he insisted on looking for it.

"Anyhow, I let him in. He walked straight to the bookcase and to my amazement dumped all the books on the floor. When I protested, he went berserk. He smashed my tape recorder, hit me over the head with a heavy lamp and hurled it through the screen of my color TV.

"Then he tore off my clothes and raped me. His eyes were wild, inhuman. I was afraid to struggle or make a sound for fear he would kill me. He finally went away, quietly closing the door on the destruction.

"Half an hour later Hobey arrived and found me dazed and moaning with pain from a fractured collarbone and cracked ribs. He rushed me to the hospital, where I submitted to a degrading physical examination, and then we reported to the precinct police station. The police asked insulting questions, insinuating that it was my fault I had been raped.

"Hobey was furious at their attitude, or he seemed to be, but later on, when he was collected and cool—too cool, maybe, he advised caution and persuaded Daddy to drop the matter to save me disagreeable publicity. I still wonder if Hobey wanted to protect my reputation, or whether he figured the suspicions of the police might be halfway justified. I never asked him.

"Hobey and I meant to fly to Las Vegas the next day and marry quietly. But my kooky mother insisted that her only daughter deserved a real wedding with all the trimmings. Six weeks later, we had a gala wedding. At the last minute, however, Mother collapsed from overwork or strain and missed the ceremony. For mysterious reasons of her own, she refused to kiss me good-bye at the reception. Instead, she pushed me out the door and then turned her back, which cut me to the heart.

"In spite of the sour send-off, Hobey and I had a great honeymoon. I had been worried about his drinking, but he didn't drink a drop on our trip. He was wonderfully gentle and considerate. But very soon we ran into difficulties. He has four youngsters by a previous marriage, and they visit us every weekend at my invitation. All four dislike me, and their lack of appreciation hurts me badly and is hard on Hobey, too. I think he tries to make up for his children's behavior by insisting that we eat at expensive restaurants during the week.

"Frankly, I would prefer to stay home and learn how to cook, but naturally I don't say so. At restaurants, Hobey always is tempted to drink too much, and inevitably we have bedroom troubles later. Even when he's stone sober, I don't enjoy sex as much as most wives. I like affection and tenderness, but wouldn't mind skipping sex altogether. When Hobey has been drinking he gets terribly rough, and then I get panicky and freeze. I almost feel like I am being raped again—something I wouldn't ever admit, of course.

"In addition to our sexual problem, we rapidly acquired financial problems because of our extravagances. At least two months ago, Hobey reluctantly confessed that we were $5,000 in debt. Daddy came to our rescue and hired me at a nice salary to be his combination receptionist-hostess. Several nights a week, Hobey and I help entertain Daddy's out-of-town customers, which virtually eliminates our restaurant expenses.

"Daddy also came through with a $5,000, interest-free loan. Hobey is paying it off by working with the maintenance crew that cleans Daddy's factory. I'm proud of Hobey's guts, but I suspect that he's secretly ashamed of his menial part-time job, just as I have a hunch that he's in some kind *(continued)*



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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

of a jam at his regular sales job. Hobey won't talk to me about his work—or much of anything—he thinks I'm too dumb to understand.

"As a rule Hobey drinks very little in Daddy's presence. Last Sunday was an exception. We were at a dinner club, and after gulping two double scotches, he accused Daddy's gray-haired customer and me of flirting. To smooth things over, Daddy asked the band to play my favorite number. The bandleader turned the spotlight on our table and, just in fun, I stood up and sang the opening bars. Hobey made a scene and dragged me home. He then tried to make love to me. I locked myself in the bathroom and stayed there all night. Since then we've exchanged hardly a word.

"Daddy says I should be patient; but unless Hobey can control his drinking and his children, I doubt our marriage will last."

HOBEY'S SIDE

"Last Sunday I made a fool of myself again," said 35-year-old Hobey, a handsome six-footer with curly blond hair and a dispirited voice. "Despite my best intentions, I got polluted trying to match my father-in-law drink for drink while Elise flirted with his millionaire customer. I know she thinks I'm her old man's inferior in everything, and she's right. I'll never handle alcohol like her Daddy, never acquire his prestige, never make his money. In fact, I may join the unemployed any day now. A month ago I was notified that when the company reorganizes, I'll be out of a job. Luckily, Elise has no idea of the situation.

"Despite my many weaknesses, I keep my worries to myself. Actually, I don't feel that Elise is especially interested in my problems. She used to say she loved me, but I've always doubted it.

"Loving wives enjoy lovemaking, don't they? Elise dodges sex whenever possible; she shrinks from intimacy and closeness in and out of bed.

"The only time I have ever seen Elise naked, ironically enough, was the time I found her lying on the floor after she was raped. That day was a terrible ordeal for both of us. Even so, there are times that I can't help wondering why Elise didn't slam the door in the guy's face, fight him off or scream bloody murder.

"During our first months of marriage, I took her to a fancy restaurant every night to help her block out any painful memories. She enjoyed herself, I guess, although unlike me, she wasn't impressed with our plush surroundings. She grew up rich, whereas I went to work at the age of nine to help support the six younger kids in the family.

"In those first months with Elise, who has no money sense whatever, I junked my own common sense, overspent, overtipped and splurged on a mink jacket for her. I got no particular appreciation from Elise. More than once she acted as though she would as soon be home in a sloppy bathrobe, eating a can of beans.

"Frequently, after ordering the most expensive dish on the menu, she would barely taste the food, then get carried away with enthusiasm over the music. Before I could object, she would suddenly jump up from the table, join the orchestra and sing a duet with their vocalist. Elise took voice lessons from an opera star at her daddy's expense—and the orchestra and other diners usually love to hear her sing. Not me! I hated seeing her act like a paid entertainer, while I sat alone at an empty table.

"On Sunday I behaved outrageously. I've apologized, but Elise won't listen.

"I apologized to my father-in-law at length. He was kind and said he understood. He's had domestic problems of his own. In the past, my mother-in-law stayed in a sanitarium for months.

"Elise's dad is a great guy. I have every reason to be grateful to him for his financial assistance. I regret that I have to pay off his loan in driblets by supervising the maintenance crew at his factory. I know the work makes me look cheap in Elise's eyes, even if she doesn't say so. She very seldom says what is really on her mind.

"It's my guess that she married me because I was a father figure, but soon decided she preferred the father she already had. The contrast between his success and my failure is hard for me to take, but under the circumstances, I have no right to complain. Still, I wish Elise and I had more time to ourselves.

"I appreciate Elise's generous invitations to my kids. But like all kids, they're completely self-centered, and all four take advantage of her.

"Anyhow, the main point is that Elise and I need to be alone more, we need to talk a few things out. I realize my drinking has become a real problem lately, and that I am a potential alcoholic. In my opinion, Elise's sexual squeamishness is an important factor in my drinking."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Elise and Hobey desperately needed to learn how to share and air their inner feelings," the counselor said. "Their marriage was inauspiciously clouded by Elise's traumatic experience with her exboyfriend. Prompted by the wish to spare each other, Hobey and Elise did not discuss the episode at any length, but fretted privately about each other's possible conclusions and suspicions. We began our counseling by talking the whole matter through, clarifying their true reactions—and both benefited from mutual candor.

"As a consequence of their unw reticence—which has no place in a go marriage—both nursed many misconce tions. Elise thought she was doing Hob a favor by entertaining his four ra bunctious children every weekend; thought she was ashamed of his blu collar work, when actually she and h father were proud of his courage.

"There is small question that the ra inhibited Elise's sexuality. Yet, even b fore that tragic event, she was sexua immature, perhaps because of ea years spent with an erratic, unstab mother and an extravagantly affectio ate father.

"As an adult, Elise still had the em tional reactions of her childhood. S tried with all her might to please Hobe and was disproportionately disappointe at failure and criticism. She was terrifi whenever her husband exploded wi rage—a sharp reminder of the long-ag behavior of her mother.

"The dissimilar personalities of th couple and the legacy of dissimilar chil hoods threw them into almost consta conflict. Elise was peace-loving, passiv timid. Hobey was hot-tempered, intol erant, super-critical and super-sensitiv as well. Overburdened with family r sponsibilities as a boy—his idolized f ther died when Hobey was in elemen tary school—he married at twenty an quickly produced a second hungry fam ily. Hobey felt guilty about his divorc and was inclined to discharge his guilt feelings on others—particularly Elis from whom he expected far too much.

"Instead of confiding in his wife, h used sex as a release from frustration When Elise rejected his sexual advance Hobey was hurt and angry. As a resul he usually drank more, which made hir even angrier and more unreasonable alienating Elsie still further.

"To a large degree, Elise and Hobe broke this vicious cycle with an exchang of truth. In the process, they began t spend considerably less time with out siders and more time with each othe Nowadays, they entertain Hobey's chil dren only once or twice a month, t everyone's relief.

"Elise still works for her father, bu she and Hobey entertain clients once a week at the most. Hobey is no longe tempted to match himself against Elise' father. He now has good control of hi drinking, and has trained himself to cu down on his criticisms of Elise.

"Midway through counseling, Hobey gladly accepted a job arranged by he father—as a salesman in a lumber com pany, owned, incidentally, by the gray haired customer Hobey had once ac cused of flirting with Elise.

"Hobey is doing well at the job. Elise still has problems with her sexuality, but Hobey has willingly learned to be pa tient and gentle. Both say she is improv ing rapidly." **End**

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Ruby wine glasses set of six	reg. $ 6.99	
Sheraton lace tablecloth, special offer on 7 sizes	each $13.99	

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Recliner	reg. $299.95	Sale $269.00

Oaken Splendor living room pieces

Carefully constructed solid oak and oak veneers. Heavy, antiqued, brass-finished hardware. Golden oak finish.

Grandmother clock	reg. $629.95	Sale $549.00
Cocktail table	reg. $159.95	Sale $139.00
Hex commode	reg. $159.95	Sale $139.00
Leg end table	reg. $149.95	Sale $129.00
Hall tree (special order only)	reg. $229.95	
Student desk (special order only)	reg. $199.95	
Student desk chair (special order only)	reg. $ 99.95	

Save on sculpture for your floors

Sale $9.99 sq. yd. Sears Best

Sculpture in 15 rich, clear colors—that's Sears Andrea III carpeting. Gently sheared and looped into a soft random pattern. Densely constructed with 42 ounces per square yard of 100% nylon, the most durable carpet fiber. Heat-set to retain resiliency. Chemically treated to resist soil and static electricity.

Andrea III carpeting	reg. $11.99	Sale $9.99 sq. yd

Drape your windows in luxurious damask

Sale $10.00

50-in. x 84-in.

Sears famous Petit Plume damask draperies. Made from a blend of cotton and polyester, foam-backed, Perma-Prest® fabric that really stands up to your washing machine. All thirteen colors and over 24 sizes are on sale now

Petit Plume draperies:		
(50-in. x 84-in.)	reg. $12.99	Sale $10.00
(75-in. x 84-in.)	reg. $25.99	Sale $15.00
(100-in. x 84-in.)	reg. $34.99	Sale $20.00

Available in most larger Sears retail stores. Sale prices good from October 23 through November 19. All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

The Renfrew Hall Collection Only at **Sears**

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Country England is on sale at Sears

Sale October 23 through November 19, 1977

Renfrew Hall Collection

Sleep solidly in Country English "Oaken Splendor"

Sale $749. Save $200

"Oaken Splendor" is the name given to Sears finest Country English furniture. And with good reason. It's carefully constructed from strong, solid oak and oak veneers with styling reflective of England's 16th and 17th century Tudor and Jacobean eras. It's massive, heavy and built for endurance. It's gently hand-finished to find glowing golden highlights in oak's splendid hardwood grain. And it's graced by beautifully antiqued, heavy, brass-finished hardware.

The four-piece Oaken Splendor bedroom set sale price includes the magnificent 70-inch wide triple dresser with matching hutch mirror, the tall 5-drawer chest and the beautifully proportioned full/queen size cannonball headboard. The Oaken Splendor nightstand is also on sale.

Bedroom set	reg. $949.95	Sale $749.00
Triple dresser	reg. $332.00	Sale $262.00
Hutch mirror	reg. $195.00	Sale $158.00
Tall chest	reg. $263.00	Sale $210.00
Cannonball headboard	reg. $159.95	Sale $119.00
Nightstand	reg. $169.95	Sale $159.00

Find natural-look bedspreads at attractive prices

Sale $20 twin or full size

Natural-look bedspreads for only $20 in twin or full size, $30 in queen and king size. Made from a 50% cotton, 50% polyester, machine washable fabric. Flecked and textured to look like the original handwoven country homespuns. Intricately quilted into a design that gives character and shading to the fabric. Trimmed with 5½ inches of 100% natural cotton fringe.

Four sizes of matching machine washable, foam-backed natural-look draperies are on sale, too. Coordinating throw pillows and floor cushions tie the whole look together, naturally.

Natural-look bedspreads	reg. $26.99 to $41.99	
twin or full		Sale $20.00
queen or king		Sale $30.00
Natural-look draperies (48-in. x 84-in.)	reg. $14.99	Sale $12.99
Natural-look pillows and floor cushions	reg. $4.99 and $ 8.99	
Indian-look pillows and floor cushions	reg. $7.99 and $14.99	

Available in most larger Sears retail stores. Sale prices good from October 23 through November 19. All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

The Renfrew Hall Collection Only at Sears

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Country England is on sale at Sears

Sale October 23 through November 19, 1977

Renfrew Hall Collection

Cover your bedroom with castles

Sale $24.99. Bedspread full size

Sale $5.49. Percale sheet full size

Sale $4.49. Percale sheet twin size

Romantic, secluded, little castle retreats of 16th century royalty have been sketched to create Sears exclusive Queen's Hamlet pattern.

Notice the solid color piping and white border trim on the percale sheets. It's just one example of the quality you'll find in Sears Queen's Hamlet Collection. And the sheet fabric is fine, smooth 180 thread count Perma-Prest® percale. 65% polyester, 35% cotton for long wear.

Notice the superb sale prices for Sears Nightsong automatic blankets. Three fresh, bright colors in soft, 80% polyester, 20% acrylic. Strong nylon bindings. Easy-to-read lighted controls with separate on-off switch. *Two* switches on the larger sizes so you can regulate each half of the blanket separately.

And notice that now is the time to buy luxurious goose feather and down pillows. Comfort touches to make your castle retreat complete.

All other sizes of the sale items listed below are also on sale.

Queen's Hamlet Collection:		
Bedspread full size	reg. $29.99	Sale $24.99
Percale sheets:		
twin size	reg. $ 5.99	Sale $ 4.49
full size	reg. $ 6.99	Sale $ 5.49
queen size	reg. $10.99	Sale $ 8.99
Comforter full size	reg. $28.99	Sale $24.59
Pillow sham std. size, each	reg. $ 6.99	
Medley bed ruffle full size	reg. $ 8.99	
Draperies (48-in. x 84-in.)	reg. $14.99	Sale $11.99
Rod-pocket sheer panel curtains		
(60-in. x 84-in.)	reg. $ 7.49	Sale $ 5.99
Guildhall tiebacks		
(24-in. length)	reg. $ 2.99	
Nightsong automatic blankets:		
twin size	reg. $20.00	Sale $14.99
full size single control	reg. $24.00	Sale $19.99
full size dual control	reg. $30.00	Sale $25.49
Pillow standard size	reg. $10.00	Sale $ 8.50
90% white goose feathers—10% white goose down		
Pillow standard size	reg. $18.00	Sale $15.00
70% white goose feathers—30% white goose down		
All-Down Pillow		
standard size	reg. $26.00	Sale $22.00

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Country England is on sale at Sears

Sale October 23 through November 19, 1977

Renfrew Hall Collection

Sears Custom Shop bedrooms bloom like English gardens

Sale $125 Bedspread queen size

Sale $100 Bedspread full size

Sears exclusive Marbury floral pattern comes in five color combinations. The bedspread fabric is a rich, heavy 100% cotton sateen. The quilting carefully outlines the pattern. The fill blooms full—six ounces of prime polyester fiberfill in every square yard for luxurious loft. Save on all standard sizes now.

Or, if you prefer a choice of 100 solid colors, Sears Metropolitan antique satin quilted bedspreads are on sale at the same low prices for all standard sizes. Metropolitan is made from 60% rayon, 40% acetate and it's Sears Custom Shop's best-selling antique satin fabric.

Save on Sears Custom Shop Marbury and Metropolitan drapery and coordinating sheer fabrics, too. And, of course, you can have a Sears Decorator Consultant come help you choose in your own home for no charge.

Marbury bedspreads:		
full size	reg. $125.00	Sale $100.00
queen size	reg. $150.00	Sale $125.00
Marbury drapery weight fabrics (choice of 3 patterns)	reg. $7.00 yd.	Sale $5.60 yd.
Marbury pattern sheer fabric	reg. $6.00 yd.	Sale $4.80 yd.
Metropolitan antique satin bedspreads:		
full size	reg. $125.00	Sale $100.00
queen size	reg. $150.00	Sale $125.00
Metropolitan antique satin fabric	reg. $5.00 yd.	Sale $4.00 yd.
Pirouette sheer batiste in 15 colors (60-in. width)	reg. $4.00 yd.	Sale $3.20 yd.
Oaken Splendor queen size canopy bed (special order only)	reg. $599.95	Sale $499.00

Wrap yourself in the royal luxury of Superplush towels

Sears Best

Save $2.00 bath size

Superplush towels. A Sears Best. Super big, super soft, super thick and super thirsty. 100% combed cotton terry loops on both sides. Cleverly looped through a 50% cotton, 50% polyester frame fabric for towel strength and durability. Up to 12 regal solid colors with coordinating bold stripes and classic two-tone woven border patterns. All sizes, including supersize, are on sale. As are all sizes of Superplush bath rugs and carpeting. 100% dense nylon pile. One-inch thick. Machine washable. Skid-resistant backings.

Superplush bath towels	reg. $ 6.99	Sale $ 4.99
Superplush bath rugs (24-in. x 36-in.)	reg. $ 7.99	Sale $ 5.99
Superplush bath carpeting (5-ft. x 6-ft.)	reg. $32.99	Sale $27.99

Available in most larger Sears retail stores. Sale prices good from October 23 through November 19. All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

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Spending your money

Energy-saver's guide

By Sylvia Porter

Want to know how to cut your fuel bills through the cold winter and roasting summer? Here are more than 100 money-saving, energy-saving tips for almost every aspect of your life.

Did you know that if you are a careful automobile driver, you can get at least 30 percent more mileage than the average driver, 50 percent more than the wasteful one? Or, that more than half the energy you use in your home goes for heating and cooling—of which heating water alone takes a giant 15 percent? Or, that if you live in an all-electric home, about 23 percent of your total electric bill goes for water heating . . . and if you live in a non-electrically heated home, an awesome 41 percent of your total electric bill is traceable to your electric water heater alone? Or, that a big-ticket appliance, which is more expensive initially, may cost you less over a period of years than a cheaper product just because the initially more expensive item is also more energy-efficient?

Possibly you did—but whatever your answer, I am taking for granted that you *DO* know that at 55 miles per hour, most cars get about 21 percent more miles per gallon than at 70 mph; you *DO* know that you can save on gas by avoiding stop-and-go traffic and minimizing braking; you *DO* know you save energy merely by turning off all lights when not needed and being sensibly restrained in your use of ornamental lights for Christmas and other occasions. Not so widely publicized or so obvious are these energy and money saving hints:

HEATING (AND COOLING) YOUR HOME

By this date, you must be acutely aware of how much energy you can save for yourself and your nation by proper insulation of your home—including the attic and walls. You also must have been told repeatedly that on top of saving as much as 20–30 percent by effective insulation, you can slash your energy costs another 10 percent or more by caulking and weatherstripping your doors and windows. Common sense alone must convince you to close off unoccupied rooms and turn off the heat or air conditioning in these rooms. Of course, what applies to heating your home applies with equal importance to cooling it. I shall, therefore, add merely one warning: *INSULATE YOUR HOME AGAINST HEAT AND COLD NOW!* In addition . . .

1. Have your furnace serviced once every year, preferably right now. A needed but not obvious adjustment could save you as much as 10 percent in your fuel consumption.
2. If you need a new furnace, buy one that includes an automatic flue-gas damper, which reduces heat loss when your furnace is not in operation.
3. Make sure your furnace is the right size for your needs and avoid wasting energy by buying any unit that is larger than you need.
4. Clean or replace filters on heating or cooling equipment every 30 days. Clogged filters make your systems work harder and less efficiently.
5. If you use electric heating, consider a "heat pump" system, which uses outside air in both heating and cooling; it can slash your use of electricity for heating by 60 percent or more.
6. Vacuum or dust your radiator surfaces frequently.
7. In addition to insulating the obvious areas, insulate your hot water storage tank and piping.
8. Install storm windows and doors, at a cost of about $30 each for conventional storm windows and about $75 each for storm doors. Double glass also helps insulate your home against heat as well as cold. Combination screen and storm windows are desirable because you need not remove them during the warm, hot weather months. Equally effective in cold weather, and at a total cost for the average home of only $10, would be a sheet of clear plastic film tightly taped to the inside of the window and door frames. You might prefer this low-cost energy saver if you're renting the house. Either type of protection could cut your fuel costs by about 15 percent.
9. In winter climates, lower your thermostat to 68° during the day, 60° at night. If these settings reduce your home's temperature an average of six degrees, you will cut your heating costs about 15 percent. An extra blanket or electric blanket will help you control your night-time heating needs. Buy a clock thermostat that will automatically turn your heat down at a regular hour before you go to bed and turn it up at your usual wake-up time. In hot-weather climates, set your air-conditioning thermostat no lower than a reasonably comfortable, energy-efficient 78°. If this setting raises your home's temperature six degrees (from 72 to 78), your home-cooling costs should drop an estimated 47 percent! Avoid constant fiddling with your thermostat setting. Frequent changes in winter cause excessive operating costs and require increased energy to reheat a space. In summer, though, if you plan to be away for several days, turn off your air conditioning and ask a friend to turn it back on several hours before you return.
10. Locate your thermostat away from windows, doors and possible drafts so that it won't keep your furnace running when the rest of the house is sufficiently warm.
11. Since warm air rises, make sure all openings to your attic are well sealed so that heat doesn't escape to non-living areas.
12. Always tightly close the chimney damper when your fireplace is not in use. Otherwise, as *(continued)*

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Energy guide

continued

much as 20 percent of your heated or cooled air will be wasted up the chimney. Consider fireplace glass enclosures.

13. Run your air conditioners only on really hot days and set the fan speed at high. In humid weather, set the fan at low speed to remove more moisture; this makes you comfortable with less cooling.

14. In addition to cleaning or replacing air conditioner filters at least once a month (dirty filters require more electricity to turn the fan), carefully vacuum-clean accessible parts of your air-conditioning equipment.

15. Avoid spending money to buy more cooling capacity than you need to do the job. Energy-efficient ratios (EERs) are available for most air-conditioning unts (the higher the EER, the more efficient the conditioner).

16. Use draperies and curtains not only for decoration, but also for saving energy. Open drapes wide during winter days to let in the sun, then close them at night to prevent heat loss that can mount up to as much as 30 percent. In warm weather, close drapes and curtains to keep out heat from the sun (that can swell your air-conditioning needs by up to 50 percent). The use of lined or insulated draperies can also reduce energy consumption. Lower and raise your window shades and blinds according to the same common sense rules.

17. Keep curtains from covering baseboard heaters and wall registers. If necessary, devise practical deflectors out of aluminum foil to move the heat away from the drapes (which don't need it) and into the rooms (which do).

18. Remove tops from boxed radiators to release maximum heat; replace with grill work if the bare appearance offends your aesthetic sensibilities.

19. Guard against wasting heat by keeping your doors open any length of time in winter while you say good night to your guests. Say your goodbyes *before* you open the doors. Keep all windows and outside doors closed as much as possible to hold warm air in your house.

20. Install a humidifier—furnace or console type. It makes the air feel warmer so you can be comfortable with less heat. A dehumidifier can be just as helpful in hot weather, maintaining comfort at higher temperature levels.

21. When entertaining a large group this holiday and winter season, lower the thermostat a degree or two before the guests arrive. People generate heat.

IN THE KITCHEN

1. Use your automatic dishwasher (if you have one) instead of washing dishes by hand. A full cycle in your dishwasher consumes 11–16 gallons of hot water, while hand-washing the dishes consumes 9–14 gallons *each time*. If you do hand-wash, stopper the sink or use a dishpan. A running-water wash or rinse will use about 30 gallons of water per meal.

2. Fill the dishwasher—but don't overload it—before you turn it on. An average dishwasher uses 14 gallons of hot water per load; if every dishwasher user in the U.S. eliminated just one load a week, we would save the equivalent of about 9,000 barrels of oil each day—or enough to heat 140,000 homes during the winter.

3. Scrape dishes before loading them in the washer. When rinsing is necessary —which is seldom—use cold water.

4. Let your dishes dry in the air. After the final rinse, turn off the dishwasher and open the door. If you turn off the dry cycle, you can save 45 percent of the energy consumed by your dishwasher.

5. Clean dishwasher filters frequently.

6. Use cold running water only in your food waste disposer. Cold water congeals fats, greases and oils into solid particles and flushes them safely down the drain. Run the cold water for a few seconds before and about 30 seconds after operating the disposal.

7. Before deciding on whether to buy a refrigerator/freezer that defrosts automatically or must be naturally defrosted, note that the manual appliances not only costs less but also consume less energy. If yours must be manually defrosted, though, defrost at least twice a month so that frost never is allowed to build up to more than one-quarter of an inch. Defrost your freezer at least once a year.

8. Place your refrigerator/freezer in a cool location for maximum efficiency. Avoid placing it against an uninsulated wall facing the sun, for such a location will make your appliance work harder and thereby consume more energy.

9. Check seals around your refrigerator and freezer doors to make sure they are airtight. If they're not, adjust the latch or replace the seal. An easy way to check the condition of gaskets on refrigerator and freezer doors is to place a dollar bill against the frame and close the door on it. If the bill can be pulled out with a gentle tug—or, if the bill drops out—the gasket needs replacement or the door requires adjustment.

10. Open your refrigerator and freezer doors as seldom as possible; store perishable foods on shelves rather than the door to avoid contact with the warm air. Plan ahead and remove all ingredients for each meal at one time to avoid unnecessary door openings.

11. While most freezers operate most economically when fully loaded, don't overcrowd your refrigerator so as to interfere with circulation of air and thus allow developments of "hot pockets."

12. Remove excess store wrapping from foods before placing in refrigerator or freezer. Paper acts as insulation.

13. At least twice a year, move both your refrigerator and freezer, disconnect the plugs and carefully vacuum the coils and compressor to remove all energy wasting dust.

14. If you will be away for an extended period, empty your refrigerator, disconnect it from the power outlet, clean thoroughly and leave the door open. If you will be away only a few days, raise the refrigerator's temperature setting slightly to compensate for the reduction in times the door will be opened.

15. To reduce cooking time, completely thaw frozen meats and remove meats from the refrigerator at least one hour before cooking.

16. Cook by time and temperature and restrain yourself from opening the oven door repeatedly or peeking under the lids during surface cooking. "Peeking" merely wastes energy. When roasting, a meat thermometer will help you prevent over-cooking and avoid unnecessary waste of energy.

17. Pre-heat your oven no longer than 10-12 minutes. Preheating any longer just wastes energy.

18. If you're using the oven for a meal, plan an all oven-cooked meal (for instance, a meat loaf with baked potatos), or fill the oven with other foods that can be used at a later time with a bit of heating. After the oven is off, use leftover heat to warm plates or heat rolls.

19. When feasible, prepare meals with small appliances, such as frypans, broilers, etc. These require less energy than your range.

20. Use heat-treated glass or ceramic pots and pans in a conventional oven, which enable you to lower the heat by up to 25 degrees without sacrificing efficiency.

21. If cooking with water, use a minimal amount so your food can heat faster.

22. Once boiling begins, reduce the heat of a surface unit. High heat setting will only make the water evaporate faster.

23. Use a steamer or pressure cooker to cook several foods simultaneously when possible. If your pressure cooker has partition inserts, cook three or four different items at once; you can save heat, energy, time and money.

24. Select pots and pans that have absolutely flat bottoms that cover each burner. More heat then enters the pan and less is lost to the surrounding air.

25. Match the pots and *(continued)*

HOW DOES YOUR HOME MEASURE UP FOR ENERGY CONSERVATION?

	YES	NO
Cracked windows	( )	( )
Well-fitted, weather-stripped windows	( )	( )
Double or storm windows installed	( )	( )
Properly fitted or weather-stripped outside doors	( )	( )
Storm doors installed	( )	( )
Glass doors on fireplace	( )	( )
Are unused rooms kept closed off?	( )	( )

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And a taste worth smoking.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regulars, 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.
Menthol, 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

Energy guide

continued

pans to the size of each of your surface units. If a pot is too small for the unit, extra heat will escape. Put your pots and pans on the range before the heat is turned on to avoid wasting energy.

26. Use tight lids on your pots and pans to keep the heat inside.

27. Check your range to see whether it produces a pure blue flame or a yellow flame. Yellow indicates improper energy-wasting combustion. Have the range adjusted. Also, be sure the pilot light is not consuming more energy than necessary.

28. Keep the heat reflector below the stove heaters clean, so you get the maximum reflection of heat.

29. Turn off your electric range just before cooking is finished to make use of residual heat to finish the job and keep the food warm until serving.

30. Check oven door seal for air tightness, just as you check seals on your refrigerator and freezer doors.

31. When activating the self-cleaning cycle on an electric oven, start the cycle right after cooking, while oven is st ll hot.

32. Recycle all your non-returnable aluminum containers, for it takes one-third of a cup of oil or its fuel equivalent to produce each can. For the nearest aluminum recycling center, write to the Aluminum Association, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

33. Consider purchase of electronic (or microwave) ovens designed for fast preparation of meals. These ovens can slash consumption of electricity 50-75 percent compared with standard electric ranges. But proper care and use of these ovens is imperative for your safety, and only qualified technicians should be permitted to repair them.

34. Try to concentrate use of all your kitchen appliances in off-hours—late evening, early morning—to help lighten the burden on the country's electric utilities and their need to use back-up generating equipment that is not energy efficient.

IN THE BATHROOM

1. Install a flow restrictor (available at most plumbing supply stores) in the pipe at the showerhead to limit the flow of water to an entirely adequate four gallons per minute. This will save you large amounts of hot water and the energy used to heat it. Installation is easy.

2. Take more showers and fewer tub baths. An average tub bath uses 10–15 gallons of hot water, against 8–12 gallons for a shower bath of under five minutes duration. A quick shower will use less than half as much hot water as a bath in a regular-size tub.

3. Impress upon your teenagers (who tend to stay in the shower longer, thus using more hot water) that hot water equals energy equals expense—and that shorter showers are now family policy.

4. Tell your husband not to waste hot water by keeping the faucet running as he shaves. He can pour as much as six gallons of hot water down the drain during a five-minute shave. Make him close the sink drain while he shaves.

IN BOTH KITCHEN AND BATHROOM

1. Use bath and kitchen ventilating fans only as needed.

2. Repair any and all leaky faucets—particularly hot water faucets—as quickly as possible. Hot water wasted by dripping faucets costs you money, probably much more than you dream of. Following are typical examples of how much hot water and electricity you can waste through leaky faucets. (*Cost based on 3.5¢ kilowatt hour [KWH])

Drops per minute	Gallons per month	KWH per month	*Cost per month
60	192	48	1.68
90	310	78	2.73
120	429	107	3.75

A pinhole leak can waste up to 170 gallons a day; a fast drip, 970 gallons a day; a toilet leak, up to 3,000 gallons a day!

IN THE "FAMILY" OR TV ROOM

1. "Instant-on" television sets, especially the tube types, use energy even when the screen is dark, so eliminate this waste by plugging the set into an outlet controlled by a wall switch—and turn the set on and off with the switch. Or ask your TV serviceman to install an additional on-off switch on the set itself or in the cord to the outlet. (Of course, turn off any TV set when you have finished viewing.)

2. Apply the same turn-off rule to any and all radios in use.

3. When buying a new TV set, radio or stereo, remember that the solid-state appliances require less electricity than conventional tube-type sets.

IN HEATING YOUR WATER

1. When buying a new water heater, select one with thick insulation on the shell. Do not purchase a tank with greater capacity than you need; ask the dealer for advice on the size appropriate to the number of people in your family.

2. Install your water heater as close as possible to the areas of major use—to minimize heat loss through the pipes—and insulate those pipes.

3. Save on the amount of fuel consumed by your hot water heater by lowering the thermostat to the temperature adequate for your purposes. Water at 140° is sufficient for all household chores; most people find 110° to 120° adequate. By keeping your thermostat down, you'll also be saving the life of your heater; high temperatures increase the rate of corrosion. Always turn down the temperature when you plan to be away for a prolonged period.

4. Also prolong the life of your water-heating unit by flushing out the tank once a month to eliminate rust and lime deposits. A well-maintained water heater should last 10 to 15 years.

5. Use cold water, rather than hot, in household cleaning, whenever you can. Many household cleaning products work better in cold water.

AVERAGE HOT WATER USED PER DAY

2 Adults + 1 Child = 60 Gal.
2 Adults + 2 Children = 70 Gal.
2 Adults + 3 Children = 80 Gal.

ESTIMATED HOT WATER USE

Tub bath	10–15 gal.
Shower (under 5 min.)	8–12 gal.
Automatic washer	25–35 gal.
Automatic dishwasher	11–16 gal.
Hand-wash dishes (each time)	9–14 gal.
Shampoo	5– 7 gal.
Cleaning	3– 8 gal.
Food preparation	5 gal.

ENERGY YOUR HOME APPLIANCES AND LIGHTING CONSUME

	Annual Energy Consumption (kilowatt-hours)(1)	Annual Cost of Energy Consumed(2)
Air conditioner	2,000	$ 80.00
Electric blanket	150	6.00
Can opener	0.3	.12
Clock	17	.68
Clothes dryer	1,200	48.00
Coffeemaker	100	4.00
Dishwasher (with heater)	350	14.00
Fan (attic)	270	10.80
Fan (furnace)	480	19.20
Fluorescent light (3 fixtures)	260	10.40
Food freezer (16 cu. ft.)	1,200	48.00
Food mixer	10	.40
Food waste disposer	30	1.20
Frying pan	240	9.60
Hair dryer	15	.60
Hot plate (2-burner)	100	4.00
Iron (hand)	150	6.00
Light bulbs	1,870	74.80
Radio (solid state)	20	.80
Radio-phonograph (solid state)	40	1.60
Range	1,550	62.00
Refrigerator (frost-free, 12 cu. ft.)	750	30.00
Sewing machine	10	.40
TV (black/white)	400	16.00
TV (color)	540	21.60
Toaster	40	1.60
Vacuum cleaner	45	1 80
Washer (automatic)	100	4.00
TOTALS (3) KWH	11,937	$477.60

(1) Citizens' Advisory Committee on Environmental Quality Data 1973.
(2) Cost of electricity (April '77) = four cents per kilowatt-hour.
(3) Lists of electricity usage vary, depending on makes and models of appliances and individual usage patterns.

(continued)

The 1978 Chevy Nova Custom.

A new beauty

with lots of on-the-job experience.

For 1978 we proudly introduce you to a new kind of Chevy Nova. A very beautiful one.

The Nova Custom.

Very handsome on the outside, very posh on the inside.

With full-foam comfort, deluxe trim, plush carpeting and upholstery.

And, as you probably know, Nova comes with one heck of a reputation.

For it's become a wanted car by people who appreciate real value.



Like police departments in 47 of the United States. The same Chevrolet people who build Nova for you build the specially equipped Chevy Nova that's become the number one selling police compact in America.

Inspect the new Nova. We think you'll like it a lot.

For the way it works.

And for the way it looks.

Chevrolet

SEE WHAT'S NEW TODAY IN A CHEVROLET

New!
The best Buttermilk Complete you can buy.



Aunt Jemima introduces a Buttermilk Complete Pancake Mix with more buttermilk than any other.

For the lightest, fluffiest, richest tasting Buttermilk Complete pancakes you ever tasted.

Energy guide

continued

IN LIGHTING YOUR HOME

1. Remove one electric light bulb out of every three in areas where bright light is not essential and replace it either with a burned-out bulb or a bulb of the next lower wattage. Concentrate bright lighting where it is needed—for reading, working and safety (such as in stairwells). This one simple step should save you, in an average home, about 4 percent in electricity costs and slash U.S. energy consumption about 50 million kilowatt hours of electricity per day (enough to light about 16,000,000 homes).

2. Use one large bulb instead of several small bulbs in areas where higher illumination is needed. The larger bulb is more efficient.

3. Use individual switches that can be turned on and off independently. One light switch controlling several light fixtures is far more costly than the individual switches.

4. Use long-life incandescent lamps only in hard-to-reach places where high levels of light are not required. They are less efficient than ordinary bulbs.

5. Install solid-state dimmer switches when you replace a light switch. They allow more efficient use of light.

6. Use fluorescent lights in such places as on desks, in the kitchen, laundry and bath. One 40-watt fluorescent tube gives more light than three 60-watt incandescent bulbs.

7. Where your fluorescent lights are not in use, it is better to leave the fixtures on for an hour than to switch them on and off. Turning on and off shortens the life of fluorescent lamps. But turn off incandescent lighting when not in use.

8. Decorate with white or light-colored translucent lamp shades; they reflect maximum light.

9. Move your precious house plants to windows where they will get the benefit of natural light (you can hang them from ceiling hooks to get maximum sun) or place them near lamps. Fluorescent tubes can give your house plants adequate lighting, even in dark corners.

10. Use outdoor lights only where necessary. Extinguish decorative gaslights unless essential for safety. Six or seven gaslights use as much natural gas as a gas-heated home! If you must use outdoor lighting for security/safety, install a timer or photocell unit to turn off the lights automatically.

IN THE LAUNDRY

1. Wash clothes in warm or cold water, and always rinse in cold. Use hot water only if essential. If everyone washed clothes in warm or cold water, we'd save the equivalent of 100,000 barrels of oil a day, enough to heat 1,600,000 homes through the winter.

2. Fill your clothes washer and dryer (unless there are special instructions to the contrary), but do not overload. If every household cut the use of its clothes washer-dryer by 25 percent, the nation's savings would be equivalent to 35,000 barrels of oil a day, enough to heat more than 400 *BILLION* gallons of water a day.

3. Take clothes out of the dryer the instant they are dry. Every minute of extra running time is waste, expensive to you and your country. Use automatic drying controls.

4. Divide your drying loads into heavy and lightweight items. Your dryer doesn't have to run as long to dry the lightweight items. Also dry your clothes in consecutive loads, so that the energy you use to raise the dryer to the desired temperature doesn't go to waste.

5. Since small loads require much less water than big ones, always use the water level control on your washer.

6. On heavily soiled garments, use a pre-soak product or soak cycle. Reduce washing time and protect your fabrics by pre-treating stains when they are fresh. You may have to wash these clothes only once instead of twice.

7. When buying a new washer, buy the right size for your needs: a larger washer may permit you to do your washing in a single load rather than in several loads in a smaller machine, thus requiring less energy.

8. Provide a vent to the outside so moisture removed from the dryer doesn't remain in the room. If your laundry area is steamy, the clothes will take longer to dry.

9. Follow detergent instructions carefully in your laundry (and dishwasher too). Oversudsing makes your equipment work harder and consume more energy than necessary.

10. Keep the lint screen in your dryer clean by removing the lint screen collects after *each* load.

11. Don't waste power ironing fabrics that require little or no ironing—and consider this upkeep factor as well as initial price when you buy fabrics. Iron all your clothes at the same time when possible, to avoid heating of the iron several times a week. If you must interrupt your ironing (say, to answer the phone), turn the iron off or unplug it.

12. First iron fabrics that require lower temperatures, and work up to those requiring higher heat. An iron heats faster than it cools, so less energy is needed to go from low to high than the reverse. Turn off iron five minutes or so before clothes have been ironed, and finish ironing with heat stored in the soleplate.

13. Schedule your washer-dryer use for late afternoon-early evening, or for very early morning, to ease the load on the nation's electrical systems and reduce the risks of brownouts and blackouts.

IN YARD, GARDEN, WORKSHOP

1. Buy power tools that use the lowest power sufficient for the work you need done.

2. Keep cutting edges on all your electrical tools as sharp as possible, so they operate at maximum speed and use less power. Properly lubricate and clean all your electrical tools so they require minimum power.

3. Use hand tools, hand lawn mowers, hand clippers, pruners, etc., when adequate for your purposes.

4. Never allow the machinery in your gas-powered equipment to idle for any length of time. Get into the habit of turning off the power when finished with one job, and turning it back on when ready for the next.

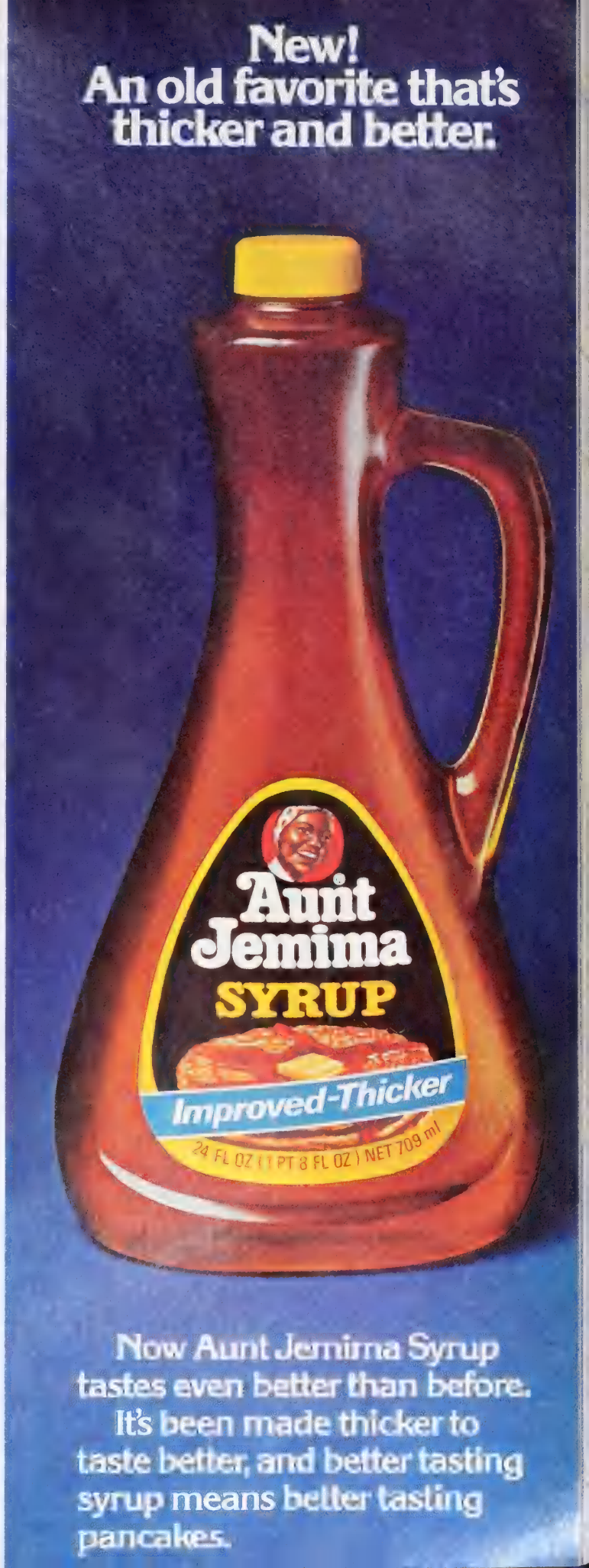
5. If you are installing awnings, try to place them at heights that will not block sun's rays in winter, but which also will give you protection from high sun in summer.

6. Instead of awnings, consider attaching sun screens to the outside of your windows. Cost is nominal and screens are effective in winter and summer.

7. Plant deciduous trees and vines on the south, east and west sides of your home. In warm weather, they will provide protective shade from the sun, and in cold weather, after the leaves fall, will permit the sun to penetrate and heat those areas.

8. Save money by not heating your garage. Instead, buy a good battery that will start your car when it's cold.

9. If you have a private or condominium/apartment swimming pool, seriously consider *NOT* heating it. But if your pool is heated, a pool cover can reduce your heating costs by 30 percent . . . and if the covers are removed during the day, additional savings can be chalked up. In many areas, a good pool cover, plus the sun, can effectively eliminate the need for pool heating. Turn off decorative lighting in and around pool areas—with the possible exception of one light for security and safety—and suggest this to your landlord or homeowners' association (if yours is an apartment or condominium pool). A pool temperature of 78° is most desirable, says the American Red Cross, and afternoon swims will avoid costly all-night heating for early morning warm-ups. Since your pool filter pump is your biggest electric user, save by reducing your filter time and by keeping grids and leaf baskets clean. Take maximum advantage of the sun as your heating device. **End**





THE BATTLE FOR THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

There's a tug of war raging in our schools—between "no-frills" education and "open learning." What's at stake? What our children learn—and how they learn it. By Mary Susan Miller.

Mr. Wilson sits behind his Los Angeles *Times*, listening.

"If we declare war on Antreb," his son is saying, "we can supplement our food supplies with their granaries."

His high school classmate argues. "What if we don't win?"

"We'll win. Anyway, they won't sell us grain, so we have to declare war."

Mr. Wilson puts down his paper. He is irritated. "It's nine o'clock. Will you stop playing games and get to your homework?"

His son looks up. "This *is* my homework, Dad."

Mr. Wilson flings the newspaper across the room. "I'm fed up with you, your homework and what passes for your education," he thunders. "You never read a book. You don't know who William the Conqueror was. My God, you still add on your fingers when no one's looking. And you're applying to Harvard next year!" He shakes his head in disbelief. "What are you taking your College Boards in? Macramé?"

Three thousand miles away, in Philadelphia, Mrs. Leith lies in bed listening to her daughter studying in the room next door, her voice droning into the night. "Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685 to 1750. Johannes Brahms, 1833 to 1897. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770 to 18 . . ." Papers shuffle. "1827."

"It's two o'clock," Mrs. Leith calls. "Go to bed."

"Music test tomorrow. I've got to know this stuff."

Her mother comes to the doorway. "Why?" she asks.

Retorts her daughter: "You're a fine one to ask. Who made me take the stupid course? You." She imitates her mother's tone. "'You have to know music to enjoy a full life.' Remember?"

Mrs. Leith grows angry. "Do you think all those dates mean knowing music? What sort of school still teaches that way? They are making you hate music, not know it. Who cares when Bach or Beethoven lived? You don't hear music in dates. You hear it in the wind and the ocean, or when traffic goes by, or when you breathe. That's knowing music."

There is a fight on in education. Parents—frustrated and angry over having their children's lives manipulated by the faddism of professional educators—feel guilty at having lost control and are determined to make up for their past neglect. "That's not the way it was when I went to school," they say.

Mr. Wilson thinks of the high school from which he graduated in 1955. He thinks of the Latin verbs he conjugated and the French nouns he declined, of calculus and trigonometry, of English I, II, III and IV, of required history and long hours of memorizing poetry and rewriting compositions. He thinks of spelling rules and legible handwriting and monthly book reports, of standing for teachers and the Pledge of Allegiance.

Mr. Wilson feels he had a good, solid education. He got into Harvard, then law school and has provided well for his family. "I want my son in a school like I had when I was a kid," he says. He suffers from "The Little Red Schoolhouse syndrome"—nostalgia for the days of easy answers and simple values.

Mrs. Leith also has memories. She remembers the knot of fear when she had to recite in class—her longing for canceled art and music courses as the teacher drilled them for College Boards. She thinks of the required hours of advanced algebra—which she failed twice—and of the first-grade teacher who tore up her Mother's Day card because it wasn't neat.

Mrs. Leith resents those wasted hours. "I want my Joanna in a school where there's fun and freedom," she says. She dreams of the demolition of the Little Red Schoolhouse.

Claims and counterclaims, gaining momentum like an avalanche, are pitting parents against each other. On one hand, headlines scream, "Study Cites Student Writing Deficiencies" . . . "Johnny Can't Add, Either" . . . "Foreign Students Outscore American" . . . They are supported by fact. The Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT), which measures the reading and mathematics ability of about a million college-bound U.S. high school students, shows that their scores are declining. A blue-ribbon panel of educators, established two years ago and headed by former U.S. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, recently reported that one reason for the decline in SAT scores is that many of the elective courses a student can take nowadays put less emphasis on reading assignments and written compositions than do required courses. And today there are fewer required courses. The report calls for "restoring the traditions of critical reading and careful writing."

The National Assessment of Educational Progress found that students cannot write an essay: "The dominant tendency is to *(continued on page 64)*

Photograph by Clyde H. Smith/Alpha


The difference between a clean floor. . . and a beautiful floor is Future.
Tougher Than Wax
FUTURE
ACRYLIC FLOOR FINISH
Why settle for just clean floors when Future's transparent shine makes clean floors *look beautiful*, too. And they're easier to *keep* clean because spills and stains wipe right off Future's tough acrylic finish.
Future. Tougher than wax.


DECADE
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DECADE.
THE TASTE THAT TOOK TEN YEARS TO MAKE.

Originally, you couldn't get real cigarette taste without what has come to be known as tobacco 'tar' The problem of reducing this 'tar' to 5 mg. while maintaining taste is enormous.

That's why, when we set out to work, we didn't give ourselves a time limit. It's a good thing. Because it took us ten years to develop a "Total System" capable of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5 mg. 'tar' cigarette.

What we mean by "Total System."

A high filtration low 'tar' cigarette is a complex system of interacting parts.

The tobacco. The filter. And even the paper.

Our objective was to focus on all these parts and arrange them in perfect balance with each other. Only by concentrating on the parts were we able to perfect the whole.

The Tobacco. "Flavor Packing"™ plus fifteen tobaccos boost taste.

We've developed a system called "Flavor Packing" that allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade cigarette.

This is in addition to our special taste blend of fifteen fine tobaccos, including exotic Turkish, full bodied Burley, and Bright, a tobacco known for its smoothness.

The Filter. Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

The Decade filter is a combination of modern laser technology, plus our own exclusive research design. Simply, we've created a channel within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher 'tar' cigarettes. Which means you get taste from first puff to last.

The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

For Decade we use only high porosity cigarette paper. Ordinary paper inhibits the burn rate, which can diminish the taste and create the need to pull harder when you drag.

With Decade's high porosity paper however, you get an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result. A completely new kind of low 'tar' cigarette.

So try a pack of Decade for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.



Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

You know what to wear



You have an unerring instinct about what's appropriate for what occasion. And you're confident that your clothes will look and feel fresh, even during your period. Because you rely on Tampax tampons.

They're uniquely designed to expand in all three directions—length, breadth and width—which lessens the chance of leakage or bypass. And since they're worn internally, you're not concerned about bulges. Bulk. Or chafing.

No wonder Tampax tampons are the overwhelming choice of women who know what to wear. Like you.

The internal protection more women trust

TAMPAX® tampons

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

continued from page 60

write random sentences." Fewer than one-third of high school seniors can calulate the area of a square given its perimeter, or convert Fahrenheit into centigrade—even with the conversion formula at hand. Elementary-school children are reading two or three grade levels below their own. In New York City alone, 1,542 high school students failed to graduate because they could not read at the eighth grade level—a new requirement for most U.S. high schools today.

On the other hand, the board tests are under heavy criticism. Douglas Heath of Haverford College has studied the relationship between test scores and success in life. "The usual measurements of academic success do not correlate with maturity and competence in later life," he concludes. The high scorers, he found, have less understanding of themselves and fewer warm relationships; low scorers have greater moral values and empathetic skills.

U.S. Commissioner of Education Ernest Boyer speaks for both sides of the argument. When asked, "Is the quality of education declining?", he answers a blunt, "Yes"—with one stipulation: "If you limit 'quality' to that which we measure on standardized tests. But," he adds, "some of the most important goals of education are not measured by those tests—an understanding of contemporary affairs, an appreciation of the arts, a sense of personal worth, an awareness of future alternatives."

Giant steps

This is not the first time in America that parents have been confused by their children's education or have taken sides in a fight over it. It is, however, the first time they have taken such giant steps to do something about it.

Consumerism has become the 1970's battle cry, and accountability is the password. Parents—the schools' consumers—want their money's worth, and they are forcing their way into the act.

If consumerism is the battle cry, then law has become the weapon. Since 1974, when Congress passed the Buckley Amendment giving families access to students' school records, parents have refused to accept the old mystique. They have torn the squeaky door off the inner sanctum, using the U.S. Department of Justice as a crowbar. They know their rights—and demand them. In Washington, D.C., a high school valedictorian—first in his class—went to court when he was denied admission to George Washington University. In a New York suburb, Edward Donohue's parents sued because the school awarded their 18-year-old son a diploma but did n teach him to read or write above t fourth grade level. A University Bridgeport student claims educatio malpractice because she learned nothi from a course in which she got an A.

Action also extends to the voti booth as well. Until recently, memb of local Boards of Education we known to few outside their immedia families. Today, however, school el tions take on the fervor of president campaigns. In tiny Greenwood, N.Y. rural community numbering in the hu dreds, the election of a fifth board me ber was held to determine the futu direction of their central school. The t ditionalists fought hard on a platform law, order and a strong athletic progra the liberals fought equally hard for "d covery learning" and the "total child Newspapers and radio stations in near towns joined the fight, and the large vote in Greenwood's history was cast election day. The liberals won.

They do not always win, though. Midwestern city just voted down a bo issue for two "magnet schools," wh New Jersey passed one bond issue f "basic" education. Whichever way t vote goes, parents hold the purse string and they know it. They are in contro

Control has manifested itself at t school level on both sides of the figh On one side, the Back to Basics mov ment has grown in numbers and force. Spearheaded by the Council f Basic Education, it draws supporte from those parents who "are sick a tired of this new-fangled junk."

Says A. Graham Down, Executive D rector of the Council, "Schools shou operate primarily as centers of learni and not as laboratories of socialization

"They're using my son as a guine pig," charges a mother in Illinois.

"I don't call it *new* math, I call it math," says another.

"He can count to ten in Spanish, b he can't write his name," a third com plains.

Responding to such pressures, man schools are abandoning their 1960's in novations, replacing them with trad tional, hard-core education. Of th 16,000 school systems in the U.S., fe according to the Council for Basic Edu cation, have not responded to their e forts. "They are giving up new program developing minimum standards an more thorough teacher training, chang ing teaching style—and, in many case re-establishing discipline."

Electives are out: no more Advance Weaving, Backpacking, The Rhythm o Soul, Elements of Modern Witchcra and The Road to Self. Instead the cu riculum guide lists Third Year English World History, Intermediate Algebr and Earth Science.

"Take-home" tests are out. "No credit is out as the euphemism *(continued*

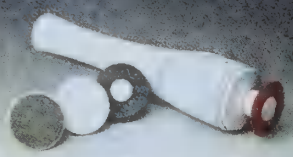
lairol Appliances. The power to make you beautiful.



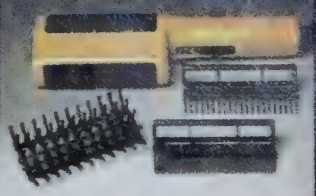
Kindness® Deluxe 3-Way Hairsetter. Gives you three choices. Long-lasting conditioned sets, water mist sets, dry heat sets.



The Moisture Lover.* Use with your favorite lotion or cream. To massage, stimulate and moisturize your skin—automatically.



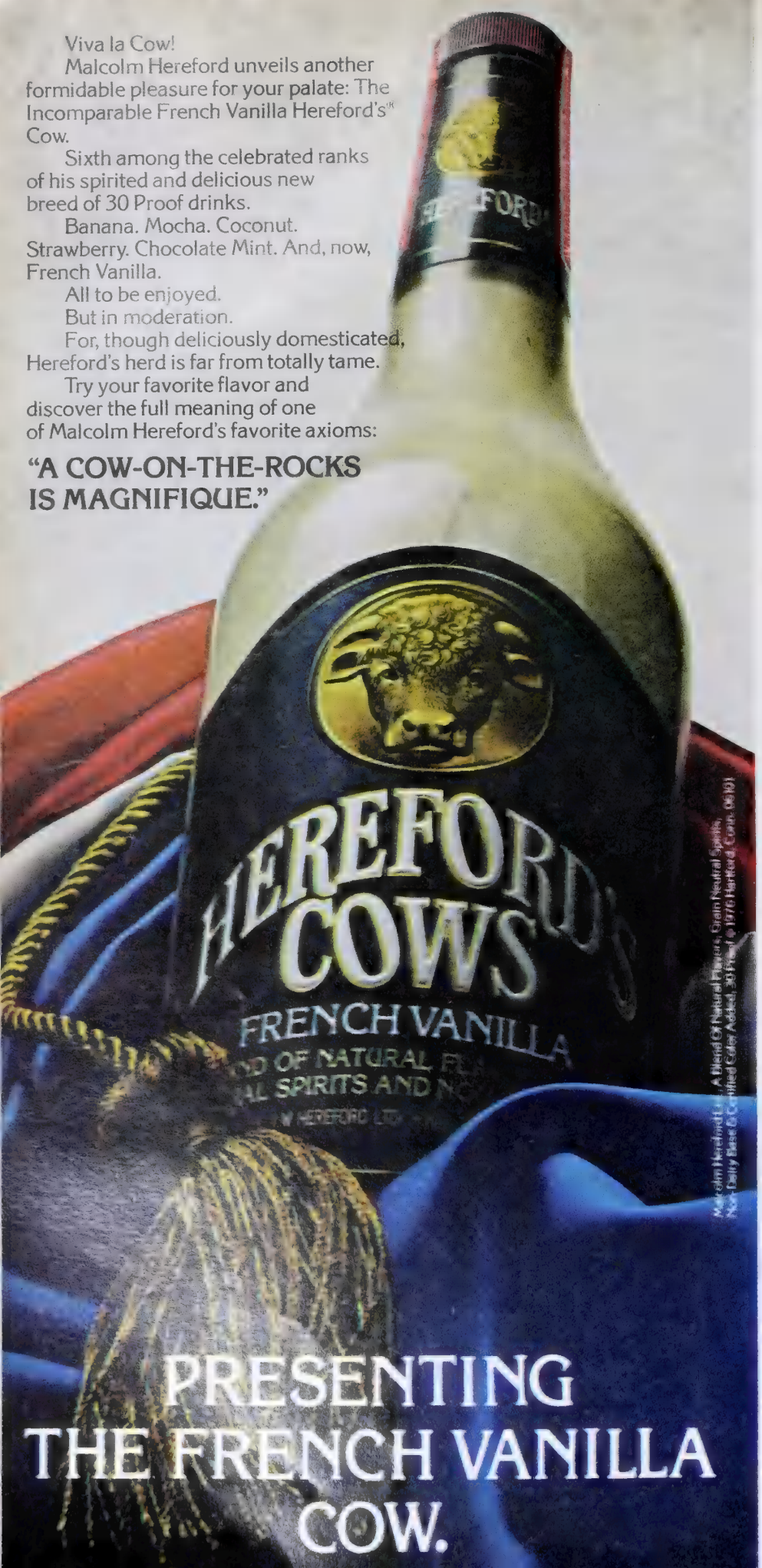
The Nail Works.* Automatically files, shapes and buffs nails—smoothes callouses on hands and feet.



Dry Guy.* New 1000 watt styler dryer. 3 wattage settings. 3 airflow settings. Plus dual voltage for travel.



Viva la Cow!
Malcolm Hereford unveils another formidable pleasure for your palate: The Incomparable French Vanilla Hereford's® Cow.
Sixth among the celebrated ranks of his spirited and delicious new breed of 30 Proof drinks.
Banana. Mocha. Coconut. Strawberry. Chocolate Mint. And, now, French Vanilla.
All to be enjoyed.
But in moderation.
For, though deliciously domesticated, Hereford's herd is far from totally tame.
Try your favorite flavor and discover the full meaning of one of Malcolm Hereford's favorite axioms:
"A COW-ON-THE-ROCKS IS MAGNIFIQUE."
PRESENTING THE FRENCH VANILLA COW.



LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

continued

for Failure—and so are self-determined goals. Independent study, bad spelling, sentence fragments, teaching machines, poets-in-residence, film making and sex education . . . all these are out.

Objective tests are in . . . and so are marks with plus and minus. Dress codes and phonics, cognitive learning, Latin, minimum competency, multiplication tables and grammar are in. So is homework, flag-raising and civics. Quiet halls, report cards, deportment, proctored exams, literacy tests and gold stars . . . all these are in.

So strong and so sudden have the shock waves been that over half the states in the country have already established alternative fundamental schools which embody the kind of structured curriculum the Council espouses. In Kentucky, Jefferson County has two such schools. Their curriculum "concentrates on reading, spelling, composition, computation, history, geography and civics. No time is set aside for the building of character." Flint, Michigan, has one alternative school: "The differences are structured environment, discipline, dress code." New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida and Massachusetts have newly joined the alternative school ranks. Such schools make parents feel comfortable. "That's like my old school," they say nostalgically.

"Gadget education"

On the other side of the fight, however, a backlash has set in. A new innovative movement opposing Back to Basics has taken over some schools and districts. "We have thrown out gadget education," says one principal, "and found new methods that really matter."

"Schools are pendulums," says Midwestern Superintendent Haver, "and that's their greatest weakness." His district is sticking to innovations "because we thought them through in the first place."

Kingman Brewster Jr., former president of Yale, admits that disillusionment over new teaching has set in. "Nevertheless," he adds, "the cause did have its positive impact. It has loosened the bonds of what used to be a rigidly prescribed and narrowly departmentalized education."

Los Alamitos District in California is one of the most dramatic examples of constructive innovation, for which it won the School Library Media Program of the Year Award, an award sponsored by the American Association of School Librarians and Encyclopaedia Britannica. In direct opposition to Back to Basics

(continued on page 166)

Better! Not just smaller.

Presto® FryBaby™ deep fryer. It would have been easy to make it a little smaller. Instead, we made it a lot better.



Remember what a mess it was to french fry potatoes? What a bother to fix onion rings or deep fry shrimp?

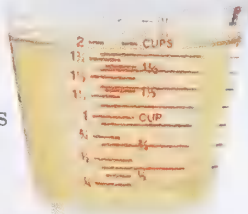
All that expensive oil to buy, the messy, drippy baskets, fryers that were clumsy and hard to store, and in the end the food was limp and soggy because the temperature was wrong. Remember?

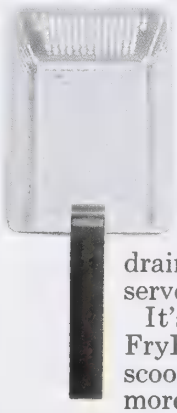


Presto changed all that. Made deep frying fast, easy and inexpensive with the FryBaby™ deep fryer. "A serving or two in a jiffy or two.™"

Not a little fryer, it's a little marvel.

Only two cups of oil instead of two quarts. To save even more, there's a snap-on lid to store the oil for the next time and the next time.





Presto re-thought the whole idea of the basket. Made it better.

Baskets just hold food. Presto made something better, that dips, stirs, separates, turns, lifts, drains and even serves food.

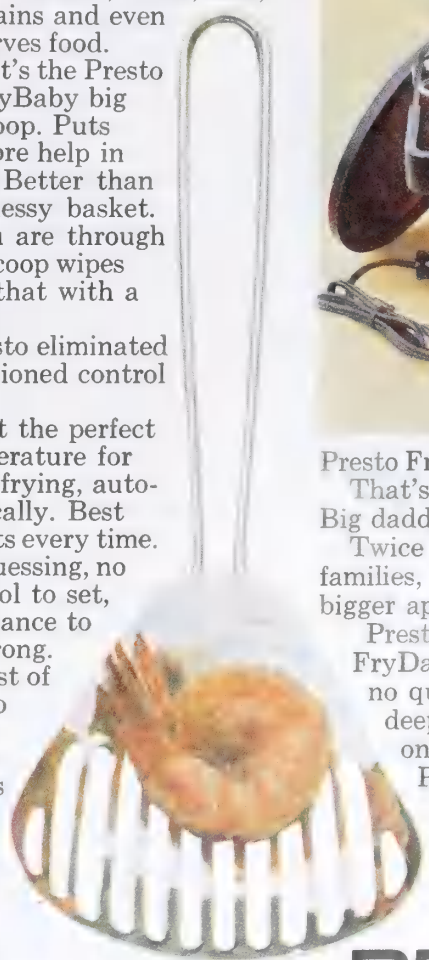
It's the Presto FryBaby big scoop. Puts more help in your hand. Better than a drippy, messy basket.

When you are through frying the scoop wipes clean. Try that with a basket.*

Next, Presto eliminated the old-fashioned control knob.

Presto set the perfect temperature for deep frying, automatically. Best results every time. No guessing, no control to set, no chance to be wrong.

Best of all, no more food that's limp or soggy. Just crisp, golden, delicious food every time.



Then Presto made the FryBaby deep fryer easy to clean, with a nonstick, hard surface inside and out. Just wipe the outside clean between uses. Easy!



Now Presto has taken all those great ideas that made deep frying so easy and created another way to help you.



Presto FryDaddy™ deep fryer. That's's right, FryDaddy! Big daddy to the little FryBaby.

Twice the capacity for bigger families, bigger servings and bigger appetites.

Presto FryBaby – Presto FryDaddy. There's really no question which brand of deep fryer you want – only which of the two Presto sizes you need.

*We're so sure you'll love the scoop Presto® makes this offer: Buy a FryBaby™ deep fryer, use the scoop. Agree it beats the basket or send us the scoop and the carton name flap and we'll send you a basket plus a dollar for your trouble. (Offer expires May 31, 1978.)

PRESTO®

. . . innovation to make it first quality that makes it last.™

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Dry lips?



If you have dry lips or sore lips, you need Blistex, the medicated ointment in the tube. Blistex soothes and softens cracked, chapped lips, no matter what makes your lips that way! It's also great to help heal fever blisters and cold sores.

Blistex –
The lip soother

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Good news about how the birth control pill affects long-range fertility—plus fascinating updates on the treatment of arthritis and hepatitis.

ELBOW REPLACEMENT. Our report last February on artificial joints for arthritis victims included a bone surgeon's assessment that efforts to replace the complex joint in the elbow had not been successful. We quickly were taken to task for being behind the times by reader Phyllis Cutter of Quincy, Mass. She wrote to say she was the 25th recipient of a "wonderful" new prosthesis called the Ewald elbow. Mrs. Cutter, whose right arm had been crippled for years by rheumatoid arthritis, sent along a picture of herself seated at a desk, writing, with her newly-flexible arm.

The Ewald elbow is loosely structured, to reduce the intense mechanical stress in the arm that caused earlier elbow prostheses to fail. It has been used experimentally for over a year now at Boston's Robert B. Brigham Hospital. Surgeon-in-chief Clement B. Sledge, M.D., says thus far it has proved to be "startlingly successful." Recipients regain 90 to 98 percent of normal elbow function.

It is still too soon to rate the Ewald elbow a success. But if Mrs. Cutter's implant and others like it continue to work well, Dr. Sledge predicts that it will become a standard treatment.

INFERTILITY AND THE PILL. Do oral contraceptives impair a woman's fertility once she stops taking them? This long has been a nagging—and unanswered—question. A study that we alluded to last year showed that 30 months after going off the Pill, women who used this birth control method had a harder time regaining their menstrual cycles, and their fertility, than women who had stopped other methods. Planned Parenthood now reports that 42 months after going off contraception the pregnancy rates are *exactly* the same for the ex-Pill users as they are for women who used other contraceptive methods. The conclusion: that while it may take longer to become pregnant after using the Pill, oral contraceptives do not appear to impair fertility.

COPPER AND ARTHRITIS. For years, the Arthritis Foundation and established rheumatologists have denounced copper bracelets as a therapeutic hoax—quackery—perpetrated on arthritis victims. We have reported this view. We also have reported research on test animals by Cincinnati medicinal chemist John Sorenson, Ph.D., which suggests that adding copper to aspirin enhances its ability to relieve pain. If dietary copper can possibly reduce arthritis symptoms, Dr. Sorenson has asked, might not copper bracelets do so as well?

An admittedly preliminary answer now comes from Australia, where trace element chemist W. R. Walker, Ph.D., and psychologist Daphne Keats, Ph.D., of the University of Newcastle in Shortland, have conducted what appears to be the first scientifically-controlled study on copper bracelets and arthritis. While they are not physicians, their report appears in a reputable Swiss science journal, *Agents and Actions*.

The Australians placed newspaper ads to find volunteers to test the value of copper bracelets; most respondents had arthritis, and some had worn copper bracelets to relieve it. They were asked to wear first one, then another look-alike bracelet, each for a month. One bracelet was copper, the other an aluminum alloy. The majority of volunteers thought one bracelet was better than the other. More *(continued on page 100)*



Who was Lady Glammis? Why did a Melbourne woman cut the cuffs off her husband's shirts? When are women supposed to stick pins in their sleeve and sing a little song? The answers to these and other intriguing questions, plus quotes, anecdotes, and plenty of space to note your engagements, are

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Child power

America is raising a new generation of inquisitive consumers. Today's kids are asking tough questions—and even have their own media in which to do it.

I am continually amazed at how often children are ignored in a world all too dominated by the "older" generation. Anyone who really listens to the perceptive comments children are making can't help but wonder what we are missing by not giving the younger generation more opportunities to ask questions and pursue answers.

Recently, however, various groups and individuals have recognized a child's ability to offer fresh insights and perspectives into important issues. They've given young people a chance to voice their views on such weighty topics as child abuse, nuclear power and political conventions, in a magazine and television programs run by children for their peers—as well as for their parents' generation.

For example, the young reporters for *Children's Express*—a new monthly magazine written by children—are curious about many things—from the legal rights of children to the death of a parent. In existence for a year, the magazine has examined many issues important to children and has interviewed major political and communications' figures. The publication's approach is straightforward, their concern genuine.

Americans first heard of the *Children's Express* at the 1976 Democratic National Convention. The special edition the children put out made a big splash by being the first to predict that Walter F. Mondale would be Jimmy Carter's choice for Vice President. The children's probing interviews caught some shrewd politicians off guard. For example, when an *Express* reporter asked the late Chicago mayor, Richard Daley, about the riots and demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Convention, he said, "Well that isn't true," denying that the disturbances had taken place—then criticizing the media for its coverage.

Vice President Rockefeller was the target of another direct question at the 1976 Republican Convention. "Why are you supporting [President] Ford after he just dumped you?" asked the candid youngster. This caused David Brinkley to remark that child reporters could do things that veteran adult reporters couldn't get away with.

Taking on their own profession, the young interviewers questioned Edwin Newman of NBC: "What was the biggest mistake you ever made?" they asked. Replied Newman: "It may have been being willing to be interviewed by you . . ." He then added that his most recent mistake was locating the Alamo in the wrong Texas city. He put it in Houston instead of San Antonio.

A case can be made for the proposition that children ask more important questions than grownups because they haven't learned to lie, censor themselves, or use flattery or any other adult artifice. Here are some questions these youngsters have raised: How come people smash bottles instead of wash them? (The context was the controversy over a piece of returnable-bottle legislation.) Why does it cost 13 cents to mail a letter across the country but ten times that to make a phone call from coast to coast?

Everyone has been asked questions like these by inquisitive children. Usually, adults chuckle and dismiss the questions, thus missing an opportunity to challenge assumptions that perhaps need challenging.

The 49-year-old publisher of the *Children's Express,* Robert Clampitt, and his associates, are brimming with ideas and ways to encourage children to keep asking important questions. "Children feel very powerless in the real world," Clampitt once told the *Washington Post*. "Any time they can assume responsibility it has the potential of being a transforming experience. It works directly for the children who are doing it, and it works vicariously for the children who are reading it."

Much of the appeal of *Children's Express* lies in its invitation to readers to participate. Readers between the ages of seven and 13 can send for their own reporter's kit with instructions on how to research story ideas and conduct interviews. Youngsters between 14 and 17 can become "assistant editors" who supervise teams of three or four reporters. As the magazine gains acceptance across the country, more children will be writing articles or submitting interviews. The magazine has put out a "Teachers Guide for *Children's Express* School Liaison Editors." The guide starts with the words of one child:

> "I hear and I forget.
> I see and I remember.
> I *do* and I understand."

What could be more succinct and telling than those three lines about what can make education stick?

This same sort of approach—participation—has made the Public Television program *Zoom* perhaps the most popular children's show ever. The half-hour program consists of riddles, story-telling, poems, skits and craft ideas which children submit to *Zoom*. A troupe of seven *Zoom* children help put together and perform their viewers' contributions. Produced by WGBH in Boston, the show has received more than 2.5 million pieces of mail since it started in 1971. The mail now comes in at the rate of 10,000 letters a week.

Children not only supply program ideas and act as performers for *Zoom* but also are largely responsible for its very survival. Several years ago when the shows funding was threatened, thousands of loyal viewers responded to a "Zoomalarm" on the front *(continued)*

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Ralph Nader

continued

page of *The New York Times* and to other appeals for public support. Funds were eventually found, and the three-time Emmy award-winning show continues to nurture the creativity of its millions of young viewers as it enters its sixth season this fall.

Another TV program that draws on children's natural vitality is *Studio See*, produced by Jayne Adair for South Carolina Educational Television and shown by 135 stations. The half-hour program is video-taped entirely on location, and shows some of the special, creative things children are doing. One segment featured a man and his daughter who photograph Kodiak bears in Alaska. Another followed a group of children touring a nuclear power plant and let them discuss the issues surrounding atomic power.

Producer Adair explained that on-location filming and grass roots stories are crucial to showing "technology in all the ambience of nature"—an approach rarely taken by other shows. She said, "*Studio See* goes to places that other people just don't go to." The idea is that the more television resembles the way things are, the less intimidating certain issues become. To help with this demystification, *Studio See* starts by demystifying television. The show includes short clips of the videotape production crew at work, with children helping as production assistants. This documentary approach, geared for curious 12-to-15-year-olds, has brought some refreshing perspectives to issues while improving children's programming in the process.

Adults may benefit as much as children from these continuing experiments in television and magazine formats. Adults may start asking questions like children do—and be surprised at the results. One *Children's Express* reporter explained how she learned to be a good interviewer: "I just think up a plain question. It doesn't have all these words in it. It's a question that I could understand myself, that I could answer if somebody asked me." Imagine what government, business, school administrations and other institutions would be like if, for one year, only ten-year-olds asked the questions! I think we would have fewer illusions, more clarity and much brighter prospects for future generations.

Children interested in finding out more about how to become a journalist can write to *Children's Express*, 375 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. Viewers interested in contributing ideas to *Zoom* can write to Box 350, Boston, Ma. 02134. The address of *Studio See* is c/o South Carolina Educational Television, Drawer "L," Columbia, S.C. 29250. **End**



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HEADLINER COUPLES

Maggie & Clint

Clint Eastwood. He's either the most complex simple man in movies—or the simplest complex man. In any case, there's tremendous creativity, talent, sensitivity and energy behind that strong, silent image. Ask Maggie Eastwood, his wife for 23 years. Here's a rare glimpse into the private life of an unusual star. By Stephen Decatur



Clint Eastwood stood motionless a scant six yards from where a lacy breaker hissed onto a jumble of rocks below the front of his Carmel home. Bare-chested, he wore only blue denim trousers and low-topped boots. A cool breeze, tangy with brine, ruffled his uncombed hair. For the space of another dozen waves he was unmindful of his visitor. Then he turned and grinned his chipped-tooth grin. "It's beautiful here, isn't it." He was stating a simple fact.

Like the restless, churning sea, there are depths, dimensions and energies within Clint Eastwood that have not been fully plumbed.

The muscles in his arms, chest and flat abdomen rippled smoothly on his six-foot four-inch frame as long strides took him through a door into the soaring planes of cedar and redwood that comprise his dramatic home. The seascape and coppering sun followed him through solid expanses of glass, reflecting shadow and light patterns everywhere.

"Have a brew," he said, busying himself behind a large, gleaming wooden bar. He poured a bottle of beer into a glass and walked back to a low, *(continued on page 94)*

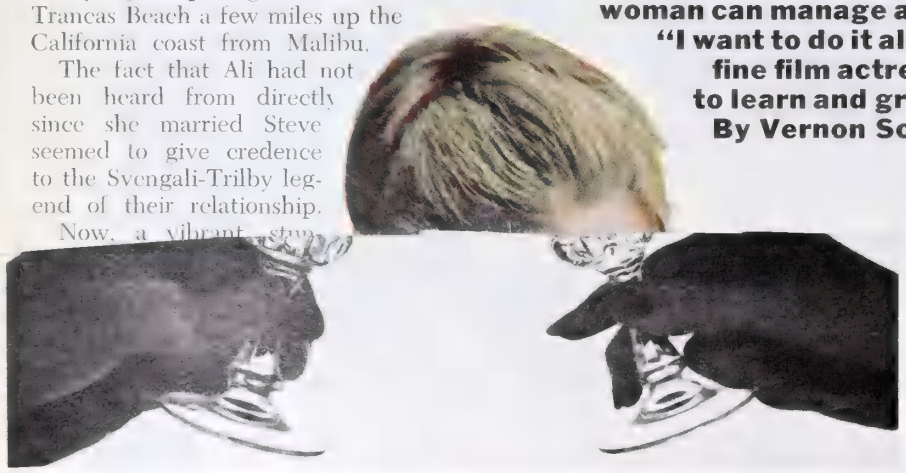
Ali & Steve

After almost five years of silence, Ali MacGraw tells the whole truth about her marriage to Steve McQueen, her family, what psychoanalysis taught her—and why she's come back to making movies. "I feel an intelligent, passionate woman can manage a great deal," she says. "I want to do it all. I want to become a fine film actress, a mother and a wife—to learn and grow in all directions." By Vernon Scott

The fable of "The Prisoner of Trancas" that has surrounded Ali MacGraw since her marriage four years ago to Steve McQueen has attained the status of established fact. The fiction persists that McQueen forced MacGraw to abandon her career to become a floor-scrubbing slavey. Ali is depicted as a despairing, lonely figure pacing the sands of Trancas Beach a few miles up the California coast from Malibu.

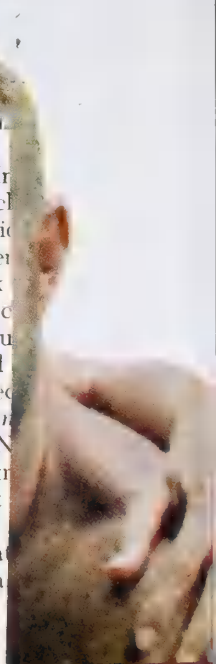
The fact that Ali had not been heard from directly since she married Steve seemed to give credence to the Svengali-Trilby legend of their relationship.

Now, a vibrant stu



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HEADLINER COUPLES

When TV sportscaster Phyllis George married Bob Evans, Hollywood's super producer, people said it would never last. Although she follows Ali MacGraw and two other ex-Evans wives, Phyllis says, "I'm in this 100 percent—marriage means roots." By Kay Gilman

Phyllis & Bob



Phyllis George has never thought of herself as Cinderella. Yet at 28, she comes as close as any woman today to actually living the fantasy of the small-town American girl. First she was Miss America, then she became television's first full-time female network sports commentator, and recently she capped it all by marrying the handsomest, most glamorous, most successful producer in Hollywood—Bob Evans. If that's not the stuff of fairy tales, what is?

What set Phyllis George apart from the scores of pretty young women, some of them former beauty queens, who try to make a dent in show business and generally end up back in their small towns with little to show but battered egos and bruised psyches? Perhaps the answer lies in her beginnings, a world apart from the hardscrabble *(continued on page 90)*

He's almost 60—and a top star of the "old Hollywood." She's 34—and a product of the "new Hollywood." With a 26-year age difference, can William Holden and Stefanie Powers bridge their own personal generation gap? A fascinating look at a not-so-odd couple. By Stephen Decatur

Stefanie & Bill

"Everyone grins when they hear about me and Bill for the first time. People seem happy for both of us."

Stefanie Powers, examining her relationship with William Holden, sipped a scotch on the rocks one warm evening in her rented Benedict Canyon cottage. It pleases Stefanie that her unlikely love affair with Holden evokes curious pleasure from acquaintances as well as strangers. It seems an unlikely match be-



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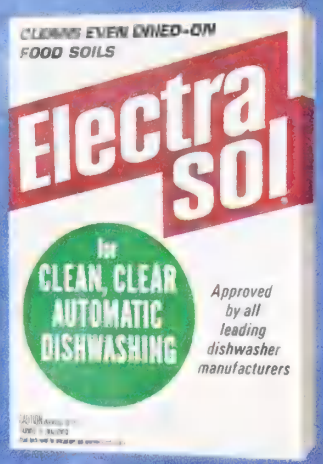


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Stefanie & Bill

continued

shoulder, frequently dipping his beak into her cold dri

"Maybe people never associated Bill and me as a tea Stefanie said. "Bill's been inaccessible all his life. He purpo ly avoided the mainstream by making his homes in Kenya a Switzerland. He's traveled endlessly. He's never made i practice to discuss his personal life.

"We belong to entirely different generations. Maybe relationship brings him down to earth and makes him m identifiable and human in other people's eyes. Until I ca along, no one knew who he was with or what he was doin

The parrot whistled a few bars of "The Colonel Bo March," the theme from Holden's hit film, *The Bridge on River Kwai*. "Stop it, you silly," Stefanie told the bird. " name is Papuga—that's Polish for parrot. I'm Polish on b sides of my family. You know, I think Papuga is gett bombed."

Stefanie placed the tipsy Papuga in his cage, where he co survey the antique tables, bookcases, old lamps and primit New Guinea wood carvings. The cottage has been Stefan temporary home for two years. Its comfortable clutter familiar possessions seems out of character with the lifest generally associated with actresses. It looks more like a coll professor's home.

Stefanie's *The Feather & Father Gang* series was cancel last season after a single year on TV. But she recently star with Jason Robards and Cliff Robertson in *Washington: hind Closed Doors*, and appears less concerned about future as an actress than about her new projects with H which combine their personal and professional interests.

If a generation gap does exist between them, Stefanie thi it adds an important dimension to their relationship. She 34. Bill will be 60 on his next birthday. They spend weeke at Bill's new Palm Springs home, where they motorcycle, in the sun and hatch plans for a series of conservation film

Pasadena vs. Hollywood High

"There's a gap between us when it comes to music, reali and morals," Stefanie said thoughtfully. "I'm from a cult which wasn't as burdened with manners and social obligati as Bill's. Bill is a product of Pasadena, and the Victorian et was part of his life. It wasn't part of mine. I was gradua from Hollywood High.

"But Bill's branched out in so many ways from his prov cial background. He's had more experiences in life than p ple my age probably ever will. He visited Asia, Africa a other areas of the world twenty-five years ago. He saw la and cultures before progress and technology changed th forever. His stories fascinate the hell out of me.

"On the other hand, certain attitudes and observations my generation delight him. But mostly ours is a one-to- relationship. We like to spend time alone together. We g each other the intellectual and emotional nourishment both need. Whatever my natural way of giving, it is suffici for Bill. And he is sufficient for me. We are friends as well lovers.

"The special thing about us, I think, is that we are able tolerate one another's thoughts on a friendship level tha very different from marriage. It's difficult for people who together as long as we've been—more than two years no *not* to take things personally. We have ways in which arrive at conclusions without extensive discussions.

"In marriage, people have a difficult time tolerating e other's problems. It's different when you relate on a cl friendship basis. You take time to listen and understand."

Bill has been divorced from actress Brenda Marshall years. Their children are grown. Stefanie was married on to actor Gary Lockwood. *(continued on page*

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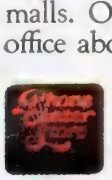


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The Mickey Mouse Phone. ©Walt Disney Productions. Housing produced by American Telecommunications Corporation.

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Househusbands

continued from page 34

write to me, and everyone visits ofte I was a Navy man. So when they we all at home together I organized th housework on a work assignment boar For the ones who were too little to rea I took pictures of the child and put the beside pictures of each job—a broom, a unmade bed, a dirty pot. Everyon learned every chore, regardless of sex. never had to punish anyone after th first four. The oldest ones set the exan ple for all the others.

"I used to mark their clothes wi numbers and colors, then dump th laundry in the middle of the floor an they sorted it. There were teams f cooking, dishes, table-setting and floo sweeping. The only thing that didn work was my plan to sleep late in th morning and have them wake up with tape-recorder set on a time-clock. The didn't like it.

"No one understands what women a up against better than I do. I've been member of the Mothers' Club of Ca Creek, Ariz., and the National Organ zation for Women because I'm in th same boat. My wife has the same anno ing characteristics that successful me have. She often leaves the house by 6:3 comes home beat, expects dinner to b ready and is too tired to talk. She use to need me to help her with her pro lems or give her advice on job change Then, suddenly, she was beyond m She's meeting with some of the most a tractive, intelligent and powerful peop in the world. What can a full-time hom maker do to match it? All you can giv is lots of love.

"On the kids' school documents, I use to fill in 'Occupation: Househusband' and I'd always get a call from the offic 'Mr. Collins, you must mean you're u employed.' Hell, no, I'm a housekeepe I keep this house together. If eleve children isn't a career, what is?" **En**

YESTERDAY'S SONNET

By Beatrice Meyer

In November when the trees
Have settled in for the winter freeze,
My thoughts should be of pumpkin pie,
Of groaning tables, piled high,
Or wary geese that southward fly—
But not of bygone last July.
I was yours in the summer days—
Crystal mornings, blue-lit haze,
Baskets of berries, glasses of wine,
Checkered cloths on which to dine,
Splashing tugs on our fishing line,
Breathless days when you were mine.

November is bright through the dark gra sky,
When I think of you and last July.

Give Mattel Preschool and you give something special:



hristmas fun is waiting in every bright Mattel Preschool package with the bold red order. This one is the tough, durable Tuff-Stuff* Doll Stroller (1): (shown upper right).*



(2). Love Notes* Nellie* Doll: She plays lovely music when squeezed.*



(3). Chatter Chums* "Mickey Mouse": He says 8 different things.**



). My Very Own* Phone: It says 8 fferent things; no batteries required.



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(11). Putt-Putt® All Aboard!™ Motor Railroad: New wind-up train, stops train depot for loading Putt-Putt passengers with the 'people loader.'

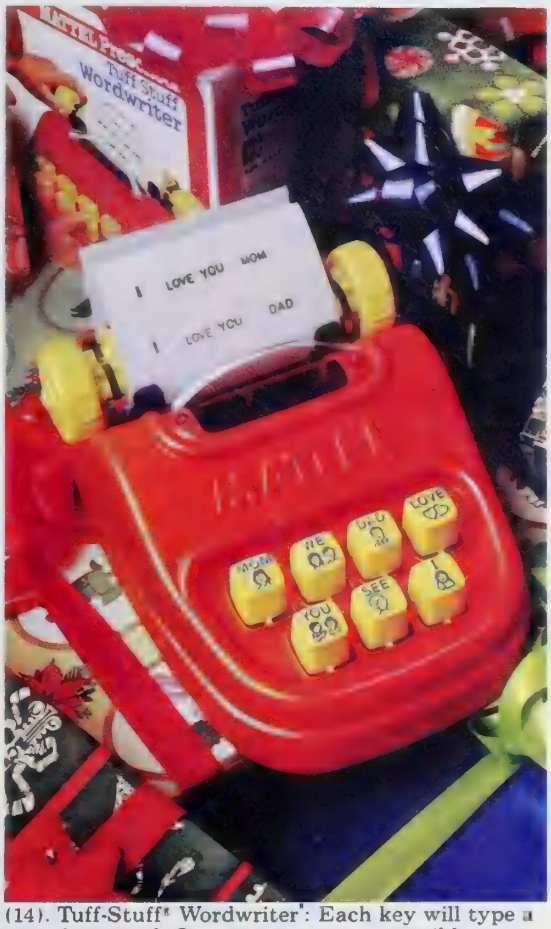
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☐ _____ Child's name

☐ _____ Child's name

☐ _____ Child's name

☐ _____

Gift List continued

*Batteries not included



Toys kids love.

C

Gift List continued

- ☐ _____ Child's name
- ☐ _____ Child's name
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WOMEN TAKING STOCK

Information for the woman investor. By Allan Edwards

Allan Edwards is a businessman with a 30-year record of successful investments in his own behalf. He is now adding the wisdom of the leaders of the top Wall Street companies to his own experience in responding to your questions about the stock market. Questions will be answered as space permits; Mr. Edwards regrets that he cannot respond personally. Send your questions to "Women Taking Stock," Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.

Dear Mr. Edwards: What does the expression "buying stock on margin" mean? Does it increase the risk in investing in stocks or bonds?—Ms. I.R.B.

Dear Ms. I.R.B.: "Buying stock on margin" is primarily a tool for an experienced, aggressive investor. It enables such a person to trade securities without putting up the full cash purchase price.

The Federal Reserve Board sets minimum initial margin requirements, which currently are 50 percent. The balance is borrowed at interest from the brokerage firm executing the order. Since 1934, margin requirements have ranged considerably from 40% to 100%.

A margin transaction gives the buyer the opportunity to buy more shares of stock with a given amount of money—and the potential for greater gain. This kind of leverage also makes a margin transaction inherently more risky, since a sharp decline in the price of a stock held in a margin account can result in a "call" for additional margin money which, if not forthcoming, could result in the sale of the securities held as collateral for the amount borrowed. With the advent of a general decline in stock prices, these "calls" for additional margin for the sale of a significant number of shares of stock tend to further depress the market.

We note, however, that a number of our clients use margin accounts in a less aggressive manner—and somewhat as a forced savings program. Such customers make periodic security purchases in a high-percentage equity margin account and promptly proceed to pay down the debit by cash deposits as well as by dividend credits to their account. Once the debit has been paid off, or reduced to a very small percentage of the total account value, another purchase is made and the process is repeated.—George Fox, President, Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood, Inc.

Dear Mr. Edwards: There is obviously more to investing than buying and selling stocks. I would appreciate an indication of other investment possibilities I should consider. And which of these alternatives you favor now.—Mrs. P.J.S.

Dear Mrs. P.J.S.: The investment world now offers more avenues of investing than have existed at any other time. The cliche that brokers only handle the purchase and sale of common stock is fast fading, due to the great reformation that has been taking place in the investment business since the late 1960's. Today's account executives are well schooled in preparing many approaches to the investment of people's money. In addition, the management of the investment firms are constantly on the lookout for well-constructed investment vehicles, in which the degree of risk is minimized.

Who would have ever thought ten years ago that members of the New York Stock Exchange would be offering insurance products to their clients? Yet the deferred investment annuity contract, which is a combination of insurance coverage plus an investment package, has been fast surpassing even the fondest hopes of those who originally designed it for clients of investment firms. It is a method whereby purchasers of the deferred annuity contract can defer their interest in the contract on a tax-deferred basis until they reach an age at which they wish to receive the benefits of the contract. Only then, after a considerable period of receiving receipts based upon a return of capital basis, do they pay the proper income taxes—but usually when the owner of the contract is at a lower income basis.

Listed options, both on the Chicago Board Option Exchange and the American Stock Exchange, have attracted a great deal of attention. Options permit investors with a minimum amount of capital to purchase the right to buy securities whose underlying securities may be listed on the New York Stock Exchange or the American Stock Exchange at a fraction of the cost involved in complete ownership of the securities. These options have a limited life, usually 90 days to six months. They are a way to control an amount of stock for a certain specified period of time. They do have an obsolescence factor, but on the plus side, it is a vehicle that limits losses.

For those investors interested in preserving capital, there is a plethora of corporate and municipal bond funds available to the investor. These funds are managed by some of the leading investment firms and allow the investor to get a high rate of return with a degree of safety provided by diversification of the various bond issues. They have been a tractive because they are easy to pu chase with minimum cost—and, in th main, provide monthly interest incom

More and more investment firms rea ize that it is their function to provide nancial products that have a high degr of salability and are durable enough stand the rigors of market swings. Safe is an important criteria in the design these products and there is a general to ing down of the wild expectations r garding financial gains to be made fro such investment vehicles.

Finally, educational programs for i vestors, especially women, are being o fered as a means to increasing the lev of awareness and professionalism amo investors. This is being demanded by i vestors, a demand that is basically bei met by Wall Street as there comes meeting of minds regarding the attra tiveness of investing in the capital stru ture of the United States.—William Clayton, Senior Vice President and D rector, E. F. Hutton & Company.

Dear Mr. Edwards: Do women and me differ in approach to buying and selli stocks and bonds?—Mrs. P.F.L.

Dear Mrs. P.F.L.: It's difficult to gene alize about how women—or men, for th matter—approach investing. Today, nea ly 12 million women own stocks. An like men, some are very sophisticated i vestors, while some are not; some se primarily income, others want capit appreciation or wish to speculate.

Among the different types of investo there is one large group which qui likely inspired your question. These a the women who had traditionally le their investment decision to men—f thers, husbands, brothers, sons—and wh now approach investing with some trep dation, although they are eager to sta taking hold of their finances.

The most important characteristic w have found in this group is a desire f knowledge.

To cite just one example of the inten interest, over 800 women attended investment seminar we conducted Boston earlier this year, and half of the signed up for a four-session basic inve ment course. And they showed up fait fully for all the sessions, including o held despite a tornado warning.

Of course, such eagerness to lea about investing is not new. A quart century ago, we were swamped wh we offered seminars for women wh wanted to chart their own investme course. But, unquestionably, recent yea have brought a tremendous increase the number of women who are dete mined to be knowledgeable investo This is an encouraging developme good for the investor and good for t economy.—Donald T. Regan, Chairm and Chief Executive Officer, Mer Lynch & Co., Inc.



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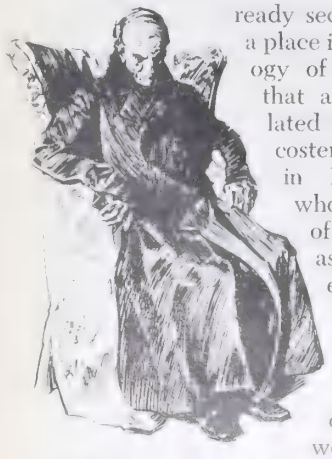
Patterns shown actual size.

THE ANNOTATED CHRISTMAS CAROL

Few stories have had such lasting appeal as Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Here are some fascinating behind-the-scenes notes about how it was written.



A *Christmas Carol* remains the most popular work of England's most popular novelist, and it has had something of a life of its own beyond its author's reputation. Should all of Charles Dickens' marvelous creations, from Mr. Pickwick to Edwin Drood, be suddenly threatened with extinction, the story of Mr. Scrooge would certainly survive. It has become a part of Christmas folklore. All misers are Ebenezer Scrooge, all plum puddings the same as that devoured by the Cratchits. Besides having written a thoroughly entertaining narrative, Dickens possessed the special ability of defining better than anyone before or since the spirit of the holiday season. In what he called "the Carol philosophy," he went beyond merely venerating Christmas for "its sacred name and origin" to acknowledging its basic humanism: "a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of other people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys." By the time of his death, Dickens had already secured so sure a place in the mythology of the holiday that a story circulated about a little costermonger's girl in Drury Lane who, on hearing of his funeral, asked, "Dickens dead? Then will Father Christmas die too?"



Miss Burdett Coutts, a wealthy friend and philanthropist (to whom he dedicated *Martin Chuzzlewit*), asked Dickens' council in regard to a request to give financial support to the Ragged Schools of Field Lane, Holborn. His response was to visit these free institutions for the poor, located in a dismal part of London. "The school is held in three most wretched rooms on the first floor of a rotten house," he wrote in his "sledge-hammer account of the Ragged Schools" to Miss Coutts on September 16. "One room is devoted to the girls: two to the boys. The former are much the better looking—I cannot say better dressed, for there is no such thing as dress among the seventy pupils." Dickens recognized the great difficulty in giving these wretches even the simplest of religious instruction. "To gain their attention in any way," he continued, "is a difficulty, quite gigantic. To impress them, even with the idea of a God, when their own condition is so desolate, becomes a monstrous task. To find anything within them . . . to which it is possible to appeal, is at first, like a search for the philosopher's stone." Dickens heartily encouraged Miss Coutts to assist these institutions, but he added, "My heart so sinks within me when I go into these scenes, that I almost lose the hope of ever seeing them changed. Whether this effort will succeed, it is quite impossible to say."

Dickens, however, was determined to help the education of the poor in his own way. He approached the editor of *The Edinburgh Review* with the idea of an article about "certain voluntary places of instruction, called 'The Ragged Schools' . . . and of the schools in Jails—and of the ignorance presented in such places, which would make a very striking paper—especially if they were put in strong comparison with the effort making, by subscription, to maintain exclusive Church Instruction. I could shew these people in such a state so miserable and so neglected, that their very nature rebels against the simplest religion—and that to convey to them the faintest outlines of any system of distinction between Right and Wrong, is in itself a Giant's task, before which Mysteries and Squabbles for Forms, *must* give way." Expressing a warning that Dickens not unnecessarily attack the church, the editor accepted the proposal, but a confusion over the deadline prevented the article from being written.

By the end of the year, Dickens found an opportunity in a public forum to express his opinions on the conditions of the poor. The Atheneum, a charitable institution for the Manchester working class, invited the novelist to speak at a fund-raising soirée of October 5. This invitation gave him the opportunity to visit his sister Fanny and her family who lived in the city, so he accepted. Sharing the platform with Disraeli and others, Dickens spoke passionately on the education of the poor. He praised the Atheneum for recognizing through its lectures and other opportunities for bodily and intellectual exercise that even "with the clanking of stupendous engines and the whirl of machinery, the immortal mechanism of God's own hand, the mind, is not forgotten in the din and uproar."

He found hope in such institutions as the Atheneum where the working man who as yet not able to keep "the wolf of hunger from his door" might still "once have chased the dragon of ignorance from his hearth."

The speaker was touched by the audience's enthusiastic applause, and something about "the bright eyes and beaming faces" before him inspired a desire to try to capture the warmer feelings of the people at large. He recognized who his audience was; from the literary point of view, he realized that such institutions as the Atheneum were "of great importance, deeming that the more intelligent and reflective society in the mass becomes, and the more readers there are, the more distinctly writers of all kinds will be able to throw themselves upon the truthful feeling of the people, and the more honored and the more useful literature must be."

During the remainder of his three-day visit to Manchester, Dickens was obliged to keep several appointments and had to hurry about the streets. One evening while on such a journey, his mind still burning with thoughts of Ignorance and Want and the necessity of throwing himself "upon the truthful feeling of the people," Dickens conceived the story of *A Christmas Carol*. On his return home, this inspiration so possessed him that over *(continued)*

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continued



the book's writing he "wept and laughed and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all sober folks had gone to bed."

In the book's composition Dickens relied heavily on his earlier writing. The rudimentary plot came from the Christmas tale related at the famous party at Dingley Dell. In "The Goblins Who Stole A Sexton," the prototype for Scrooge may be found in the ill-tempered gravedigger Gabriel Grub. On Christmas Eve, this man, who can think of nothing better to do than to drink from a bottle of Hollands and dig a grave, is confronted by a band of goblins in an old churchyard. They spirit the sexton away to their enchanted cavern to view panoramas of Christmas life. In their den, old Gabriel sees both the rich and the poor and how they and he should celebrate the holiday. Through this supernatural medium, Gabriel Grub, like Ebenezer Scrooge, is converted to a new, reformed life.

The scenes and sentiments of the new story in part came too from the previous writing on Christmas. *A Christmas Carol* shares the attitude of the "good-humored Christmas chapter" of *The Pickwick Papers:* "Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and quiet home!" The Fezziwig Ball sports the active good-fellowship of the old Christmas hosted by Old Wardle; the holiday party of Scrooge's nephew exudes the same spirited domesticity of the earlier family party in *Sketches by Boz.*

What distinguishes *A Christmas Carol* from the earlier holiday pieces is the conscious recognition that this festive season "is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices." In writing *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens retained his purpose as a writer, what he had adhered to in his previous works, "an earnest and true desire to contribute . . . to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment." But in the new book, he added a new approach in its composition; as he wrote in a letter of April 3, 1844:

> I have great faith in the Poor; to the best of my ability I always endeavor to present them in a favorable light to the rich; and I shall never cease, I hope, until I die, to advocate their being made as happy and as wise as the circumstances of their condition in its utmost improvement, will admit of their becoming. I mention this to assure you of two things. Firstly, that I try to deserve their attention. And secondly that any such mark of their approval and confidence as you relate to me, are most acceptable to my feelings, and go at once to my heart.

Through this growing social consciousness, Dickens found the proper form in which to make his "Appeal to the People of England, on behalf of the Poor Man's Child."

The form and purpose having been chosen, Dickens proceeded to draw heavily on his own experience to flesh out the narrative. He depended greatly on his own childhood. The boy Scrooge, left in the schoolhouse, delights in the same books beloved by the boy Dickens. The warmth and exuberance of the Cratchits' humble but hardly insignificant Christmas dinner recalls Dickens' own celebrations when a child in Camden Town. The pathos of the death of Tiny Tim, too, came from those early years; the boy Charles knew the tragedy of child mortality due to the deaths of both a brother and sister in infancy. "It is from the life, and I was there," he wrote of an episode in *Dombey and Son* with an assurance also applicable to *A Christmas Carol;* "I remember it all as well, and certainly understood it as well, as I do now. We should be devilish sharp in what we do to children."

These experiences were further expanded into the metaphor of the demon children Want and Ignorance. In defending the boy and girl, the Ghost of Christmas Present speaks out for all the children "wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable," who labored in the factories and the Cornish mines and who attended the Ragged Schools. Through these children Dickens could act as prophet to warn the public at large of the consequences of its great indifference. In composing his story, Dickens was surely visited by all three ghosts of past, present and future.

With all the elements clearly falling into place, Dickens frantically worked to complete the story. He locked himself up in his house, and while struggling through the next two installments of the "Chuzzlewit agonies," he feverishly worked on the manuscript. All other projects (such as the article on the Ragged Schools) had to be postponed, because "I plunged headlong into a little scheme . . .; set an artist at work upon it; and put it wholly out of my own power to touch the Edinburgh subject until after Christmas is turned. For carrying out the notion I speak of, and being punctual with Chuzzlewit, will occupy every moment of my working time, up to the Christmas Holidays."

Dickens wrote the story in a few weeks during an impassioned inspiration, but a glance at the original manuscript (now in the Pierpont Morgan Library) demonstrates with what great care Dickens constructed the story. Unlike the previous novels, *A Christmas Carol* did not appear in monthly installments, but was composed as a sustained, complete work from its inception. The critic John Butt in his study *Pope, Dickens, and Others* (1969) recognized the significance of this new approach to composition by Dickens; *A Christmas Carol* was "the first time [Dickens] had attempted to direct his fertile imagination within the limits of a carefully constructed and premeditated plot." It is a transitional work between the early novels and his mature work. Butt continued, "This is the first occasion of Dickens discovering a plot sufficient to carry his message, a plot, that is to say, the whole of which bears upon his message and does not overlap." It is the first example in Dickens' work to fuse together his purpose of "healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment" and his "great Faith in the Poor." As Butt explained, Dickens had, through *A Christmas Carol*, "at last begun to keep a steadier eye on his purpose and design of his work which was to characterize his novels from *Dombey and Son* onwards." This, the first Christmas book, defined not only the holiday itself, but also the nature of Dickens' subsequent work.

A Christmas Carol was always one of Dickens' personal favorites. He recognized its importance in respect to his entire output. He seems never to have been completely satisfied with the writing. From the early galleys until the final authorized version published the year of his death, Dickens was constantly revising the text. His many changes between the manuscript and the first edition demonstrate his struggle to choose the right word or phrase. Many alterations are minor punctuation and spelling corrections (he had particular difficulty including the "u" in "parlour," "honour" and "flavour" and a toning down of his exclamations ("Good God" becomes "Good Heaven," "Lord bless me" merely "Bless me"), but often he greatly *(continued)*


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ANNOTATED CHRISTMAS CAROL

continued

nproved a passage (for example, the awkward "why do pirits come on earth, and only to me" in the manuscript to e more polished "why do spirits walk the earth, and why do ey come to me" in the final text). For the first collected, heap edition of the *Christmas Books* and in the final Charles ickens Edition of 1870, Dickens slightly altered spellings d punctuation. His most drastic remolding of the text was epared for his public reading tours; during the many years traveled both in England and America, he constantly re-orked his prompt copy (now in the Berg Collection of the ew York Public Library). In 1867 he gave permission to his merican publishers to issue his public reading version to be stributed in the halls where he spoke.

The present edition includes the first, uncorrected printing *A Christmas Carol in Prose* (1843). Significant textural fferences in the many states of the story are indicated in the otes in the margins. The other annotations deal with the erary, autobiographical, and other concerns suggested by e familiar text.

"Bah! Humbug!"

Over 100 years have passed since the first edition of *A hristmas Carol*, and there is no indication that the story's opularity will ever wane. Many people still react to its phil-ophy with "Bah! Humbug!" The economic man today works s way but with a different vengeance. The current utilitarian oes not view the season as "a poor excuse for picking a man's ocket every twenty-fifth of December"; he rejoices in it, ecause its present commercialism pays homage to that other ol, Gain. The old Christmas spirit, apparent in a Salvation my Santa Claus or a young caroler in the snow, still carries s torch, even if in a feeble way, to combat both Want and norance. The secular sentiments of Christmas still prevail ecause of Dickens' carol. Despite the machinations of mod-n industrialization and the other brutalities of a progressive ciety, Christmas remains "a kind, forgiving, charitable, easant time; . . . when men and women seem by one consent open their shut-up hearts freely." For Dickens to have ded to this common good makes his contribution to the orld of letters unique and enduring. As Thackeray advised, od bless him!"—*Edited by Michael Patrick Hearn.* **End**

THE NEW HOUSE

By Thomas John Carlisle

ere will be some wildness
th the new house.
e field mice will arrive
question the invasion
their primacy.
e stifled swamp will rise
press its fingers
t the cellar panes.
ccoons will visit—
l skunks and rabbits—
llenging the garbage pail
l the greening garden.
e soil recycled
l activate the seeds
weeds long dormant.
vate eyes of insects
will not abandon the area
they claimed for generations.
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in the fresh atmosphere
and pungency of lumber
and paint and varnish
mixed with the staler smell
of our long cherished books
and the antique possessions
we bring along on our
migration.
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intrepid pioneers
but we will soon discover
the primitive dimensions
of a shared domain.



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Alice in Wonderland Cookbook: A Culinary Diversion



'Drink Me' Soup

1 orange / 1 lemon / 1 pear / 1 apple / any other fruit in season, within reason, such as pineapple or tart-cherries / ½ pound soft brown sugar / 2 tablespoons corn flour / 2 pints water or, preferably, fruit stock / ratafia biscuits (in lieu of "hot buttered toast")

1 Wash, peel, and stone all the fruit, cutting into small pieces, with the exception of the lemon.

2 Put the pieces into the stock and simmer until soft.

3 Squeeze the lemon and add its juice to the pan. Also the sugar and the grated lemon rind for zest.

4 Bring mixture to the boil.

5 Having mixed corn flour with 2 tablespoons of cold water, add this to the seething soup, stirring all the time.

6 Boil for 5 more minutes, even longer if the taste of the corn flour persists.

7 Serve chilled with ratafia biscuits.

8 Eat slowly to prevent shrinking fast.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not": for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that, if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and, finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavor of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope!"

(continued)

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Crystal by Baccarat

Not 'Too Much Pepper' Soup



1¼ pounds potatoes, peeled and quartered / 2 bunches chopped watercress, as a hot pepper substitute / freshly ground pepper, the genuine thing / 3 large chopped onions / 3 pints white stock or, failing that, salted water / 1 gill double cream / salt

1 Boil potatoes and onions in stock until thoroughly cooked.
2 Rub them through a sieve, returning the purée to the stock.
3 Bring mixture to the boil.
4 Add chopped watercress and boil for 15 minutes.
5 Season with plenty *of freshly ground pepper, but not* "too much."
6 Also salt to taste.
7 If you want to serve the soup hot, stir in the cream gently.
8 If cold, chill and stir in the cream just before serving.
9 Garnish with chopped watercress.
10 And remember, table napkins are not for sneezing into.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby: the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the *air*. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only two creatures in the kitchen, that did *not* sneeze, were the cook and a large cat, which was lying on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh, don't bother *me*," said the Duchess. "I never could abide figures!" And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

Chorus
(in which the cook and the baby joined):—
"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice could hardly hear the words:

"I speak severely to my boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"
"Wow! wow! wow!"



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Plants That REALLY Bloom Indoors

IN THE WINDOW



BY GEORGE & VIRGINIE ELBERT

Moses-in-the-Cradle. ***Rhoeo discolor. Commelinaceae.*** Amusing plant for windowsill.

Moses-in-the-cradle is a foliage plant for most of the year and the flowers are inconspicuous. The foliage, dark green above and purple beneath, is attractive but its popularity is due more to its common name than anything else, for the blooming period is very short. Flowering takes place near the base of the plant and consists of bracts arranged in an oval like a boat with the small white flowers jammed between the gunwales. *Rhoeo* grows about a foot high.

It requires a six-inch pot of a rich soil mix (3 parts sphagnum peat moss, 2 parts perlite, 1 part vermiculite), plenty of water at all times except during cool periods, temperature above 65° F., high humidity and occasional feeding. Usually in late spring offshoots develop around the base; these can be potted up separately. Give it as much light as you can—a west or south window. ▪

Black-eyed Susan Vine. ***Thunbergia alata. Acanthaceae.*** For windowsill or light garden. Easy to grow and bloom under lights but a bit hard to control.

This perennial vine, with its large yellow flowers centered with a startling black spot, grows rapidly from seed, which is available from most seedsmen, and germinates in about ten days. Place it on a sunny windowsill, water it aplenty—for it must never dry out—and train it on a fan trellis. Since the stems do not get woody but grow fast, it must be tied up neatly and trained around and around. As side shoots appear they must be cut off.

A rampant plant, it requires a large pot with a rich soil mix (3 parts sphagnum peat moss, 2 parts perlite, 1 part vermiculite) and on a windowsill a ten-incher is in order. Give it plenty of balanced fertilizer and temperatures of 60° F. or better. When winter comes, it will most likely no longer flower in daylight alone and will require supplementary lighting.

Long days under fluorescent lights agree with it completely and it will bloom all year. The problem is how to keep it in check. Sometimes we just let it grow around the tubes, trimming off excess foliage now and then. Chopped back it is moderately compact, but since it puts out a lot of root, you will still need to move it from a small to a rather large pot under lights.

Thunbergia can be propagated from stem cuttings so that you can keep a new plant coming along all the time. This has its advantages where space is at a premium.

If leaves start to turn yellow in spite of good watering you are in trouble, because this means spider mites of one type or another are probably at work. They particularly like this kind of thin-leaved plant. We suspect that they often come with the seed itself and suggest immersion for a few minutes in a solution of Kelthane before planting. If you already have an infestation, cut back the plant to manageable size and dunk it, pot and all, in a Kelthane solution.

Recently, nurseries have been offering *Thunbergia gibsonii*, a stronger vine with larger, vibrant orange flowers. Hence, we would not recommend it for a light garden, but it may do very well in a bright, sunny window. **End**

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Turn-of-the-century America

The years 1890 to 1910 were a period of extraordinary growth, expansion and innovation in the United States. Immigration swelled the population from 62 to 92 millions, economic patterns were revolutionized as thousands of rural families migrated to cities for jobs. This activity is reflected in a major exhibition of paintings, graphics and photographs —"Turn-of-the-Century America"—assembled by New York's Whitney Museum under the curatorial direction of Patricia Hills, generously sponsored by the J. C. Penney Company. Ms. Hills describes the show in this way: "From the Columbian Exposition of 1893, generally considered the high water mark of the beaux arts tradition, to the 1908 exhibition of the young realists in New York City, the arts of the era embraced a complexity of forms, themes and techniques which chronicle the vitality of the era." To walk through the marvelously varied sections of this show leaves one full of nostalgia and wonder at the perception born of innocence, the beginning and the end of a remarkable period in our history.

Here, examples of work by women painters and photographers whose work is represented in the show, which will travel during the next year to St. Louis, Seattle and Oakland, Calif. *(continued)*



An example of the mural movement of the period, a revival sparked by Chicago's Columbia Exposition in 1893. This is by Mary L. Macomber, a painting in oil of *St. Catherine*, done in 1896.

Oil on canvas, 34½ × 24 inches; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; gift of the artist.

An early example of "pictorial photography," in which photographs tried to achieve the same qualities currently being admired in paintings. This, by Anne Brigman in 1905, is called *The Bubble*.

Photograph, 7½ × 9½ inches; The Oakland Museum; gift of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Nott.





Another example of Mary Cassatt's work, from 1891, titled *Young Women Picking Fruit*. Curator Hills points out in the exhibition catalog that a study of Cassatt's work often reveals a "psychological strength in women living domestic and circumscribed lives."

Oil on canvas, 51⅜ × 35¾ inches; Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

Mary Cassatt was probably the outstanding woman artist of the period. She spent most of her career in France, and the influence of the Impressionist movement is obvious. This is her *Baby Getting Up from His Nap* done in 1901.

Oil on canvas, 36½ x 29 inches; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; George A. Hearn Fund.





Portraits in oil were a vital factor in art of the period. This informal portrait, revealing much about its subject—*Dorothea in the Woods*—is by Cecilia Beaux, 1897.

Oil on canvas, 53½ x 40 inches, Whitney Museum of American Art; gift of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Horowitz.

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Turn-of-the-century America

continued

It was the golden age of illustration, commercial art for the mass audiences of magazines and newspapers. Curator Hills raises appropriate questions as to what criteria to use in judging this art form, but concludes soundly that "Illustrations are a valuable part of history and often either delightful or profound as art." A good example is this *Mother and Child* by Jessie Willcox Smith, 1908.

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Eisenstat.





This is an outstanding example of the Boston School of American Impressionism—a pastel, idealized woman by Lilian Westcott Hale: *L'Edition de Luxe*, 1910.

Pastel on canvas 23 × 15 inches, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Gift of Miss Mary C. Wheelwright.



Social photography, a new realism born in this period; a form that was to burgeon during the 20th century. This is by Alice Austen—"Rag Pickers and Hand Carts at 23rd Street and Third Avenue." 1896.

8 x 10 inches, Courtesy of the Staten Island Historical Society, N.Y.

Photography made rapid strides as an art during this period. Gertrude Käsebier was one of the great artists in this form: this painting-like photograph is of Rose O'Neill, originator of the Kewpie doll. 1900.

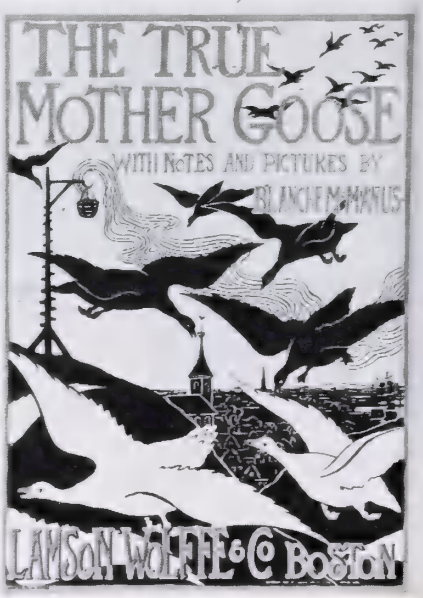
Platinum print, 8 × 6 inches, International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, Rochester, N.Y.





Another portrait from the camera of Gertrude Käsebier, this one of Evelyn Nesbit, an artist in another medium. 1903.

Gelatin silver print, 8⅛ × 6⅛ inches, International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, Rochester, N.Y.



Posters were a popular but short-lived fad of the period. Perhaps the most nostalgic art form in the Whitney show. This—*The True Mother Goose*—by Blanche McManus, 1895.

Color lithograph, 20⅝ x 14⅜ inches, Columbia University, N.Y., Engel Collection.

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4. State, federal and other taxes imposed on the winner, as well as gratuities, charges for alcoholic beverages and personal charges incurred in the hotel will be the sole responsibility of the prizewinner.

5. All prize winners will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received. Only one prize to a household. Marden-Kane is the independent judging organization whose decisions are final. For a list of prize winners and judge's statements explaining the methods used in determining entitlements to prizes, send a separate, self-addressed envelope to MAX MINK-STAKES winner list, P.O. Box 2358, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.

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THE BEST

What fun to know what one man considers to be the best—here we range from the best hotel to the best mosquito repellent. By Peter Passell.

THE BEST HOTEL

You might think that grand hotels have had their day, that inheritance taxes and college tuition have polished off the leisure class leaving no one to foot the bill for linen bedsheets and wall-to-wall service. Such thoughts usually surface during the midnight search for the ice machine in some desolate airport Hilton Inn, or while cursing the busted cable TV in your regulation HoJo.

Actually, nothing could be further from the truth. Their names and faces may change, but we will have the rich always with us. More important, the world is full of expense-account travelers who act like rich people whenever they can get away with it. From Beverly Hills to Quito to Nairobi to Hong Kong, luxe is available for the paying. Even in places where the water is poisonous, the air force is Russian-trained and the natives eat manioc root for breakfast, chances are the local Intercontinental has thermostatically controlled air-conditioning and an expert French chef in the kitchen.

Styles move with the times, of course. The new hotels are larger and more impersonal, the rooms may all look the same and the bills may be printed by computer—which may not be all bad, since it's hard to sleep in more than one room at a time anyway, and computers are generally more accurate than clerks. But for those who object to progress, per se, we've divided the categories:

Grand Tradition. These are the places where the doormen dress up like Guatemalan generals, special rooms are set aside for personal maids and the cashier's window is all but invisible. Such hotels don't exist in democratic America, except in modified versions. Give honorable mention to the Ritz-Carltons in Montreal and Boston, the Carlyle and Pierre in New York, the Westgate in San Diego, the Madison in Washington, D.C., the Whitehall in Chicago. Here you can expect good taste, good service and the blessed absence of conventions.

Only in Europe, however, is it possible to find elegant hotels where time stopped in 1910. Switzerland has the Richemond in Geneva and the Dolder Grand in Zurich. The latter crowns a hillside above the city as if on perpetual guard duty for the anonymous billions stashed below. A Gobelin hangs in the main salon; the chef smokes his own salmon. Vienna has one hotel, the Imperial, that exudes the same dignified presence without similar benefit of topography that Zurich's hotels have. The secret is 19th-century opulence artfully masking 20th-century Teutonic efficiency.

In London, there's Claridge's, with instantaneous room service around the clock and suites containing $50,000 worth of antiques; the Dorchester, catering to wealthy travelers who like their luxury up front; the tiny Connaught, all mahogany and tradition. IRA bombers and militant unions haven't made a dent in their façades.

In Rome, the choice is either the Hassler or the Grand. The Grand has been damaged less by chain ownership than by its popularity with the Beautiful People; still, it's just fine, unless you object to rococo overkill. Diffident types prefer the smaller (hundred-room) Hassler, with its Louis Quinze furniture and view from the Spanish Steps. Neither should be compared to Venice's Gritti Palace, the hotel with the most beautiful interiors on the continent. The Ritz in Madrid comes a close second.

We have, of course, saved the best for last. Paris has more grand hotels than any other city, and the grandest among these is—need one state the obvious?—the Ritz. The Crillon, Plaza-Athénée and Meurice are not hardship posts. But the Ritz is special. Created in 1898 by César Ritz, it has defined luxury ever since. The hotel entrance is hidden along the stone façade of the traffic-choked Place Vendôme, though most of the 160 rooms face landscaped interior courtyards; before M. Ritz purchased the building, it had been the townhouse of the Duc de Lauzun. Auguste Escoffier transformed *haute cuisine* in the kitchens of the Ritz, which still maintains one Michelin star. During the summer, guests may dine in the formal Louis XV room, in the bourgeois Espadon, or outside in the gardens. If the price of a room ($80 and up), or a meal (about $40 per person), is out of range, try the Ritz bar. Fifty years post-Hemingway, it's still the place in Paris to see assorted literary types, bored billionaires and hangers-on.

Chrome and Glass. Hotels don't have to be Edwardian palaces to be good. Personally, we are suckers for the indoor pool at the Paris Sofitel, with its poolside vistas of the city, or the great interior courtyards of the Atlanta Hyatt Regency and the other Portman extravaganzas in San Francisco and Houston. Los Angeles has the charming excess of the Beverly Wilshire (Jacuzzis in the bathrooms, leather wallpaper in the bar) and the 2001 efficiency of the Century Plaza. For sheer glitter there's the Othon Palace in Rio, La Bonaventure in Montreal, the Okura in Tokyo, the El Presidente in Mexico City, or the Mandarin overlooking Hong Kong harbor.

Yet none is quite in the *(continued)*

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class of the new Berkeley in London, the only aggressively modern hotel that maintains 19th-century service standards. Opened a few years ago, the Berkeley possesses a penthouse swimming pool with retractable roof, a Roman bath and sauna, a tiny movie theater, a restaurant discothèque complete with waterfall. Somehow this is all pulled off with good taste, the flash coexisting peacefully with an otherwise understatedly elegant small hotel.

Good taste does have a way of lightening the wallet, and it's no surprise that the Berkeley is one of the most expensive places in the world to spend a night. Assume $100 for a room, perhaps three times that for a suite.

THE BEST EXERCISE

We don't mean the most fashionable exercise, though that's a natural misunderstanding these days. Sample dinner-party chatter among the Campari and soda crowd, and you'll hear more about the relative merits of Adidas and Converse than about Joseph Heller's angst or tax shelters in real estate. (For the record, squash is in; paddle tennis is very in. Tennis, cross-country skiing and jogging still rate, but are slipping. Touch football? You must be kidding.)

Nor do we mean the exercise best designed to ward off sniggers around the pool. Exercise has less effect on shape than calories and heredity.

The main purpose of exercise is staying alive and remaining fit enough to enjoy it. Oddly enough, exercise for survival is the last thing on the minds of most physicians. Your average Grosse Pointe internist is happy to recommend polyunsaturated fats and high-fiber vegetables but doesn't have the foggiest idea about what exercise works or how much is needed ("Try to get down to the club more often, but make certain that you don't overdo it").

Herewith the gospel according to physiologists. Exercise keeps you alive by increasing the body's capacity to withstand occasional stress peaks and by decreasing the day-to-day load on circulation and respiration. Bulging muscles and flat bellies achieved through weight lifting, isometrics or calisthenics look good but are no particular benefit to the heart, arteries or lungs. The most painful exercise—sprints, intense tennis rallies, slalom skiing—puts tremendous stress on critical systems but has minimal conditioning effect because it lasts too short a time. Not to mention the fact that, if you are out of shape, that kind of exercise is plain dangerous. What works best are exercises that require real effort, yet are easy enough to keep doing for 15 to 30 minutes at a crack. More precisely, the best exercise is one that gets your heart rate up to about 150 beats a minute and keeps it there for five to 45 minutes (the longer the better). Such sustained stress increases lung efficiency, expands the network of arteries and raises the red-cell count in your blood. It also lowers blood pressure and slows the heartbeat at rest.

By this test, cycling, jogging and swimming all come off well, provided you are willing to work at them. How much work depends upon where you start. If your normal quota of exercise is opening the car door and punching the elevator "up" button, a shuffling 12-minute mile is about par. College jocks can manage a mile in six or seven minutes, with effort but without pain. Given a little patience (about three months' worth), most anyone under 60 in reasonable health can trot the distance in eight minutes, or perform equivalent feats on wheels or water.

Remarkably few of us have the patience, of course. Which leaves two options: fun-type weekend sports and walking. Social exercises like handball, squash, tennis, skating and skiing have some value if you do them long enough. A vigorous hour of tennis four days a week is better than doing nothing; once a week is as bad as nothing. The trick here is to count only the time on the job: mopping your brow between serves or admiring the view from the gondola lift isn't part of the hour. Walking briskly (over three miles an hour) strengthens the circulatory system, again provided you go far and frequently. A daily four miles, taken without stops, should keep the ambulance from the door.

THE BEST MOSQUITO REPELLENT

Deerflies work on the slash-and-run principle: land, rip through the victim's skin, slurp up some blood, buzz off. By comparison, the gentle mosquito is nature's pickpocket, counting on surprise and deception rather than brute force and speed. First she (only females indulge) penetrates the skin with a hair-fine hollow needle, then she injects an enzyme solution to prevent blood clotting, drinks her fill and tactfully withdraws. Save for a skin reaction to the anti-clotting enzyme, most people would never know they'd been visited.

Of course, it's the allergic skin reaction that makes the garden-variety North American mosquitoes such pests and supports a battalion of researchers looking for the perfect repellent. Until very recently, the search has been trial and error. Before World War II, the only compound known to ward off insects was citronellol, an oil extracted from tropical plants. Then danger from malaria-carrying mosquitoes during the war pushed the army into a massive testing program —25,000 chemicals were tried before a few effective non-toxic ones were found.

Scientists had always assumed that bugs were attracted or repelled by smell. Actually, nature is much fancier. Mosquitoes are interested in odor—they seem to like aftershave—but their guidance system works mainly through carbon dioxide, temperature and humidity. They follow warm, wet, CO_2-laden air currents to the source: a breathing, warm-blooded animal, they hope. That's why a good sweat seems to attract every insect in town. Insect repellents don't really repel, they just jam the tiny sensors that pick up humidity. The mosquito heads for her target, sometimes even landing, but flies away from the tastiest meal because her wetness sensors have ceased to respond positively.

The standard jammer found in every commercial repellent is N,N Diethyl-meta-toluamide, or Deet for short. Deet fools mosquitoes in concentrations one thousandth as strong as citronellol and rarely irritates skin. Anti-bug sprays usually don't last as long as creams, foams or liquids, possibly because they don't contain as much of the active ingredient. Read the labels: other things being equal, the percentage of Deet is a good indicator of how well the repellent will work. At least three brands, Cutter Insect Repellent, 6-12 Plus and Deep Woods Off, have added a mess of new organic chemicals to increase the protection time from a single dose. Remember, too, that the effect of chemical repellents is extremely localized—any patch left uncoated is vulnerable.

THE BEST POISON

Just about anything ingested in sufficient quantity is poisonous—even Baskin-Robbins English Toffee, though the lethal dose is still unknown. People (and nature) have been hard at work perfecting toxic substances for a long time.

Old Favorites. Highly popular among the smart set in Renaissance Florence, arsenic has been widely used since the eighth century. As everyone knows, arsenic's extra dimension is its cumulative effect. While a single large dose of arsenic trioxide (white arsenic) can be fatal, few victims have succumbed in this fashion since the chemical is difficult to disguise, even in English *(continued)*

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cooking. But ingested over months, arsenic poisoning symptoms can be casually mistaken for degenerative natural causes.

Not so the other old reliable in the poisoner's pharmacopia. Strychnine (commonly used as rat poison) is quick and painful, producing unmistakable tetanus-like symptoms within minutes. It is extremely bitter—one part in a million can be tasted in solution—but the minute amount needed to kill made it the drug of choice for dozens of famous 19th-century murders.

Equally celebrated and more common in sophisticated circles today, cyanide gas and salts have the advantage of producing death within seconds when taken in substantial doses. The pill Francis Gary Powers didn't swallow when he made his unscheduled stop in the USSR was potassium cyanide.

Unlike cyanide, another mystery writer's classic, belladonna, is a bit tamer than its reputation. Atropine, the active ingredient in belladonna (a.k.a. deadly nightshade) is a remarkably effective alkaloid poison. In small doses, however, atropine has numerous medical uses. Real danger comes from accidental consumption of deadly nightshade berries, which some kids can't resist sampling.

Accidental mushroom poisoning is, of course, much more common. *Amanita muscaria* figures prominently in the works of Dorothy L. Sayers and has a long, dishonorable history among real European royalty. It dries nicely, remaining potent for long periods in powdered form. But 90 percent of all mushroom poisonings worldwide come from eating the *Amanita phalloides*. *Phalloides* looks much like choice edible varieties and, from testimony, tastes scrumptious. Its toxin is slow-acting, causing distress only the next day. A bite or two is not fatal, but one good side dish will finish off your liver.

Animals. The world is absolutely teeming with poisonous insects, assorted reptiles and fish. Luckily for us, they tend to leave Americans alone. An average of ten to 20 people die from snakebite each year in the United States; close to 15,000 succumb annually in India. Cobras, kraits and Russell's vipers do most of the damage in Asia. In Latin America the fer-de-lance, palm viper and bushmaster get in the most licks. Milligram per milligram, your deadliest land-snake venom comes from the Reevesby Island tiger snake; an Australian sea snake, the *Hydrophis belcheri*, is yet 30 times more potent.

Insects are overrated. Mosquitoes, flies and lice do incredible damage spreading infection, but their bites aren't directly toxic. Tarantulas look just awful—big ones can reach seven or eight inches in length—but tarantula venom is not deadly. Only the female black widow spider can kill an adult, and this occurs very infrequently. Still, black widow venom is no picnic, causing excruciating pain, muscle cramps, chills and so forth.

More exotic killers include the stonefish (which looks like a stone) found in the Pacific, the Australian box jellyfish (which does not look like a box) and the gila monster. The latter, an otherwise peaceable inhabitant of the desert in the American Southwest, secretes a poison equal in stopping power to average rattlesnake venom.

Space Age Wonders. Where to begin. Among deliberate creations of science, chemical and biological warfare agents are highlights. Since peace-loving governments everywhere were not content with highly corrosive gases (notably phosgene, employed by both sides in World War I), a whole new array of poisons that can be absorbed through the skin and work directly on the nervous system has been developed. The most toxic nerve gas—at least, the most toxic anyone will talk about—is VX. Under ideal conditions, one pound of the stuff could kill a half million people.

Much less is known about the state of the art in biological poisons; the United States officially renounced both their development and their stockpiling several years ago. Since the general military purpose of biological weapons is to disable rather than kill, research was concentrated on non-fatal bacterial toxins. One incredibly successful strain, the *Pasteurella tularensis*, may rank ounce for ounce as the most effective poison ever deliberately manufactured for the purpose. In immeasurably minute concentrations, this organism causes rapid onset of a serious disease called tularemia, which is fatal about 5 percent of the time in young adults.

Our own candidate for the best poison is a dark horse, a relative newcomer on the scene. The element plutonium emits alpha particles, a particularly nasty, low-energy, radioactive particle that causes cancer with devilish efficiency. Just how efficiently is a matter of controversy, but some experts believe that two billionths of a pound lodged in the lungs is likely to cause cancer over an ordinary lifetime. When polled, staff members at the Lawrence Nuclear Radiation Laboratory in California stated that they would not allow their children to play outdoors if the soil contained 1½ grams of plutonium *per square mile*.

At the moment, there is far less than that amount of plutonium outside bomb storage facilities. But give it time. Current federal energy program plans call for the use of plutonium as the basic fuel for generating electricity by the turn of the century. And once plutonium is created in nuclear reactor cores, it's kind of tough to get rid of—the stuff takes several hundred thousand years to decay. **End**

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BETWEEN PARENT AND TEACHER

When there's trouble with children and school, parents have a tendency to blame teachers . . . and teachers complain about the lack of support from parents. If you have a question about your school-age child, why not ask Mary Susan Miller? Write to Between Parent and Teacher, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

By Mary Susan Miller

Dear Mrs. Miller: We are about to move to another state. My eldest child is in first grade, and I am very concerned about his changing schools. Some advise us to wait till June—to let him finish his first year here; others say move at once and let him get used to the new school. I don't want to cause turmoil for him because he is happy and doing well. What is your advice?—Mrs. P.K.

Dear Mrs. K.: I think it is difficult for a child to enter a new school in the middle of the year. Friendships are established; routines are set. And teaching techniques and materials are different. He cannot avoid feeling like a stranger. He sounds like a mature, well-adjusted child and could undoubtedly fit in with a minimum of anguish. However, if you can, I urge you to wait until June. Everyone starts school anew in the fall. Good luck in your new home!

Dear Mrs. Miller: My husband and I feel that the teachers in our children's school are so busy listening to the students that they don't ever tell them anything. Whatever happened to the idea that teachers impart learning? Is there anything we can do?—Basic Parents

Dear Basic Parents: A Denver teacher explains it well: "When the dust has cleared, it doesn't matter whether you taught them everything you should have, but whether you made them feel more like a lovable human being. There are so many kids in the world who need that as much as their ABC's."

Is there anything you can do? Yes. Realize that truly basic education begins with a good self-image, not with the alphabet, and extends far beyond the classroom into living. That makes you imparters of learning, too.

(Editor's Note: Not too long ago, in a letter to Mrs. Miller, a mother said that, although she thought it was unusual to find a teacher that really cared about children, she knew a very special one who made her children not want to miss a day of school. Well, it turns out that very special teachers aren't so unusual after all, as you can see from the sampling of letters below.)

Mrs. Sharma Winters, a teacher at the Owens School in Charleston, W. Va., loves the children there as though they were her own. Even while on vacation she misses them and calls to see how they are doing.—Mrs. Noel Smith

I shall always hold Mrs. Karen Eddy of Castle School in Bakersfield, Calif., close to my heart. I thank her every year for being a loving and devoted teacher and for giving my son a good outlook on life. —Mrs. Janice Strickland

Mr. Howard Bultinck in Rutledge Hall, Lincolnwood, Ill., is one of a special breed of teachers who make children feel important and give them more than the "three R's."—Mrs. Myra Antman

Thanks to the patience, love, understanding, excellent guidance and good judgment of Mrs. Anita Kutella (Forest Hills School, Lake Oswego, Ore.) my child is no longer a problem but is a mature, well-adjusted, bright and happy student.—Mrs. Sandra Behrens

Because of Mrs. Nina Bloom (San Rafael, Calif.), my son looked forward to and wanted to go to school every day to see what new and exciting project she had planned.—Mrs. P. Matheny

Lois Rho and Stephanie Alt of Cheshire, Conn. are a team of special education teachers who are on the job from 8:30 in the morning till 5 at night. No wonder the children's faces light up with delight when they greet them.—Kathleen C. Welsh

I feel that my school—Log College Junior High in Warminster, Pa.—is very privileged to have Mr. Crismond, Mr. Strychowski and Mr. Zimmer. They like the kids, and we like them back.—Jeanne Hébert, 14 years old.

To all of you teachers: congratulations!

To all of you parents who wrote: thanks for letting us know about those very special teachers.

But I am puzzled. Are all the caring teachers in elementary and junior high schools? What's happening in high schools?

Mrs. Miller is author, with Samm Sinclair Baker, of *Straight Talk to Parents: How you can help your child get the best out of school*, now in Scarborough Books paperback.



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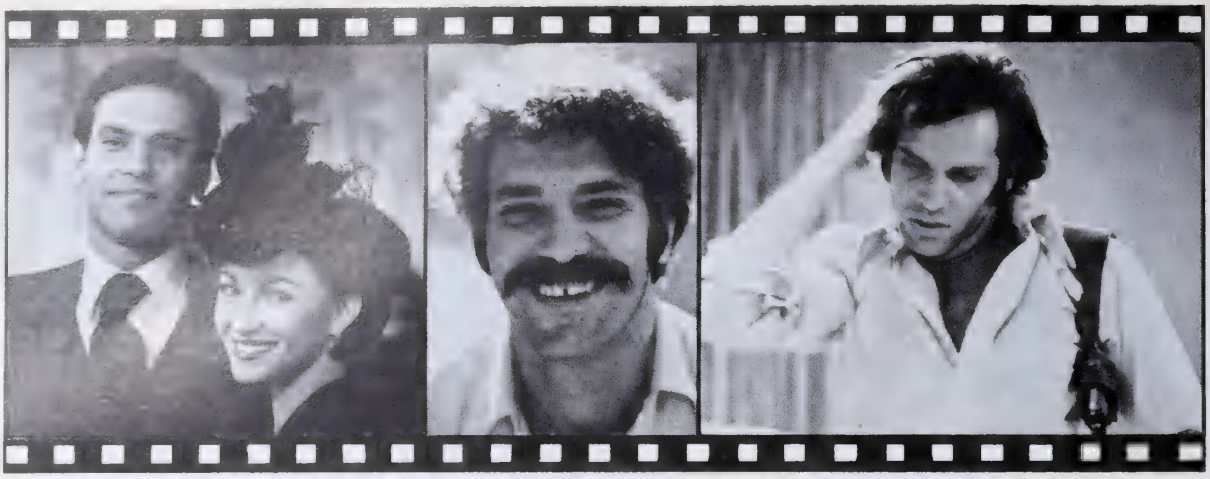
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STEVEN KEATS: "I'M HAPPY NOW"

He was the star of TV mini-series *Seventh Avenue* (left) and an Israeli agent in movie *Black Sunday* (right). But actor Steven Keats is most proud of surviving a troubled past. By Karen Larson

At age 32, Steven Keats has come to terms with his life. After 15 or so years of clashing with the general state of things, this swarthy, gap-toothed star of the television mini-series *Seventh Avenue* has found some peace in a quiet acceptance of himself and the world around him.

"My life is happy now," says Keats as he strolls through New York City's Central Park, relaxed, looking like he just got up from a nap: his shirt untucked, his cuffs unbuttoned, his dark, curly, almost frizzy hair unbrushed. Yet to say he is happy now is not to say he was desperately unhappy when he was younger —but too often he found himself the antagonist, too often he was in conflict with his parents, his wife, his needs, his emotions. Life isn't carefree or conflictless now but after a turbulent childhood, seven years in a marriage that "was wrong from day one," and two years too many in the combat zone of Vietnam, life brings him more contentment than pain.

Born in the South Bronx of New York City ("they call it 'No Man's Land' now"), Keats labels himself a "classic ghetto kid." He lived on the top floor of a five-floor tenement with his older sister Roberta and his parents Daniel and Frances; poor but hard-working Jewish immigrant laborers. Since his parents had no money for babysitters and his sister had better things to do, Keats spent a lot of time on his own, hanging out with the older, "wiser" kids who taught him the facts of life early and generally introduced him to the "seamier sides of life." Though never a "bad kid" —"I wasn't a killer, gangster or junkie" —he wasn't the good kid his parents wanted him to be. They had definite ideas about what their son should do and believe but Steven had definite—and different—ideas: "I had a great deal of respect for my parents but I wanted them to respect me too. Being a kid didn't mean I wasn't a person, that I didn't have rights or feelings like anyone else. So when I did things that my parents objected to and they punished me by not letting me out for three nights or whatever, if I honestly felt that I hadn't done anything wrong, I'd do exactly the same thing over again but twice as long or much or whatever. So by the time I was 15, my parents had given up on me. They realized I had a mind of my own."

Even at the early age of 9, Keats had a mind of his own. At 9, he was questioning beliefs his parents never could have thought of questioning, beliefs that formed the very core of their thinking. He can remember telling his mother he didn't believe in God. His mother was shocked and angry and told him never to say or think such blasphemous untruths again. "I didn't believe in the idea of a supreme being. Somehow, in my young mind, I concluded that if there were such a thing as God, it was inside us. We're our own gods. I had to go to Hebrew School and it became very apparent to me very quick what a sham it was. What they were trying to teach me spoke of a different time and place from what life was really like."

He didn't believe the Jews were "the only chosen people. I just couldn't accept it that my black friend across the street or my Puerto Rican friend down the block was any different from me or anyone else—which did not sit well with my parents." And he didn't think Communism was so bad: "I was a 'Pinko' even in the '50's. From what little I knew and understood, it seemed to me that Communism or at least the communal sharing of things was a good idea."

Of course, it's not unusual for a child to rebel and be different from his parents, but Keats felt he was different from many or most of those who were a regular part of his life: "Although my immediate family is small, my father is one of ten children and my mother one of four, so I had an enormous number of cousins. We all saw each other often. And I always felt like the oddball out. I didn't think the way everybody thought. I didn't behave the way everybody behaved. I never did anything the way anybody else did." And consequently, though he wasn't a bad kid, he calls himself "the black sheep" of the family and he and his parents "tolerated" each other for most of the years they lived together.

Though his childhood was fraught with confrontation, it was far from dreary. It was jampacked with the tantalizing sights, tastes and smells of the cultural melting pot he was a part of. He vividly remembers the street vendors with their hot, freshly-dipped jelly apples, icy snow cones and big pickles for a nickel. He can still picture the fifth-grade teacher he had a crush on—"an Amazon" —and still feel the warm breezes on the hot summer nights when he slept on the tenement roof. And, of course, he couldn't forget the back lots where he and his friends acted out *Gunsmoke* and the other television programs they loved.

Nevertheless, by the time he was 18 and had graduated from high school, he was "ready to get away from it all." He spent a couple months in Massachusetts doing bit roles and assorted jobs at summer theaters but he felt it was leading him nowhere. So he joined the air force "to see the world." Two years later, he was in Vietnam flying at tree-top level, directing air strikes over the enemy and counting the dead. "It's a miracle," says Keats, "not only that I came out alive but that I came out with my brain intact. For some guys it was the end of their life, either figuratively or literally. Somehow, I managed to divorce my humanity from what I was doing. For that period, it was as if I were a robot." He went over to Vietnam politically unaware and returned a "pacifist": "I came back knowing that war has nothing to do with good or bad, right or wrong. It *(continued)*

Center photo by Nancy Moran/Transworld

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L'Air du Temps

The Romantic Perfume



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NINA RICCI

Paris

STEVEN KEATS

continued

simply has to do with economics and the big bosses make us do their fighting."

About a year before he left for Vietnam, he met a 20-year-old woman named June who, one and a half months later, told him she was pregnant. He didn't love her (though she did love him), but they married anyway. At the time, he felt it was the right thing to do. He thought he could learn to love her, and for almost six years he tried.

When Keats' parents realized their son was marrying a Roman Catholic, they severed relations with him. They refused to acknowledge his existence and, as is customary in some Jewish households, said a prayer for the dead for him. Before leaving for Vietnam, Keats, then 20, realizing that he might never return, gave his parents one last chance to accept him and his wife. He called his parents to tell them he was leaving; they invited him to the house but refused to invite his wife. It was at this point that Keats said a prayer for the dead for his parents. And he didn't talk to them again until he was 25 years old.

After his discharge from the Air Force in 1967, Keats decided to major in speech therapy at Montclair State Teacher's College in New Jersey. He would have liked to have gone into acting but didn't know how to go about it: "I didn't know there was such a thing as agents, auditions and interviews. I just assumed you walked down the street and an agent sees you, and says I'm going to make you a star. Also, I needed to get a job that would bring in a steady income; by then I was the father of two kids." He picked teaching because it meant he would work with children whom he loves. He chose speech because it was part of the Speech and Theater department, the only department with an acting club.

Exhausted and broke

But after two and a half years of going to school, working 40 hours a week and acting when he could, he was exhausted and broke. "On Christmas Eve of my last year at school, I literally didn't have enough money to put food on the table." So he quit school and worked at odd jobs until he read a newspaper article announcing that the Yale Drama School was holding auditions for underprivileged students. He auditioned, won a $5,000 grant and moved himself and his family to New Haven, Conn., only to discover that the formalized approach to acting was not for him. And "not being one to want to follow anyone's rules," he left after eight months.

It was about this time that Keats made a decision that was to be the first of a series of decisions that would radicall change his life. Over the years, he ha become increasingly disturbed by growing awareness that he didn't kno what he felt or if he felt something, wh he felt that way. He had denied fought his emotions, needs, wants often that by the time he was 25, didn't know what he was thinking feeling. So he decided to see a psychi trist. "I reached a point," says Keat "where if someone asked me a questio all I'd be able to say was 'I don't know When the shrink asked me why I'd com all I could do was describe an ima I had: I felt like I was holding a thi rope but the rope was getting thinn and thinner. And all this time the wi was blowing. And I was afraid th eventually the rope would disappear a I'd be blown away."

And so regularly he talked with t psychiatrist and by the end of seve months, Keats felt he had a better gr on the rope; he had more control ov his life. He realized that for most of l life he hadn't been honest with himse and that it was time for a change. So l started making changes.

After reading a newspaper article a nouncing auditions for the Broadw production of *One Flew Over T Cuckoo's Nest*, he decided he would to New York and get a part in that pl if he had to sweep the stage also, whi



what he did for a total of $80 a week. fter sending $75 a week to his family New Haven, he was able to survive rough the kindness of friends and "var- us ladies" he knew.

By this time, he had stopped trying make his marriage work, and in 1971 divorced his wife, getting out of a arriage he "never should have gotten to in the first place."

And since then, Keats has been mov- g in the directions he has wanted to ove. He's developed a strong, open lationship with his two sons, Thatcher cott, 11, and Shane Walker, 9, whom loves dearly. "In the six years or so nce I've been divorced, I have estab- shed with my children a very clean, ear, realistic relationship. I got a di- orce primarily because I felt the kind of e I was living was not an honest one. nd because I wasn't being honest with yself, I wasn't being honest with y kids. I feel much more ive and honest now and I ave a healthier relationship ith my kids."

He loves to be with his sons nd truly enjoys their company as ey do his. Because he travels out nine months a year, he esn't get to see them as often he'd like. But whenever pos- ble, he visits them in Plain- eld, New Jersey, where they live with their mother, who has remarried, or he has them visit him at his beach home near Malibu, Calif. Eventually, when he can afford a tutor and housekeeper, he would like his children to live and travel with him. "Because I could be in Japan in April, New York in December, Greece in June, I can offer my kids a kind of education they could never get in Plainfield. They're adventurous and curious like me and I can give them opportunities to see other sides of life and alternative ways of living."

Over the years, Keats also has grown closer to his parents. He's learned to accept them for what they are, not what he'd like them to be. Just recently, he learned something that helped explain why his father always seemed so "unwilling to get out and challenge things": "My father was one of ten kids and when his family set out for New York, he was sick, the immigration authorities wouldn't let him leave the country and so this little boy, six years old, had to stand on the dock and watch his whole family get on a ship and sail off. He wasn't able to join them for four years. I try to imagine what must have gone on in that little boy's head. It must have made him more contained and cautious. Learning that has made me more compassionate towards him."

Critics and audiences alike have been much impressed with his performances in such varied roles as the ruthlessly ambitious Jay Blackman in *Seventh Avenue*, the dedicated Israeli agent in *Black Sunday*, Charles Bronson's suffering son-in-law in *Death Wish*, the philandering husband in *Hester Street* and, most recently, the lusty, comical Sicilian in Tennessee Williams' play, *The Rose Tattoo*. Though critical acclaim is important to him, it's not as important as the personal satisfaction he gets from acting: "When I'm performing a role just right, I get a feeling of perfection, almost ecstasy. It doesn't happen very often but when it does, it makes it all worth while."

But Keats doesn't want to lock himself into any profession—not even acting. He likes to know his options are open and that if acting should ever cease to be enjoyable, he could turn to something else. But right now, he's perfectly content doing what he's doing so well. **End**




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BY SYLVIA PORTER

ur 12-year-old son tells us that e wants to be a nurse when he ows up. A nurse, to my mind, is job for a girl, not a boy, and 's a traditionally low-paying job. hat do you think?

hink you should not discourage him om thinking about any career he ants to at this age. It's far too early. ou are revealing a strong sex bias, hich is outmoded in this era and uld be dangerous to your son. No nger do we separate jobs into "male" id "female" categories. A girl can idy to be a physician and a boy can idy to be a nurse. It's not gender at matters; it's inclinations and ca-ibilities. You're out of date about sal-ies as well. Paychecks in the entire ealth field have been catching up pidly, and a male nurse can be in eat demand for certain types of ses. To guide your son intelligently, t a free copy of "Helping Children ake Career Plans: Tips for Parents," sending a postcard to the Consum- Information Center, Dept. 634E, ueblo, Colorado 81009.

hat's a "limited" warranty?

s a warranty that gives you less than "full" warranty. For instance, a lim-d warranty may cover only parts of e product, not labor; allow only a o-rata credit or refund, meaning ur refund or credit will decline the nger you have owned the product; quire you to return a product to the ore for service, even if it is extremely avy (such as a piano); cover only e original buyer; include a handling arge. On a "limited" warranty, uch of the protection you desire may omitted. Be cautious. You might be tter off paying more for a product ith a full warranty and getting great-protection against being stuck with "lemon" or repair bills.

y friends and I are planning to ck up a lot of bargains on our ip to Europe. What are the best ays to avoid trouble getting the oducts through Customs?

ssume you know that the basic duty-e exemption on goods you buy in e advanced nations of Europe to ing home with you is only $100, so e ceiling itself cuts the totals you n buy duty-free. As for tips on oiding trouble, they're simple: (1) ep all your sales slips in one place and have them in your hands when you clear Customs on your return; (2) also pack all the items you buy abroad in one place, so the Customs inspectors can examine your luggage without making a mess of your belongings.

I'm 47 and now that all the children are away at school or married, I'm determined to go back to work outside the home. I was a skilled secretary before I quit when my first child was born. What's the best way to ease myself into the job market?

First, go back to school and refresh all your skills. Then, list yourself and your capabilities with a temporary help agency in your area. You would be on the payroll of the temporary help agency and would work for employers seeking a "temp" with your skills. You may earn less pay than you could command if you re-entered the job market directly by getting a permanent job with one employer, but the temporary help agency will give you a chance to readjust gradually to being in the job market. Moreover, you can acquire the experience you'll need for a better, permanent position later. A U.S. Labor Department study reports that almost two out of ten women sent out by a temporary help agency ultimately land a permanent job with the employer for whom they had started working on a "temp" basis. More than 300,000 women return to work each year through temporary help agencies, the department study also discloses. Women in the 22 to 55-year-old age bracket are primarily aided by the agencies.

There are so many different package sizes of dehydrated potatoes in my neighborhood supermarket that I just can't figure out what ones are the best buys. Unit prices don't seem to help me either. How do I compare costs?

In this case, compare the costs by noting the number of servings each package provides—and you should find this on every package of dehydrated potatoes in the store. As you have discovered, comparing prices by package sizes, unit prices (and weights) may be misleading and confusing.

I just bought some U.S. Treasury bonds from my broker. When they arrived by registered mail at my home, I noticed that *(continued)*



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It means precisely what it says. The bonds are payable to the person who has them in his or her possession—and that person can cash the interest coupons or the original bonds themselves on demand. You are absolutely without protection if the bonds are lost or stolen, even if you report the loss to the U.S. Treasury at once. I cannot overemphasize this warning: treat these bonds as you treat cash. Safeguard them as carefully as you do dollar bills. If you want to keep them in your own hands, put them in a safe deposit box, and when the time arrives to cash the interest coupons, go to the vault and clip the coupons. Otherwise, ask your broker or your bank to safeguard the bonds for you and pay any fees involved.

My husband and I are obtaining a divorce and he is being very generous in his offer of alimony. A woman I know, also divorced, says the 1976 Tax Reform Act will help him save money. Can you tell me how, so I can pass this information along to him?
In 1977, he can deduct his alimony payments to you from his gross income, instead of merely taking the payments as an itemized deduction. In sum, he can treat his alimony payments the same way he handles business expenses on his 1977 income tax return, which he will file in the spring of '78. What's more, if he takes the standard deduction, he can deduct his alimony payments for the first time ever. If your soon-to-be ex-husband is in the middle-upper income brackets, and if his alimony payments to you will be generous, he may save on taxes if he takes the standard deduction of $2,400 under the 1976 Tax Reform Act, then adds to that deduction his alimony payments to you.

Our son is a senior at a fine university. His new, expensive bicycle was stolen during commencement week, although he swears that his bike was chain-locked. The college authorities say that there's nothing they can do about it—and they blame him for "carelessness!"
Most chain locks can be cut fairly easily with bolt cutters. What your son should have used is a hardened steel horseshoe lock.

Also, while on the subject of campus crime, here are other rules for your son and others like him. Never leave your room unlocked, even if you expect to be gone only a few minutes; always remove the key from your car and lock your car doors—again, even if you expect to be gone only a minute or two; never leave any valuable items that can be seen (including tapes, CB radios, etc.) in a parked car; always put your wallet in a highly protected place while attending any athletic activities on campus.

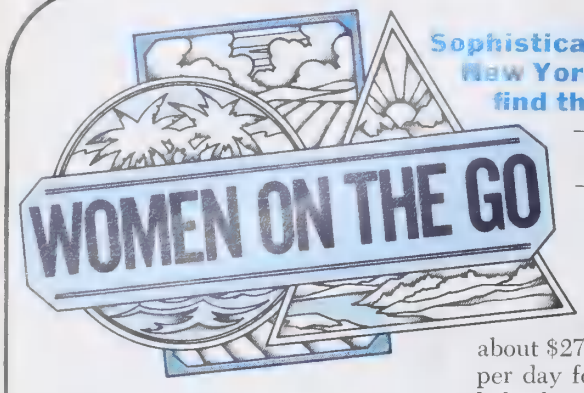
All but two of the girls in my group—we're in our early 20s—are unmarried, have fairly well-paying jobs and live with other girls or with young men. Not one of us plans to get married soon. Are we typical? Or are we just ahead of our time?
You're much more typical than you seem to think, for there is a deep and widespread trend away from early marriages among young women and men. Just since 1960, the average age at which young men and women first marry has increased a full year—from 20.3 to 21.3 years for women, from 22.8 to 23.8 years for men. The proportion of singles among women in the 20-24 age bracket has soared from 28 to 43 percent, and among men in the same age group, from 53 to 62 percent. Other figures indicate that not only has later marriage become generally acceptable, but also, a much greater percentage of adults may never marry during their lifetime. You are sharing your homes with partners of your own sex and unrelated persons of the opposite sex. It's a major factor in your personal financial independence and a major factor in our economy's economic health.

We have just about made up our minds to buy a diesel auto. All our friends who own diesel cars swear by them, and rave about what they save in gas and maintenance. But before we put down the money for an expensive diesel, I want to be sure we also know the disadvantages. Are there any big ones?
(1) Refueling could be a major problem, if you live in the suburbs, for most of the 8,500 diesel stations in the U.S. are near city centers or along our interstate highways. In some suburban and exurban areas, you may have to drive up to 15 miles to get to the nearest diesel pump; (2) While maintenance on diesels is indeed less expensive than on gas-powered cars, you must change the oil in your diesel twice as often. If you drive more than 3,000-4,000 miles without putting fresh oil into your crankcase, you can damage your auto's bearings; (3) The slow pickup of diesels is well-known, but if you buy, you'll probably adjust quickly to that drawback (if it is one). You can get a directory of diesel stations from your diesel car dealer. Ask for it and study the location of nearby stations before you buy. **End**



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Sophisticated weekends in New York . . . Offseason treats . . . Where to find the new "parcours" jogging.

Jolly olde (wintry) England

If you missed England during the Queen's Silver Jubilee, you can console yourself that you also missed standing elbow to elbow with thousands of fellow American tourists. And if you like the offbeat, flexible and uncrowded vacation, consider going to England between now and June, before the busy season gears up again. Here's why:

- Lower prices for many hotel rooms, car rentals, package deals, etc.
- London itself—theater, shopping, concerts—is in full gear.
- Possibly drastically lower air fares (which, if they continue, will surely make England even more crowded this summer). As of this writing, the airlines seemed to be on the verge of a price war, and a fare of $135, New York to London, was already available. (Compare this to the peak season round trip economy rate of $764, and you can see you'll have extra money to spend in a country that already has a most favorable exchange rate.) See a travel agent for the latest specific information on air fares.
- Spontaneity, flexibility. Rent a car and take to the countryside; you rarely need reservations and can choose from ancient inns to modern motels. By the way, central heating is quite standard except in some very old buildings, but even these will have adequate heat.
- If you go around Christmastime, you'll see the Regent Street decorations, an unparalleled visual treat some say, and the huge Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square—a Norwegian pine donated in gratitude for Britain's wartime help to Norway.
- The weather? Cold and damp, most likely—but hardly ever bitter cold, or even snowing (exceptions: the Lake Country and northward). And after all, England can be cold and damp during the summer months, too. For more information, write the British Tourist Authority, 680 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Cost of going by car

A handy rule-of-thumb for figuring the cost of traveling by car, from the American Automobile Association: two people will spend about $27 per day for lodging and $26 per day for meals, not including alcoholic beverages and tips. If your car averages 15 miles per gallon, you'll pay about $5 for gas and oil for every 100 miles of travel.

Buy a dream in Manhattan

Many New York City hotels offer special weekend packages to lure tourists. One of these, the U.N. Plaza Hotel—a glittering, glass-and-chrome extravaganza beloved by architects—has developed an especially intriguing selection for sophisticated travelers. For example: the Shopping Spree. "An expert personal shopper takes you by private limousine to the best showrooms, decorator discount houses, boutiques, galleries and department stores." That's $55. Or, for $75 per person, you can be followed around New York for four hours by a professional photographer—you get the negatives. Stay in the hotel over a weekend for one to three nights. (Lodging ranges from $50 a night for a room with a queen-size bed to $260 a night for a two-bedroom duplex suite.) Choose your package (or even plan your own—they'll do their best to arrange it) from their dream-filled catalogue. Write for "The Big Apple Weekend Catalogue," U.N. Plaza Hotel, One United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10014.

A packing tip from men

How to pack a suit jacket with minimal wrinkling advice borrowed from more-experienced men: turn the shoulders inside-out and bring the lapels together, lining to the outside. Give it a shake so the sleeves hang straight down inside. Lay flat, line up seams and fold to fit suitcase. If you wear it on the plane, either take it off and fold as above, or sit with the jacket unbuttoned.

For the traveling jogger

There's plenty new under the sun, even in the crowded field of sports. One of the latest, most intriguing new sports grew out of the jogging boom, and it's called *parcours*, a fitness concept from Switzerland. *Parcours* are special obstacle courses in parks, resorts and hotel grounds that make jogging more interesting, as well as providing exercise for the often-neglected upper body. You stop along a jogging route to perform gymnastics on special equipment—balance beams, horizontal ladders laid on a track, parallel bars, etc.—to do pull-ups, sit-ups, handstands and gymnastics. Some sites already equipped include Lincoln Park in Chicago; the University of Florida campus; the Big Canoe development outside Atlanta; an especially-admired course in the Marina district of San Francisco; and the Wintergreen (Virginia) and Snowmass (Colorado) ski resorts.

Women drivers

Women *are* on the move—at least in rented cars. According to one rental agency, the number of women who rented cars last year increased from a mere 2 percent to 15 percent of all renters. They attribute the increase to two factors—more working women, and the expanded credit opportunities women got from passage of Equal Credit Opportunity Act.

Vacation à la Rockefeller

There's something reassuring about chain establishments—you know what you're getting. But this very predictability can wear thin if one hotel room looks boringly like another 500 miles away. Never so at Rockresorts, brainchild and pet project of conservationist Laurance Rockefeller (he's Nelson's brother). The nine Rockresorts—including Caneel Bay and Little Dix Bay in the Virgin Islands, the Mauna Kea Beach in Hawaii, Woodstock Inn in Vermont and Jenny Lake Lodge in Wyoming—are for the very rich who love indoor luxury combined with rugged outdoor beauty. For example, even in the rustic, authentic log cabins nestled beneath the Grand Tetons at Jenny Lake Lodge, guests find scented soaps, luxury-weight towels—and a flashlight for going elk-spotting at night. Like many watering holes for the wealthy, these resorts are so popular with returning guests that it can be hard to get reservations; Christmas at their Caribbean resorts, for example, is usually booked a year in advance by regulars. So try these places off-season first. You'll *(continued)*



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WOMEN ON THE GO

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MICHAEL FIELD'S COOKING SCHOOL

Michael Field was one of the best cooking teachers ever grace the food scene. His cookbooks have long been perso favorites for serious cooks. Long out of print, Field's "Co ing School" has recently been re-issued, good news for th who may not be familiar with his painstaking and lucid we Here are two recipe excerpts.

CHILLED LEMON SOUP WITH MINT

This is a chilled version of the famous Greek lemon so known as *avgolemono*. Tapioca, instead of rice, thickens chicken broth, which is then flavored with lemon and gi a velvetlike consistency with egg yolks and heavy cream.

The garnish of fresh mint mingling its fragrance with lemon is as soothing a balm as one could possibly wish

To serve six

4 cups chicken stock, fresh or canned
2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons fresh mint, finely cut with scissors
½–1 cup light cream, if necessary (see Afterthoughts)

This soup is always at its best served as cold as possible. C pensate for the deadening effect of the cold on its flavor, h ever, by using as strong a chicken stock as you can get y hands on.

In a heavy 2-quart saucepan, bring the 4 cups of stock boil, and sprinkle in slowly 2 level tablespoons of tapio Cook rapidly for 2 or 3 minutes, then lower the heat and s mer, partially covered, for about 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, with a wire whisk or a fork, beat together small bowl the 3 egg yolks and the lemon juice, grated p salt and cayenne. When they are just about combined, mi the cup of heavy cream. Now, tablespoonful by tablespo ful, add the simmering stock to the cream mixture, stirr well after each addition. At about the tenth spoonful, reve the process and pour the now heated cream back into saucepan all at once, stirring constantly.

The next step, always fraught with potential disaster, i cook the soup until it thickens to a smooth, light custard. don't bother doing this in a double boiler, a wearisome, necessary process. Be more daring and professional and c it over direct heat instead. If you are really careful not to the soup get too hot, it won't curdle.

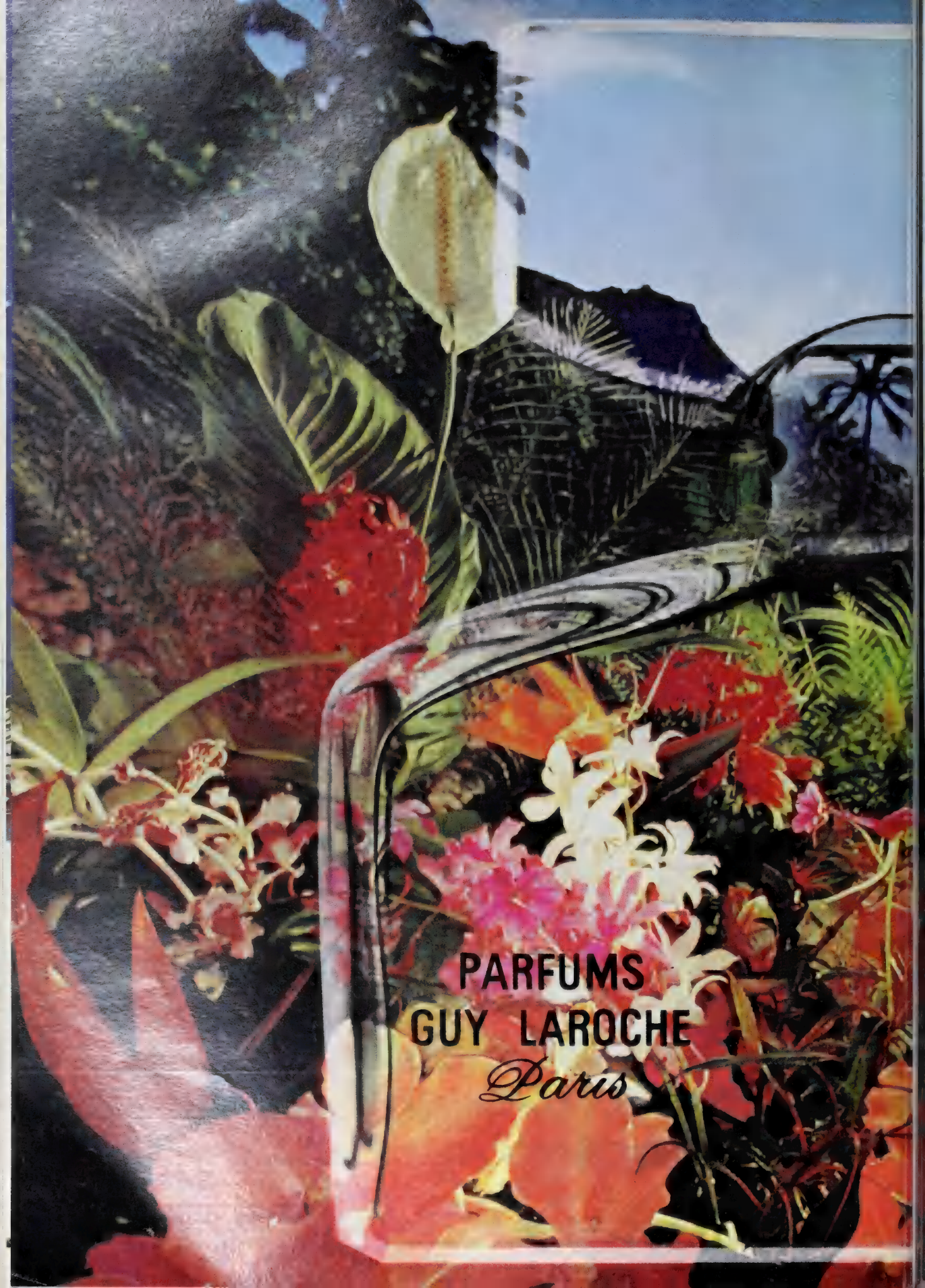
Place the saucepan over moderate heat and, stirr deeply and around the sides of the pan with a wooden spo cook the soup until it begins to thicken and you feel a bar perceptible resistance to the spoon. Still stirring, lift the above the heat to cool it a bit, then return it to the heat o more. Continue to cook, lifting the pan from time to ti until the soup has thickened enough to coat the back of spoon lightly. Don't worry if the soup seems thin; it thicken more as it cools. Pour it at once into a cold bowl, allow the soup to come to room temperature before cover it tightly with plastic wrap. Chill in refrigerator until icy co

• *If you want to serve the still hot soup directly after mak it, embed the bowl in another larger bowl filled with ice cu or, better still, crushed ice. Stir the soup* *(continu*



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MICHAEL FIELD'S COOKING SCHOOL

Meanwhile, over moderate heat, melt the 4 tablespoons of butter in the casserole. When the foam subsides, add the chopped onions, carrots, celery, leek and garlic, and cook them slowly, turning them frequently with a wooden spoon, until vegetables are lightly colored.

Then, carefully arrange the browned pieces of veal upright on the bed of vegetables, packing them together closely so that they will, in effect, prop each other up; this will prevent the marrow from falling out of the bone.

Pour off all but a tablespoon or so of the oil remaining in the frying pan, and deglaze the pan by adding to it ¾ cup of white wine. Bring the wine to a boil, meanwhile scraping into it all the brown sediment clinging to the bottom and sides of the pan. When the wine has boiled down to about ½ cup, stir in the ½ teaspoon each of basil and thyme and ¾ of a cup of brown beef or chicken stock. Stirring constantly, bring the mixture to a boil, then pour it over the meat in the casserole. Scatter over the top the chopped, drained tomatoes and submerge in the stock the bouquet of parsley and bay leaves. The liquid in the casserole should come halfway up the sides of the meat; if it doesn't add a little more stock.

On top of the stove, bring the casserole to a full boil, then cover it and place it on the lower-third shelf of the preheated oven. After 15 minutes or so, baste the veal thoroughly with the braising liquid, and add some salt and pepper if you think it needs it. The stock should barely simmer, and if for some reason (too thin a pot, perhaps, or a faulty oven gauge) it seems to be cooking too fast, turn the heat down to 325°F. or even lower. The slower *osso buco* braises, the better. Baste the meat thoroughly every 15 minutes or so, until the meat is tender but not falling from the bones. This should take anywhere from an hour and 15 minutes to an hour and a half, depending upon the quality of the veal.

To serve, remove the *osso buco* from the oven and raise the oven temperature to 475°F. Carefully transfer the pieces of veal from the casserole to a large ovenproof platter. Glaze the veal on the upper-third shelf of the oven for 5 or 10 minutes, turning the heat down a bit if the meat shows any sign of burning.

Meanwhile, strain the casserole juices and all the vegetables through a fine sieve into a small saucepan and, with a large spoon, press down hard on the vegetables to extract all their juice before throwing them away. Bring the sauce to a rapid boil and continue to boil until it has reduced to a little more than half its original quantity. It should then be lightly thickened and quite intense in flavor; if it isn't, boil it down further.

Remove the platter of veal from the oven (the meat should have a light, brilliant glaze), and pour the reduced sauce over it, reserving a little to be passed separately if you wish. Sprinkle each piece of veal copiously with the *gremolata* and serve the *osso buco* with its traditional accompaniment, Risotto Milanese. However, any kind of pasta dressed simply with butter and cheese would do almost as well.

AFTERTHOUGHTS:

- You may cook the *osso buco* hours in advance and reheat it slowly on top of the stove before serving. If you plan to do this, undercook the veal somewhat, for it will continue to cook as it cools and will cook a bit more when you reheat it.
- If you have time before cooking the veal, tie each piece with kitchen cord. This will prevent the meat from coming away from the bone. Remove the strings carefully before serving.

End



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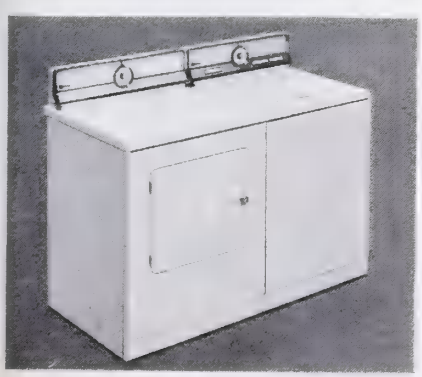
"My husband is a chimney sweep—he has just been named vice-president of the National Chimney Sweeps Guild," writes Mrs. Judy Hinkley, Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

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In the living room of their Williamsburg home, Judy and Ken Hinkley with their daughters Linda, 17; Teri, 15; Becky, 12; Patty, 6; and Dustmop.



Ken Hinkley, wearing the chimney sweep's traditional top hat and frock coat, lowers weighted brush down chimney. Business is brisk because of increased use of fireplaces and wood-burning stoves due to the high cost of other fuels.

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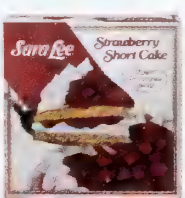
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Bromeliads. ***Bromeliaceae.*** Tropical America. Air Plants.

The family *Bromeliaceae* is found only in the American tropics where it grows in immense numbers on tree limbs and occasionally on rocks. The roots of these plants are used mainly for attachment, and feeding is principally through their leaves. Hence their common name of "air plants." Both Spanish Moss and the Pineapple plant belong to this unusual family.

Many of the plants are urn-shaped, their centers adapted to hold water. The flowers of most species are rather small and of short duration, while the bright coloration of the leafy bracts that surround them may last for months. Foliage is often striped or zoned attractively and the lower parts of leaves turn flaming red at bloom time. Finally, some plants have berries following their flowering, which may also persist for months. Bromeliads are among the easiest plants to grow and bloom. So, though flowering in most species occurs only once a year, they deserve their popularity. In fact, the supply of good plants is less than the demand. The culture of bromeliads is pretty much the same for the different species and cultivars.

Like orchids, bromeliads only bloom from new growths, which appear either from the side or the center of the old plant. The parent dies off eventually and the new ones take over. Where growth is from the center you may remove the old leaves as they brown off. Cut off half-grown side growths at the basal joint along with root and pot them up separately.

The best media are those usually prescribed for orchids: osmunda, tree fern or fir bark mixtures—all available from orchid nurseries. Some of the smaller plants will do best if attached by means of wire to a slab of tree fern. Pots can be smaller than for most other plants since bromeliad rooting is well below the average. A four- or five-inch pot will hold the biggest of the usual ones in cultivation.

When you have bought a young plant or separated a sucker, grow it in moderate light, on the side of a windowsill—east, west or south—or five to eight inches from the light. The main thing from there on is to keep the urn-shaped foliage full of water and, if there is no urn, to spray the leaves once or twice daily. Water will trickle down to the roots. Do not soak the potting medium, as the base of the plant is liable to rot. Once a month, treat the plants to a very mild solution of a high-nitrate fertilizer or fish emulsion. Temperature should be 65 degrees F. or better at all times. High humidity (over 50 percent) is very beneficial.

The main challenge is getting them to flower. A few will perform without any special treatment—Queen's Tears (*Billbergia nutans*) or *Cryptanthus,* for instance—but most of them need something to trigger the growth of a blooming stem. The time to do this is when the new plant is mature—in other words, as big as your older plant, or like other blooming plants you have seen at nurseries or florist shops. Bromeliad books with illustrations show how a mature plant should look. Having satisfied yourself on this point, encase your plant in a plastic bag along with half an apple for four days. Make sure that the bag is airtight. Six weeks or less after this treatment the flowering shoot will appear. A chemical is on the market that will accomplish the same thing, but apples are available everywhere and, unless you have a large collection of bromeliads, using these is the easier way. Moving your plant to your brightest lighted position when the stalk appears will contribute to the intensity of bract coloring. For those bromeliads whose flowering takes place in the urn itself, the beginning of coloration in the surrounding leaves is your best sign of oncoming bloom.

Bromeliads occasionally attract scale. On flat-leaved plants, you can remove them with a brush dipped in alcohol. With the more contorted types, dipping in malathion may be necessary. The plant should be well washed off a day after the dip.

Cool temperatures cause bromeliads to rot. Enclose small species in a terrarium where they will benefit from the high humidity and grow extremely well.

Aechmea fasciata. Bromeliaceae. Urn Plant. Window and light garden (if you have the space).

You have probably seen this startling plant bloom in florist shops, usually in February and March. The gray-green-and-white striped leaves form a magnificent whorl from which the thick stem rises straight up, topped by something like a decorative sundae of blue flowers surrounded by pink spiky bracts. The bracts retain their color up to five months long. It is a big plant, some 18 to 24 inches across and about 15 inches high. It needs all the room it can get because its leaves are stiff and can't be crowded. This is not the easiest of the bromeliads and we recommend the best light you can give it unless the leaves show the effect of burn. The leaf color is more brilliant in good light.

Another *Aechmea,* "Foster's Favorite," has burgundy-red leaves and blue flowers. Its habit is more erect than *fasciata's.* Blue berries last for several months. It is also easier than *fasciata,* but not so gorgeous.

Tillandsias. Bromeliaceae. Tropical America. Window or light garden. Seasonal bloomers.

There are many possibilities for house culture in this largest bromeliad genera. Many of them are quite small plants and are more common than and not as expensive as the big fellows, which are getting somewhat prohibitive in price, since they take a long time to grow to market. Some Tillandsias have papery leaves, others fleshy ones with roundish cross section. The latter make wonderful subjects for a dome terrarium. The flowers are mostly small; some are exquisitely perfumed and all have pretty long-lasting bracts; the plants don't need a great deal of light and culture is easy. The main thing is to spray them early and often.

Tillandsia ionantha is a great favorite and has a thick tuft of hard, dry foliage; it is only three inches high, and really blushes when ready to bloom in the spring. The flowering stalk bears small blue flowers. If you spray it daily it can be grown attached with wire to a little tree-fern raft.

Tillandsia lindenii is a bigger plant with thin quill-like leaves, making a spread which may be as much as fifteen inches. In early spring the spike produces a flat inflorescence whose bracts are a vivid pink and the flowers, exceptionally large, are blue. *Tillandsia cyanea* is similar.

Vriesia. Bromeliaceae. Tropical America. Window and light garden. Seasonal bloomer.

The Vriesias are admired for their richly colored or zoned leaves and their floral spikes whose chief beauty is the brilliance of their overlapping bracts.

Vriesia splendens. Flaming Sword. These plants are about twenty inches in diameter with dark-green and light-green striped leaves. The inflorescences are tall spears colored in brilliant red or orange. Flowers are inconspicuous. A long-lasting show. **End**

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Golden Star by Armour, the filet of ham.

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Stefanie & Bill

continued from page 80

When he isn't traveling, Bill is almost ways at his desert home. Stefanie is verseeing construction of her new home Malibu. She often finds herself wish- g she and Bill lived together full time. ut building separate new homes, their reers and travel have kept them from close, live-in lifestyle.

Their romance began almost three ars ago, when Stefanie flew to Hong ong to participate in a tennis tourna- ent. She met Bill aboard the plane. fter three weeks together in Hong ong, Stefanie and Holden realized that eir attraction for one another tran- ended a simple romantic interlude.

Stefanie said, "Bill and I found each her at a time in our lives when we eeded from one another that which was sy for each of us to give. Giving is the y word. The remarkable experience as finding someone who could accept, ith the same amount of ease, the things hich you are able to give easily. Not ly accept the giving, but appreciate it, derstand it."

After Hong Kong, Stefanie and Bill turned to Asia in 1975 to collect primi- ve art in the Sepik River area of Papua, ew Guinea, where Bill was involved in tablishing bird sanctuaries.

"I always liked primitive art," Stefanie id. "And for years Bill has been in- rested in primitive masks, paintings nd woodwork in Africa and Asia. It was s knowledge and fascination with rimitive art that inspired me."

The New Guinea government asked efanie and Bill to help establish a cot- ge industry among its aboriginal artists some of whom still live in stone age ltures—by marketing their work. Even- ally, Bill and Stefanie formed W. A. efrick Imports Ltd. to bring 400 sculp- res to the United States, most of which ere sold by Bloomingdale's.

After leaving New Guinea, Bill and efanie traveled to Bali, Australia and alaya—driving a rented car 470 miles om Singapore to Kuala Lumpur to nang. A few months later, they were f to Kenya to capture scores of animals r a game preserve in Nigeria. Then ey were flying to Ethiopia and Europe.

"We traveled together for about five onths in 1975," Stefanie said. "It pened new doors and wonders to me. I glected my career, but opportunities travel and learn and to be with a man ke Bill were more important."

Stefanie is a pragmatist. She says she esn't expect to find herself "artistically cognized" as a top-flight movie actress. am only allowed to work in an area here the requirements are limited—re- orking the things I've already done. It ould be different, for instance, if I'd been able to play the Faye Dunaway role in *Network*. Faye seems to be doing the top stuff—best scripts and directors. I don't feel I will ever be in that position. So I belong to that other category of performers—those who act for a living. That's the only other category there is."

Stefanie also sees her work with Holden as a commitment to the future of their relationship as well as an alternative career. She talks of acting less and of devoting even more time to travel and study with Bill.

"I don't know what I'll be doing five or ten years from now," she said. "If I thought seriously about having children, then I would think seriously about marriage. I look forward to having a goal, but the search is infinitely more rewarding and intoxicating than the discovery. It's a unique moment for me. It's given me time to reflect on an inner life, a sort of universal awareness. I think my work with Bill is bringing me close to this sort of understanding."

"I'm usually reluctant to talk about personal relationships," she said. "If you expound on something you release the energy of the thought to misinterpretation. Relationships between a man and a woman are so elusive that the more you label them, the greater the danger of the declining factor. But I don't imagine Bill and I will be breaking up. We have many common bonds, mutual respect and the giving and taking of needs. I think those things would keep us together for a very long time."

End

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Oven toaster (T93B) as well as the King Size 4-slice Toast-R-Oven toaster (T97). There's a size for every family, a price for every budget.

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TEFLON II

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ali & Steve

continued from page 76

"That 'Ali MacGraw, victim' story is getting on my nerves," she said, an edge in her voice. "I'm sick of it. I stopped working because I wanted to raise my family. Steve would never think of asking me not to work. That's just a convenient crock that gossip columnists dreamed up. Steve, a Svengali? God, no!

"First of all, Steve and I are two of the most hard-headed, stubborn survivors alive. There's no such thing as one of us *making* the other do anything. I'm a very strong-minded woman. Steve is just as strong. And we're together because we *want* to be together."

Still, Ali gave up the most promising career any actress has known in recent Hollywood history. Altogether, her only three films have earned a staggering $200 million.

Four years ago, it was expected that Ali, under the aegis of her husband Bob Evans, then head of Paramount, would next star in *The Great Gatsby*.

Instead, her romance with McQueen while making *The Getaway*, and her subsequent divorce from Evans and marriage to Steve, led to her astonishing and lengthy retirement. It's been an accepted fact that Ali stopped making movies at Steve's insistence, but she says no. She insists that her reasons were a matter of personal priorities.

"It didn't take any great soul searching on my part," she explains. "My son, Joshua, was two years old. Steve's son, Chad, was twelve. We all needed the solidarity of strong family life. To me that meant being at home with them, creating a sense of security after the trauma of our divorces. God knows that takes priority over a career.

"I think it's fair to say that for the past four years the boys have led a fairly normal suburban life. Well, reasonably normal with two maniacs at the helm."

Ali said she might have continued to work in films if she had been offered worthwhile projects in the Hollywood area, films affording her the luxury of being home every evening and on weekends. But distant locations, including *Gatsby* would have meant deserting her fledgling family for months.

She and Steve rented the unprepossessing Trancas Beach house and, for all practical purposes, became invisible. Old friends wondered aloud how they could settle for the distant environs of Trancas. Steve, always the loner, clearly would flourish in that ambiance. But Ali?

"Trancas happens to be where there's no smog," she says, "where our children literally open the door and are on miles of safe beach with sand to run in, not traffic. There are great public schools and fine, accessible private schools. It's clean, quiet and nobody gets into the 'Didn't I see you in blah-blah-blah.' So what's weird about living there?"

"When I get into my compulsive stage, I clean the closets or the silver. And I do laundry, God knows, all the time. There are eighty-seven beach towels every Sunday. I do a lot around the house because I care about it very much and want it to look a certain way, with fresh flowers and such. I'm not the woman working over a hot stove all day the way it's been written. That's one of the endless series of myths about Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw. All fantasy."

Ali filled the years away from movies driving to Beverly Hills several times a week to attend Ron Fletcher's exercise classes. She visited friends, did the grocery shopping, drove the boys to and from school. She read, took dancing lessons, and underwent several years of daily psychoanalysis.

"I know analysis is a taboo revelation you're supposed to be creeping with shame about," she said. "But I decided it was time I took complete control of my life. Analysis has everything to do with my strength now. If we know ourselves better we can save ourselves some pain. Oh, God, how I wish I hadn't wasted so much time in my twenties on relationships that were just foolish and wasted energy.

"I know the cliche about actresses in analysis. I can hear people thinking, 'Ah, you've gone Hollywood. You never used to be screwed up. You were a nice girl from Wellesley.' But it was one of the most important things I've done in my whole life."

"Completely haywire"

Yet the lodestar of her life was and is her husband Steve McQueen. It is clear whenever Ali speaks of him that she is deeply in love.

"Love throws everything else completely haywire," she says, eyes widening. "I'm talking about deep, romantic love. When you really love someone, as I do Steve, you stretch because rarely do you meet the perfect pea in the pod next to you. I'm set in my ways. But I've made important accommodations. So has Steve. Any love relationship must be more than fifty-fifty. You both have to give out seventy-five percent because the middle twenty-five overlaps. And there is a part of you nobody can ever have. It's private and important."

To friends, the MacGraw-McQueen match was not, on the face of it, made in heaven. Steve was a man pursuing such activities as sports, camping and motorcycle racing. Ali sought more passive, intellectual pursuits—music, ballet, the theater and literature. "I'm aware there are a lot of things Steve and I do not share in common," she says, "but we allow each other to do what we enjoy. I love beautiful old clothes and fill my closets with them. Steve likes motorcycles. They're beautiful. But after I've seen thirty of them, they affect me the same way I'm sure thirty antique dresses affect him.

"Steve has a truck farm. I mean he started passionately collecting trucks, automobiles and motorcycles. His trucks, laid end to end, would stretch from here to South Dakota. Seven of them are parked on the street by our house. And if he doesn't take the nine motorcycles out of my side of the garage, he's not going to be able to park on his side. It's funny. I get up in the morning sometimes at 5:30 and Steve is on the telephone talking to someone in Arkansas about some 1921 model truck he can't live without.

"During these past four years, I've spent a great deal of time at home together. It was terrific. When Steve wasn't working he'd wander off in search of a perfect fender for one of his cars.

"Steve isn't a demanding man. He likes simple meals—steak and mashed potatoes. And he likes me to cook if I feel like it. But he stays clear of the kitchen himself. He's big on the trage school of cooking, which is, 'Well, you're not going to cook, I'll get something together.'

"We find ways to resolve our differences tastes. The bedroom is wired with separate earphones to the television and stereo sets so we won't have to deal with each other's choices. If I want to read and listen to stereo while Steve watches television, there's no problem."

A year ago Ali's itch to return to work became acute. But she felt a long location film away from home still would be traumatic on the family, especially young Joshua. So instead of making a film, she and Steve bought the Trancas house they'd rented for three years and Ali plunged into redoing it from top to bottom. The McQueens didn't own a stick of furniture, a pancake turner or a towel. For four months they lived in the clutter of plaster and sawdust.

Last year, while Ali redecorated and refurbished, Steve was making a film called *Enemy of the People*. He rented temporary quarters in a Beverly Hills hotel while Ali played foreman to the workers at Trancas. Predictably, rumors of a separation spread.

"Steve stayed in town most of the time because it was impossible for him to study dialogue with ten carpenters banging on the bedroom door, and he'd have to be up at six in the morning."

Once the house was as perfect as Ali could make it, she found herself again restless to return to work.

"Those four years were a strange time in my life," she says. "It was the first time since I was fifteen years old that I hadn't worked. I put myself through school to make the money my scholarships didn't cover. *(continued*

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Ali & Steve

continued

Work was automatic—waiting on tables, being a chambermaid, all that stuff.

"I'm thirty-eight now, so you figure out how long I've been working. Last year I felt the need to act. I don't mean with the constant energy of a Liza Minnelli or Ann-Margret. I couldn't do that because I like to get lost in my real life for long spells at a time.

"But a year ago still wasn't the right time. I didn't want to disrupt *the scene*. We had our home pulled together and were living a special rhythm.

"I became awful to live with the last couple of years. I really was a horror. Very negative, very judgmental—everything I really don't like about myself. That's what most of the people close to me saw. I finally figured out that I really wanted to work, to create. And Steve was very supportive of that. He's been abused by rumors that he was opposed to my working. That really irritates me. Now that I've returned to acting, I'm relieved that that monster has gone away—I mean the monster I had become."

Last summer, Ali devoted three months to her costarring role with Kris Kristofferson in *Convoy*, most of it on locations in and around Albuquerque.

"I made the decision to work this year because I felt the family was secure enough to take it in stride," Ali says. "Joshua started to dread the idea. He even asked, 'Why are you going away? Do you need the money?' He really nailed me. I explained to him and Chad that someday each of them would fall in love with a lady who probably would have a need to express herself in some way by working. I think they understood. I wouldn't have done the movie if I thought they'd have been severely shaken up."

Actually, Ali was more shaken by her return to work than anyone else.

"After all, it had been five years," she said. "And I'm always aware I've had no formal training. I know my limitations. I have to play roles close to myself. And the woman that I portray, a photo-journalist, is like me. Even so, it was terrible going back the first day. I was frightened and I never got over it during the entire filming. When I was in a scene it was all right because all my concentration was on what I was doing. Between scenes I was scared.

"Even during the four years of living my life and trying to grow, I have maintained a certain position on the list of ladies getting work in movies. Living up to that is very scary. I want to be a good actress. An artist.

"No matter what, I won't crank out one picture after another. My family comes first. It's unforgivable not to make your children feel loved. It's a responsibility you must meet. You've got to be there for them. Steve shares my feelings.

"Joshua adores Steve. Divorce is hard on children. Cataclysmic. But Bob [Evans] and I are on good terms—and Joshua has a wonderful relationship with his father, too. Steve and Bob are totally different. Each of them is giving Joshua different things. After four years, it's super that everybody is wonderful about the children. Thank God."

Ali shook her head and smiled.

"In the past, after someone interviewed me, I'd hear people say, 'What a together lady she is.' I gag when I read those interviews, with me pontificating as if I had all the answers.

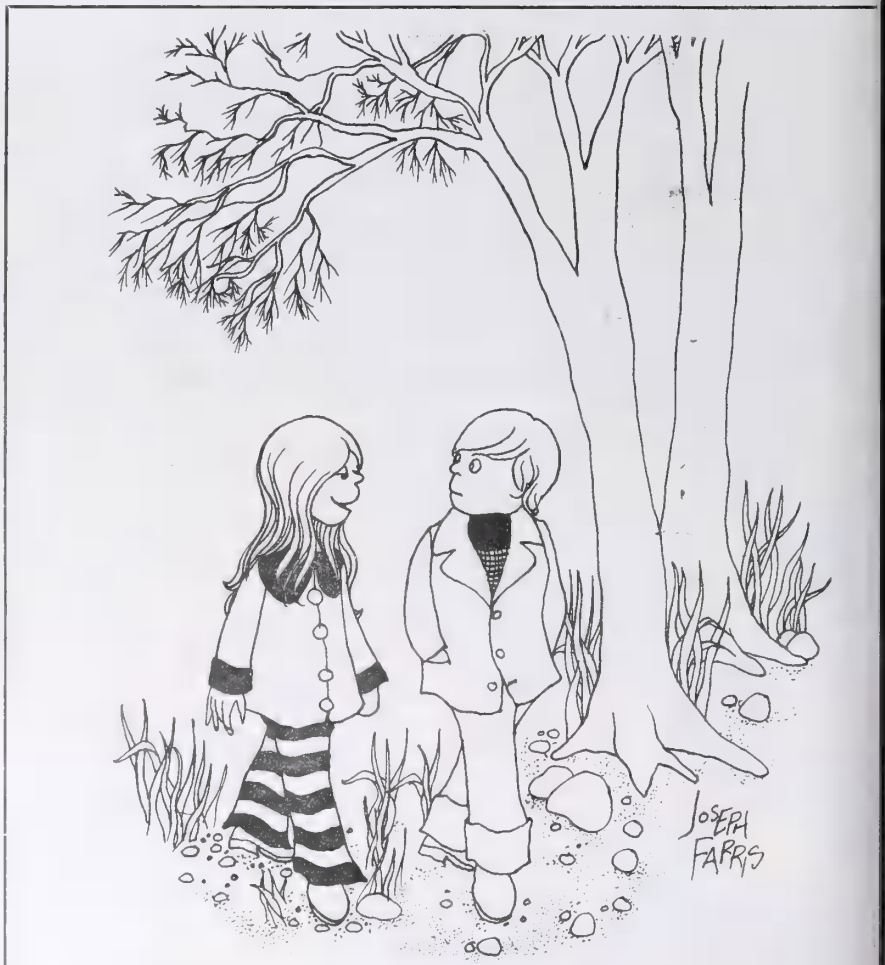
"I'm wise enough now to know I don't know anything. I want to live forever, but know that all we really have is *right now*. That's why I think being 'cool' is a bore. I say what I feel now because it may be too late to say it later.

"The past year has been interesting and funny because Steve's beard and my short hair have given us a certain amount of anonymity. We can go most places and not be recognized. The recognition factor was never much of a hardship for me. But Steve is a superstar and gets the sort of pressure that transcends having your ego massaged. He is terribly shy, so it's a nightmare for him. Steve loves to sit unobtrusively and study people. He said to me—from behind his beard—the other day, 'Can you imagine, after fifteen years, I'm finally able to sit and look at people!' "

Ali makes no predictions. She is neither complacent nor anxious about her marriage.

"I have no idea of what's going to happen at breakfast tomorrow morning. What I know right now is my basic morality is sound. I'm afraid that sounds pompous. But I'm a very decent human being, and I don't think there's any point in being coy about that. It's a real thing. I have genuine feelings for other people. And I'm doing the best I can for myself and the people I care about. How it will all turn out, I have no idea. I don't feel smug or secure. I know myself better than I did the last time I talked to anyone for publication—five years ago.

"I feel an intelligent, passionate woman can manage a great deal. I want to do it all. I want to become a fine actress, a mother and a wife—and to learn and grow and stretch out in all directions. If they put a freeze frame on my life right now, I'd say I'm leading exactly the sort of life I want. I don't know about Steve. You'd have to ask him. I hope he feels the same."



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Phyllis & Bob

continued from page 78

indignities endured by Cinderella. She started life as the prettiest girl in Denton, a tiny Texas college town between Dallas and Fort Worth.

The daughter of James "Bob" George, a financially comfortable distributor for Gulf Oil, and his wife Louise, Phyllis grew up in what she calls a "wholesome, very normal atmosphere.

Phyllis was a good, not great, student, but she starred in outside activities—as President of the Methodist Youth Alliance, a member of the Student Council, a cheerleader ("that was very important in Texas"), a Thespian and, finally, as Miss Denton High. She is almost diffident about her most outstanding juvenile achievement, the fact that she was considered a piano prodigy at age 12, and won many classical competitions against much older children.

When she was still missing a tooth or two, Phyllis decided that she wanted to become Miss America when she grew up. She ate carrots, walked around the house with books on her head and scrupulously watched the Miss America Pageant on TV.

"I've always had drive," she admits. "I never liked the idea of being aggressively ambitious—I don't think that's a feminine quality—but I felt there was a lot out there to live and experience, and I was determined to take advantage of the breaks that came my way."

The first big break was, of course, the 1971 Miss America title, that childhood dream. In the three-month period between winning the Miss Texas title and the Miss America Pageant, Phyllis worked herself into a competitive frenzy, swimming and exercising to get her body in shape, studying with a piano tutor and practicing the piano. The entire George clan was there to watch as "Phyl" became the first Miss America in recorded memory to drop her crown.

Phyllis chose not to return to Texas Christian University after her one-year reign as Miss America. She took her $10,000 scholarship money and moved to New York, where she enrolled in singing and acting courses, and took diction lessons (to eradicate her Texas twang). She supported herself by doing TV commercials and stints on *Candid Camera*, and annually co-hosted the Miss America Pageant with Bert Parks.

"It frightened me," Phyllis confesses, "when I'd go back to the Pageant and see some of the ex-Miss Americas. For most of them, it had been the high point of their lives—it was all downhill after that. A lot of them were divorced and disillusioned, and some had drinking problems. I guess I could have gotten married and had children at that point, but I chose not to. I was afraid I'd end up resenting my husband and family."

But she needn't have worried. In the fall of 1973, CBS Sports asked Phyllis if she would be interested in joining the network as a sports commentator.

Phyllis weighed the proposal for two weeks. "I knew I'd be on the firing line," she says, "with a job plenty of men would like to have and might resent me for taking. Also, I was a total sports novice. But finally, she said yes.

After a low-profile beginning, doing spot appearances at sports events, Phyllis was made co-host of the highest-rated sports show, *The NFL Today*. Her audience was composed mainly of the harshest critics this country has to offer—the Sunday afternoon, male, pro football fans.

Phyllis's "recognition quotient" soared in 1974, as she covered an increasing number of events for CBS. The only segment of her life not absolutely thriving was her social life.

Rocky romance

From the time she started dating in her early teens, she was, by her own admission, "a one-on-one person." When Phyllis first moved to New York she soon settled into what was to be a rocky, five-year romance with a wealthy New York real estate man.

In January of 1976, while Phyllis was in Miami covering her first Super Bowl, she met Bob Evans, who was there to oversee the production of his movie, *Black Sunday*.

Evans is handsome enough to be a movie star himself—which he was in the '50's. He left acting to get into the production end of films, where he quickly became the studio head of Paramount Pictures, responsible for such box-office winners as *Rosemary's Baby*, *Love Story* and *The Godfather*. After *The Godfather*, he resigned as studio chief and became an independent producer creating and masterfully promoting *Chinatown*, *Marathon Man* and *Black Sunday*. He was Hollywood's "man with the golden touch."

Evans was almost equally as well known for his elegant lifestyle and his romance with his *Love Story* star, Ali MacGraw. Bob and Ali subsequently married, but two years later she walked out of the Evans' house, taking their infant son, Joshua, in the wake of a widely publicized liaison with her *Getaway* co-star, Steve McQueen.

Bob admits that Ali's departure "devastated" him. He swore to friends and interviewers alike that he would never remarry.

This 46-year-old sophisticate, three times married and divorced, seemed hardly the match for the apple-pie-wholesome female sportscaster and former president of the Methodist Youth Fellowship. Yet Evans immediately saw in her the same "freshness, effervescence and intelligence" that had attracted him to Ali MacGraw. He arranged to get Phyllis's phone number, and called her in New York. She was unimpressed and refused to go out with him.

Later, however, he did escort her to a Hollywood party. "I thought he was pleasant," recalls Phyllis after their first date. "He kissed me good night on the forehead and that was that."

A few months later, Bob heard that Phyllis had broken off with her real estate beau. Evans called her again, they made a date and this time the chemistry was there. At the end of that second date, after an hours-long conversation in the driveway of the Beverly Wilshire hotel, Bob Evans proposed to Phyllis George as a streaky Los Angeles dawn was breaking. He was prepared, in fact, to fly to Las Vegas and marry her then and there.

"It was totally impulsive," he admitted later, "but I just knew that I wanted to be with her."

Phyllis was in love, too. During and after that evening, she felt "totally on the wavelength," but her initial reaction was "Whoa, let's take it easy." She wanted time to absorb the impact. Bob's fierce charm and determination to win her left little time for reflection, however. In the weeks after their second date, he inundated her with gifts: an antique diamond watch, an antique diamond ring and a ruby ring, a diamond brooch, an eye-boggling eight-carat emerald surrounded by three rows of diamonds that Phyllis casually dubbed "the green ring" and the *pièce de résistance*, a red Mercedes 450 SL convertible, flown in from Florida and deposited in Phyllis's driveway early one morning.

The pair spent all their non-working hours with each other, and Phyllis quickly became convinced that she wanted to become the fourth Mrs. Robert Evans. Together they planned their wedding, which took place on April 14, under an ancient sycamore tree behind Bob's Beverly Hills home.

Only 12 people attended the wedding, including Phyllis's parents. Phyllis wore a gown of white antique French lace and tulle and a wreath of marguerites and baby's breath in her hair.

After a honeymoon in Acapulco, the couple returned to Beverly Hills and Phyllis embarked on her new life as the doyenne of one of the most glamorous domestic establishments in southern California.

The Evans house is spacious and beautifully proportioned, all on one floor, with high ceilings and tasteful decor in beige and brown. It sits in the middle of gardens of roses so gigantic they appear to have taken a body-building course.

The teal-blue mosiac oval pool shimmers between the main house and the pool house. In back of *(continued*


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Phyllis & Bob

continued

the pool house is a sheltered tennis c
The house is at its most ravishin
night, when you can see the fire bu
in the pool house fireplace di
through the glass walls that surr
the living-room fireplace.

Unlike other brides, Phyllis di
return from her honeymoon to star
counters with kitchen and mop. D
the lean, impeccable British butle
been a part of the Evans menage f
years and is a Beverly Hills legend
self. He cooks sublimely and serves
Evanses their breakfast in bed
morning, while Hetty, the maid, c
and attends to Phyllis's wardrobe.

To the disgruntlement of locall
tesses, Phyllis and Bob seldom ve
out on the party circuit. They'd r
entertain their friends, who include
ren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, Dustin
man, agent Sue Mengers, et al—or
haps the Henry Kissingers when
are in town.

"I honestly don't like parties,"
says, "and I knew half the people
see would be saying, 'It'll never las
of the other side of their mouths."

Bob and Phyllis do not plan to s
family in the near future, although
lis says she would like "one child,
way," some day. At the moment s
involved in the tricky process of m
friends with Bob and Ali's 6-year-ol
Joshua, who visits on alternate week

Aside from building the foundati
a new marriage, Phyllis's primary
is her career, which for the presen
remain rooted in sports. Her new
contract should bring her salary cl
the $200,000 mark. Contrary to r
Bob will not be the Svengali beh
new movie career.

"Becoming an actress would b
worst thing Phyllis could do," he
emphatically. "She has an opport
on television of being a total origin
an actress she'd just be one of ma
just plan to be terribly supportive o
and give her career direction if I

After their brief courtship, the
are spending the infant months of
marriage getting to know each
warts and all. His endless telephoni
all hours sets Phyllis's teeth on edg
vast wardrobe and five-figure sho
sprees drive Bob up the wall.

"Ali's clothes took up about one-
of one closet the whole time we
married," Bob says jokingly, "wh
Phyllis's apartment in New York
nothing but a five-room closet.
teased her that if I had seen her a
ment before we did it, I never w
have married her."

Phyllis's first impulse was to
from the house where Bob had lived

e previous wives, but it now appears the Evanses will remain in their el box home. They are planning to l a study, a dressing room-closet and throom for Phyllis.

I know I'm bad casting for Phyllis's husband," Bob admits. "My track ord with women and marriage isn't tly great, but she came along at pre- ly the time I was ready to change my I have time to give to a marriage , and I plan to give it. The things I've n through and the mistakes I've made be assets to Phyllis. I only hope that n be good enough for her."

Does he foresee a lasting relationship? ng pause.

I'm pragmatic. Who can guarantee ver? I want it to last forever as long orever is marvelous." He shrugged. ny hang on to something miserable? n say this, though. Phyllis didn't en- into a simplistic life with me, and s not getting one back. Whatever pens, she'll never be bored."

hyllis decided early on to put her band's past firmly in its place. "The gs people said about Bob used to ner me," she acknowledges, "but you t dwell on the past—it's finished. I eve in taking each day as it comes. is a brilliant man. He stimulates my d. He's older and wiser: I've learned nendously from him. I wondered if be I should have married a younger , but it wouldn't have worked. He ws the pitfalls of life and how to cap- ze on the good things. He advises me verything from business to my make- nd clothes.

Ups and downs

I didn't go into this thinking, 'If it sn't work out I can always get a orce.' I went into it one hundred per- t. We're going to have our ups and ns, but I made a commitment, and 's very important to me. Bob is every- g to me, and I hope I can be every- g to him. To me, marriage means s: someone who cares about you, ries about you, thinks about you— eone to come home to and who es home to you. I love everything ut my life now."

s an initial step, Bob had given his le a burnished mahogany baby grand o as a wedding gift. On impulse, llis seated herself there. She played utifully and expressively. Ironically, song she chose was the theme from *e Story*, with all its connections with and Ali MacGraw. But Phyllis says past does not concern her.

hyllis George Evans may or may not contemporary Cinderella. But she is ung woman whose Texas-sized te- ty has already propelled her far her small-town beginnings, and just catapult her to superstardom. And er luck holds, her love story should forever. **End**

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Maggie & Clint

continued from page 76

comfortable leather sofa facing the ocean. Somehow less at ease indoors than out, Clint fell silent once again. One had the feeling he was communicating none the less, expressing in his private way his serenity in these surroundings.

Often Clint is content to sit motionless, absorbing the quality of life itself. And perhaps it is this silent assimilation of places—and, sometimes, companions—that leads the casual observer to mistake the man for the attitude. People assume he is uncomplicated. Simple. But the illusion does not mesh with the businessman-artist making complicated deals to direct and act in his own motion pictures, editing scripts and blending soundtrack to action. Not since Chaplin has one filmmaker mastered so many movie disciplines as Clint Eastwood. The accomplishments, which have made him a millionaire many times over, are not attained by simplistic men.

No, indeed. Clint Eastwood is an enormously complex man beneath a facade of steady calm. And it is his very complexity that defies analysis by those anxious to discover what makes him tick.

Some acquaintances will tell you the man you see on screen (*Dirty Harry, Josey Wales* and the forthcoming *Gauntlet*) is the man you meet off screen—without the violence of course. On the other hand, other people who know him well say he is an intricate enigma.

Ask Eastwood himself and the first response is a disarming grin, followed by an interminable silence. Ask again and Clint runs a hand through his hair and down the back of his neck—a study in discomfort.

"Well, maybe I'm not the guy to ask," he said. "Talk to the people I work with. My friends. My wife, Maggie."

Bob Daley has been Clint's friend for 23 years and his producer for the past seven. "I don't think it's possible to compare Clint with anyone," he said. "I've known him since a bunch of us lived in the same apartment building. We hung around the pool on weekends and drank beer. It's typical of Clint that he's remained friends with the same guys down through the years.

"What's Clint really like? He's an old-fashioned man in the western tradition, in the best sense of the word. There is no ostentation about him or his lifestyle. It's beyond him to try to impress anyone with what he owns or does. He's a loner. In all the years we've been friends, Clint has never confided his innermost thoughts. He seldom talks about his family except to glow about his children. He doesn't like to hear other people's problems, either. He thinks folks should work out the day-to-day problems for themselves.

"One thing people don't know about is his sense of humor. Best of all, he can laugh at himself."

Daley recalled driving a Nevada highway five years ago looking for location sites. Clint was sound asleep in the passenger seat. When the car ran out of gas, Daley was almost afraid to awaken Clint, anticipating a tongue lashing for being careless about the gas gauge.

But Clint shrugged and suggested that they hitch-hike to the nearest town.

"Clint told me to do the hitch-hiking. He didn't want people to make a fuss over him. I stood out on the blazing highway for a long time with no luck. Then Clint took over. Not a car stopped. He removed his hat hoping someone would recognize him. Then he waved his arms, pointing to himself and shouting, 'Look, it's Clint Eastwood. I'll give you an autograph!' He almost threw himself in front of cars. Finally, Clint was screaming, 'Where are you when I need you?'—and laughing like crazy."

"Action, not words"

Fritz Manes, an associate producer, works with Daley. Manes and Clint grew up together in Oakland, and have remained friends since childhood.

"Clint was always a guy of action, not words," Manes said. "He had tremendous magnetism for girls even when he was a kid. He was a great athlete but he had no interest in team sports. He didn't like anyone giving him orders. Even the football stars didn't attract girls like he did. Maybe it was because he was standoffish. A bunch of us would go to a hangout in our high school days, and we'd all try to make connections with the girls. Not Clint. He'd sit in a corner and best-looking chicks would seek him o

Both Daley and Manes have flashes of Clint's awesome temper.

"When we got out of the service went into a Hollywood bar one nig Manes recalled. "I got abusive with or six sailors. They threw me into street pretty badly beaten up. Then of the sailors made the mistake of s ning Clint around. Next thing I k six sailors were lying around in var stages of unconsciousness. One guy standing over all of them, his bloody. That was Clint."

Judie Hoyt is pretty and efficient, in the two years she has been Eastwo secretary, she has seen him react to ses with unfailing cool. Except w someone usurps his parking space in jam-packed studio lot. "Then he flies of here screaming," Judie said. "He absolutely furious." On more than occasion, he has pushed the offend automobile to an inaccesible part of studio and abandoned it.

A health food buff, Clint fixes m in the office. He never wears a w watch except when traveling, and t only to be sure he meets plane sched He relies on Judie when he has an pointment or simply calls out once twice a day to ask the time.

"He's totally unconcerned about w time it is," Judie said. "He's just as hand about his personal appeara There isn't a mirror in his office. He thoroughly unspoiled man."

Then Judie touched a quality in man that only Clint himself was late perceive. "There's a boyish quality him, despite the fact that he is all m I see the boy a lot. Clint reacts to cars and gym equipment like a kid.

(continu



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Maggie & Clint

continued

has a Ferrari, but his favorite is a beat-up Chevy pickup. He likes it because nobody expects a movie star to be driving a truck."

Judie tells of an anonymous studio cat who gave birth to a litter of kittens outside the Malpaso office. Clint fed them on the patio outside his office, even though he is allergic to cats. Now he telephones Judie when he's out of town, inquiring about the kittens.

Clint Eastwood unconsciously reveals the inner man when he talks about his movies. While he is the first to say there are no messages in such films as *Gauntlet* and *The Enforcer*, the quality of the characters he plays are astonishingly revelatory of Eastwood himself.

"I tend to play winners," he said. "I played a loser in *Beguiled*, and it was the only box office failure I've made. Dustin Hoffman and Al Pacino play losers very well. But my audience likes to be in there vicariously with a winner. That isn't always popular with the critics. My characters have sensitivity and vulnerabilities, but they're still winners. I don't pretend to understand losers. When I read a script about a loser I think of people in life who are losers and they seem to want it that way. It's a compulsive philosophy with them. Winners tell themselves, *I'm as bright as the next person. I can do it. Nothing can stop me.*

"And that's the kind of philosophy you need in the movie business. I was disenchanted a lot of times, but I always tried again. I'm not given to self-analysis very much. I move forward. I don't like to think back on yesterday. I like the idea of the guy who said, 'This is the first day of the rest of my life.' "

Because so many of the values Clint esteems are invested in the characters he plays, he is not impervious to the barbs of critics. He shrugs off the bad reviews, but he cares. He takes enormous pride in the production values and his own fastidious direction. Each of the six films he has directed, including *Play Misty For Me* and *Dirty Harry*, were eight-month ordeals in which he drove himself unrelentingly from editing the first script to the completed print.

Jessica Walter, who costarred with Clint in *Play Misty For Me*, says, "He's the most underrated man in the business—a wonderful director who makes his actors feel secure. Believe me, Clint is going to get his Oscar some day."

Sondra Locke, whom Clint directed in *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, is equally glowing about his work. "He plays supermen on the screen, but as a director and human being he is probably the most sensitive, vulnerable man I know. You feel somehow he knows more than other people. It's a magical thing."

Clint Eastwood heroes are invariably *macho*, a term he doesn't understand. "I don't know if there is such a thing as *macho*," he said. "I can't think of myself like that. My characters are tough and I take charge on the screen because the situation—danger and conflict—dramatically lends itself to that. But there's not much danger around my house or this studio. I don't get into fights. When I slip into a bar for a brew, I don't stay too long and I don't talk too loud. The only thing I don't like about my work is being in the public eye. I hate having people stare at me. Maybe that's why I'm directing my films. Maybe that's all I will do someday. But I don't have a particular goal in life in my conscious mind. Maybe subconsciously.

"There is no great mountain I've set my mind on climbing. I make every movie the best I can. I don't think about retirement. But I have no overall concept for my life either. I'm not all that different from the guy sitting in the theater watching one of my pictures. I'm lucky to be doing the kind of work I enjoy. Some guys are content just to be actors and aren't interested in directing. Paul Newman has done both, but he doesn't like to direct when he's acting. I don't blame him. It's a tough job.

"One reason I began directing was the extravagance and waste I saw all around me when I worked only as an actor. *Paint Your Wagon* cost twenty-two million dollars. I know it could have been made just as well for eight million. My pictures come in at five million or less—under budget and under schedule."

It was another day, another place—the Hog's Breath Inn, Carmel. Clint gave the restaurant its name in admiration of the quixotic pubs of England. It consists of two rustic buildings (one a tap roo and a patio filled with tables, in spersed with native shrubs and cyp trees. A former antique shop, it is a lightful spot to dine. Clint is half ow and a regular customer.

Clint ordered an avocado stuffed v tuna and a glass of herb tea.

"I've never tried to sell anyone on restaurant," he said. "I'm not gooc selling anything, even my own pictur Clint laughed at a rare attempt to pu cize one of his films. Burt Reynolds telephoned him to say he was sittin as host for *The Merv Griffin Shou* last-minute notice. He asked Clin help out by appearing as a guest.

"Burt was really tired," Clint recall "He'd been working hard and doin lot of talk shows. He's usually good a But that night he was uptight. The sl was dying, I came on and they shov some clips from my picture. I fell so asleep right in the middle of the sh Some help I was!"

Clint had arrived at the Hog's Bre in his pickup. In Los Angeles he o drives a disreputable wreck he bou from the *Gauntlet* production. Driv ancient heaps when he could affor fleet of limousines is neither rev snobbery nor ploy for anonymity.

"I don't believe in possessions have to worry about," he said. "Wh drive the Ferrari and the parking lot peels rubber, I say, 'Oh, my God.' I piles up that old junker, it doesn't r ter. It's one less thing to think about.

"I like to eliminate problems. Tensi can build to the point where you al yourself to get too tight. You have pick certain things that pressure you eliminate them."

Clint has financial advisers and l yers who handle his business affairs, though he is a shrewd businessman h

(continued on page 1



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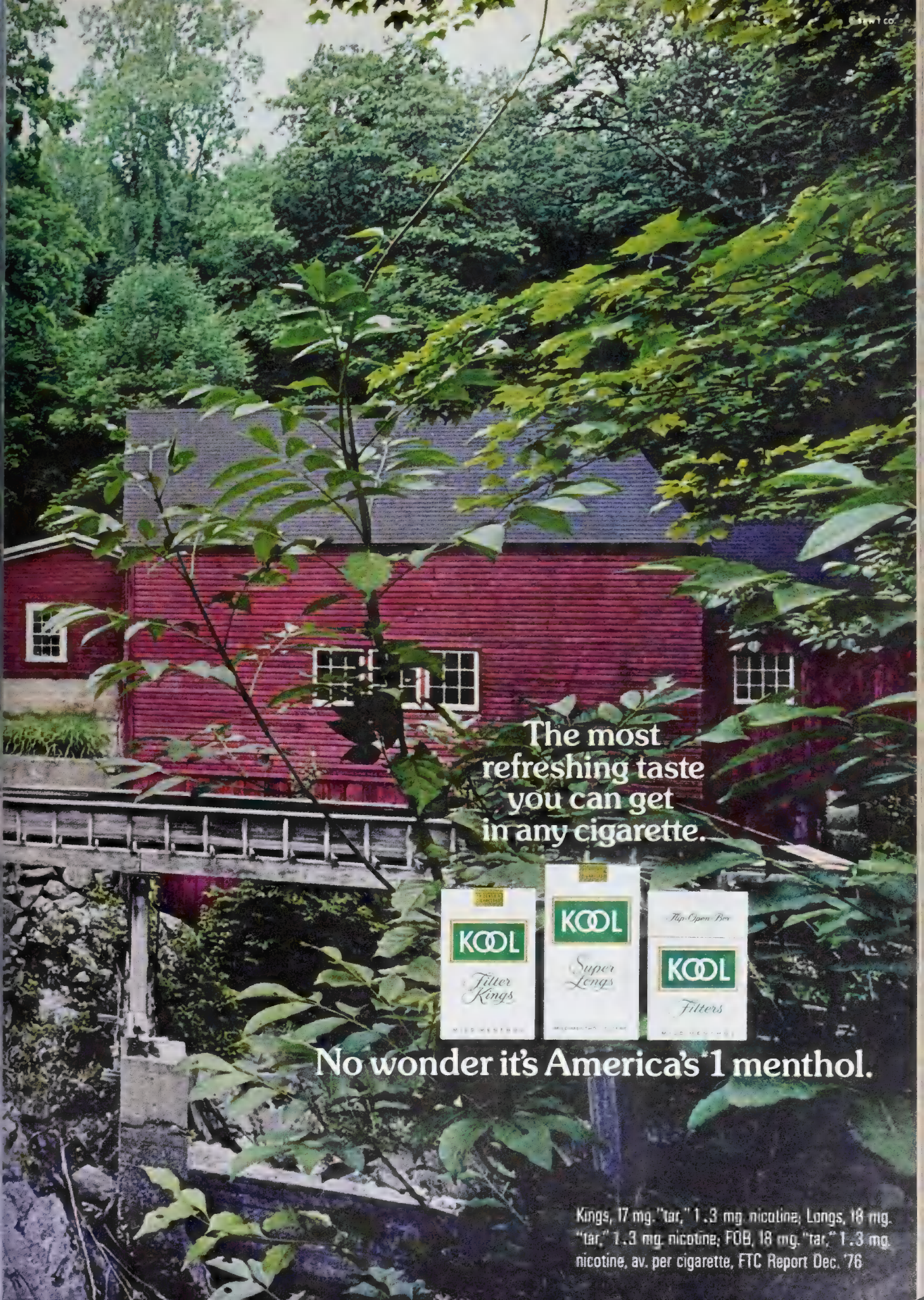
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Your Family's Health

continued from page 68

than three out of four said the bracelet made of copper made them feel beter. Less than one of four felt the aluminum made them feel better. Those who regularly wore copper responded better to the copper bracelets than previous nonusers. The bracelets seem to help, the researchers say, because copper can be absorbed through the skin.

We asked the Arthritis Foundation, which has a special committee to study "unproven remedies," to comment on the study. Said one committee member, rheumatologist Emanuel Rudd, M.D.: "The study is not convincing. It's an interesting attempt, but I don't think they came up with any hard data to prove that copper bracelets have any effect on arthritis."

In Dr. Rudd's view, patient responses —"I feel better" or "I feel worse"—do not adequately differentiate real relief from a placebo effect, even though the wearers apparently did not know which bracelet they were rating. Only an objective measure, such as the reduction of joint swelling, would count, in Dr. Rudd's view. So, for arthritis symptoms, don't rely on a bracelet. See your doctor.

HEPATITIS PROTECTION. We said last year that the FDA soon would license a new protective "shot" against Type B (serum) hepatitis. It now has done so—but there are some disappointing qualifications. The protective material, called H-BIG, is gamma globulin containing huge amounts of antibody against hepatitis. When injected into a person who has been exposed to hepatitis, H-BIG neutralizes the hepatitis virus, forestalling the long, drawn-out—and sometimes lethal—illness.

One drawback is price. The two shots of H-BIG required for protection cost $260 to $300 wholesale. Another qualification concerns the FDA-approved uses for H-BIG. One clinical trial showed that it may provide significant protection for hepatitis victims' spouses, who may be infected through intimate contact. But thus far H-BIG is licensed *only* for medical professionals who are exposed to hepatitis by contaminated blood or other substances.

One day, the approved uses may be broadened to include family contacts of hepatitis patients, says H-BIG's innovator, pathologist Alfred Prince, M.D., of the New York Blood Center. Meanwhile, he notes, American doctors have the option to decide for themselves when to use a licensed product like H-BIG. We asked Dr. Prince, who is exposed to hepatitis in his labs, what he would do if he became ill. Would he give H-BIG to his wife? He replied, "I guess I might be tempted." **End**

Maggie & Clint

continued from page 96

self. He owns a thousand acres in and around the Monterey peninsula. His favorite parcel is the 12 acres of beachfront on the rocky coast, ten minutes from downtown Carmel.

A few hours later, Clint, stripped to the waist, was playing with his son, Kyle, a Tom Sawyerish nine-year-old, and daughter Alison, an astonishingly beautiful five-year-old blonde, in the cypress and pine forest of the property. There are no manicured lawns nor flower beds. A private road leads through the trees with native flora on all sides. Two orphaned yearling deer frolicked with the children and their father. Alison was riding her two-wheel bike for the first time without training wheels. Eastwood trotted beside her in the event of a fall.

"Come into the house and say hello to Maggie," Clint said, scratching one of the deer on the head.

The Eastwood home is at once imposing and naturally blended into its setting of rocks, sea and cypress. Inside the fan-shaped dwelling there is space and light and wood and a view of the sparkling Pacific from almost every vantage of its 7,000 square feet. Muted elegance best describes the furnishing and decor. There are few fancy trimmings. The floors are mostly tile. The grains and patterns of the wood beams and walls, bolted massively together, are breathtaking in themselves.

Maggie Eastwood gestured toward the solid wall of glass fronting the ocean. "We almost have a resident window cleaner. Our home has twice as much glass and wood as the average house this size. The siding is redwood and the ceilings are fir. The timbers came from an old railroad bridge that used to cross the Salinas River."

Maggie ushered the way to Clint's gym and sauna, the gleaming kitchen, bedrooms and dining room. Her own nest is a third-story studio with a commanding view of the forest on one side and the sea on the other. "I like the fact this never looked like a new home," she said. "It seems as if it were meant to be here. I used all the colors that you see outside—rusts, greens and blues."

Maggie settled onto a couch. "Clint is happiest when things don't get too complicated. He likes to keep life simple, but he is a very complex man. Our only extravagance is this house. It's what we've always wanted. It's natural."

Maggie, who met and married Clint when she was a college student, helped out financially in the early years. Their marriage has endured for 23 years. They belong to a nearby tennis club and frequently play mixed doubles. Both are aggressive on the court and like to w They enjoy a limited social life w friends from various backgrounds—o a few from show business.

Maggie, long accustomed to her h band's attractiveness to women, und stands the magnetism he projects.

"There's a movie star quality ab Clint that he had long before he beca an actor," she said. "Clint makes an i pact when he enters a room. There's aura around him. Not because he's actor. The presence was there first."

Maggie defends Clint's acting. "Th say Clint and Gary Cooper and Jo Wayne just play themselves. Tha dumb. I don't think any actor can p himself. Maybe Clint finds roles close what he is. But that's it. He's one of t least violent men I know.

"On the outside Clint is calm and c lected. Inside, I'm not sure. I don't thi it's possible to generate as much ener as he does and be calm. He's a Gemin quick thinker and mover. Clint does have much patience with slow thinke But he has all the patience in the wo with animals and children. He ado Kyle and Alison. I'm the only lady know who was pregnant on her eig teenth wedding anniversary. We we through some tough times in our m riage, so we waited until we were su things would be all right financially."

The children racketed into the hou scampering with their father. Mag led them off toward the kitchen.

Clint stood by a window, again p occupied with the sea. "This is a go environment for the children," he sa "I'm trying to give them decent value know about the problems of second-g eration show business kids. I want avoid that.

"I've been fortunate enough to att a certain amount of success and cont over my destiny. I've eliminated fin cial hardships my parents lived with."

He returned to the couch and down. "It's hard to write about me, I sure," he said. "No snappy one-line People say I'm shy. Most actors I kn are introverted and shy. Extroverts think, don't make very good actors. U ually they wear it all out front, where the introvert has more desire to cre a character and stay behind it.

"When I was coming up in the '50s wished I was an extrovert. I figured have gotten the breaks earlier if I'd be a little better with the handshakes a party-going. But I couldn't fake it. So guess I'm pretty much the guy peo think I am off-screen. I know I'm a co plex person, and whether this is inte gence or luck or instinct or whate you want to call it, I don't know. I always seen things in pictures. Instin tively. I think to make movies you *ha* to think visually. Children do that. M be I'm just a grown-up kid."

Maybe. Maybe not. **E**

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's a treatment that works he links that make up r hair. When your hair ew, those links are ed together in an unbroken chain. When you hurt your hair, those links break. Your hair looks sad. Limp. Dull. Boring.



Sad hair before The Hair Fixer



Hair fixed by The Hair Fixer

The Hair Fixer reinforces those broken links. Permanently. (Of course, when your hair grows out, The Hair Fixer grows out, too.) The more you use it, the more fixed your hair will be. The glossier, fuller and better it will look. You will feel as though you have more hair. You will feel as though that hair has more life. Hello, gorgeous hair! Permanently.

L'ORÉAL®
Because you're worth it.™





For Normal or Blow-Dry Styling

© 1977 Cosmair, Inc.

Special Cookie Makers

Cookie time is coming up fast. Be prepared—get ready right now to branch out into a world of beautiful cookie designs. All with the aid of some of Santa's special helpers, shown below. (Also, get set for tons of terrific new cookie recipes in our December issue.) **1.** Called a Pizzelle Chef, this electric Italian press forms two stained-glass window-like wafers at a time. A look and taste similar to waffles; about $34. **2.** and **5.** The open-ended cookie makers are rosettes; the closed ones, timbales. These forms fit on a long handle, get dipped into batter and deep fried. In *(continued)*



Photograph by Tasso Vendikos





Ethan Allen's Treasury gives me lots of ideas, free–you don't have to buy anything. I just picked it up at the Gallery, on my first visit.

"I'M INDECISIVE, SO I LIKE TO FEEL I'M GOING TO GET ALL THE)ECORATING HELP I NEED, WITHOUT FEELING RESSURED."

Meet Ann Haggerty. Third in a ries of stories about the kind people who furnish their use, their way, at Ethan Allen.

I have a lot of trouble making up mind before I buy something. ecially for the house. I have to nk about it, ask questions, feel I've n everything before I can decide. e best decision I ever made was to lk into an Ethan Allen Gallery. I hadn't seen one of their bed- ms done in this unusual 18th cen- stencil, I would never have had courage to do what I did with our droom. Ethan Allen's room setting cided me. At first, I was afraid shop- g at Ethan Allen would be too ex- nsive, but I got everything I wanted a lot less than I'd expected to pay. ich made me feel even better about decision. I even had two quilts de up in the same fabric–one for m and me and one for Sam, our kit- . When I decide, I go all the way! feel so great about our bedroom, w I'm planning to re-do the dining om. That's how confident Ethan en makes me feel."



Ethan Allen's interior designer suggested this ginger jar lamp for the night table. Perfect!





This fabric is a reproduction of an authentic 18th century stencil. The minute I saw it in one of their bedrooms I decided. Ethan Allen's interior designer helped me work it all out.



Ethan Allen Galleries



ME ON OVER TO OUR HOUSE D FURNISH YOUR HOUSE, YOUR WAY K US UP IN YOUR YELLOW PAGES.

Cookie Makers

continued

bell, angel, heart, star and other festive shapes. Served plain, sugared or filled with creams; basic set, $7.95; set of additional forms, $4.

3. Fast-on-the-draw cookie gun shoots out dough with trigger action. Each squeeze—one holiday treat. Comes with 9 design plates, 3 decorating tips; about $10.50.

4. Classic springerle (German) pin. Wooden roller with charming carved pictures to imprint on soft dough; about $4.

6. Colonial gingerbread man mold. Tall and quite handsome. Cast aluminum press, a Williamsburg reproduction; $15 each.

7. This rather strange looking implement is a Vienna Stamp Roll. Basic use: to make a swirl atop Viennese dinner rolls. For the holidays, it can be employed as a rosette (**2.** and **5.**) for swirly-whirly cookies; $6.

8. Scandinavian KrumKake Iron. Delicate scrollwork press turns out paper-thin cookies. Crisp and rich, they're traditionally rolled into cone shapes while still warm; $11.95.

The gingerbread man mold is available through Craft House, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. All other items available at specialty stores or by mail from Maid of Scandinavia, 3244 Raleigh Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. 55416. **End**

Friends are the best part of a busy day.

It's been a busy day scooting around the house in Toddler Truck, pausing to call an imaginary friend on the built-in telephone. Or just thumping away on Baby Drum Drop.

Both are part of Playskool's continually evolving line of fascinating quality toys to delight babies everywhere.

Baby Drum Drop is a drum on one side, a drop box on the other.

A push-pull toy, a telephone, a toy chest on wheels—Toddler Truck is three toys in one!



PLAYSKOOL baby toys

Playskool, Inc., a Milton Bradley Company

What's happening

continued from page 16

cat burglar, and Catherine Deneuve, l ing and gazing at the legionnaires' f Hardly likely. The foreign legion ordered to guard a hole in the sand by Max Von Sydow, famous archeoli greedy for ancient treasure. For all sense *March or Die* makes, it could called *March or April*.

PLEASANT PULP

One on One is a basketball express for two players who match their skill a head-to-head confrontation. That's propriate for the story of an 18-year- boy, entering college on a basket scholarship, whose new life is a serie one-on-ones: boy vs. coach, boy beautiful tutor, boy vs. pill-popp roommate, boy vs. the system . . . a ultimately, boy vs. himself, or one- oneself. He's played by Robby Bens as a squeaky-clean freshman thro into the tank of athletic barracudas: tough-hearted win-at-any-cost coa the moral-leper alumni and the ulcer competition to make the team. Will hero make the team? Will he lose scholarship? Will he win the big ga Most of *One on One* is pleasant pul freshly scrubbed movie in the mood Norman Rockwell cover.

STRIKE OUT

The first movie featuring the News Bears was good news. The Bad News Bears is *bad* news. It's ca *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Tr ing*. They've not only broken train they've struck out.

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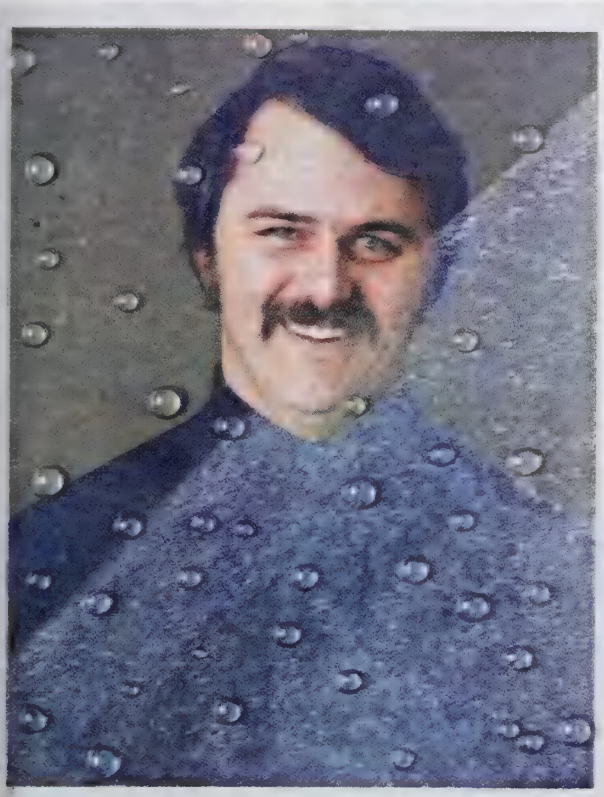
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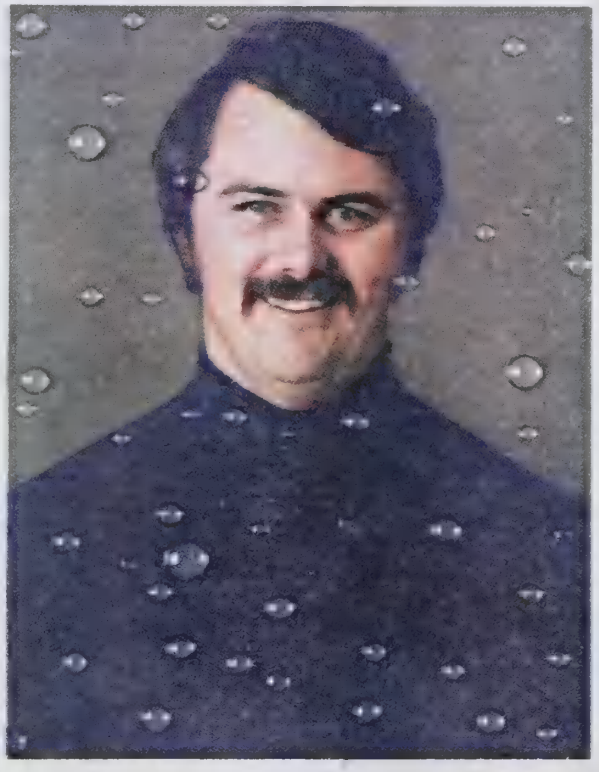
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Zestimonial.





My Soap.

If my soap leaves this film on my photograph, then it must leave the same film on me. I guess I really wasn't getting clean. It looks terrible. I don't think I'll be using my soap anymore.

Bill Hud

Zest.

Zest doesn't leave a film. I went home and tried it. Now I'm a believer in



PYREX is a Registered Trademark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y. 14830.

h the honest, rustic look of American folk art. But, although rex® ware. Which means it'll go from the freezer to the oven from great American cookware (ours). CORNING

RINGUE PUDDING
casserole, mix 2 cans ach pie filling with ¼ p slivered almonds. Bake tes or until hot. Remove s until stiff, gradually iff and glossy. Spread bake for another 12 to e is lightly browned.

NEW ENGLAND FLOUNDER STUFFED WITH CRAB
Sprinkle 4 large flounder filets with salt and pepper and top with 1 package (6 ounces) frozen King crab, thawed, drained and shredded. Roll up like jelly roll and place into greased 1½ quart oblong Pyrex® casserole. Mix 1 can (10¾ ounces) condensed cream of mushroom soup and 1 cup frozen peas. Pour over fish rolls, cover and bake at 350°F. for 30 to 40 minutes or until fish flakes. Serves 4.

he above sentences are excerpts taken from hidden camera inter
ll Huddleston. At that time, we asked him to bathe pictures of hin
e the ones above, in his favorite soap and Zest® We also asked h
est at home. He found out Zest made him feel cleaner than his soa

Try Zest. Like Bill Huddleston,

ction from Pyrex® ware.

better dish so you can.

FAST FOOD AT HOME

Three easy entrées to help you avoid mealtime hassles.



Here we go on our new series to discourage the "what-to-fix-for-dinner-tonight" blues. This month we suggest you unearth your slow cooker for a spicy chili; use convenience foods for a real throw-together quickie, and rely on your microwave for last-minute dinner guests.

USING CONVENIENCE FOODS

Canned lentil soup is pretty good to start with. Throw in some sliced frankfurters and a dash of bottled red pepper sauce—great for a quick supper. Serve with melted cheese on pumpernickel or rye bread slices, cole slaw, apple pie à la mode, choice of beverage.

LENTIL SOUP WITH FRANKFURTERS

2 cans (20 oz. each) ready-to-serve lentil soup
6 frankfurters, cut into ½-inch slices
¼ teaspoon bottled red pepper sauce

In medium saucepan, combine all ingredients. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve hot. Makes 4 servings. About 370 calories per serving.



A push-pull toy, a telephone, a toy chest on wheels—Toddler Truck is three toys in one!

Playskool, Inc., a Milton

FOR YOUR MICROWAVE

Guess who's coming to dinner and it's 5 P.M.? Here's a classic shrimp Newburg, microwave-style. Serve with melon and thinly sliced salami, hot fluffy rice, baby peas with pearl onions (comes frozen), grapefruit-avocado salad on greens, strawberries with orange-flavored liqueur, dry white wine, espresso.

SHRIMP NEWBURG

Shrimp
1 pound shelled, deveined shrimp
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Sauce
⅓ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
1¾ cups light cream
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons sherry
Parsley for garnish

Place shrimp in a shallow dish or pie plate. Sprinkle on lemon juice. Cover with waxed paper and cook in microwave oven for 3½ minutes until shrimp turns pink. Rotate dish after each minute. Drain and set aside.

For sauce: In 4-cup glass measuring cup, melt butter in microwave oven for 1 minute. Stir in flour, salt, nutmeg and pepper; microwave for 1 minute. Stir. Slowly add cream to flour mixture, stirring constantly. Return to microwave oven and continue microwaving for 3 minutes, stirring once or twice. Slowly add some hot cream mixture to egg. Pour egg mixture, all at once, back into cream mixture, stirring constantly. Cook for 1 minute. Stir in sherry and pour mixture over shrimp; stir. Cook for 1 minute, or until shrimp are heated through. Makes 6 servings. About 300 calories per serving.

Illustration by Robert Weber

A traditional American dish deserves a traditional American dish.



PYREX is a Registered Trademark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y. 14830.

Corning designed the Homestead™ Collection with the honest, rustic look of American folk art. But, although mestead looks like fine antique crockery, it's still 100% Pyrex® ware. Which means it'll go from the freezer to the oven he table. So you can serve great American cooking (yours) from great American cookware (ours). **CORNING**

TEXAS CHILI CON CARNE

at ¼ cup oil in a skillet. Chop 2 onions and 2 lic cloves, and saute for 5 mins. Add 2 lbs. ground ick and saute until crumbly. Drain excess fat. Mix bs. flour with 1 Tbs. salt, 2 Tbs. chili powder and tsp. cumin. Gradually stir in 3 cups hot water. ur mixture over meat and stir well. Turn into 2½ Pyrex® oval casserole, cover and bake at 350°F. 1½ hrs. Add 1 lb. can drained kidney beans. ason to taste and reheat. Serves 6-8.

GEORGIA PEACH MERINGUE PUDDING

In a 1½ quart Pyrex® round casserole, mix 2 cans (1 pound, 5 ounces each) peach pie filling with ¼ cup melted butter and ½ cup slivered almonds. Bake at 350°F. for 30 to 35 minutes or until hot. Remove from oven. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff, gradually beat in ½ cup sugar until stiff and glossy. Spread meringue over peaches and bake for another 12 to 15 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Serves 6.

NEW ENGLAND FLOUNDER STUFFED WITH CRAB

Sprinkle 4 large flounder filets with salt and pepper and top with 1 package (6 ounces) frozen King crab, thawed, drained and shredded. Roll up like jelly roll and place into greased 1½ quart oblong Pyrex® casserole. Mix 1 can (10¾ ounces) condensed cream of mushroom soup and 1 cup frozen peas. Pour over fish rolls, cover and bake at 350°F. for 30 to 40 minutes or until fish flakes. Serves 4.

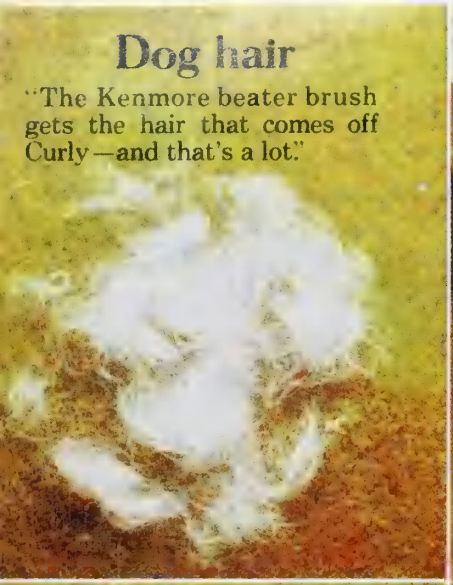
The Homestead™ Collection from Pyrex® ware.

Pyrex® ware. We make a better dish so you can.

"Kenmore gets up the stuff we leave behind. That's power!"

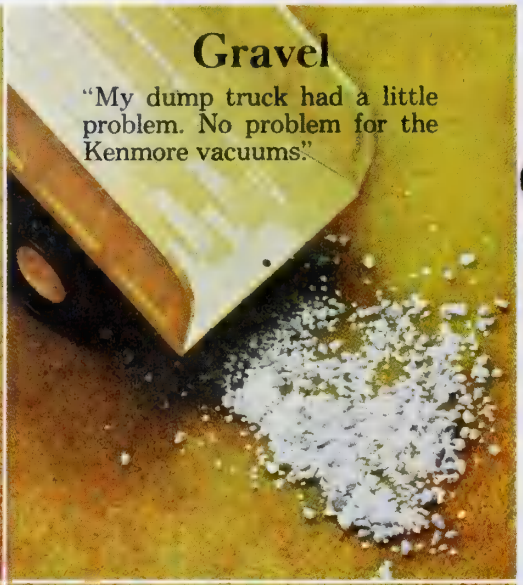
Dog hair

"The Kenmore beater brush gets the hair that comes off Curly—and that's a lot."



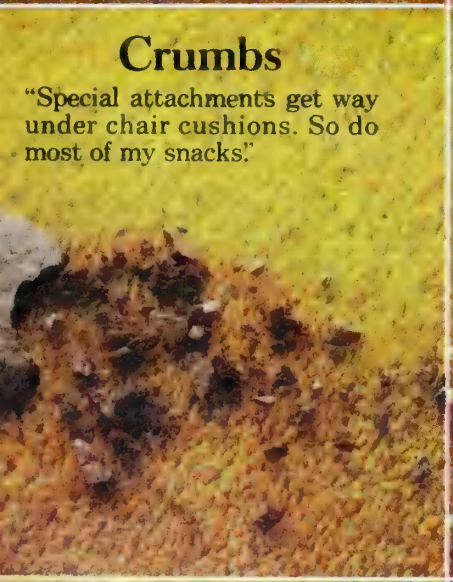
Gravel

"My dump truck had a little problem. No problem for the Kenmore vacuums."



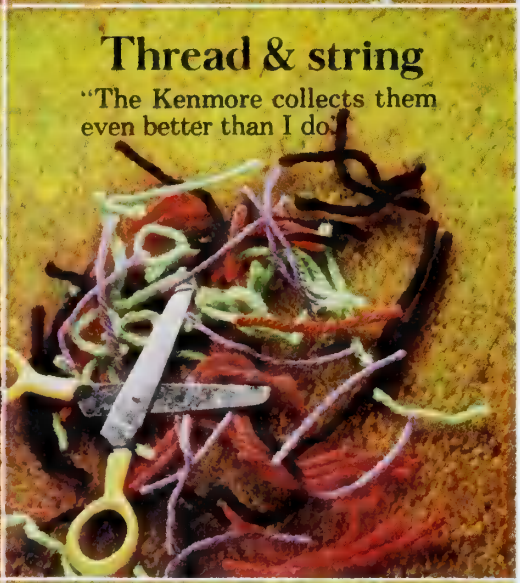
Crumbs

"Special attachments get way under chair cushions. So do most of my snacks."



Thread & string

"The Kenmore collects them even better than I do."



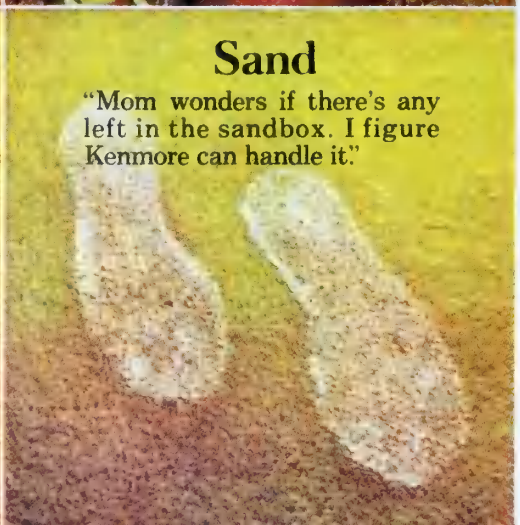
Dirt

"Kenmore vacuums are made to tackle my specialty: problem dirt."



Sand

"Mom wonders if there's any left in the sandbox. I figure Kenmore can handle it."





The Powermate® Canister. The Powerease® Upright. The Good Housekeeping Institute witnessed both famous Kenmores pick up this problem dirt.*

The Powermate extra-long hose reaches under a king-size bed. And the Powerease moves with the touch of a finger.

See them at most Sears retail stores, before you buy any other vacuum.

**The Good Housekeeping Institute witnessed Powermate #2899 and Powerease #3899 pick up the dirt shown when spilled on a plush rug.*



Kenmore. Solid as Sear

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977

Available in most Sears retail stores and the cata



The Family at Thanksgiving

The Carters Gather To Celebrate America's Bountiful Holiday

What's true for the First Family is the same for families all across America. The tradition of Thanksgiving summons the clan, however dispersed, to close the circle and gather round the groaning board. If the Carters assemble at the White House, this will be their joyful group. If your family is coming together at your house, substitute your own range of generations and colorful spectrum of personalities in the portrait above. On the next two pages, you can survey some traditional but special recipes Chef Henry Haller will be preparing for the Carter family if at the White House (with, possibly, a few personal touches and changes from superb hostess Rosalynn Carter). Meanwhile, to all of you wherever you gather, HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

The Carters, portrayed by artist Thornton Utz. Left to right: Amy Carter; James Earl Carter IV (held by Rosalynn Carter); Jeff and Jack Carter; Jason (Jack's son) in President's arms; Miss Allie (Rosalynn's mother); Chip Carter, Miss Lillian (President's mother).



Holiday Dinner at The White House

Giving thanks for another abundant year, whether at the White House or your house, centers around a welcoming and well-laden table. Here, Chef Haller shares his recipes for the First Family's dinner—with you. A glorious roast turkey, circled by spiced apples, with giblet gravy and chestnut-sausage stuffing. Colorful, fresh green beans, candied sweet potatoes and white and yellow turnips. Green salad gets tossed with slivers of carrots, radishes. Go-withs: pumpkin bread, tart cranberry muffins. For dessert, fragrant mince-apple pie. These, plus oyster stew and apple custard, on page 144.

Photographs by George M. Cochrane. Silver from James II Galeries, Presidential dinner plates by Lenox.



Rosalynn Carter arranges Thanksgiving table, with grandson James (held by his mother Caron), the President, daughter-in-law Judy Carter and Amy.



The Beauty of Shadow Shading

Picture the way sunlight looks when it flickers through the trees. That's the subtle effect of shadow shading, the new fashion in hair coloring. At random (with a skillful eye), some strands of hair are streaked a few shades paler than natural; others, softly highlighted. No harsh stripes or chunks that show as they grow. When it's right, it lights up your hair, your face. Simply beautiful! By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

This page: A glorious head of hair, glimmering with highlights. Point of concentration: around the face (to shed more light). Then, scattered throughout in many miniscule sections, lightening up to varying degrees.

Photographs by Jim Houghton. Hair coloring concepts on these pages by Leslie Blanchard, Private World of Leslie Blanchard. All haircolor by Clairol. Makeup by Guy Astier.



The Beauty of Shadow Shading



Bringer of lights, of dazzle (opposite page) to naturally darker hair. Since shadow shading is so fine, roots are not a problem as hair grows out. It works well anywhere—from light to very dark hair. This model's thick waves started out a fairly-even dark brown. Now golden strands frame her face and fan back, igniting her eyes and giving an extra flash to her smile. Notice how thread-slender the highlights are. That's the secret of success.

A flash of gold (top right) gleams and streaks across light brown hair. It's an attention-getter, visually bold, to bring excitement to the face. In this case, her natural highlights were blonde (angel wisps at the temples), but this daring sweep of color makes a world of difference. We used new "Sun Flicks," a gel lightener, from Clairol's salon division. At home, you can liven things up yourself with easy-to-do "Gentle Lights" by Clairol.

Very pretty, very glamorous (lower right)—a tumble of golden curls. This model's born-with-blond coloring had turned brassy after bouts with the sun. Here, we started shadow shading by wrapping slim strands in foil with no coloring. Then we evened things out with Clairesse (new from Clairol) in Medium Ash Blonde. Final rinsing shows gentle glimmers on rich blond.





Gifts that Say I Love You

November's the time for caring hearts and nimble hands to start Christmas planning – to make something personal for all in the family and for friends (even a favorite pet). This year, let your fingers do the talking – and give a gift that speaks of love.
By Trudy Owett, Fashion and Home Sewing Editor



Pocketful of Surprises

Perfect for any little boy in your life – to play in, play with. Stuffed toy chicken peeps out of the pocket of sturdy, short overalls. Simplicity #8047 (includes toy chick); of Springmaid poly/cotton ticking.



A Place for Paisley

Wouldn't your college roomm Amy (or any hostess) adore six or more placemats? With bias binding. Vogue #1541 (napkin pattern included); pre-quilted Concord cotton.

Shake a Leg at Winte

Winter cozies for your kid sister first cousin. Leg warmers stay sn with drawstrings and Velcro stirru Matching back-in-the-saddlebag roomy and light; on an adjustab strap. Both, Simplicity #8146; Avila water-repeller quilted nylo







Dapper Doggery

Dashing is the dog that gets to parade in tartan plaid. Snug, warm coat with a back buckle and large flap-up collar. In small, medium or large sizes. McCall's #5823; of J.P. Stevens wool blend.

Once Upon an Apron

Apple-bright for little girls — a jolly apron that slips on and side-ties over a sprightly A-shape dress with ruffled neck and sleeves. Butterick #5660; apron of Melco polyester/cotton; dress, Ameritex puckered cotton.





Pick a Winter Violet

What do you make for your mother-in-law or aunt? Try the most comfortable caftan, softly flowing from a high front belt. V-neck; back buttons. Simplicity #5315; of Blue Ridge Winkler Arnel/nylon fleece.

hotographs by Paccione. Hairstyles and makeup by Bruce Clyde Keller.
repe-soled walking shoes by Olaf Daughters. China from The Pottery Barn.

attern and yardage information on page 212

Gifts that Say I Love You

Just Me and My Teddy Bear, Toasty Warm...Without a Care

For some lucky little fellow in your family—jumpsuit pajamas, cozy all the way down to the feet. Zipper front, drop seat. McCall's #5780; of fleecy brushed acetate by Guilford Mills.

Fling a Shawl Around Your Shoulders!

This is the year of the shawl—to wrap over almost anything. A timely gift for any woman on your list. Pretty in challis (the big fabric) with flirty, ruffled border. Simplicity #8302; Avril challis by Styletown Fabrics.

Pillow Sentiments

Exchange charming pillow talk with someone you're fond of. These, a country-time trio in squares, round or heart shapes. Centers are quilted; borders, ruffled. In a mix-up of florals. Vogue #1753; all Quilted cotton.

All bracelets, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Silk dress, men's pajamas and slippers from Barney's, N.Y.

Pattern and yardage information on page 212



Update on an Old-fashioned Bag

For all those dear hearts that gad about town. The beauty of this shoulder bag is not merely its nostalgic look, but its convenience. Wooden rods gather the quilted-roses fabric; it opens wide for easy findings. Vogue #1406; of Concord cotton.

Never-fail Robing

What man doesn't like to go from shower to waiting robe? Or lounge around, wrapped in comfort? Looped terry reverses to velour. McCall's #5818; West Point Pepperell cotton/polyester.

Gifts that Say I Love You



Who Needs a Getaway Bag?

Check your list. Who's on the go? Zipper closing weekender duffel bag with one pouch pocket (Velcro closing). Dark tartan with red webbing shoulder strap and handles. McCall's #5651; Landau wool blend.



A Chef by any Other Name

If your brother-in-law or buddy makes a mean omelet (good test of culinary skill), deck him out with a workman's apron. Denim striped with red stitching. Simplicity #8294; Cone Mills cotton.

Sweet Dreams for Alice Blue Gown

Whether your sister is Alice or Zelda, she'll have tender nights in this sew-for-sleeping gown. Keyhole neck, ruffles of lace at sloping shoulders. Butterick #5701; of Guilford Mills polyester flannel.





Ms. Kitty's Sitting Pretty!

A cuddle-cushion for any fat pussycats (or bowzers) to curl up on. And purr (or bark). Blue denim pieces are sewn and stuffed with polyester filling. To make in 3 sizes (S-M-L). McCall's #5823; of Cone Mills cotton.

The Snappiest Sailor in the Lollipop Navy

Who knows, your baby niece may grow up to be a full-fledged admiral. Early influence: the cutest red sailor suit by land or by sea. Middy collar and tie, zip front. McCall's #5480; of Trevira rayon corduroy by Charter.



idden sets: Jewelry Kit

: the tidy traveler. A lted kit with zip-up npartments to tuck ay your proud pos- sions. Folds up l neatly ties. Call's #5812; Concord cot- l print.

The Call of the Wild

Maybe for a rugged brother ... an outdoor-sports vest with patch pockets. Water-repellent fabric (we quilted it into wide horizontal stripes). Simplicity #8123; Avila nylon.



n's shirts and turtleneck from Barney's, N.Y.

tern and yardage information on page 212.

WHY OSWALD REALL

Fourteen years ago, on November 22, 1963, an assassin named Lee Harvey Oswald shot President John F. Kennedy. Dozens of books have been written about that dark noon in American history—and many theories have been advanced about the motivations and personality of the man behind the violence. Here, journalist Priscilla Johnson McMillan, working with Oswald's widow, Marina, tells the intimate story of that tragic day—with disturbing echoes for 1977.



WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I:
Marina and Lee meet and marry in Russia in 1961, and 15 months later sail for America. Marina notices a change come over Lee. He is tender and affectionate with their baby daughter June, but his attitude toward Marina now alternates between cruelty and devotion; his temper becomes more violent. Marina also sees that her Marxist husband is troubled about politics and, since she is pregnant again, worried about providing for his growing family. On April 10, 1963, Lee confides to Marina that he had tried to kill right-wing spokesman Major General Edwin A. Walker. Eleven days later, Marina has to lock Lee in the bathroom to keep him from attempting to shoot Richard Nixon. Marina realizes that her husband is dangerous—and that it is up to her to control him. As a first step, she persuades him to move to the calmer political climate of New Orleans.

Lee, meanwhile, has learned lessons of his own. First, if he wants to win attention for himself and his political ideas, he must do something on a grand scale. He had shot at General Walker—the most famous man in Dallas—and had missed him by less than an inch, but the incident received scant newspaper coverage. Second, Lee is astonished at how easily he had escaped capture. As Part 2 opens, Lee Harvey Oswald is convinced that he is special and invulnerable . . . confident that he and he alone is entitled to do that which is forbidden to everyone else.

Why, after his failure to kill General Walker, did Lee choose to go to New Orleans? Going to New Orleans was not like going some place new. It was the city where Lee was born and in which he had spent seven of his 23 years, more than in any other place. He had memories there.

The two and a half years Lee had spent there as a teenager—January 19 to June 1956—when he was 14 to years old—were filled with portents. was there he became interested in Ma ism, there he began to read *Das Kapi* and other communist books, and the he spoke for the first and only time abo shooting a president of the U.S.

A friend, Palmer McBride, remer bered the threat that Lee made. Th were listening to classical music wh Lee announced that "he would like kill President Eisenhower because was exploiting the working class." M Bride recalled afterwards that Lee d not seem to be speaking "in jest." L also suggested to McBride that th join the Communist Party together take advantage of its "social functions

And a boy called William Wulf, the president of the New Orleans Amate Astronomy Association, was engaged only his second conversation with Le when Lee openly stated "he was loo

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KILLED KENNEDY

PART 2
BY PRISCILLA JOHNSON McMILLAN



During the last 14 years of notoriety as the widow of the century's most notorious assassin, Marina Oswald has tried to live as obscure a life as possible. Today she resides in a modest ranch house on a secluded, 17-acre cattle farm in Heath, Texas, with her three children—and Kenneth Porter, whom she married in 1965. (They were divorced in 1974, but still consider themselves man and wife.) Left, an informal Porter family portrait: June, 15 (Marina's daughter by Oswald); husband Kenneth; their son Mark, 11; Marina, 36, and Rachel, 14 (her second child by Oswald). The Porters work hard at being just another farm family, and neighbors respect their privacy. Yet Oswald's crime constantly shadows their otherwise normal lives. Again and again, Marina has been asked if she thought Lee—and Lee alone—killed President Kennedy. Her reply of "yes" is still painful to make.

Photo by Ken Regan/Camera 5

g for a communist cell in town to join
it . . . he couldn't find any that would
ow interest in him as a communist."
"We were sixteen," Wulf remem-
red later, and Lee "was quite violent
r communism." Then Wulf gave the
itaph, not only for Lee at 16, but for
ee during the summer of 1963 and in-
ed throughout his life. "He seemed
me a boy that was looking for some-
ing to belong to." But, Wulf con-
uded, "I don't think anybody was
oking for him to belong to them."

Two weeks to the day after his ar-
val in New Orleans, Lee found a job
a greaser and maintenance man at
e William B. Reily Company, distrib-
tor of coffee. The same day he found
e job—May 9, 1963—he also found an
partment at 4907 Magazine Street.

The neighborhood was not good, but
e apartment had been freshly painted,
e icebox was new and some of the
rniture looked new. Lee was not sure
that Marina would like it. It had high ceilings, and Marina, like many Soviet Russians, did not like high ceilings.

Marina hated the new apartment. She took one look at the high ceilings and the cockroaches and could barely hide her disappointment. Lee tried to show her how nice it was—the screened-in porch and the yard with wild strawberries growing in it. He had mopped the floor and cleaned the place, hoping she would like it. Marina knew his desire to please, but her feelings showed through.

Every day while Lee was at work, Marina scrubbed the floor and the furniture. But the apartment was old and dark and, no matter how hard she tried to clean it, the place still got her down.

What she did enjoy were their walks along Bourbon Street. She adored the lights and the music and the glimpses of strippers dancing. She begged Lee to take her inside. He refused, said Bourbon Street was "a dirty place," and put on a show of inattentiveness as they walked past the famous swinging doors. Marina thought that he liked Bourbon Street just the same.

Aside from their daughter, whom both adored, sex was the brightest feature of their marriage. For all his professed Puritanism, Lee enjoyed making love.

There was a mirror at the foot of their bed, and Lee would pile up pillows at the head of the bed so he could watch them making love. Marina did not like it. She pulled the pillows down or turned her head away. She was hurt that the mirror seemed to excite Lee more than she did.

Marina insists that their sexual life improved right up to the end, and that, well over a year after Lee's death, she still would have chosen him over any other man. In Russia it had been Lee who wanted sex more; in New Orleans it was Marina. Sometimes when Lee came home tired from work, he would beg off making love on the ground that he would be unable to keep it up long enough to satisfy Marina. But even when her second pregnancy made intercourse uncomfortable for her, Marina was glad to give him satisfaction even if she did not receive it in return.

For she was no longer sure that Lee loved her, and she wanted to be needed and reassured.

Lee had not forgotten Fidel Castro. The move to New Orleans, and the search for a new job and a new apartment, had distracted him from politics only briefly. Now he was to become more deeply involved in the Cuban cause than he had ever been, and was to identify himself more strongly than ever with this particular revolution and its heroes. Marina says that Lee compared himself to great men and genuinely believed that he was one of them.

Marina might have sensed that he was again becoming involved in politics, for the blow she was dreading had fallen. Less than two weeks after her arrival in New Orleans, Lee told her that he did not love her. She was "in his way," and he meant to send her back to Russia.

"I'll go to Cuba, then China, and you will wait for me in Russia," he told her in his coldest tone. "I love to travel and with you I can't."

But his behavior was inconsistent. Sometimes he went a whole day without speaking, then spent the next day making up to her. He would take her and Junie to the park, do the laundry, mop the floor. He would even hang up the wash, while Marina leaned out the window and shouted directions, and Junie waved at her "Papa." He often told Marina how much he had missed her. And he was proud of her when he took her to see his family. But Marina was anxious. She was afraid that Lee was being nice to her only because he would soon be getting rid of her.

Marina could understand someone's giving *her* up. But she did not see how, for the sake of his "foolish politics," Lee could give up June, whom he loved above everyone, and the baby the pregnant Marina was carrying.

"Oh, I'll see it sometime," he said.

Suddenly, one night she piped up: "Okay, I'll go back to Russia so long as you give me a divorce."

(continued on page 179)



The murder witnessed by millions of TV-watchers: Nightclub owner Jack Ruby mortally wounds Lee Harvey Oswald on November 24, 1963.

ublishers, Inc. Photograph at right: Copyright © 1963 by Bob Jackson, *Dallas Times Herald*.



NON-STOP KITCHEN

ee-flowing spaces, full of new ideas

re and more people are realizing that kitchen life is more than cooking and cleanup. It's the heartbeat of the he..No more four-square walls—but an easy flow of non-stop spaces. To include dining, entertaining, even if d be, sleeping. This kitchen has all the storage space you've ever wanted. One novel idea: the red cabinet ng is stamped tin (once used to fireproof ceilings). By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Smith design; Lionel Freedman photographs. Whirlpool appliances, DuPont Corian counters and molded sinks. Shopping information on page 212.



NON-STOP KITCHEN







lever storage makes maintenance easy, cooking a joy

pposite page, top left: Everything's kept visible, in reach—tools, spices, covered cookbooks, etc. ■ *Top right: elcoming coffee table in sitting area offers apples, walnuts.* ■ *Below: Center island holds the makings of aghetti sauce, roomy Dutch oven and cook's extra hand, the food processor.* ■ *This page, above: Small bliances hide behind closed doors, are brought out at baking time.* ■ *Lower left: Blithe centerpiece of silk sturtiums.* ■ *Lower right: Cart rolls coffee machine to breakfast scene. Details, page 213.*



NON-STOP KITCHEN



ee-flowing space integrates this kitchen with the rest of the house

look at a layout where warmth and efficiency flow. The cook is never separated from the company of family friends. Anyone in the skylit work area can chat with those lounging by the fireplace or dining at the table ore storage space underneath). For upkeep ease, the powdery, suede-like covers on chairs and sofas (one ens to a bed) are a scrubbable fabric. Counter and table-tops resemble marble but happen to be tough Corian. en the flooring, copying ancient stones, is really sturdy Solarian. For details, page 213.

strong carpet, flooring; Founders furniture, Uniroyal upholstery. Shopping information on page 212.

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

Respectability and responsibility are fine virtues to have as long as there is time for purple ants and kazoo bands . . . and joy.

A short story by Mary Elmblad

Illustration by Charles Santore

My wife.

The girl I married.

The woman to whom I am married

No. There is no direct, succinct phrase to describe Rosemary. I will have to tell you what happened.

On a Tuesday evening I came home, tired from a long conference with another lawyer and one of our clients. Unlocked the front door. Sniffed. Scent of rose petals.

My daughter Maggie, almost five, was standing in the front hall, wearing her best party dress and a shiny, green paper party hat. Her eyes were round with excitement.

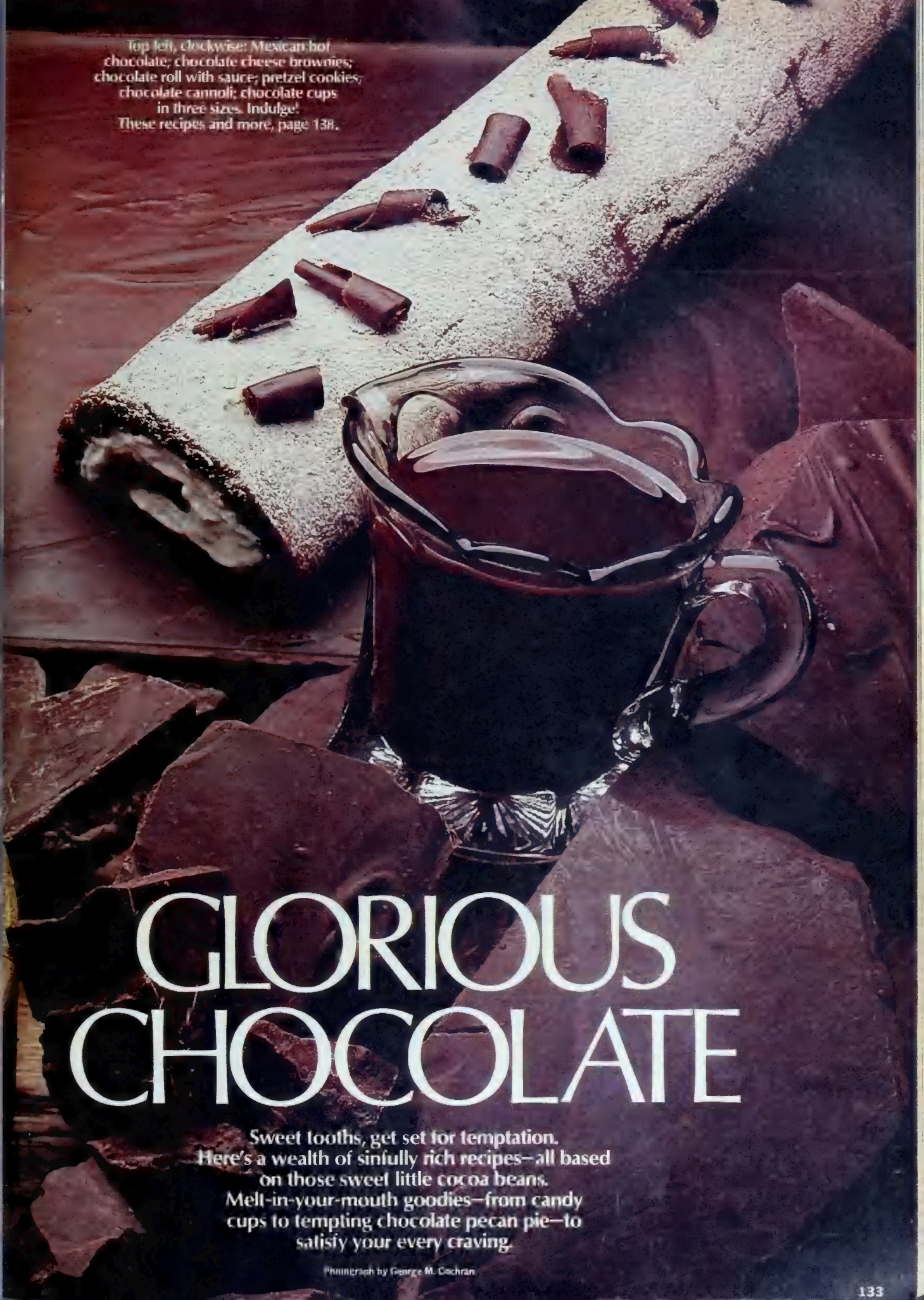
"Mama!" she shrieked. "Mama! Daddy's here!"

The house exploded with noise. Full-blast stereo: the "Beer Barrel Polka."

My son Philip, aged three, came prancing through the living room wearing a hot pink party hat and waving an American flag. Right behind him came Rosemary, tall and slender and blond, dressed to the nines in a blue (continued on page 209)







Top left, clockwise: Mexican hot chocolate; chocolate cheese brownies; chocolate roll with sauce; pretzel cookies; chocolate cannoli; chocolate cups in three sizes. Indulge! These recipes and more, page 138.

GLORIOUS CHOCOLATE

Sweet tooths, get set for temptation. Here's a wealth of sinfully rich recipes—all based on those sweet little cocoa beans. Melt-in-your-mouth goodies—from candy cups to tempting chocolate pecan pie—to satisfy your every craving.

Photograph by George M. Cochran

Brunch

Best Time for Friends, Fun.

As eating habits go throughout history, brunch is a fairly new invention. But—what a welcome one. None of the pressures of highbrow entertaining apply. Everyone comes in whistling—dressed very casually, ready to get comfortable (it's more than okay to pass the plates, mix your own drinks). Half the fun is the choice of food. Take liberties to surprise your friends with something as inventive as hearty black bean soup and spicy corn-and-cheese baked eggs (a nice change from the ever-popular quiche). Whether your party list is for 12 (as shown here), an intimate eight or even a crush of 25 cronies (next page), our mid-winter brunch plans spell good times for all.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.



How America Entertains

The breezy timing of a brunch offers a delicious flexibility of menu. You can go with the "br-" from breakfast and serve eggs (ours can be mixed up to 24 hours beforehand, baked when the doorbell rings). Or, you can take the "-unch" from lunch and serve something like chicken livers/mushrooms in wine. We've worked out three different menus—with one common theme. All simple, do-ahead cooking with a minimum of last-minute tasks. Shopping list, timetable and recipes, page 151.

BRUNCH MENU FOR 12

Bloody Marys with Celery Spears
Black Bean Soup with Rice Garnish
Dorothy's Eggs
Sausage Patties on Apple Rings
Orange Muffins Butter or Margarine
Coffee and Tea

OTHER BRUNCH MENUS ON NEXT PAGE AND PAGE 161.

Photograph by [illegible]



Brunch A Festive Party for 25

Great for any late-and-leisurely morning from here on through the holiday season. Counterclockwise: Mimosa punch (champagne and orange juice); chicken livers and mushrooms; spinach-ham roll; crescent rolls with butter curls, preserves; citrus-apple herring; banana sour cream cake. Recipes and party planning tips, page **151.**



ampbell's Soups give you a way to turn a side dish into a main attraction.



Whether you're serving vegetables or rice, Campbell's Soups give you a quick and easy way to enhance their flavor and appeal. For other out-of-the-ordinary recipes and serving ideas turn to the back of Campbell's Soup labels.

CREAMED ONIONS AND CARROTS

¼ cup sliced celery
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 pound cooked medium carrots, cut in half lengthwise
1 pound cooked small whole white onions (about 16)

In saucepan, cook celery in butter until tender. Blend in soup and sour cream; add wine and parsley. Cut carrot halves in 2-inch pieces; add carrots and onions to soup mixture. Heat; stir occasionally. Makes about 4 cups.



HOLIDAY PEAS AND RICE

½ cup raw regular rice
⅛ teaspoon rubbed sage
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Chicken Broth
1 cup frozen peas
2 tablespoons diced pimiento

In saucepan, brown rice with sage in butter. Add broth. Bring to boil; reduce heat. Cover; simmer 15 minutes; add peas. Simmer 10 minutes more or until done. Stir occasionally. Stir in pimiento. Makes about 3 cups.



The yellow arrow on Campbell's Soup labels points to 870 ways you can add more appeal to your meals with soup. You'll find recipes, sauces, soup mates, menu suggestions, main-dish soup ideas, seasoning suggestions and more!



You have a way with Campbell's.

GLORIOUS CHOCOLATE

continued from page 133

CHOCOLATE-FILLED CANNOLIS
pictured on page 132

Traditional Italian pastries, made special by adding cocoa to the filling.

Filling
- ¼ cup finely chopped candied fruit
- 2 tablespoons brandy or rum
- 1 container (15 oz.) whole milk ricotta cheese, sieved
- 1⅔ cups confectioners' sugar
- ¼ cup unsweetened cocoa
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Shells
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon unsalted butter or magarine, softened
- 1 tablespoon white wine or water
- 1 egg
- Salad oil for frying

In cup or small bowl, mix candied fruit with brandy or rum; set aside for at least 30 minutes. Meanwhile, beat ricotta cheese at high speed until smooth. Gradually add sugar and cocoa; beat until well blended. Fold in whipped cream and 3 tablespoons drained candied fruit (save 1 tablespoon for garnish). Chill at least 1 hour before filling shells.

For shells: You will need at least four cannoli forms (5-inches long, 1-inch in diameter). Combine 1 cup flour, sugar and salt in medium size bowl. Make a well in center of flour. Place butter, wine and egg in well. Stir with fork, starting in center, until flour is absorbed. Spoon dough onto flat surface; knead until smooth. Knead in remaining 2 tablespoons flour (takes about 5 minutes). Divide dough into 4 pieces. With a rolling pin, roll each piece into a 7-inch square. Cut into quarters (3½-inch squares). Place a cannoli form diagonally on dough square; wrap dough around form. Moisten overlapping edges with water and press firmly to seal. Dough is elastic, so gently press dough to the ends of form.

In Dutch oven, heat 1½-inch salad oil to 375°F. (To test without a thermometer, drop a piece of dough in oil. The temperature is right when dough immediately starts to blister and turns a toast color.) Fry 2 to 3 cannolis at a time until light brown, about 1 minute. Remove with slotted spoon; drain on paper towels. Use pot holder to immediately remove cannoli forms. Cool before reusing the forms. Repeat rolling and frying remaining dough. Can be stored unfilled in airtight container for one day.

To serve, fill cannoli from each end with ricotta mixture. Decorate with remaining candied fruit. Store in refrigerator until serving time. Makes 16, about 215 calories each.

CHOCOLATE PRETZELS
pictured on page 132

A very special treat for cookie monsters.

- 2⅔ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- ½ cup unsweetened cocoa
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine (½ lb.), cut in small pieces
- 2 egg whites
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 8 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate

In large bowl, mix flour, cocoa and sugar. Cut butter or margarine into flour mixture with pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion until mixture resembles cornmeal. Add egg whites and vanilla and mix until a smooth dough forms. Shape dough into a ball. Knead dough on lightly floured surface for a few seconds to distribute the butter or margarine evenly. Dust dough with flour; wrap in waxed paper. Refrigerate 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough into 4 pieces. Work with one piece at a time; keep remaining refrigerated. Cut each into 12 equal pieces. On pastry cloth, roll each small piece into an 11-inch rope. Place on cookie sheet and twist into a pretzel shape (see photo on page 132). Repeat with remaining dough. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove to wire racks to cool. (Pretzels will get firm as they cool.)

To glaze: Meanwhile, melt chocolate in top of double boiler over hot, not boiling, water. Set cake rack on pieces of waxed paper. Dip top side of each pretzel, glaze-side up, into chocolate. Let excess drip off. Let dry on wire rack. Refrigerate until set. Store in refrigerator. Makes 48 cookies, about 100 calories each.

CHOCOLATE CUPS
pictured on page 132

Sure you can buy chocolate cups, but it fun to make your own. Here are thr sizes with suggested fillings for each.

- 6 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
- 20 paper or foil baking liners, 2-inch diameter

Melt chocolate in top of double boil over hot, not boiling, water. When cho olate begins to melt, stir occasionall Remove double boiler from heat b leave chocolate over water. Place paper liners together for added strengt making 10 cups. Spoon about 1½ tabl spoons chocolate into each. With tip small spoon, spread chocolate even onto bottom and sides of paper liner, b ing sure to push it into ridges. Smoo out. Place in muffin pan cups; refrigera until set. Carefully peel off paper. Sto in refrigerator until ready to fill. Fill ea with Chocolate Rum Mousse (see reci below). Makes 10 chocolate cups, abo 80 calories per cup without filling.

LARGE CHOCOLATE CUPS

Prepare and melt chocolate as above, b use 7 squares (1 oz. each) semiswe chocolate and twelve 2½-inch paper foil baking cup liners. Peel off paper. F with ice cream. Makes 6 cups, about 1 calories each without ice cream.

CHOCOLATE LIQUEUR CUPS

To make miniature cups, cut large pie of foil into 12 rectangles 2x4-inches eac Prepare chocolate as above, using squares (1 oz. each) semisweet choc late. Wrap foil smoothly *(continue*



Clockwise: Chocolate Date Steamed Pudding with Hard Sauce; Pecan Fudge Pie; Chocolate Almond Waffles.



How to translate Minute® BRAND Rice into Chinese style fried rice in just ten minutes.

Now you can make Chinese style
ied rice in less time than it takes to cook
rdinary rice.

All it takes is foolproof Minute® Rice,
few everyday ingredients, and a simple-
o-prepare recipe.

It's easy to add an
nternational flavor to
onight's dinner, when
ou start with no-boil
Minute® Rice.



Chinese Style Fried Rice

1⅓ cups water	1 egg, beaten
1⅓ cups Minute® Rice	⅓ cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons butter or margarine	2-3 tablespoons soy sauce

Bring 1 cup of the water to a boil in a saucepan. Stir in rice. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile cook egg in butter in a 10-inch skillet until set. Add onion and the rice, and cook and stir over medium heat until rice and onion are lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Combine remaining water and the soy sauce; stir into rice. Makes about 3 cups or 4 servings.

Perfect for perking up an everyday dinner—like chicken (barbecued or not), pork chops, or even hamburger.

Minute® Rice translates perfectly into any language.

GF GENERAL FOODS

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GLORIOUS CHOCOLATE

continued

around a cork measuring 1-inch diameter at base and smooth around over smaller end. Remove cork; secure foil with cellophane tape. Continue with remaining foil. Coat inside of foil cups with 2 or 3 layers of chocolate, chilling well after each layer. Peel off foil. Place in miniature gold foil cups or bonbon cups.* Cover and store in refrigerator until ready to use. Fill with your choice of liqueur or cordial. Makes 12 cups, 70 calories each, unfilled.

*Bonbon cups may be purchased in party goods store or through Maid of Scandinavia, 3244 Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55416.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

The perfect solution for those who are chocaholics.

3 eggs, separated, at room temperature
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, coarsely chopped
3 tablespoons boiling water
1 tablespoon rum
Pinch salt
¼ cup chopped cashews
10 whole cashews, for garnish

In small bowl with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form; set aside.

In blender container, place chocolate and boiling water. Cover and blend until smooth and chocolate is melted. Stop blender occasionally and scrape down sides of container with rubber spatula. Add egg yolks, rum and salt; blend 3 more seconds or until smooth. Fold chocolate mixture into beaten egg whites; then fold in chopped nuts. If desired, pour evenly into 2-inch chocolate cups; refrigerate until serving time. Any remaining mousse may be refrigerated and mounded into cups after about 25 minutes. (May also be served in individual champagne or compote glasses.) Garnish each serving with an additional cashew. Makes 10 servings; about 100 calories without chocolate cup.

MEXICAN CHOCOLATE
pictured on page 132

A robust drink—the use of unsweetened chocolate is the secret to its characteristic taste.

4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
1 cup water
3 cups milk
½ cup half and half cream
½ cup sugar
2 cinnamon sticks

In medium saucepan over low heat, heat chocolate and water until chocolate melts. Mix in remaining ingredients and heat until hot but not boiling, stirring occasionally, about 5 to 10 minutes. Remove cinnamon sticks. Pour into pitcher and beat with wire whisk or—for drama—twirl with molinillo (see editor's note) in front of your guests.

Serve the drink with additional cinnamon sticks in each cup, if desired. Makes eight ½ cup servings. About 190 calories for every serving.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A "molinillo" is a decorated wooden beater used in Mexico for hot chocolate. Put the end with the knobs and rings into the hot chocolate. Hold the slender handle between your palms; rub palms together to twirl the beater and froth the hot chocolate.

MARBLE CHEESE BROWNIES
pictured on page 132

A delicious and unusual variation from the standard brownie—cream cheese is the secret ingredient.

3 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
⅔ cup plus 1 tablespoon unsifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 9-inch square pan, set aside. In small saucepan, melt chocolate and butter or margarine over very low heat, stirring constantly; cool.

In small mixer bowl, beat cream cheese and ¼ cup sugar at medium speed, until light and fluffy. Beat in 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, lemon juice and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Spread in prepared pan.

In another bowl, beat remaining 2 eggs until fluffy and light in color. Gradually add remaining ¾ cup sugar, beating until thickened. Fold in remaining flour, baking powder and salt. Blend in cooled chocolate mixture. Stir in walnuts and remaining vanilla. Drop choco batter by spoonfuls on top of cheese ter. With a knife or rubber spatula, mixtures just until marbled. Bake fo to 35 minutes or until toothpick inse into chocolate comes out clean. C Cut into bars; cover and store in re erator. Makes 32 brownies, about calories each.

CHOCOLATE ROLL WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE
pictured on page 133

Caterer Norman Sorg served this luncheon attended by the LHJ food We wanted the recipe and thought might too.

Roll
1 bar (4 oz.) sweet cooking chocola
6 eggs, separated, at room tempe ture
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
½ cup confectioners' sugar
Sauce
2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweeten chocolate
1 can (16 oz.) chocolate flavored s
Topping
1 tablespoon unsweetened cocoa
2 tablespoons confectioners' suga

For roll: In small saucepan over heat, melt sweet chocolate. Set asid cool. Adjust rack one-third up from tom of oven; preheat oven to 35 Grease a 15½x10½-inch jelly roll Line bottom with waxed paper; do grease paper.

In small mixer bowl, beat egg y with granulated sugar at high spee 5 minutes until light and lemon-colo Fold in cooled chocolate and blend rubber spatula just until combined smooth.

In large bowl, beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Do not overl Gently fold ¼ of egg white mixture the chocolate mixture until well-c bined. Then fold chocolate mixture remaining egg white mixture. Sp evenly in pan. Bake 15 to 18 minut until toothpick inserted in *(contin*



"How'd you like to hire a puppy-petter?"



The apple of our eye.

Is there anything that can top Mom's apple pie?
Our natural cheddar. Cracker Barrel cheddar cheese.
It's another reason America spells cheese KRAFT.

Our pride. Your joy.

KRAFT

center comes out clean. (Cake will puff up and surface will have just lost its shine when done.)

Meanwhile, wet and wring out a clean kitchen towel (cotton or linen). Remove cake from oven when done. Immediately cover cake (still in pan) with damp towel. Let cool at room temperature for 20 minutes. While cake cools, beat heavy cream and ½ cup confectioners' sugar on high speed until stiff peaks form; set aside.

When cake is cool, remove from pan by inverting it (towel and all) onto a large cookie sheet. Peel off waxed paper; discard. Top with clean sheet of waxed paper and flip onto second cookie sheet (you want top side up). Remove towel. Spread cake with whipped cream. Then roll up jelly-roll fashion from 15-inch side. Cake will crack slightly, so don't panic. Flavor makes up for appearance. *For sauce:* In medium saucepan over low heat, melt unsweetened chocolate; add chocolate flavored syrup and mix well. Pour into small pitcher. Makes 2 cups; about 55 calories per tablespoon. *To serve:* Put cake on serving platter. Combine topping ingredients; sprinkle on roll, if desired. Serve sauce on side. Makes 12 servings. About 200 calories each without sauce.

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"I'm going to switch to Good Seasons Italian."

Liz Atterman
San Francisco, California

Mrs. Atterman thought she'd never switch from the leading bottled Italian dressing ... that is, before she took the Good Seasons taste test.

What changed her mind? Good Seasons has a great Italian taste. It's a homemade taste that just tastes *better* than the leading bottled Italian dressing.

Try *Good Seasons'* Italian Dressing Mix tonight. We'll bet *you* switch.



GF GENERAL FOODS

Good Seasons tastes better.

PECAN FUDGE PIE
pictured on page 138

This is sinfully rich. We found a froze pie shell too small to hold the filling, s recommend making your own pastry.

1 package (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
4 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 cup light corn syrup
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1½ cups halved or coarsely chopped pecans
1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Preheat oven to 350°F. In small sauc pan over low heat, melt chocolate piece stirring occasionally. In medium bow beat together next 5 ingredients. Slowl add melted chocolate, stirring rapidl with wire whisk or spoon. Fold in p cans. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 350°F about 50 to 60 minutes or until center set. Cool. Makes 10 to 12 servings. Abou 500 calories for each of 10 servings.

CHOCOLATE DATE STEAMED PUDDING
pictured on page 138

Pudding:
⅓ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup water
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolat pieces (1 cup)
1 package (8 oz.) pitted dates, finely chopped, mixed with 1 tablespoon flour
¾ cup toasted almonds, chopped
Hard Sauce:
⅓ cup butter or margarine
1 cup confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

For pudding: Grease and flour a 6-cu mold; set aside. Select a saucepot wit tightly fitting cover large enough to hol mold and cake rack. Fill saucepot on third full with water. Set a cake rack i the bottom of pot. Heat to boiling.

Meanwhile, in large mixer bow cream butter or margarine and suga Add eggs and vanilla; beat until we mixed. Combine dry ingredients and ad alternately with water to mixture, beat ing after each addition. Fold in choco late pieces, dates and almonds. Pour int prepared mold; cover securely with foi Place mold on rack in pot. Cover and re duce heat to keep water simmering (wa ter should gently bubble). If water doe not reach halfway up the side of mold add additional boiling water. Cook fo about 2 hours or until skewer inserte into center comes out clean.

Remove mold from water and le stand at least 10 minutes. Then loose around edge with knife and invert ont platter. Serve warm with Hard Sauce Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 520 cal ories for each of 8 servings, withou Hard Sauce. *(continued*

New Jell-O® BRAND Butter Pecan Flavor Pudding.

Until we made this pudding, you couldn't make this cake.



...a registered trademark of General Foods Corporation.
...eral Foods Corporation 1977.

Thanks to our new flavor—Butter Pecan, you can bake a crumb cake you could never bake before. Start with your regular ...ow cake mix. Then make it more delicious with the new Butter Pecan Flavor Pudding made only by General Foods.

...ter Pecan Crumb Cake

...p firmly packed brown sugar
...p all-purpose flour
...easpoon ground cinnamon
...p butter or margarine, softened
...ckage (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
...ckage (4-serving size) JELL-O® Butter Pecan Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
...p (½ pt.) sour cream
...p oil • 4 eggs
...easpoon maple extract (optional)

Combine brown sugar, flour and ...amon in small bowl. Cut in butter ...ake crumbs; set aside. Combine ...aining ingredients in large mixer bowl. Blend; then beat at medium speed for 4 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 350° for 50 minutes; carefully remove partially-baked cake from oven and sprinkle immediately with crumb mixture. Bake 10 to 15 minutes longer or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean and cake begins to pull away from sides of pan. Do not underbake. Cool in pan 10 minutes. Carefully remove from pan; finish cooling, crumb-side up, on rack.

In high altitude areas, use large eggs and add ⅓ cup all-purpose flour and 1⅓ cups water; reduce sour cream to ⅓ cup and oil to 1 tablespoon; bake at 375° for 45 minutes.

7¢ STORE COUPON 7¢

Save 7¢ on 2 packages (any size) Jell-O® Brand Butter Pecan Flavor Pudding.

To the retailer: General Foods Corporation will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 5¢ for handling if you receive it on the sale of Jell-O® Brand Puddings and if upon request you submit evidence thereof satisfactory to General Foods Corporation. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred. Customer must pay any sales tax. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value: 1/20¢. Coupon will not be honored if presented through outside agencies, brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or specifically authorized by us to present coupons for redemption. For redemption of properly received and handled coupon, mail to: General Foods Corporation, Coupon Redemption Office, P.O. Box 103, Kankakee, Illinois 60901. This coupon good only on purchase of Jell-O® Brand Puddings. Any other ... constitutes fraud

LJO 3175-8



LJO 3175-8

7¢ Offer expires November 30, 1978. Limit—One Coupon Per Purchase. 7¢

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GLORIOUS CHOCOLATE

continued

For Hard Sauce: In small bowl, cream butter or margarine and confectioners' sugar until light and fluffy, like whipped cream. Beat constantly while adding vanilla, drop by drop. Spoon into small serving bowl. Makes ¾ cup. About 85 calories per tablespoon.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND WAFFLES
pictured on page 138

Break the usual dessert routine and serve these cocoa-flavored waffles. Delicious!

Waffles
- 1 cup buttermilk baking mix
- ½ cup sugar
- ⅓ cup unsweetened cocoa
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- ⅔ cup milk
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract

Choice of toppings

Preheat waffle baker; grease. In medium bowl, combine all dry ingredients. In small bowl, combine remaining ingredients and add to dry ingredients; stir until well mixed. Pour some of the batter onto the waffle grids. Cover and bake. Do not lift cover during baking. When waffle is baked (no more steaming occurs), loosen with fork. Continue baking waffles with remaining batter. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap well and freeze up to 2 months. Heat in toaster oven for 3 minutes.)*

To serve, top with whatever's on hand. We used sour cream, toasted almonds and fresh strawberries. Ice cream and sundae toppings are great. Makes 14 4x3-inch waffles. About 95 calories each. **End**

Chocolate Vs. Cocoa

The goodness of both chocolate and cocoa start out huddled in the beans of the cocoa pod. These little beans get roasted and opened to release the "nibs" (the meaty part, about 53% cocoa butter). From the nibs, chocolate liquid or liquor—the base of all chocolate and cocoa products—is made.

For Cocoa: The chocolate liquid is put under pressure to remove most of the cocoa butter. The leftover dry cake is then ground into a fine powder called cocoa.

For Chocolate: It may sound confusing . . . but chocolate is simply chocolate liquid with all of the cocoa butter left in—or even more added. **Bitter** or **baking chocolate** is the liquid cooled and molded into blocks. **Sweet chocolate** is the liquid with finely powdered sugar and extra cocoa butter. And, best for eating, **milk chocolate** is the liquid plus more cocoa butter, milk or cream, sweetenings and flavorings.

Thanksgiving

continued from page 111

WHITE HOUSE THANKSGIVING MENU
pictured on pages 110-111

Oyster Stew with Corn Sticks*
Roast Turkey with Giblet Gravy
Sausage-Chestnut Stuffing
White/Yellow Turnips
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Fresh Green Beans†
Tossed Green Salad
with Vinaigrette Dressing†
Cranberry Muffins Pumpkin Bread*
Apple Custard* Mince Pie

*Not photographed †No recipe given

OYSTER STEW

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 3 dozen freshly shucked medium-size oysters (and juice)
- Dash freshly ground pepper
- 6 drops bottled red pepper sauce
- 1 teaspoon sweet paprika
- Salt to taste (about ½ teaspoon)
- 1 quart light cream
- 1 cup milk

In a 3-quart saucepan, melt butter. Add oysters and juice, pepper, pepper sauce, paprika and salt and heat until bubbly, stirring occasionally. Pour in cream and milk and heat just to boiling, stirring occasionally. Do *not* boil. Serve immediately with corn sticks. Makes 7 cups or 6 to 8 servings. About 440 calories for each of 6 servings; 330 calories for each of 8.

ROAST TURKEY WITH GIBLET GRAVY

Turkey
- 12-pound turkey
- 2 tablespoons corn oil
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 1 cup chopped carrots
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 garlic clove, crushed
- Pinch of thyme
- Pinch of rosemary
- Pinch of marjoram
- 24 peppercorns
- 4 whole cloves
- Parsley, crabapples and apple slices, for garnish

Giblet Stock
- 3 cups water
- 1 cup chopped celery
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Turkey giblets

Giblet Gravy
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups dry white wine

To roast turkey: Preheat oven to 375°F. Remove giblets from turkey; set aside for Giblet Stock. Rinse turkey with water and drain well. Tie legs together with string. Fasten wings behind the back by twisting the ends to help balance the turkey. Pour oil in large open roasting pan; place pan in oven to heat. Insert meat thermometer into turkey at thickest part of thigh muscle, without touching bone. Place turkey in pan, breast side up. Brush with butter and sprinkle on salt and pepper. Roast on lowest s of oven. After 45 minutes reduce o temperature to 325°F.

After 1 hour of roasting time, p vegetables, garlic, thyme, rosem marjoram, peppercorns, cloves and s of parsley around turkey in the pan; to coat evenly with turkey drippi (This helps prevent the vegetables f getting too brown.) Baste turkey ev 20 minutes. Continue roasting for more hours or until meat thermom reaches 185°F. (About 3½ hours t roasting time, or about 18 minutes pound.) If no thermometer is used, sert a fork into the thigh; if juice oozes out is clear, the turkey is done there is a tinge of pink, further roast is needed.

When turkey is done, carefully p off juice from cavity into the roast pan. Place turkey on large platter; co with a piece of foil and keep warm w preparing Giblet Gravy. To serve, pl turkey on platter. Arange parsley, cr apples and apple slices around turk Serve with Giblet Gravy. Makes 8 to servings. About 300 calories per 6-ou serving.

Giblet Stock: While turkey is roasti prepare giblet stock. In medium sau pan, combine all ingredients for st and heat to boiling. Cover and simme hour. Remove giblets; when cool, fin chop. Use 2 cups stock for the gra reserve any remaining for leftovers.

Giblet Gravy: Pour pan drippings a vegetables from roasting pan into a m dium saucepan. Skim off fat and disca Heat drippings to boiling over high h and reduce drippings almost to half. M flour and small amount of white w until smooth. Add flour mixture, rema ing wine and 2 cups reserved Gib Stock and heat to a boil over medi heat. Simmer, uncovered, for 15 minut Pour gravy through strainer or chee cloth; return to saucepan. Add chopp giblets and heat. Taste for seasoni adding salt as needed. Makes abou cups. About 50 calories per ¼ cup gra

SAUSAGE-CHESTNUT STUFFING

- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1 cup chopped celery
- ½ pound bulk pork sausage
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon rubbed sage
- ¼ teaspoon rosemary, finely crushed
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 4 cups dried, cubed white bread (abou slices)
- 2 cups cooked chestnuts, coarsely chopped (see Editor's Note)
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

In large saucepan, melt butter. A onions and garlic and sauté until tend but not brown, stirring frequently. A celery, sausage, salt, sage, rosemary a chicken broth. Heat to boiling; simm for 10 minutes. *(continue*

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Thanksgiving

continued

Place bread cubes and chestnuts in large bowl. Add sausag mixture; toss until well mixed. Add eggs, parsley and Worce tershire sauce and toss again. Spoon into 12x8-inch bakin dish. Bake in preheated 325°F. oven for 1 hour. (Can b put in oven with turkey about 45 minutes before turkey scheduled to finish roasting.) Serve with turkey. Makes 6 to servings. About 445 calories for each of 6 servings.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To cook chestnuts, make an "X" in flat sid of each nut. Cover with water; boil 1 to 2 minutes. Peel o shells. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes.

WHITE AND YELLOW TURNIPS

1 pound yellow turnips, peeled and cut into ⅜-inch cubes
½ pound white turnips, peeled and cut into ⅜-inch cubes
4 cups boiling water
1½ teaspoons butter
2 slices bacon, finely choppe
¼ cup finely chopped onion
½ teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper
1 cup water
Chopped parsley, for garnish

In large saucepan, heat about 4 cups water to a boil; ad turnips and boil 1 minute. Drain and set aside. In large skille melt butter. Add bacon and cook until bacon is almost cris Add onion and continue cooking until onion is tender but n browned. Add the blanched, drained turnips, salt and peppe Pour in 1 cup water. Cover and simmer over medium hig heat until most of the liquid is absorbed and turnips are te der, stirring occasionally.

To serve, spoon into shallow vegetable dish. Sprinkle wit parsley. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 55 calories for each 6 servings: 40 calories for each of 8 servings.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

6 medium sweet potatoes
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup honey
½ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange peel

In large saucepan, cook sweet potatoes in boiling water t cover for about 25 minutes or until fork-tender. Drain o water and cool potatoes for several hours. Peel and cut diag onally into ¼-inch thick slices. Arrange potato slices in a bu tered 13x9-inch baking dish.

Preheat oven to 375°F. In small bowl, mix brown suga honey, orange juice and peel. Spoon the mixture over pota toes. Bake uncovered on the upper shelf of oven for 45 mi utes or until the top of the potatoes are brown. Baste potatoe occasionally with the sugar syrup. Makes 6 to 8 serving About 300 calories for each of 6 servings; 225 calories fo each of 8.

CRANBERRY MUFFINS

1 cup raw cranberries, each cut in half
¾ cup sugar
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
¼ cup buttermilk
¼ cup melted shortening

Preheat oven to 400°F. Grease 18 muffin pan cups; set aside

In medium bowl, combine cut cranberries with ½ cup suga and set aside. Combine flour, soda, salt and remaining suga in a large bowl. Combine the egg, buttermilk and shortenin and pour into center of the dry ingredients. Stir just unti mixed. Gently fold in the cranberry mixture. Spoon batte into muffin pans, filling each ⅔ full. Bake for 20 minutes o until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Make about 16 to 18 medium-sized muffins. About 135 calories fo each of 16 muffins.

(continued



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Thanksgiving

continued

PUMPKIN BREAD

1 cup salad oil
⅔ cup water
4 eggs, beaten
1 can (16 oz.) pumpkin (2 cups)
1 cup seedless dark raisins
1 cup chopped pecan halves
3⅓ cups plus 2 tablespo unsifted all-purpose flo
3 cups sugar
2 teaspoons baking soda
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground nutm

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease two 9x5-inch loaf pans.

In medium bowl, combine salad oil, water, eggs and p kin and stir until well mixed.

In a plastic or paper bag, combine raisins, pecans a tablespoons flour; shake until well coated; set aside.

In large bowl, combine remaining flour and all oth gredients; add liquid ingredients and stir just until well m Stir in raisin mixture. Spoon evenly into prepared loaf Bake for 1 hour 30 minutes or until toothpick inserted in ter comes out clean. Makes 2 loaves, 18 slices each; 20 ories per slice.

APPLE CUSTARD

2 tablespoons butter
3 tart apples (about 1½ lbs), cored, peeled and thinly slice
6 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Pinch nutmeg
4 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons flour
Pinch of salt
3 cups milk (heated until tiny bubbles form around the edg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 400°F. Grease a 12x8-in. glass baking

In large, heavy skillet, melt butter. Add apples and until tender, about 3 to 5 minutes. In small bowl, mix 1 t spoon sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and pinch nutmeg. S kle apple slices evenly with cinnamon mixture. Place apples in baking dish.

Mix eggs, flour, 3 tablespoons sugar and salt togeth medium bowl. Gradually add heated milk and stir until mixed; stir in the vanilla extract. Pour this mixture ove apple slices in the baking dish (the apples will float). S kle top with remaining 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ teas cinnamon.

Set the glass baking dish into a large shallow pan. Set on the middle shelf of the oven. Fill the pan with *bo* water and bake for 30 minutes or until lightly browned. custard will be firm to the touch. (It will be slightly wate Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar, serve warm or cool. M 6 servings, about 260 calories each.

MINCE PIE

1 jar (28 oz.) ready-to-use mincemeat
3 cups thinly sliced tart apples, unpeeled
¾ teaspoon grated lemon peel
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie
2 tablespoons heavy cream

Preheat oven to 400°F. In large bowl, combine mincem apples, lemon peel and lemon juice and mix gently. Roll half the pastry into an 11-inch circle. Line a 9-inch pie p with pastry. Spoon mincemeat mixture into pastry-lined plate. Roll out remaining dough to 10-inch circle and cut toward center of the crust to allow steam to escape du baking. Place over filling; trim pastry leaving a 1-inch o hang. Flute edge. Brush pastry with heavy cream. Bake about 45 minutes or until golden brown and juices bu through slits. Cool on wire rack. Makes 8 to 10 servings. A 455 calories for each of 8.

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Forego the usual appetizers. Favor almonds and vegetables instead



The trend is to lighter, more natural snacks. And here is a beautiful expression of the new idea—a Della Robbia wreath made from crisp, raw vegetables and a bowl of Blue Diamond® Whole Natural Almonds.

Directions for the holiday wreath are given at right. It's simple to make with toothpicks on a cork base. The almonds come already shelled in Blue Diamond® cello packs or tins.

Make this wreath the centerpiece at your holiday party. A stunning and very welcome contrast to the usual appetizers!

DELLA RO
WRI
• 1 bunch ra
• 1 bunch sc
• 1 bunch carrots • 1 stalk
• 3 cucumbers • Cauliflow
• 3 cherry tomatoes • Parsley
strong wooden toothpicks • 1
1/2-inch cork, cut to make 8-inch w
2 cups Blue Diamond®
Natural Al

Wash all vegetables. Trim radishes; c
"rosebuds." Trim scallions to 3-inches;
3 to 4 slashes about 1-1/2 inches fro
end. Peel carrots. Slice carrots and cele
3-inch sticks. Trim ends of cucumbe
outside green skin into 2 to 4-inch
1-inch wide and 1/4-inch thick. Slash o
of each piece 1-inch deep to make
Drop all vegetables into ice water for
30 minutes to crisp, curl and open.
ready to assemble, drain vegetables.
toothpicks, skewer pieces to wreath b
shown in photograph. Assemble
tomatoes in center front, garnis
parsley. Refrigerate, covered tightly.
ready to serve, place almonds in small
in center of vegetable



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BRUNCH

continued from page 136

BRUNCH FOR 12
pictured on pages 134-135

MENU

LOODY MARYS WITH CELERY SPEARS
ACK BEAN SOUP WITH RICE GARNISH
DOROTHY'S EGGS
SAUSAGE PATTIES ON APPLE RINGS
ORANGE MUFFINS
BUTTER OR MARGARINE
COFFEE OR TEA

FOOD CHECKLIST

arts tomato juice
ps vodka
und dried black eans
p olive oil
ns (17 oz. each)
eamed-style corn
ns (4 oz. each)
hole green chilies
p honey
p wheat germ
und cumin
gano
ggs
1 pound sharp Cheddar cheese
1½ pounds bulk pork sausage
4 celery ribs
3 onions
1 large green pepper
4 large red apples (Rome Beauties preferred)
1 orange
2 limes
4 to 6 garlic cloves
Parsley for garnish

les to have on hand

rcestershire sauce
led red pepper
uce
pared horseradish
ry salt (optional)
d oil
ite vinegar
e
und butter or margarine
Double-acting baking powder
Baking soda
Sugar
Cinnamon
Salt
Pepper
Coffee
Tea
Cream or milk for coffee

SCHEDULE FOR BRUNCH FOR 12

o Weeks Before:
nvite guests.
nventory supplies.
Purchase non-perishable ingredients ingredients for Black Bean Soup and nge Muffins.
Prepare soup, muffins; freeze both.
e Day Before:
Purchase remaining ingredients.
Place soup in refrigerator to thaw.
Make rice garnish; refrigerate.
Make ice cubes.
e Night Before:
Prepare Dorothy's Eggs, but *do not e*. Refrigerate.
Form sausage patties; wrap well. Refrigerate.
Cut celery spears; wrap well. Prepare ody Marys. Refrigerate all.
Set table.
Spoon butter into crock; refrigerate.
o Hours Before Guests Arrive:
Bake Dorothy's Eggs.
Prepare Sausage Patties on Apple gs.
Defrost orange muffins.
Minutes Before Guests Arrive:
Assemble coffee. Do not brew.
Heat soup.

(continued)



Rice. And when you put it together with tuna, a can of soup and a little cheese, you've got an unusual, savory casserole your family will love.

Rice goes well with everything. And combined with meat, poultry or fish, it will make your main dishes go further and taste better. So whether you cook for a good-sized family or for just the two of you, why not open your cupboard, find the rice and try our Tuna Rice Royal. It's quick, good-tasting, economical and it's easy...once you get the rice out.

Tuna Rice Royal

2 cans (6 to 7 ounces each) tuna, drained
3 cups cooked rice
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup chopped onions
3 tablespoons diced pimientos
1 can (10¾ ounces) condensed cream of celery soup
⅓ cup milk
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
1 to 1½ cups topping*

Combine tuna, rice, celery, onions, and pimientos. Blend soup, milk and cheese. Heat. Stir into tuna mixture. Season to taste. Turn into a greased shallow 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with topping. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes or until hot and bubbly. Makes 6 servings.

*Chow mein noodles, crisp rice cereal or croutons.

For more easy-to-make rice recipes, write to: Rice Council of America, Dept.L, Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027

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Rice
Rice Council of America

BRUNCH

continued

When Guests Arrive:

1. Reduce oven temperature to 200°F. Keep Dorothy's Eggs and Sausage and Apples warm.
2. Serve Bloody Marys.
3. Brew coffee.
4. Serve remaining food, buffet style.

BLOODY MARYS WITH CELERY SPEARS

We've added horseradish to this traditional eye-opener.

3 cups tomato juice
2 cups vodka
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons lime juice
4 teaspoons prepared horseradish
¼ teaspoon bottled red pepper sauce
4 celery ribs, cut into 12 spears
Celery salt (optional)
Black pepper (optional)

In large pitcher or saucepan, stir together tomato juice, vodka, Worcestershire sauce, lime juice, horseradish and hot pepper sauce. Chill. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)*

To serve, pour into pitcher. Serve in ice-filled glasses with celery spears for garnish. Sprinkle with celery salt and black pepper, if desired. Makes 12 6-ounce drinks, about 135 calories each.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

Your brunch guests will flip over this—and it's equally good for supper.

Soup
1 pound dried black beans
3 quarts cold water
4 teaspoons salt
¼ cup salad oil
¼ cup olive oil
1½ cups chopped onions
1 cup chopped green peppers
4 teaspoons minced garlic (about 8 cloves)
1 tablespoon oregano, crushed
1½ teaspoons ground cumin
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons white vinegar
Rice Garnish
2 cups cold, cooked rice
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons white vinegar
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon salt

For soup: Rinse beans with cold water; drain. In Dutch oven or large saucepot add 3 quarts cold water to beans; heat to boiling. Cover; cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat; let stand covered for 1 hour.

Add salt to bean mixture; cook over medium heat until beans are tender, about 3 hours, stirring occasionally.

In medium skillet, heat both oils. Add onions and green peppers and sauté until tender. Add garlic, oregano, cumin and pepper. Cook over low heat 3 minutes to blend flavors. Add to cooked beans along with vinegar. Simmer 10 minutes. Allow soup to cool. Purée half the soup, 2 cups at a time, in covered blender container. Stir puréed soup back into remaining soup.

(May be prepared in advance to this point. Ladle into freezer-proof containers. Freeze up to 2 weeks. Defrost in refrigerator 1 day or at room temperature up to 3 to 4 hours.) Reheat over low heat, stirring occasionally. Add water to thin if necessary. Serve with Rice Garnish. Makes about 10 cups. About 135 calories per ½ cup.

For Rice Garnish: Combine all ingredients. Cover and refrigerate until serving time. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 1 day.)* About 35 calories per tablespoon.

DOROTHY'S EGGS

Our food editor's favorite egg dish—from a former Oklahoma City neighbor, Dorothy Abernathy.

12 eggs, beaten
2 cans (17 oz. each) cream-style corn
4 cups (1 lb.) sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
2 cans (4 oz. each) whole green chilies, drained and chopped
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Preheat oven to 325°F. In large bowl, combine all ingredients, beat until well mixed. Pour into 13x9-inch baking dish. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours in advance.)* Place in oven and bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes or until firm to touch. Makes 12 generous servings. About 310 calories per serving.

ORANGE-HONEY MUFFINS

Honey is for smoothness, orange peel zest and wheat germ for crunch.

2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
⅓ cup wheat germ
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
2½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1½ teaspoons baking soda
1¼ teaspoons salt
¾ cup butter or margarine, melted and cooled
½ cup honey
¼ cup orange juice
3 eggs

Preheat oven to 375°F. Line muffin-[illegible] cups with paper liners.

In large bowl, combine flour, wh[illegible] germ, sugar, orange peel, baking p[illegible] der, baking soda and salt. In small bo[illegible] combine remaining ingredients. Add t[illegible] mixture to dry ingredients and stir u[illegible] well blended. Fill muffin cups ⅔ full w[illegible] batter. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes or u[illegible] toothpick inserted in center comes [illegible] clean. *(May be prepared in advance this point. Cool muffins. Wrap well a[illegible] freeze up to 2 weeks. Thaw, wrapped, room temperature.)* Makes about 2 do[illegible] muffins; about 155 calories per muffin.

SAUSAGE PATTIES ON APPLE RING

Complements any egg dish.

2 packages (12 oz. each) bulk pork sausage
4 large cooking apples, cored but not peeled
⅔ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped parsley for garnish

(continue



Brunch for 8. Clockwise: Fresh Fruit Compote, Cranapple Juice, syrup, Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes with Bacon, butter or margarine.

A marshmallow a day keeps your freckles on straight.





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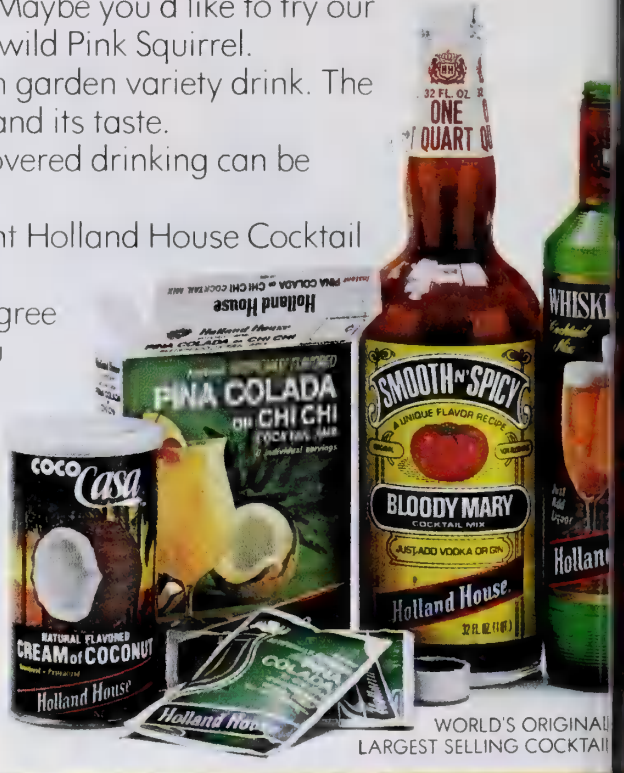
What's more, there are 40 different Holland House Cocktail Mixes that will do wonders for your spirits.

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BRUNCH

continued

ape pork sausage into ¼-inch thick pat- s about 3½ inches in diameter. In 12- h skillet, cook sausage patties over dium heat until well browned on both les, about 10 to 15 minutes. Drain ll. Keep warm. Wipe skillet clean.

Slice ends off apples; cut each into 3 es. Combine sugar and cinnamon in lat dish. Dip slices in mixture and coat th sides.

In same skillet, over medium high at, melt butter or margarine. Add ap- slices, a few at a time, and sauté un- golden brown on both sides. Turn ples frequently and sprinkle lightly th some of the remaining sugar mix- e. Remove to serving platter and top h apple ring with sausage. *(May be epared in advance to this point. Keep rm in a 200°F. oven up to 1 hour.)* rnish with parsley. Makes 12 serv- gs; about 300 calories per serving.



BRUNCH FOR 25
pictured on page 136

MENU

MIMOSA PUNCH
CITRUS-APPLE HERRING
CHICKEN LIVERS AND MUSHROOMS
SPINACH-HAM ROLLS CRESCENT ROLLS
BUTTER CURLS PRESERVES
BANANA-SOUR CREAM CAKE
COFFEE OR TEA

FOOD CHECKLIST

- 4 bottles champagne
- 17 cups orange juice (about 5 quarts)
- 4 jars (8 oz. each) herrings snacks in wine sauce (2 lbs.)
- 4 pounds chicken livers
- ¾ pound cooked ham
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 2 pounds butter or margarine
- 4 cups sour cream
- 13 eggs
- 2 packages (5 oz. each) spiced cheese with garlic and herbs
- 2 cups chopped walnuts
- 1 cup golden seedless raisins
- ¾ cup Madeira wine
- 2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach
- 1½ pounds mushrooms
- 2 medium bananas (ripe)
- 1 large seedless orange
- 2 lemons
- 1 apple
- 1 yellow onion
- 1 red onion
- 1 bunch green onions
- Parsley

Staples to have on hand

- 1½ quarts milk
- Flour
- White vinegar
- Salad oil
- Sugar
- Prepared mustard
- Double-acting baking powder
- Baking soda
- Vanilla extract
- Cinnamon
- Confectioners' sugar
- Coffee
- Tea
- Cream or milk for coffee

SCHEDULE FOR BRUNCH FOR 25

One Month Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory all supplies.
3. Purchase ingredients for Crescent Rolls and Banana-Sour Cream Cake.
4. Prepare Banana-Sour Cream Cake. Freeze.
5. Prepare Crescent Roll dough; refrigerate overnight. Next day, shape rolls, bake and freeze.

Two Days Before:

1. Purchase remaining ingredients.
2. Prepare Citrus-Apple Herring; refrigerate.
3. If desired, prepare butter curls; freeze on flat surface.

One Day Before:

1. Prepare Spinach-Ham Rolls; refrigerate.
2. Chill champagne and orange juice.

Evening Before:

1. Prepare ingredients for chicken livers and mushrooms. Do not cook. Refrigerate.
2. Set table.
3. Remove cakes from freezer, defrost wrapped, at room temperature, overnight.

Early that Morning:

1. Prepare Chicken Livers and Mushrooms.
2. Place butter curls and preserves in serving dishes; refrigerate butter.
3. Defrost Crescent Rolls. *(continued)*

unchy, wholesome gobblin' bars.
are up some. And save 7¢.



Here comes Halloween.
Snack goes granola.
100% natural family treats
from Nature Valley. No
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46M

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COUPON EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1978

General Mills

46M

Hunt's Prima Salsa.® "It's thicker and zestier than Ragú.



Ferruccio Pradella
45 Spring Street
New York City

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Little Italy's Mr. Ferruccio Pradella tell us, "Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu* Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.

UNRETOUCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



RAGU—See how the regular Ragu Spaghetti Sauce begins to come through the strainer in a matter of a few seconds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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Available in Three Flavors: Regular, With Mushrooms, and Meat Flavored.

BRUNCH

continued

Thirty Minutes Before Guests Arrive:

1. Reheat livers and mushrooms. Place in chafing dish.
2. Slice Spinach-Ham Rolls. Place on platter, cover with foil and warm in 200°F. oven. (Roll will be warm, not hot.)
3. Slice cake.
4. Warm Crescent Rolls in 200°F. oven.
5. Assemble coffee.

When Guests Arrive:

1. Prepare punch and serve.
2. Set out remaining food and let guests serve themselves.
3. Brew coffee.

MIMOSA PUNCH

An unbeatable classic.

4 bottles champagne, chilled
4 quarts orange juice, chilled

Just before serving, pour champagne and orange juice into large punch bowl. Ladle into champagne glasses. Makes 58 4-ounce servings. About 75 calories each.

CITRUS-APPLE HERRING

This colorful appetizer is a boon to herring lovers.

4 jars (8 oz. each) herring snacks in wine
1 large seedless orange, peeled
1 lemon, peeled
1 apple, cored and diced
1 large sweet or red onion, peeled and thinly sliced
¼ cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon white vinegar
2 cups (1 pint) sour cream

Drain herring and discard wine sauce and onion slices that come with it. Cut orange and lemon in half lengthwise and then crosswise into very thin slices. Combine all ingredients and gently toss until well mixed. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled or up to 2 days ahead.)* To serve, spoon into serving dish. Makes 25 servings; about 110 calories each.

CHICKEN LIVERS AND MUSHROOMS
pictured on page 136

Lots of mushrooms and a fair amount of Madeira wine make this dish special.

½ cup (8 tablespoons) butter or margarine
1½ pounds mushrooms, sliced
1 bunch green onions, cut in ½-inch pieces
4 pounds chicken livers, cleaned, cut in halves
¼ cup flour
2½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup Madeira wine
Sprig parsley, for garnish

In 12-inch skillet over medium heat, melt 4 tablespoons butter or margar
Add mushrooms and green onions, sa
until tender. Remove with slotted spo
set aside. Pour off drippings. Wipe
skillet. In same skillet, melt remain
butter or margarine over high heat. A
chicken livers and sauté, turning oft
until brown on the outside and li
pink on the inside, about 10 minu
Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper.
to coat. Add wine and simmer 5 minu
Return mushrooms and green onions
skillet and stir until well mixed. *(May
prepared in advance to this point. Co
and let stand at room temperature up
2 hours. Reheat, stirring occasiona
until heated through.)* Spoon into ch
ing dish. Garnish with parsley. Makes
servings. About 170 calories each.

CRESCENT ROLLS

*A perfect addition to a brunch me
The dough is extra flaky and rich.*

1 package active dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
1 cup milk, heated slightly (about 120° to 130°F.)
1 egg, at room temperature
¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter, softened
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 to 3½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons salad oil
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons milk

continu

99.9% fat-free

In this day and age when most people are eating too much fat, it's nice to know that something you love has just about none.

And it's nice to know that nutritionists agree most people are not eating enough carbohydrates, basic fuel the human body needs for energy. Potatoes provide carbohydrates plus Vitamin C and other important vitamins and minerals, without being high in calories. Ounce for ounce, a potato has about as few calories as an apple.

So if you're worried about your weight, don't worry about potatoes. Because, besides being low in calories, they're almost 100% fat-free. To be specific, 99.99934% fat-free.

The Potato. Something good that's good for you.



977 The Potato Board

What makes C.W. Post so deliciously different is its:

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No wonder everybody's asking for C.W. Post® Family Style Cereal. It's got a great crunchy taste because everything in it is naturally wholesome, golden crisp, and light.

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So bring home C.W. Post Family Style Cereal, regular or with raisins. It's the great crunchy taste that's so deliciously different the whole family loves it. **C.W. Post Family Style Cereal.**



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A great Italian meal you can make in 15 minutes. It'll taste like it took hours.



f Boy-ar-dee Complete Spaghetti Dinner.

hing you need is right inside the box.
zesty tomato sauce with meat....Tangy grated cheese.
lian-style spaghetti made to cook nice and firm.
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ites. Chef Boy-ar-dee® Complete Spaghetti Dinner.



Nothing to add.

BRUNCH

continued

large mixer bowl, dissolve yeast in ¼ warm water. Add milk, egg, 2 tablespoons butter, sugar and salt. Stir to combine and dissolve sugar. Add 2 cups flour and beat at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Stir in 1 cup more flour or enough to make a soft dough. Turn dough onto a well-floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic, about 5 minutes. Put 2 teaspoons oil in a large bowl. Place dough in bowl and turn to grease top of dough. Cover with plastic wrap and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Roll out dough on lightly-floured surface into 18x12-inch rectangle. Beginning at 12-inch side, spread 4 tablespoons butter over ⅔ of the dough. (Actually butter is spread in a 12-inch square.) Fold unbuttered third of dough over center third. Fold remaining buttered third over remaining dough (like folding a business letter). Rotate dough quarter turn. Roll out again into 18x12-inch rectangle and repeat procedure two more times, using remaining butter. Grease one side of a large piece of foil; place dough on it. Wrap securely, refrigerate several hours or overnight until thoroughly chilled.

To shape rolls: Divide dough in half. Work with half the dough at a time; keep the other half refrigerated. On a lightly floured surface, roll dough into 18x12-inch rectangle. Cut dough in half lengthwise. On 18-inch side, cut dough into six 3-inch rectangles, then cut each rectangle in half diagonally. Roll wedges up from wide end to tip. Bend into crescent shapes. Place on ungreased baking sheets tip side down. Repeat with remaining dough. Let rise in a warm place until doubled, about 45 minutes.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Combine egg yolk and milk, brush mixture on rolls. Bake about 20 minutes or until golden brown. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap well and freeze up to 1 month. Thaw, wrapped, at room temperature for 1 hour. May be heated in a 200°F. oven for 10 to 15 minutes.)* Makes 48 rolls, about 80 calories each.

SPINACH-HAM ROLL

A bit of a production, but an absolutely smashing entrée.

Roll
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup unsifted all-purpose flour
- 2 cups milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs, separated, at room temperature

Filling
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ½ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, cooked and well drained
- 1½ cups (6 oz.) chopped cooked ham
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 package (5 oz.) spiced cheese with garlic and herbs

Preheat oven to 400°F. Lightly grease a 15½x10½-inch jelly-roll pan. Line bottom with waxed paper and grease again; sprinkle lightly with flour, tap out excess.
For roll: In 2-quart saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour and cook until smooth, stirring with wire whisk. Gradually stir in milk and salt and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick. Remove from heat and stir in egg yolks, one at a time. Allow mixture to cool to lukewarm.

Beat egg whites with electric mixer until soft peaks form. Fold into egg yolk mixture. Gently spread evenly into prepared pan. Bake 30 minutes until puffed and brown.
For filling: While roll bakes, prepare filling. In medium skillet, melt butter or margarine; add onion, sauté until tender. Add spinach, cook 30 seconds. Stir in remaining ingredients and cook over low heat until cheese is melted and mixture is well blended. Keep warm.
To assemble: Immediately invert onto a clean towel. Spread with warm filling and roll up, using *(continued)*









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BRUNCH

continued

wel, from 15½-inch side, jelly-roll shion. *(May be prepared in advance to is point. Cool; then wrap well in foil d refrigerate up to 24 hours. Warm in 200°F. oven for 30 minutes before rving.)* Cut roll into 15 one-inch slices. bout 165 calories per slice. For brunch r 25, make two rolls.

BANANA-SOUR CREAM CAKE

ound to become a family favorite. A eat way to use a "very ripe" banana.

lling
1 cup chopped walnuts
½ cup golden seedless raisins
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cake
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup mashed ripe banana (1 medium)
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup sour cream

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 9-inch tube pan or 6-cup Bundt pan; set aside. In small bowl, combine ingredients for filling; reserve.

For cake: In large mixer bowl, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition and scraping sides of bowl. Add mashed banana and vanilla. In medium bowl, combine flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Alternately add dry ingredients and sour cream to butter mixture, starting and ending with flour. Mix well after each addition.

Sprinkle about ¼ cup filling mixture into prepared pan. Spoon in about ⅓ the batter. Sprinkle on half the remaining filling, then another third of batter. Repeat with remaining filling and batter. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool cake on rack for 20 minutes. Remove from pan and cool completely on wire rack. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap securely freeze up to 1 month. Thaw, wrapped, at room temperature for 4 hours.)*

To serve, sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar, if desired. Makes 12 to 15 servings. About 345 calories for each of 12 servings; 275 calories for each of 15. For brunch for 25 people make 2 cakes.

BRUNCH FOR 8
pictured on page 152

MENU

CRANAPPLE JUICE
WHOLE WHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES
PANCAKE SYRUP SOUR CREAM
RESERVES BUTTER OR MARGARINE
THICK SLICED BACON
BREAD OR ROLLS
FRESH FRUIT COMPOSTE
COFFEE OR TEA

FOOD CHECKLIST

- bottle (32 oz.) cranapple juice
- ½ cups whole wheat flour
- cups buttermilk
- pint (2 cups) sour cream
- bottle pancake syrup
- ½ pounds thick sliced bacon
- 2 seedless oranges
- ½ fresh pineapple
- 1 red Delicious apple
- 1 pear
- 1 banana
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur
- Bread or rolls

taples to have on hand
- lour
- ugar
- eggs
- ouble-acting baking powder
- aking soda
- Butter or margarine
- Preserves
- Coffee
- Tea
- Cream or milk for coffee

CHEDULE FOR BRUNCH FOR 8

)ay Before or Morning of Brunch:
. Invite guests.
. Inventory supplies.
. Purchase ingredients.
. Set table.

Early Morning or up to Two Hours Before Guests Are to Arrive:
. Chill cranapple juice.
. Prepare Fresh Fruit Compote; cover nd chill.
. Place sour cream, preserves in serving ishes.

Forty-Five Minutes Before Guests Arrive:
. Cook bacon. Keep warm in 200°F. ven.
. Make batter for Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes.

Fifteen Minutes Before Guests Arrive:
1. Heat syrup; keep warm in hot water.
2. Prepare coffee.

When Guests Arrive:
1. Serve juice.
2. Bake griddle cakes and serve with bacon and accompaniments.
3. Serve compote and coffee.

WHOLE WHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES

Hearty griddle cakes destined to become a family favorite.

1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1½ cups whole wheat flour
⅓ cup sugar
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
4 eggs
3 cups buttermilk
6 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted

In a large bowl, combine dry ingredients. In another bowl, beat eggs. Stir in buttermilk and melted butter or margarine; pour liquid ingredients into dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Preheat greased griddle. To test temperature of griddle, drop some water on it—it should sizzle and bounce. Spoon some batter onto the hot, greased griddle. Turn pancakes when they are puffy and full of bubbles but before the bubbles break; bake other side until golden. Continue baking pancakes, using remaining batter. Grease griddle between each batch, if necessary. Makes 24 4-inch griddle cakes. About 110 calories each.

FRESH FRUIT COMPOTE

Use any fresh fruit in season. Great any time.

1 red Delicious apple, cut into ½-inch cubes
1 pear, cut into ½-inch cubes
2 seedless oranges, peeled, sliced and quartered
1 banana, sliced
½ fresh pineapple, cut into chunks (about 2 cups)
¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Into large serving bowl, place all the fruit. Combine liqueur, lemon juice and sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle over fruit, toss gently. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled (if time permits). Toss again before serving. Makes 8 servings; about 120 calories each.

End



"Actually, he's easy to train, everytime I press the buzzer, he brings me food."

"The secret of great holiday gravy? Mom just told me Kitchen Bouquet."®

"It's really so simple. Just add Kitchen Bouquet® to your chicken or turkey broth for a delicious gravy. Kitchen Bouquet's special blend of natural seasonings gives gravy a r home-made taste and a rich, brown color. Those gravy mixes just aren't the same."

"Mom says Kitchen Bouquet makes all kinds of stews look and taste extra-special, too

"And I thought Mom had taught me everything!"

Kitchen Bouquet. No gravy should be without it.

Mom's simple holiday gravy.

(Recipe makes 2 cups)

Blend ¼ cup of softened margarine and 1 teas Kitchen Bouquet into ¼ cup all-purpose flour. Stir cups of broth* over low heat for 2 to 3 minutes chopped, cooked giblets if desired. to taste. *Cook giblets approximately 2 h strain off bro



NOVEMBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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It's Your Move

continued from page 26

"How can you sell these, Grandpa?" Margaret was asking, showing the photos of the Bishop Hill paintings to her friend Julie.

"Why not?" he asked, sketching likenesses of the children on his pad.

"I mean, his ancestors sailed over from Sweden," Margaret explained, "and then walked to Illinois. Now it's a state park where Grandpa was born. You shouldn't sell them."

"You shouldn't," agreed Julie.

"Don't sell them Grandpa," said Greg.

"Of course I will. Artists don't get pensions. I still have to eat. Besides, Bishop Hill is perfectly clear in my mind and heart. Irreplaceable. You never let go of things that are irreplaceable."

"I'm going to Bishop Hill someday," Margaret decided. "You're a wonderful painter."

"Your commentary's fair, too," said Christine. "Outer versus inner landscapes. Think you're pretty smart, don't you?"

He smiled. "Kiddo, thank your stars."

She knew she should be relieved after what Jason had said. But she wasn't. She was glad Nellie was speaking to group tonight instead of the us therapy session. She felt too drained handle it. Somehow too incomplete.

"I want to stress one thing agai Nellie said to the teenagers in conc sion. "Truly adult relationships invo a lot of giving. But that alcoholic par of yours got stopped somewhere alo the line in his or her development, that no matter how much your ot parent gives, there's no response. Idea at times each should be able to depe each to protect at times, each to be hap in the other's growth. You can all be t kind of adult someday. And don't y forget it."

"Thanks, Nellie," Christine said af the group was gone. "They needed tha

"They're a strong bunch, Chris. You doing a good job."

Christine forced a smile. "Guess I'll continuing. Jason's giving up the pron tion."

Nellie hugged her. "I'm so gl You're right, he is a rare breed. He she studied her, "do I detect a look doubt?"

Christine shook her head. "Not abo Jason. It's our anniversary. Ten years. far so good."

"I have this friend in L.A.—"

"Don't tell me," Christine said. "S got struck by lightning on her tenth a niversary. You're a real *(continue*

"This is damn good chili."



Who would know tter than Carroll ıelby, co-founder of e International ıili Society, nowned race car signer and chili nnoisseur.

We asked ırroll to prepare s "perfect chili" cipe using his resto® pressure oker.

Like most od cooks, arroll liked the ea of using the resto pressure oker as an eryday pan for doing eryday things— owning meat, uteing onions and garlic—then eeding up the cooking with pressure to ish in one-third to one-tenth the time.

"It's like up-shifting to high gear," arroll said.

When he was through, Carroll Shelby ted his spoon from the big bowl "red," tasted, slowly smiled and said, Now that's damn good chili!"

Maybe it was the way Presto ressure cooking perfectly combined l the flavors and subtleties of helby's recipe. Perhaps it was the nique ability of the pressure cooker give that solid taste of long sim- ered goodness in almost no time at all. Could have been the fact that pressure cooking preserves the color, nutrients and vitamins of all foods.

We thought you would like to try Carroll Shelby's recipe for "Damn Good Chili." But if you want it to be this *good*, this *fast* and *easy*, you've got to use the "damn good chili cooker"—the Presto pressure cooker.

Presto is the magic word. Pressure is the magic reason.

"Damn good chili"

Carroll Shelby wants you to find out how great his recipe is made in a Presto pressure cooker. Ask your grocer for 2 lbs of "Chili grind" coarse ground round. Or you can cut lean flank or round into small cubes.

- 2 lbs coarse ground round
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 8-oz can tomato sauce
- 1 8-oz can water
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 16-oz can kidney beans, drained and rinsed

Heat cooker and brown ground meat, onion and green pepper. Add remaining ingredients except kidney beans, close cover securely, place pressure regulator on vent pipe. Cook five minutes. Let pressure drop of its own accord. Add kidney beans and heat through. Up to 2 cans of beans may be added. Increase cayenne and/or chili powder for hotter chili.

NOTE: Try Carroll Shelby's original Texas Brand Chili Preparation in your Presto pressure cooker. This special seasoning is available at your grocer.

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Don't make the fudge without the Creme

Creamier. Smoother. Home-made fudge with KRAFT Marshmallow Creme.

Fantasy Fudge

3 cups sugar
3/4 cup PARKAY Margarine
2/3 cup (5-1/3-fl. oz. can) evaporated milk
1 12-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1 7-oz. jar KRAFT Marshmallow Creme
1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, margarine and milk in heavy 2½-quart saucepan; bring to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Continue boiling 5 minutes over medium heat, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Remove from heat; stir in chocolate pieces until melted. Add marshmallow creme, nuts and vanilla; beat until well blended. Pour into greased 13 x 9-inch pan. Cool to room temperature; cut into squares. Makes 3 lbs.



It's Your Move

continued

pal, Nellie. But no stories tonight."

Nellie laughed. "Go home and celebrate," she said. "I'll call you tomorrow. And tell Jason thanks for me, too."

When she got home, Jason built a fire against the chill, lit two tapers on either side of ten yellow roses and kissed her in front of everybody.

"Mush stuff," said Gregory smiling.

Christine smiled too, as she unwrapped the glowing thousand eye cup. "Your mother loved it," her father said.

"She always told me those were the eyes of our ancestors looking out for us," Christine told Gregory.

She looked into the crystals. They mirrored Gregory, her father, Jason; and still she felt in the familiar contours the regard of ancient eyes, as comforting as when she had been a child.

But she was no longer that child. She gazed at Margaret and Gregory. No longer a child taking whatever the world brought as if it were her right to take it; unable to give full measure in return. There was more than that to life. That's why she felt incomplete, unhappy. Her eyes met Jason's and she fought again the urge to cry.

Instead she lifted the bottle of champagne and filled the thousand eye cup. She raised it to Jason. "Here's to Pennsylvania," she said soberly.

"Don't joke," he said. "I was just ready to make my own announcement to everyone's delight."

"Well, it's my turn," she said, taking a sip and holding the cup out to him. "It's my turn to push, and yours to swing. Okay?" She put her fingers against his cheek and looked around. "We will be moving soon, and no complaints."

"Congratulations, Jason," Christine's father said. "On the promotion and on picking my daughter."

"Thanks, Julius. But there won't be any martyrs in my family," Jason told him.

"Don't get me wrong," Christine said. "I'm not doing this for you alone."

"Then why?"

"Because the pushing is as important as the swinging. For the one pushing, that is. Get it?"

"You sure?" he asked, taking the cup.

"I'm sure," she told him. "You bet your bootie, I'm sure. Happy Anniversary."

"At least," Margaret said sighing and leaning against her grandfather, "in Pennsylvania, we'll be closer to you."

"I was wondering if anyone was going to consider that, Margo."

"We can thank our stars for that, can't we, Grandpa?"

Next morning the amber cup on the dining room table reflected a thousand fragments of unaccustomed sun. Up early, Christine took in the view, always a revelation after fog, of the sparkling Bay, San Francisco rising white beyond, Mt. Tamalpais clear in the distant north.

"Early rising is a habit for old men," her father said.

She gestured toward the view. "What did I tell you?"

He came to see. "We're on top of the world after all. It would be hard to leave."

"It's not scenery that ties things together."

"You decided that, did you?" He laughed.

"And I think I can help Margaret over this. After all, I'll be leaving a friend, too. No way is that easy." She leaned against his shoulder. "Do you think I'm beginning to season?"

"Possibly." He gazed out across the miles. "Where are my brushes? That's a vision worth capturing."

She picked up the cup and turned it in her hand. At the same time it linked her to the past, it gave back to her a tiny Bay, a miniature Golden Gate. Soon another scene would take its place and she would hold them all. "Yes," she said, "it was. The next one will be, too." **End**

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Photograph is approx. 2 times actual size.

"See how Shake 'n Bake® keeps chicken more moist and tender."

COATING MIX



Fried chicken can be dry.
Baked chicken can be dry.
But chicken made with Shake 'n Bake® coating mix comes out more moist and tender—because the crispy coating seals in the juices.

"With Shake 'n Bake® coating mix you get crispy chicken at its tender best."

LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

continued from page 66

trends, Los Alamitos installed in its seven elementary schools an individualized program designed to meet each student's personal needs and learning levels. Believing with Superintendent Plumleigh that yesterday's schools cannot equip kids for today's world, each school has built its curriculum around a media center to which even the youngest child has access. Students make tapes, play records, tune in video—not as fun and games to keep them quiet, but as self-teaching devices to get them involved. In follow-up studies, Los Alamitos finds that its students are happier and perform better in junior high than students from traditional schools.

Action learning

Minneapolis Superintendent John Davis Jr. apparently supports the belief that, as it stands, "high school education serves no useful purpose" . . . or at least gives it enough credence to institute a totally innovative program in two of the city's large high schools, 30 nearby schools and 100 within the state. It is called Action Learning, deriving its name from the basic requirement that students spend as much time in applying their learning in community efforts as they do acquiring it in the classroom.

Intensive Education is another innovation with a stronghold in many schools —particularly in non-public schools. Based on the U.S. Army's experience in training large numbers of men, Intensive Education discards the age-old formula of six or seven courses a day, five days a week. Instead, one subject only is studied for a period of weeks.

Schools such as Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., or Greater Lowell Regional Vocational Technical High School in the same state, have undertaken Intensive Education. In Colorado's St. Scholastica Academy, in New Jersey's Gill-St. Bernard's, in Chicago's Francis W. Parker—and in other schools around the country—educators report that under this new program, students are doing better. "They feel less fragmented than in traditional schools; they get the satisfaction of learning in depth and not having to click off when the bell rings."

It is difficult—and will remain difficult —for parents to evaluate their children's schools. Most parents have not even articulated what they want from a school. When asked that question earlier this year, most answered, "The school should train my kid to get a good job"—or "To get into a good college."

But is that the aim of education?

Back in Colonial days, town lead were charged with the responsibility children's "ability to read and und stand the principles of religion and c ital laws of the country."

Today most educators go much f ther, agreeing with President Mend hall of Smith College: "The aim of ucation is to make of your mind a pl where you want to spend the rest of y life."

That is where the fight for the Li Red Schoolhouse begins.

Creative and disciplined

The goal of education, however, m reflect more than a single school. If longer life expectancy is to promise a thing better than a long, dull road ahe it must include more creative learn than traditional schools allow. Oth wise, the problems of our chang world will never be solved. It must clude more disciplined thinking th self-directed innovation provides. E the frustrations of life will destroy us

We cannot go back to basics, the co plexities of life will not be met only reading, writing and arithmetic. We c not abandon basics; the complexities life will not be met without them.

"We must," U.S. Commissioner of ucation Boyer says, "develop a variet alternative approaches to meet differ needs."

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The makers of 15 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

THE WOMAN DOCTOR'S DIET



The first weight-loss plan tailored to the way a woman's body works. Pick from your basic "wardrobe" of three diets—and learn how and when to switch.

By Barbara Edelstein, M.D.

you're an overweight woman
ıo has struggled unsuccessfully
th diets devised by male
ıctors, I'm willing to bet that a
g part of the reason you're still
t is that you've never been told
is simple fact: *A woman burns*
lories half as fast as a man, for
e same amount of exertion. The
ason: a woman's body is com-
ɔsed of a higher proportion of
t to muscle than a man's, and
uscle mass requires five more
ılories per pound to maintain
elf than fat or connective tissue.
en are usually heavier and taller
an women, but even the smallest
an has more muscle per unit of
eight than the largest woman.
This means that while a woman's
ɔpetite is the same as a man's,
ıe needs only half the amount of
ɔod to maintain her weight. How
ın an overweight woman fail to
ɛt discouraged, when male
ɔctors ignore such a fundamental
uth of biology—and blame her
ow weight loss on self-indulgence
ıd lack of willpower?
Because I tailor a diet to a
oman's needs, *which are always*
ıanging, my dieting patients have
ɛen more successful at losing
eight than those of some of my
ıale colleagues who, bright and
ıpable as they are, insist on treat-
ıg women as though female
hysiologies and psyches are
lentical with their own.

I used to ask women to bring their husbands to my office so I could enlist their aid and support. I would spend hours talking to them about their wives' physiology and the consequent fat storage, only to have them nod in a bored way as they waited for an opening to tell me how *they* lost weight by simply switching from beer to bourbon or from steak to fish. Almost any man can lose weight by simply cutting out desserts, cutting down on bread and potatoes, and not eating between meals. With these minor concessions, he can lose rapidly no matter how fat he is. But a woman who sets out to conquer a weight problem is embarking on a long, tedious, often frustrating quest. Here are some reasons why:

"A Woman Burns Calories Half as Fast as a Man"

Biological:

There is no escaping the fact that women are designed to contain babies. Thus, nature has seen to it that we will never be without fat. She has decreed that we will always be padded with a soft cushion of subcutaneous (under-the-skin) fat in case the fetus needs extra food, protection and heat. It doesn't matter if you never bear a child; nature will pad you anyway, just in case. That's why, when you're dieting, it's so difficult to lose those last few pounds.

Hormonal:

The female hormones that give you your beautiful skin and good bones—and maybe protect you from heart attacks—are the same ones that make it easier for you to convert food into fat than it is for a man. Estrogens and progesterones are naturally fat-producing and fat-hoarding hormones. Even if your ovaries (which produce the hormones) have been removed, the adrenal glands will take over

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and secrete estrogen-like hormones for the maintenance of body fat.

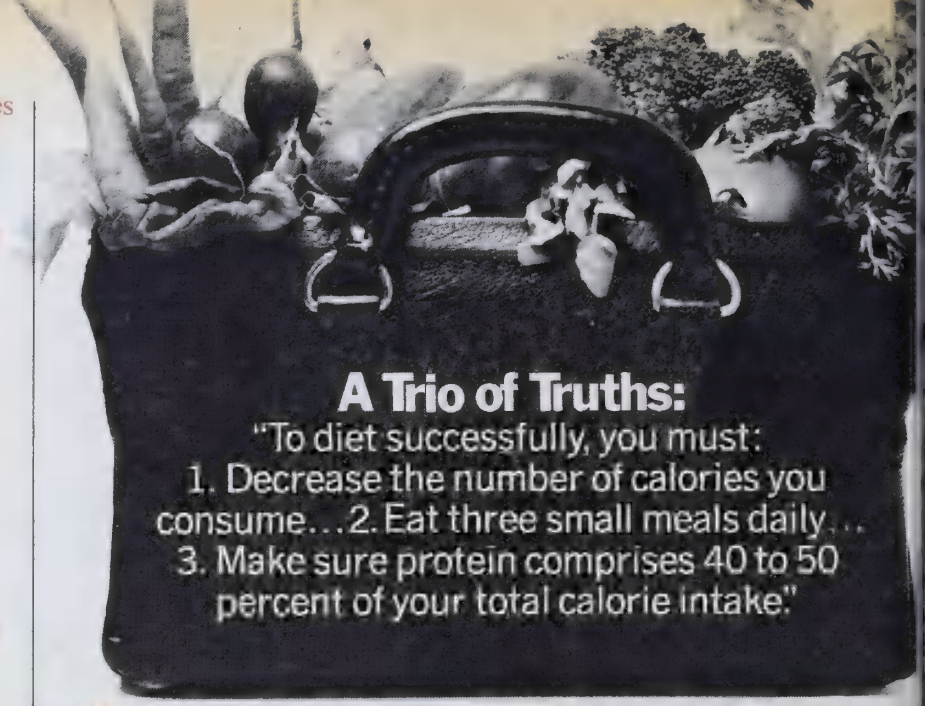
If you're taking birth-control pills, whose operative ingredient is estrogen, you will be 10 percent likelier to convert food into fat if your weight is normal, and close to 20 percent more likely if you tend toward overweight—and this is not even taking into account the fluid-retaining properties of both estrogen and progesterone.

Social:

Some women blame their extra pounds on having to feed a family three meals a day and thus think about food morning, noon and night—buying it, preparing it, seeing that it gets eaten and cleaning up afterwards. But you can't put all the blame for overweight on proximity to food. A chronic overeater will manage to get her excess calories somehow, even if she works outside her home during the day. She'll overeat when she gets home at night, or on weekends. If her husband enjoys cooking as a hobby, she may feel she has to eat everything he makes, so as not to hurt his feelings. Inappropriate responses to food cues plague any would-be dieter, whether she is at home, at a friend's, or at a job. Since food is always available—if only from the candy machine at the office—the would-be dieter will always find a reason to eat.

Appetite:

Unfortunately, the fact that women need fewer calories than men does not mean female appetites are smaller. Appetite depends entirely on the individual; so many psychological variables influence hunger that it is almost impossible to measure appetite objectively. All we can be sure of is that a woman can, and often will, eat as much as or more than a man.



A Trio of Truths:

"To diet successfully, you must: 1. Decrease the number of calories you consume... 2. Eat three small meals daily... 3. Make sure protein comprises 40 to 50 percent of your total calorie intake."

1 Decrease total calories

Most extremely overweight women can eat only 1,000 calories or less a day in order to lose weight. It is not uncommon for a woman to have to cut back to eating only 800, 600, even 400 calories a day in order to lose. Many women come to me despairing because they can't lose weight on 800 calories a day—they are sure something is wrong. I tell them they are *normal* overweights, and that they simply have to eat less. I have them cut back 100 calories for a week. If they do not lose two pounds by the end of the week, I have them cut back another 100 calories for a week. The idea is to keep checking and cutting, week by week, until you reach a level of losing two pounds a week.

2 Eat three small meals

One of the most common mistakes is eating only one meal a day. A one-meal dieter gives up breakfast either because she is not hungry then or because she claims that if she eats in the morning she is hungry all day long. She gives up lunch because she wants to save calories or doesn't have time to eat. She packs all her calories into one evening meal. And she doesn't lose weight! Scientists used to attribute this to eating in the evening, when the body had less opportunity for activity and therefore couldn't burn off excess calories.

But my observations of women who work nights, eating a large dinner at 10 p.m. and working until 8 a.m., is that they still don't use up all the calories in that one meal, though they follow it with acitivity. My feeling is that the female body cannot metabolize more than a certain number of calories per meal. If woman exceeds this number, she will store the excess as fat. In the resting state, this maximum number of calories is around 500.

A study conducted on four groups of volunteers illustrates this point. The first group ate 250 calories at breakfast, 250 at lunch and 500 at dinner. They lost about two pounds a week. The second group had no breakfast, 250 calories at lunch and 500 at dinner. Though consuming 250 fewer calories than the first group, they still lost about two pounds a week. The third group didn't eat breakfast or lunch and had a 500-calorie dinner, but still lost no more than two pounds a week—though they were eating a full 500 calories less than group one. The fourth group ate as many calories (1,000) as group one, but consumed them all at dinner and only lost one-half to one pound a week (at least a pound less than group one). I duplicated

is study in my office with similar
sults—except that my office group
ur did not lose any weight at all.

3 Have protein comprise 40 to 50 percent of your daily calories

You should keep your protein intake high while u are dieting because:

1. Protein has a high Specific namic Action (SDA). This means at a great number of calories are quired to break down protein for e as energy in the body. Carbo-drates, on the other hand, use ry few calories to produce energy. nce protein uses about 30 percent its caloric value while converting energy, you can eat 30 percent ore protein than carbohydrates or and still stay within your caloric nits.
2. Protein keeps your blood sugar an even level, thus preventing an tpouring of insulin, which might use hunger.
3. Protein satisfies your hunger, ile carbohydrates stimulate it.
4. Protein is the *only* nurtritional quirement in the body that can't met by stored fat.

Protein, however, is often mixed th fat, so it often contains many lories: An eight ounce, well-arbled steak may have as many as 0 to 1,000 calories. Although the dy handles protein more effi-ntly than any other food sub-nce, you cannot eat all the protein u want. An overweight woman n't eat all she wants of *any-ng*, except perhaps raw vegeta-s and a few low-carbohydrate oked vegetables.

As for carbohydrates, we tend to ore them as fat—and the older we t, the more pronounced this ndency. When I changed my tients' breakfasts from eggs to real, the calorie count was the me, but the weight loss slowed nsiderably. Cereal is a high-rbohydrate food. Eggs are not. hen a patient ate extra fruit that s high in carbohydrates, weight ss always slowed more than the ditional calories could explain.

"The key to successful dieting for women is flexibility." A woman should adjust diet to meet the changing needs of her body as it grows, moves through its reproductive cycles, recovers from illness, undergoes stress.

Therefore she needs not one but three diets: the Core Diet, the High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet and the Restart Diet.

■ **The Core Diet** is the basic diet. It supplies all the nutritional elements you need—fat, carbohydrates, protein—to maintain a steady, consistent rate of weight loss. After the first two weeks of the Core Diet, you can adjust to suit your shifting caloric requirements, and still maintain a nutritional equilibrium *while* you lose weight at a satisfying rate on the diet.

■ **The High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet** is designed for women who can handle more food and still lose weight, because of specialized needs such as growth or pregnancy. This is a diet that will enable you to enjoy losing weight during those critical periods without fear that you may be doing harm to your body.

■ **The Restart Diet** gives new hope to women who have tried everything and still can't lose weight, no matter what they do. *Everybody* can lose weight on the Restart Diet! It can be even more effective than fasting. It is primarily for the dieter who was losing steadily and then broke the diet at Christmas or while on vacation, and gained a few pounds. It is also effective for the chronic or "yo-yo" dieter who has difficulty getting going again. The Restart Diet gets you back on the dieting track. It sounds extreme, yet it is a safe diet that provides all the nutrients the body can possibly need.

HOW TO COMPUTE YOUR IDEAL WEIGHT

I compute female ideal weight using 5 feet as a baseline of 100 pounds. For every inch of height over 5 feet, a female adds 5 pounds. A woman 5'3" tall, for example, should weigh 115 pounds. I also take body build into consideration. There should be a difference of about 10 pounds between women with small and medium frames. (Since I see very few Amazons around, I rarely classify females as large.) I also add one pound for every five years past age 25. If you are a 35-year-old female, 5'5" tall with a small frame, you should weigh between 127 and 132 pounds. You will then be **cosmetically thin.** If you are 15 percent above this weight, you are overweight, **cosmetically overweight.**

The point at which the problem ceases to be one of cosmetic overweight and becomes a matter of health has yet to be determined. Thus I don't impose my own standards of weight on anyone else. Some women want to be super-thin, others want to go down a few dress sizes, still others simply want to feel better. You must decide for yourself the kind of body you want.

A WOMAN'S BASIC WARDROBE OF DIETS:

DIET 1
The Core Diet

During the first two weeks of the Core Diet, most overweight women lose between 7 to 10 pounds, about half of which is extracellular water. (The water is released when you cut your carbohydrate intake and use up the short-term sugar stored in the liver.) After the first two weeks, you should lose 1½ to 2 pounds a week.

FIRST AND SECOND WEEKS

Breakfast

2 oz. orange juice *or* 1 orange
1 egg (which may be cooked in one teaspoon of margarine)
1 piece melba toast

Lunch

4 oz. meat or fish (cooked weight)
1 piece melba toast
1 cup salad with 2 tablespoons diet dressing *or* 1 cup cooked vegetables (no corn or peas)
1 fresh fruit *or* 1 cup berries (no grapes or cherries) *or* ½ cup dessert gelatin (regular or diet)

Dinner

5 oz. meat *or* fish (cooked weight)
1 piece melba toast
All the salad you want (but only 1 to 2 tablespoons of diet dressing)
1 cup cooked vegetables (no corn or peas)
1 fresh fruit *or* 1 cup berries (no grapes or cherries) *or* ½ cup dessert gelatin (regular or diet) *or* 1 oz. whiskey, vodka or scotch (no wine or beer)

Snacks

Raw vegetables
Dill pickles
Diet gelatin
Mushrooms (raw or broiled but *not* cooked in butter)
Stewed tomatoes (moderate amounts)

Beverages *(unlimited)*

Coffee with regular milk and a sugar substitute
Tea
Diet soda
Tomato juice
Skim milk

Condiments

Mustard, catsup, horseradish, relish, herbs, spices, soy sauce, etc., as long as they contain no fat
Onions as a garnish

Meat and Fish *(to be eaten at lunch and dinner only)*

Roast beef
Lean hamburger
Cube or minute steak
Round steak
Tenderloin
Chicken and turkey *(including crisply-cooked skin and chicken roll)*
Seafood
All canned fish drained of oil
Fresh fish *(you may use 1 teaspoon of margarine in the preparation)*

THIRD AND FOURTH WEEKS:

Add the following (if desired):
1 extra oz. meat at lunch
2 extra oz. of meat at dinner (you may add lamb, veal or liver to your selection of meats)
1 extra egg as part of any meal or a snack
1 oz. hard cheese as part of any meal or snack

FIFTH AND SIXTH WEEKS:

Add on the following (if desired):
2 extra oz. of alcohol a week (wine may be included)
1 meal at a Chinese restaurant per week. This may be substituted for any lunch or dinner

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH WEEKS:

Substitute the following (if desired):
1 scoop ice milk *or* sherbet *instead* of fruit twice a week.
Cold cuts (ham, pastrami, bologna, etc.) in half the quantity of regular meat (1 oz. cold cuts to 2 oz. regular meat) for one meal a day only.

At this point, you stop adding food. However, if you are still losing about 1½ to 2 pounds a week, allow yourself one piece of high-fiber bread at lunch or breakfast instead of melba toast. But if you begin to lose less than a pound a week, start to subtract foods.

Increase exercise? Forget it.

As you become lighter, it takes less energy for you to move around. This results in slower weight loss unless you increase your exercise or decrease your food intake.

In my experience, it is easier to decrease food than to increase exercise; my patients prefer starving to moving. In some cases a patient may have to slowly cut down until she has returned to the first two weeks of the Core Diet. If after two weeks on this basic regime her weight loss still isn't satisfactory, I decrease the basic regime itself: I take away the melba toast and the fruit and reduce the meat by one, two or three ounces a day until once again she is losing 1½ to 2 pounds a week.

DIET 2

The High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet

The High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet is for active women 25 and under, and for pregnant and lactating women. They can handle more food because they haven't developed the carbohydrate intolerance of older women, and because they require more calories for their own growth (teenagers) or for fetal growth (pregnant women). Nevertheless, weight loss may still be somewhat slower with this diet than with the Core Diet.

Breakfast
4 oz. orange juice *or* 1 fresh fruit (no grapes or cherries)
1 or 2 eggs and 1 piece of dry toast and 1 teaspoon margarine *or* 1 cup unsugared cereal with ½ cup skim milk

Morning snack
8 oz. tomato juice *or*
8 oz. skim milk

Lunch
All you can eat of beef, chicken, turkey or tuna (one tablespoon mayonnaise may be added)
2 pieces bread (not a roll)
Lettuce and tomato (if desired)
1 fresh fruit *or* ½ cup gelatin dessert (regular or diet)

Afternoon snack
8 oz. tomato juice *or*
8 oz. skim milk

Dinner
All the beef, chicken, turkey or fish (broiled or baked) you can eat.
All the salad you want with moderate amounts of diet dressing or oil and vinegar
All the cooked vegetables you want but no corn or peas
1 fresh fruit *or* ½ cup gelatin dessert (regular or diet)

Beverages, snacks and condiments are the same as in the Core Diet, except you may add boiled cabbage to the list of snacks.

Certain rules must be followed on this diet:

1. Bread cannot be eaten at the supper hour. It must be eaten by noon or you forfeit it.

2. Meat must be eaten at *one* sitting; you can't save it for later.

3. You can't save *both* fruits for the evening.

If weight loss slows down considerably, eliminate the bread—that usually starts things moving again. You can add food to this diet according to the schedule for additions to the Core Diet.

I recommend orange juice or an orange every day because oranges are a good source of potassium and you lose a lot of potassium during the first two weeks of a diet. I also recommend taking one multi-vitamin pill with iron daily.

Vegetarians can substitute eggs or cheese for meat or fish (one egg or one ounce of cheese equals two ounces of meat). I don't limit the number of eggs per week because no cause and effect has yet been demonstrated between cholesterol intake and cholesterol blood level in the otherwise healthy female.

I allow a sugar-sweetened gelatin dessert or an alcoholic beverage as a substitute for fruit. Gelatin dessert is a refined sugar expanded with water, and fruit is a natural sugar expanded with water. The calories are similar, only the fiber content is different. Also, some people would rather have a drink than eat a fruit.



DIET 3

Restart Diet

One recurring problem in my practice is patients who cheat and come back to the office heavier than they were on their last visit. Whether it's happened once or several times, it is difficult to (1) get them back on the *same* diet, (2) get them started losing weight again.

Something strange has unquestionably happened to their already slow metabolisms, because when they go back on their diet they lose weight much more slowly than they did in the beginning. It takes about six frustrating weeks for them to pick up their original weight-loss tempo.

To start teenagers losing again, I switch them from the High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet to the Core Diet for two weeks, no longer. Pregnant women who had been on the High-Calorie Weight Loss Diet must take the slower route of returning to their High-Calorie Diet and be patient. Patients who had been on the Core Diet should switch to the Restart Diet. The Restart Diet is extremely effective because 1) it provides a "change", and 2) brings about rapid weight loss.

Day 1: Nothing but diet gelatin and liquids—coffee, tea, diet soda, tomato juice, skim milk, bouillon. Drink throughout the day, or divide into meals if you prefer.

Day 2: Add 9 oz. meat or fish (no pork or lamb)—broiled, baked or boiled. Divide into at least 2 meals and keep drinking the liquids.

Day 3: Add 2 large salads with 2 tablespoons diet dressing to the food in days one and two.

Day 4: Add a breakfast of 2 oz. orange juice, 1 egg and ½ Holland rusk to the previous days' food allotments.

Day 5: Add 1 piece of fresh fruit.

Days 6-14: Add another piece of fresh fruit, so that for the next eight days you will be eating all the food allotted in days one through six.

Maintaining Your New Weight

If you're going to succeed in your diet, you should hold it for at least 18 weeks once you've reached your goal weight. Otherwise you will have learned little, and will usually regain your lost weight within a few months.
Therefore:

I encourage a patient to lose a few pounds more than her final goal, because once you have reached your goal weight you always owe the scale a few pounds of water weight.

I instruct patients who have lost on the Core Diet to eat nothing made with sugar or flour, no fruit juice and no whole milk for the next month. I also ask them to weigh themselves every morning. If they have gained more than two pounds, I have them go back on the Core Diet, starting from the beginning, for as long as it takes to lose the extra weight.

It is wise to record everything you eat, to see for yourself what your body can handle.

With younger patients, my regime is not as strict, since their bodies can cope with more calories. When they have achieved their weight goal, I allow them one serving of food containing sugar or flour per day besides that included in their High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet. But the rest of the day they must follow the High-Calorie Weight-Loss Diet. They also must weigh themselves daily. If they gain over two pounds, they must cut out the additions.

Pregnant women, of course, will be gaining weight and they should ask their own doctors how many pounds they can expect to gain each month.

A SUCCESSFUL DIET SHOULD TEACH YOU THREE THINGS:

(1) What it takes to make you lose weight.
(2) What it takes to make you maintain weight.
(3) What it takes to make you gain.
Unless you learn all these things, your diet cannot truly succeed.

WHAT MAKES MAINTENANCE SO TOUGH?

Weight maintenance is boring. Losing weight is exciting. Your body changes, you buy beautiful new clothes, your friends can't believe their eyes at the transformation. Once that's been accomplished, though, it becomes a new norm—and what's normal isn't exciting.

Others want you fat. Your friends—and maybe even your family—liked it better when you were jolly and fat and always eating along with them. Or perhaps your husband or lover is afraid he'll lose you now that you're thin.

Your diet no longer takes precedence. Once again your job, or being a wife or mother, comes first. You are no longer "The Dieter."

Eating more leads to eating too much. Just a smidgen of extra carbohydrates picks up the appetite—and before you know it, you're off and running toward a larger size.

Six principles of Oriental cuisine:

1. *You don't have to have bread at every meal.*
2. *Main dishes can be based on small amounts of very lean meat and lots of bulky, low-calorie vegetables.*
3. *Delicious concoctions do not have to include rich sauces or gravies.*
4. *Fried foods do not have to be heavy and greasy.*
5. *The texture and color of food can be as satisfying and tempting as quantity.*
6. *You don't need a rich dessert to finish a meal.*

Note: The monosodium glutamate used as a seasoning in most Oriental cooking may cause weight gain the next day but this is just fluid retention, and will disappear in a day or so.

To stay thin, it helps to...

▮ ...*be vain and narcissistic.* That doesn't mean you can't be kind, loving and generous as well, but unless you develop a big ego and value the look and feel of your new body, you will lose it.

▮ ...*learn to deal with hunger in an appropriate manner.* Be aware constantly that if you continue to respond to hunger by eating foods you want rather than foods that are advisable, you will either always be hungry or always be fat.

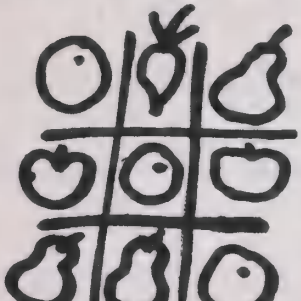
▮ ...*know the fact* that if you can hold your weight down for at least two years, if you ever start to gain weight again you will gain more slowly."

DIET GAMES

havior modification:
n the past few years, behavior dification, which is a combina- n of Pavlovian reconditioning d common sense, has been y popular in dieting. It is, in ence, an attempt to de- gram the overeater. If you fast, learn to eat slowly. If you in front of the TV, eat only he kitchen. If you eat every f hour, try eating every three d a half hours. Write down w you feel when you're ngry or full, eating or cheat- . Never eat standing up. t all food scraps in the dis- al immediately.
There is no question that onditioning is of great ue in treating overweight men, but most claims of cess using this method alone e been overly optimistic. wever, when you have uble sticking to your diet, a such behavioral tricks can useful.

Here are two other diet games that work well:

If you want to eat a forbidden food, look at yourself nude in a full-length mirror—from all angles. If, after a long, hard look at yourself, you still feel you must eat the food, eat it slowly, watching in the mirror the whole time. It usually is a terrible sight.



Shop every week for clothes, not necessarily to buy, but simply to try on a dress one size too small. It will remind you that you are not yet as thin as you think you should be. Also, keep at least one of your old dresses; it will remind you of what you were, and will be again, unless you're careful.



Dr. Barbara Edelstein is a physician who specializes in bariatrics, a new field of medicine devoted to the control of obesity. A graduate of Bucknell University and of Hahnemann Medical in Philadelphia, Dr. Edelstein has concentrated particularly on the areas of psychiatry and endocrinology in relation to obesity, and has an active practice in Bloomfield, Conn.

WEIGHT REDUCING TRICKS:

1. Eat boring, dull food. Overweights respond intensely to good taste, so the blander the food the better.
2. In the supermarket, be single-minded when reaching for canned goods—pick water-packed tuna and fruits over oil- and syrup-packed.
3. Resolve that you'll only break your diet on gourmet food; you'll be safe 99 percent of the time.
4. Learn to think of favorite foods differently: fried chicken—greasy; Italian pasta—heavy and oily.

CHEAT LIST STRATEGY

Finally, use my cheat list strategy. If you must break your diet, break it my way, using this cheat list. Starting with raw vegetables (#1), you must follow the order of the list exactly; you may skip no foods. For instance, to get to fruit (#9), you must eat your way through eight categories.

If you eat your way on the cheat list as far as fruit (#9), you will hold your own or gain only slightly. From fruit to ice milk (#16) you will gain about one or two pounds per week. From ice milk to pie (#24) you can gain up to five pounds a week. But remember, a cheat list is to be used only if you feel you *must* cheat; its purpose is not to encourage cheating but to give some kind of order to your binge. Most of my patients get as far as category four or five, then quit in disgust; they find it too much trouble to work up to the food they crave.

1. Raw vegetables
2. Cooked vegetables
3. Eggs
4. Hard cheese
5. Soft cheese
6. Fish (canned, frozen, fried)
7. Meat (plain)
8. Cold cuts
9. Fruit
10. Fruit juice
11. Popcorn (unbuttered)
12. High-fiber bread
13. Rice
14. Potatoes
15. Crackers
16. Ice milk *or* sherbet
17. Ice cream
18. Peanuts
19. Potato chips, pretzels
20. Foods (served creamed or with gravy)
21. Noodles
22. Cookies
23. Cake
24. Pie

Brown-Bagging It

I am a firm believer in using canned goods when dieting, especially if you have to pac lunch or supper. There is no reason it shouldn't be as eas assemble a brown bag meal is to stand in a cafeteria line. All you need is a can opener, and pepper shakers, a plasti fork and some of the foods below:

Canned meat: boneless chicken, boneless turkey.

Canned fish (drain the oil tuna, sardines (mustard and tomato), mackerel, salmon.

Canned vegetables (eate cold): asparagus, mushrooms string beans, beets, carrots.

But you should *not* eat can ham, canned corn beef or canned fruit (even without sugar). Fresh fruit is very eas to carry with you; so are hard boiled eggs and cheese.

HAPPY DIETING!

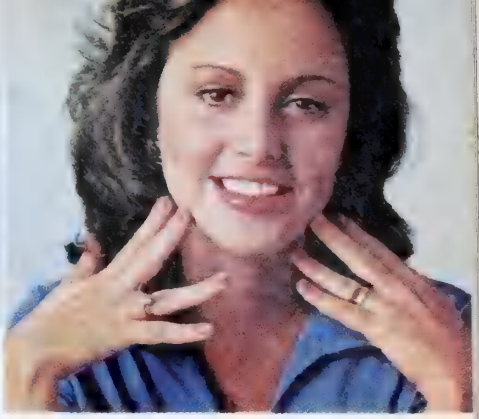
Designed by Mo Lebowitz. Photographs by Irv E



I never let my age keep me
om being young."
lary Sinberg, Age 23



"Whatever your ambition, do it–
and forget about your age!"
Millicent Brustein, Age 45



"You're young as long as you
believe you are."
Cathy Witowski, Age 25



n too busy to let things like
thdays bother me."
ma Brooks, Age 40



"What's my age? Just totally
irrelevant."
Patricia Cowen, Age 38



"Your years have nothing to do
with how young you are."
Madeline Amoroso, Age 54

They think young...they are young... even their hands say "young." And Ivory Liquid helps.

Listen to what these women are saying and you'll see why they're truly young–all of them. They know how to be young. And they all use Ivory Liquid for dishes. It's part of their young way of doing things. We think their young-looking hands show more clearly than words the difference Ivory Liquid's mildness can make.

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Tests confirm low tar MERIT delivers flavor of higher tar cigarettes.



There is a way to get real taste from a cigarette without high tar.
Technology created it.
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Smokers are confirming it. In fact, 75% of all MERIT smokers are former high tar cigarette smokers—the toughest taste critics of low tar smoking.

MERIT—the cigarette packed with 'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco—seems to be solving the smoker dilemma of having to choose between high tar or low taste.

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Tests Prove Taste

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes. The results proved conclusively that 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco does boost taste without the usual increase in tar.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

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100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

OSWALD

continued from page 123

"And whom would you be planning o marry?" Lee asked with a little leer. Anatoly?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"There'll be no divorce," Lee said in hard voice. "I may want to come to ou sometime. I won't give you a di- orce. You're my wife and you'll stay ıy wife. The children are mine. You'll vait for me just as long as I want. There vill be no divorce. That's it. The con- ersation is over."

Sometimes Marina had moods in vhich she thought she might go back to ussia if it would please Lee. But she id not want to go. She wanted to keep ee and stay in America. She counted n time, Soviet red tape and a change ı their relationship to save her. But ow she had hit upon another device. he saw that Lee, for some reason she ould not comprehend, would not allow er to go back to Russia without legal es to him. And it worked. Each time ıe mentioned the word "divorce," Lee alked. If she continued to insist on a ivorce, perhaps he would change his ıind entirely.

Meantime an explosive new element ad been introduced into their argu- ments: the name of Anatoly and, with it, jealousy. Once the name was out of the bag, it came up again and again, and it was Lee who kept bringing it up. Lee had found a love letter Marina had written to her old boyfriend, Anatoly Shpanko, the previous winter and told her he would never forget it. He mentioned Anatoly every time they had a fight. If Marina reminisced about some escapade she had had in Minsk, he assumed that she had been with Anatoly. "Stop it," he would say. "I can't stand it." And, if she herself spoke of Anatoly, he would say: "Shut up. I don't want to hear about your boyfriends."

Marina goes too far

Once Marina went too far and remarked that Anatoly used to kiss so well it had made her head spin. Lee literally clapped his hand over her mouth. "You're my wife," he said. "You're not to speak of any other man ever again."

But another time, when she again had the temerity to mention Anatoly's kissing, Lee asked her to teach him how. At that moment Marina felt the full sweetness of revenge. Anatoly, she replied, half in humor, kissed so well that if Lee spent his whole life trying, he would never learn to kiss that way.

Marina often thought about Anatoly. In fact, she bought a photograph of President Kennedy to remind her of him. An attentive observer of physical characteristics, a girl who was constantly drawing comparisons between the features of this person and that, Marina saw a resemblance between the two men: the ruffled, unruly hair; the heavy, slightly hooded eyelids, the nose, the lips, the lower half of the face—except for the Kennedy allotment of teeth.

As far as Marina is aware, Lee never knew that in her eyes the President's features were a prized reminder of the love she had lost. She did not tell Lee of the resemblance. Yet knowing her capacity to arouse jealousy, and his proclivity to be jealous, it could very well be that she somehow telegraphed her feeling that Kennedy resembled Anatoly, and that her message got through to Lee. In any case, Lee had seen Anatoly on the night he first met Marina, and if a resemblance truly existed, and was marked, he may have observed it for himself. He was, justifiably, jealous of Anatoly. And he was jealous of Kennedy, whether he had seen a resemblance or not. Once Marina said casually: "He is very attractive—I can't say what he is as President, but, I mean, as a man." Lee's response was as usual: "Marina, you mustn't like any other man but me."

In the summer of 1963 both Lee and Marina had special feelings about the Kennedys. The names of *(continued)*

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Inside each nugget we've captured a favorite taste – like seafood, dairy or beef.
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Think Special Dinners.

Note the delicious inside taste.

Outside–the tantalizing milky coating.



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OSWALD

continued

the President and his wife were a staple item of their household conversation. Lee appears to have had a small, special feeling for Mrs. Kennedy. He admired her for accompanying her husband on his travels (a reproach to Marina) and, from reading *Time* and the newspapers, he seemed to have about as detailed a knowledge of her obstetrical history as he had of Marina's. He told Marina that in addition to Caroline, John Jr. and the child she was due to have that autumn, Mrs. Kennedy had lost two children, one a miscarriage and one a stillbirth. Marina was very sorry.

As for the President, Lee said that Kennedy's father was a millionaire who "bought him the presidency," and to Marina's surprise she failed to detect resentment in the way he said it. "Money paves the way to everything here," Lee added, and she thought she did hear resentment in that remark—not against the President but against capitalism. Lastly, he told her that in spite of his father's help, Kennedy was equipped to be president and deserved it.

Marina admired Kennedy in his own right—not only as a reminder of Anatoly. The more she saw of him the better she liked him, and it got so that she would flip through the pages of every magazine she could lay her hands on, asking, "Where's Kennedy? Where's Kennedy?" With a patience that was utterly unlike him, Lee translated everything for her—every article and every caption—about the President, his wife, their children and the Robert F. Kennedy family. He did not balk, as he did when she asked him to read about movie stars, nor did he scold her for being unable to read it herself. He seemed nearly as interested in the Kennedys as she was and, if the article was favorable, he seemed to agree with it.

Marina got the impression that her husband liked and approved of the President and believed that John F. Kennedy was the best president the country could hope to have. His only reservation seemed to be that socialism was a better system.

As for Marina, her reactions were entirely personal. If anything, she thought more about Mrs. Kennedy than about the President because Mrs. Kennedy, like herself, was a wife and mother, and both of them were pregnant. To Marina, Jacqueline Kennedy was a latter-day goddess. She might conceivably have passionate feelings underneath, but Marina supposed that, being Catholic and upper class, she must have been taught to restrain them. Indeed, Marina wondered whether the First Lady, *un*like herself, was not a "cold fish." But she was aware of Jackie as a human being, too. She was interested in what she wore and how she fixed her hair, and she was concerned about her pregnancy.

Marina's feelings for the President were once again utterly personal.

Marina speculates

She speculated—to herself, not to Lee—about Kennedy as man and lover. Since he looked like Anatoly, she wondered if he kissed like Anatoly. The resemblance suggested that he did. Marina did her best to convince herself that because he had a bad back, he probably wasn't much of a lover. Even so, the words Marina now uses to sum up her feelings toward the President are identical to the words she uses of only two other men in her life until then, Anatoly and Lee: "I was in love with him."

Marina had her photograph of President Kennedy and Lee had his of Fidel Castro, which he clipped out of a Soviet magazine and pinned to the living room wall. Marina did not know what Lee seemed to be worried about; he was showing nervousness. She did notice that Lee was getting very sloppy. By late May and early June, he had become alarmingly indifferent to the way he looked, and went around *(continued)*



OUR HUSBAND USES ENOUGH SALT FOR FIVE MEN.

IF YOUR HUSBAND IS LIKE MOST MEN.

If his eating habits are average, he uses five times the salt a healthy body requires on a normal day. From morning eggs to midnight snack, the foods Americans love to eat love salt.

THE SALT TRAP.

Canned foods, seasoned food, almost all foods, even bread and butter, contain salt. One dill pickle has all the salt you need for a day. For most people, the salt they eat in a day may well equal the salt they need for a week. You can't take the salt that is processed into foods out of foods. You can't stop his favorite lunch spot from cooking with salt, but you can take salt off your table and out of your cooking.

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Bell System

OSWALD

continued

aring only sandals, work pants and a ty T-shirt. Marina would beg him, ıen they were going out, please to put a fresh shirt. He refused—and she uld cry. She was ashamed to be seen the street with him.

He stopped shaving on weekends and mid-July shaved only every other y. Where formerly he had brushed teeth three times a day, now he ıshed them only at night. He stopped shing his face in the morning. And, en he took a bath, he even stopped ng soap. He just sat listlessly in the htub until he could stir himself to out. "I'm not dirty," he would say.

It got so he was dirty and unshaven arly all the time. He knew it made ırina angry. He would say, "You can't nd me this way. I won't wash and I n't clean up just because you want me ." But Marina saw that it had nothing do with her. He had simply lost all sire to take care of himself.

By far the worst change, however, s the return for a few weeks in June Lee's feeling that Marina was his operty, or slave. This meant he had right to take her, sexually, by force, y time he liked, and now and then tried.

Marina was outraged. "You advanced volutionary," she shouted at Lee. ou have a moral code no better than t of ancient Egypt." She now realized t Lee existed in two worlds: a fan-y, political world, of which he gave barely a glimpse, and an everyday, wn-to-earth world in which June was one human being he truly loved. Ma-a, too, was part of this world, and it s her role to rear and protect his easure," June.

Anxiety attacks return

One night Lee cried in his sleep, yet en he woke up he could not remem-what his dream had been about. He rted having nosebleeds, once or twice talked in his sleep, and one night vard the very end of June he had four xiety attacks during which he shook m head to toe at intervals of half an ır and never once woke up. Just as in period when he was making up his nd to shoot General Walker, these at-ks appear to have presaged a deci-n that was causing him pain.

Marina, too, was sleeping badly be-use of her fear of being sent back to ssia. She looked tired and unhappy. 'hat's wrong with you?" Lee would , "Your face is making me nervous." metimes he went a whole day without aking to her or, if he did, he would , "Hey you," without calling her by me.

(continued)

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OSWALD

continued

But one night, Marina noticed that Lee looked unhappy, too. He stole a glance in her direction and she saw a look of sadness in his eyes. He put his book down and went into the kitchen by himself. Marina put June down and followed him. Lee was sitting in the dark with his arms and legs wrapped around the back of a chair and his head resting on top. He was staring down at the floor. Marina put her arms around him and stroked his head. She could feel him shaking with sobs.

"Why are you crying?" she asked. Then, "Cry away. It'll be better that way." Finally she said: "Everything is going to be all right. I understand."

Marina held him for about a quarter of an hour and he told her between sobs that he was lost. He didn't know what he ought to do. At last he stood up and returned to the living room.

She followed him, and he was quiet at first. Then he said suddenly, "Would you like me to come to Russia, too?"

"You mean it? You're not joking?"

"I do."

Marina danced around the room for joy, then curled up in his lap.

"I'll go with my girls," he said. "We'll be together, you and me and Junie and the new baby. There is nothing to hold me here. I'd rather have less, but not have to worry about the future. Besides, how would I manage without my girls?"

A while later they were in the kitchen together. Lee held her by the shoulders and told her to write the Soviet Embassy. He would add his visa request to her letter.

Marina was to be 22 on July 17, and Lee had promised her something special, a dress or a new pair of shoes. He went to work that day and returned home as usual, oblivious of the date. Over supper Marina looked morose, and he asked her why. "Today was my birthday," she said.

A few minutes later, Lee said, "Come on. Let's go out."

He took her to the drugstore across the street and bought her face powder and a soda.

The next day he gave her his news: "Tomorrow is my last day at work." He had been fired by the coffee company.

The loss of his job must have been a great blow to Lee, much greater than for most people, because his picture of himself was further out of line with reality. Certain that he was a great man who had been unjustly denied recognition, he now had been told that he could not even grease a coffee machine adequately. Lee could tell himself what he pleased, but with each new hurt or disappointment of this kind it was characteristic of him to draw deeper into a world of his own imagining and to retreat further from the world of reality.

About the time he was fired, Lee began to talk about himself and his future in exalted terms. It began with talk about the new baby. "I am sure this time it will be a boy," he said. "I'll make a president out of my son." He had spoken this way before the birth of his first child, and again early in Marina's second pregnancy, before he tried to shoot General Walker. But now he went a step further. He said that in 20 years' time, *he* would be president or prime minister. It did not seem to matter that America has no prime minister.

Marina recalls that Lee was reading a particular book when he began to talk about becoming president: William Manchester's biography of Kennedy, *Portrait of a President*. Ordinarily, Lee read books rapidly. He took his time over this one.

That summer Lee read more about and by Kennedy than any other political figure. And from his boast to Marina that he would become president in 20 years—when he would be 43, Kennedy's age when he was elected president—it appears that Lee wanted to be like Kennedy and perhaps follow in his footsteps as closely as he could. Reading Manchester's book might have reminded him that in some ways he was like Kennedy already. Both loved to read books, both loved foreign travel, both had served with the armed forces in the Pacific, both had poor handwriting and were poor spellers, both had very young children, and both had a brother named Robert. But there was an unbridgeable gulf between them, and of this, too, Lee must have been poignantly aware. For Kennedy not only read books, he wrote them, and had received a Pulitzer Prize for his writing. Kennedy had not merely served in the Pacific, as Lee did; he had seen action and become a hero of World War II. Of the two, Kennedy was, of course, taller and better looking and was, as far as Lee knew, a more impressive physical specimen. Finally, Kennedy had a wealthy, affectionate father, who would do anything on earth for him and had, as Lee mentioned to Marina, "bought him the presidency."

Although he cultivated the appearance of having made up his mind about everything, Lee was also suggestible, and there was a thread running through the Manchester biography that *(continued)*



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may have fascinated him—the theme of death. Lee had tried to commit suicide at least once, and had attempted a political murder that might have resulted in his own death. Thus he may have been particularly spellbound by Manchester's many references to Kennedy's close brushes with death. During the PT-boat episode of World War II, Manchester wrote, Kennedy's superiors assumed that he had been killed in action. Throughout the book, Manchester emphasized the President's fatalism, his conviction that he was "fighting the clock." Even when he was speaking solely of politics, the words Manchester used were suggestive. He called Kennedy, in the purely political sense, "the biggest target in the land."

Manchester was captivated by the President and mystified that he was not yet preeminent in the affections of his countrymen. Kennedy, he conceded, was not so lovable as Lincoln had been. "He has a weaker grip on the nation's heartstrings," Manchester wrote, "and the reason isn't that he hasn't been shot." How might Lee Oswald read a passage like that?

Immediately after finishing Manchester's biography, Lee read a book by the President himself, the Pulitzer prize-winning volume *Profiles in Courage*. In it, Kennedy told about eight U.S. senators who, when called upon to choose between the politically popular course and the course they believed to be right, had chosen the right course, even at the cost of their careers. Kennedy called upon every citizen of the United States to bear on his shoulders all the burdens of the politician. Every man must do as his conscience required, do the great, the lonely, the unpopular thing, the thing that would in the long run be best for the people. He might be reviled, he might even lose his life, but history would vindicate and understand. With such words it is possible that President Kennedy handed his assassin the very weapon he needed most—not the gun or the bullet, but the argument.

One night Lee was shaving in the bathroom. June asked him for a piece of soap from the cabinet and he absentmindedly gave her Marina's makeup mirror instead. She banged it on the toilet seat, the mirror slid out of its frame and shattered against the toilet pipes. Marina cried. In her superstitious mind the shattered mirror meant bad luck. She was afraid that something was going to happen to herself or the baby she was expecting in October.

President and Mrs. Kennedy were expecting their child just a few weeks before that. The Oswalds had been discussing Mrs. Kennedy's pregnancy ever since it had been announced. Lee hoped it would be a girl; Marina wanted them to have a boy. She expected a son and wanted Jackie to have the same. One day in August—the 7th—Lee came home looking cheerful.

"Guess what, Mama? Jackie's had her baby, and it's a boy."

Gently, because he knew Marina was worried about their own baby, he went on to break the news that all was not well with the Kennedys' infant. The doctors were afraid for his life and had rushed him to a special hospital. The doctors, Lee added, would be the best and the baby would probably survive.

The next day, Lee listened to bulletins on the radio about the baby. Each time she heard the name "Kennedy," Marina asked the news. "Still the same," he would say, but Marina noticed that he was more and more reluctant to tell her anything. As evening came on, he admitted that Patrick Kennedy was very sick and the doctors did not have much hope.

Coming on top of the broken mirror, the news signified to Marina that things would go badly for their baby, too.

When the news came over the radio early on August 9 that Patrick had died during the night, Marina wept. Lee tried to comfort her. Maybe it was better for the baby to die rather than be sick all its life. Jackie was frail, he said. She had lost other babies. "We'll have an easier time," he said. "We haven't any money and maybe we can't get doctors. But you're strong. Ours will be healthy. Everything will be all right."

To hijack a plane

About the third week in August, Lee announced to Marina that he had decided to go to Cuba. Since there was no legal way to get there [the State Department had banned travel to Cuba by American citizens], he was going to hijack an airplane.

"I'll be needing your help," he added.

"Of course I won't help," came the sharp response.

Lee immediately started exercising to strengthen his muscles—deep knee bends and arm exercises. Each evening he tore through the apartment in his undershorts for half an hour, making practice leaps as he went. June, who thought he was getting ready to play with her, jumped up in bed, followed him everywhere with her eyes and burst out laughing.

Marina laughed too. "Junie," she said, "our papa is out of his mind."

Lee pretended not to hear.

"With shoulders like yours, exercises couldn't hurt," Marina commented helpfully.

Lee flexed his muscles. "You think I'm not strong? Just feel those arms. You think I'm weak and not a man?"

"Of course. You're just a foolish boy."

"And whose is that?" he asked, pointing to June. "I made her."

"That didn't take much time," Marina answered tartly. "I spent nine months of my time and health on her. I made her."

Marina listened with disbelief as Lee explained how he planned to hijack the plane. He would be sitting in the front row. No one would notice when he got up and quietly moved into the pilot's cabin. There he would pull his pistol and force the pilot to turn around.

"And how about the passengers?" Marina asked.

"I have strong muscles now. I'll deal with them."

His eyes shining, he told Marina what she would have to do. First, they would buy tickets under different names so no one would know they were man and wife. She was to sit in the rear of the plane. Once Lee had subdued the pilot, she was to rise, holding June by the hand, and speak to the passengers, urging them to be calm.

Marina reminded him that she did not speak English.

"Right," Lee said. "That script won't do. I'll have to think up something new." He sat her down on the bed, went out of the room, then burst through the bedroom door pointing his pistol straight at her: "Hands up and don't make any noise!"

Shaking all over with laughter, Marina reminded him that she could not speak those words, either. But Lee refused to give up. If only she would play her part, he promised to buy her a small, woman-sized gun. He said he had been shopping for one already.

Marina could restrain herself no longer. "Do you really think anybody will be fooled?" she said. "A pregnant woman, her stomach sticking way out, a tiny girl in one hand and a pistol in the other. I've never held a pistol in my life, much less fired one."

"I'll show you how."

"No, thanks. I can't stand shooting. I'd go out of my mind."

He implored her just to hold the pistol even if she did not mean to use it.

"Do what you like," Marina said. "But don't count on me. It's not my nature to go around killing people and I don't advise you to do it, either. The whole thing is so funny, it even makes Junie laugh."

At this stage of their marriage, Lee was confiding in Marina, making her his touchstone, his lightning rod to reality. And Marina understood what he was asking of her. Even though she wondered, as he unfolded his hijacking scheme, whether or not he was crazy, she drew funny word pictures for him to show how his plan looked in the clear light of day. Ever since the night he had broken down and cried in *(continued)*

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Cathy Reems

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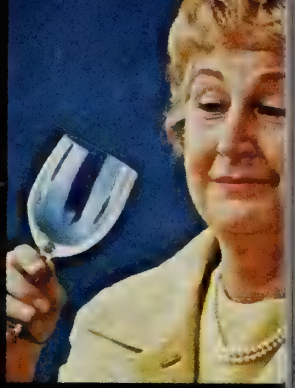


Uncle George praised the turkey.

Aunt Alice liked the fresh flowers.



Little Jimmy asked for more apple pie.



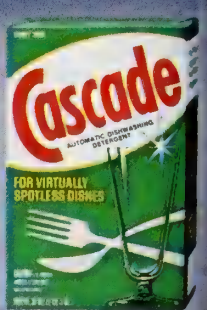
And Jim's moth noticed the spotty glasses

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OSWALD

continued

he kitchen, she perceived that Lee eeded her. She responded to his need. Do you know why I loved Lee?" she nce said. "I loved him because I felt he as in search of himself. I was in search f myself, too. I couldn't show him the ay, but I wanted to help him and give im support while he was searching."

Marina tried, not always successful-, to resist complicity in Lee's decep-ons. She refused to approve such of his hemes as she knew about. But she ow insists that he had a stronger char-cter than she, "because he brought me w and made me cover up his 'black eeds.' when it was against my morality do so. I felt too much pity for him. only I had been a stronger person, aybe it would have helped."

Meanwhile, she went on trying to elp Lee find his way without letting im get dangerously off course. "Look," he said to him about the hijacking heme, "it's not a good omen that the irror broke. It means you've got to be areful. Go to Cuba if you must. But try find a legal way. Don't do anything angerous when you get there. And on't do anything illegal. If it doesn't right, come back home right away."

Her words found their mark. A day or two later, Lee burst into the apartment. "Guess what, Mama? I've found a legal way. There's a Cuban Embassy in Mexico. I'll go there. I'll show them how much I've done for Cuba, and explain how hard it is to help in America. And how I want to help Cuba. Will you come to me if I send for you there?"

"We'll see," Marina said. But she was skeptical. It was her guess that no country would satisfy him and that he would be home in three months to a year.

Before the end of August, Lee was studying Spanish. At the close of each lesson, he asked Marina to give him a pronunciation test, since he had trouble with the Spanish "r."

"You understand me"

Lee appreciated Marina's acquiescence, or her awareness, anyhow, that it was no use telling him what to do, and that the only way for him to learn whether he liked Cuba was to go there and experience it for himself. After she had given him her consent to go peacefully, via Mexico, he gave her his highest accolade—"You understand me."

Despite the harmony that presently prevailed between them, there was an occasional sign that it was not a case of two minds with but a single thought. They had always agreed that their next child, hopefully a boy, was to be named "David Lee." But for some time Lee had been turning another name over in his mind and he cautiously broached it to Marina. He told her that he thought it might be nice to call their new baby "Fidel."

Marina's old, magnificent asperity reasserted itself. "There is no Fidel and there will be no Fidel in our family."

Lee arranged for Marina and June to stay with their Texas friends, Ruth and Michael Paine, while he carried out his Cuban plan. Their last three weeks in New Orleans contained episodes that were funny, touching and sad.

It was fearfully sultry and hot, and their only air conditioning was an old kitchen fan. Lee went around naked a good deal of the time, and sometimes spent the whole day lying on the sofa on his stomach, without a stitch on, reading a book. Marina warned him that it was bad for Junie to see him nude.

"Oh, she's too young," he said. "It doesn't matter."

"By the time she's old, it will be too late," Marina pointed out.

He played with Junie continually, took baths with her and spent a good hour and a half putting her to bed. These were boisterous sessions, with Lee getting so much into the spirit that he sometimes leaped into Junie's bed himself, as if the two of them were babies going to sleep together. *(continued)*

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OSWALD

continued

He behaved like a baby with Marina, too, competing with Junie for her attention. He might be lying on the sofa wearing a shirt. "Come here, girl," he would summon Marina, and hold out one arm, then the other, to allow her to pull off the shirt. It was the same way when he dressed. He would stick out one leg, then the other, and let Marina put on his underpants.

He was at his most babyish when he and Junie emerged from the tub. "Wipe my back first," he would say to Marina in baby talk. Or, "Quick, quick, there are drops of water on my leg!" If Marina did not dry him off quickly enough or refused to mop up the puddles he and the baby made on the floor, he threatened to stay in the bathtub all day. "Stop it, Lee," Marina pleaded. "I haven't got time to play."

"Our mama isn't going in us," he said to Junie. "She doesn't like looking after little children."

If Marina was busy and was not able to dry him off, he would run naked through the apartment, splattering water everywhere. He knew that Marina hated that: she was afraid to have the neighbors see him naked. "If you won't stop me off," Lee said, "then they'll have the pleasure of seeing me."

Once in a while the baby was naughty and Marina gave her a little slap on the behind. "Come to Papa," Lee would say. "Papa will take pity on you. Mama doesn't love our Junie. Otherwise she'd be ashamed to hurt such a tiny girl's feelings." Then he would give Marina a little slap on the behind.

Marina told him to stop; it undermined her authority. "I'll never get her to obey." Lee said the baby was too little to understand. "She understands more than you know," Marina replied.

Junie was the one person, Marina thinks, with whom he came down from the clouds and behaved like a human being. He was often cruel to Marina, but never to June. "His general mood was one thing," says Marina. "How he was with babies was another." She frankly admits that she was jealous.

Plan into action

On September 23, Lee was ready to put his Cuban plan into action. Parting was hard for both Lee and Marina. Lee tried to conceal his distress by doing chores. He assured Marina that he knew he did not have to worry about her so long as she was with Ruth Paine. "She is good and she will help you." But when he kissed Marina goodbye, his lips were trembling and it was all he could do to keep from crying. Mari remembers that he looked at her "a dog looks at its master." And in th pathetic look she thought she could that he loved her.

By 2:30 on the afternoon of Octob 3, Lee was in Dallas, only one week a one day after leaving New Orleans. H plan had failed. He had spent perha $100 on the trip, but its cost to h could not be measured only in mone The real cost was the destruction of hope. He had yearned to belong, to jo a cause, to become a revolutionary, volunteer for "Uncle Fidel." Instead, was told by the Cuban consul that pe ple like him were harmful to the cause revolution. He must have suffered grave new wound to his self-esteem. T most he could do was to crawl back the old places and attempt to do what had done before: get a job, save mone support Marina and his child.

He rejoined Marina at the Paine home in Irving, a Dallas suburb. M rina stood in the bedroom and stared the prodigal who had come back to he He kissed her and asked if she ha missed him. Then he started right i "Ah, they're such terrible bureaucra that nothing came of it after all." H was especially vociferous about the C bans—"the same kind of bureaucrats in Russia. No point going *there*." M rina was delighted. Indeed, *(continue*

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OSWALD

continued

Lee's disenchantment with Castro and Cuba seemed complete.

In spite of his disappointment, Marina thought he seemed happy. He followed her around the house like a puppydog, kissed her again and again, and kept saying, "I've missed you so."

Lee spent the weekend at the Paines. Ruth left them alone as much as she could, and even tried to keep Junie out of their way. Cautious as children, they sat on the swings in the back yard.

As Ruth drove him to the bus station on Monday, Lee asked if Marina could stay until he found work in Dallas. Ruth answered that Marina was welcome to stay as long as she liked.

Lee had some job interviews that week but failed to turn up anything. On Saturday he returned to Irving.

Lee was again a good husband and houseguest that weekend. The baby was due any day now, and he told Marina not to worry. He insisted that he was not discouraged; he had only just started looking for a job. For the second weekend in a row, not a single harsh word passed between Lee and Marina.

Everybody noticed the change. Ruth thought Lee had improved greatly. He showed affection for Marina and June, and seemed to want to find a job and provide for them.

Even Marina thought her "prodig might be getting ready to settle dow She was encouraged by his concern f her and her pregnancy, and she felt th the weight of his interests had shift away from politics toward family life, sign that he might be growing up. F Marina looked on her husband as mere boy, who had married too soon a had a series of childhood phases to through before he arrived at maturit Now, perhaps, he had been throu them all and they could start maki plans for a peaceful life together.

What Marina, like everyone el failed to observe was that far from h ing better after his trip to Mexico, L was worse. All his life he had been clo to an invisible border in his mind th separated reality from fantasy, and no he was closer than ever to slipping ov into a world made up entirely of fa tasy. Animal-like, he knew that he mu keep his delusions hidden or, like a animal, he would be caught. Livi alone five days a week with no one talk to, he was not exposed to the scr tiny of those who knew him, and th strain of keeping his inner world out sight was off him.

Lee got a job his second week in Da las. A neighbor of the Paines mentione that her brother worked at the Tex School Book Depository, and the might be a job opening there. At M rina's urging, Ruth called Roy Truly, s perintendent of the depository, an asked him to consider Lee. Truly su gested that Lee apply in person.

Reports to work

Lee appeared the following day an made a good impression. He was "qui and well mannered," called Truly "sir and said he had come straight from th Marines. Lee looked like a "nice youn fellow" with every chance of doin well. Truly told him to report for wor the next day, October 16, at 8 A.M.

Next day Lee called Marina and sai he liked the job. He told her that it wa "good to be working with books," an that the work was "interesting an clean," not dirty or greasy as many o his jobs had been.

Lee's birthday fell on Friday, th 18th, his third day on the new job, an Marina and Ruth prepared a surpris birthday party. Lee was overcome When they carried in the cake and san "Happy Birthday," Marina remembers he could not hold back the tears. It wa his 24th birthday, but there were fewe than 24 candles on the cake. Even so he could not blow them all out at once

The rest of the evening he trailed Marina everywhere, asking if she fel any pains. He was upset that there were no signs. But he was tender, too. The veins had burst in Marina's ankles an her legs and ankles ached. He rubbed them and kissed them and *(continued*

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OSWALD

continued

cried. He told Marina that he was sorry to put her through such an ordeal and he would never do it again.

The next whole day was a happy one. In the evening, after supper, Lee asked Marina to sit with him and watch TV. They ate a banana together and later she curled up on the floor with her head in his lap and dozed. Marina was tired of being pregnant. "I do so want to go to the hospital," she said. Lee rubbed her stomach and said, "Don't worry, it won't be long, it will be any day now." Every now and then after that, she felt him sit up straight and strain toward the TV set, greatly excited. She had very little idea what he was watching.

Lee saw two movies that night. One was *Suddenly*, in which Frank Sinatra, plays a mentally unbalanced ex-serviceman who has been hired to kill the President of the United States. In the end, Sinatra is killed. Marina dozed through the first movie, and the one that followed—*We Were Strangers*. This, too, was about assassination—based on the overthrow of the Machado dictatorship in Cuba in 1933.

Later, as they lay in bed talking, Marina remarked: "You know what, Lee? I never *think* of Anatoly any more but last night I *dreamt* about him. "

"And what did you dream?"

"We kissed, as we always did. Anatoly kissed so well it made me dizzy. No one ever kissed me like that."

"I wish I did."

"It would take you your whole life to learn."

No jealousy

Without a trace of the jealousy he always showed when Marina spoke about her boyfriends, he put his hand over her mouth and said to her with surprising gentleness: "Please don't tell me about the others. I don't want to hear."

He kissed her, they made love, and Marina was exceedingly happy. It was the last time they had full intercourse.

On Sunday Marina had labor pains, and shortly after 11 P.M. was delivered of a baby girl. They named her Audrey Marina Rachel, and called her Rachel.

After the baby was born, to save money, Marina and Lee continued to live apart. Marina and the children stayed with Ruth, while Lee, using the alias "O. H. Lee," lived in a rooming house in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, where he and Marina had lived before.

Lee was an order-filler for the School Book Depository, mostly for Scott-Foresman textbooks, which were located on the first and sixth floors of the building. He made an occasional mistake, but Roy Truly calls Lee "a bit above-average employee," who "kept moving" and "did a good day's work." He paid attention to the job, did not spend time talking to others and did his work by himself. "I thought it was a pretty good trait at the time," Truly said later.

The depository was an easygoing, live-and-let-live sort of place. The men mostly gathered in a small, first-floor recreation room they called the "domino room." There they ate sandwiches at noon, made coffee and played dominoes. Lee sometimes ate a sandwich there alone and then went outside. Most days Lee made a point of getting to work early and reading newspapers that had been left in the domino room the day before. One of the men noticed that Lee did not read about sports, as the others did. "One morning I noticed he was reading something about politics and he acted like it was funny to him. He would read a paragraph or two, smile or laugh, get up and walk out."

Several influences could have affected the way Lee was looking at things, could even have affected what it was that caught his attention in the newspaper and made him smile or laugh in that derisory way of his. One of these influences was place. He was back in Dallas. Exactly one year before, Lee had been living in a rooming house that has never been identified but was in the same area in which he was living now. Then, also he had been living alone to save money—and then as now he had no family with him to ground his fantasies in reality. It was during that earlier period in Dallas that he may first have thought of killing General Walker. And Lee had a way of repeating things.

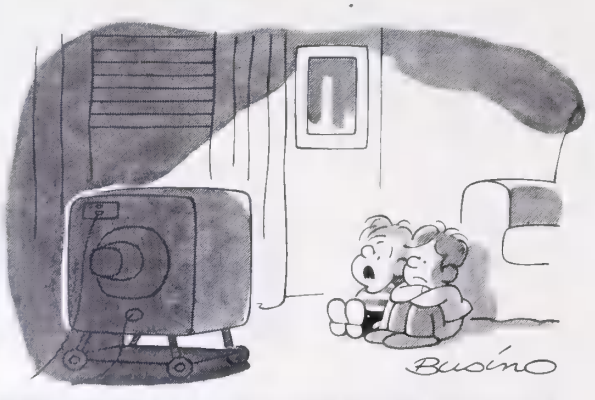
Another influence could have been the time of year—what psychiatrists call "anniversary reaction." Many, if not most, of the critical events in Lee's life had taken place about the time of his birthday (October 18): his enlistment in the Marine Corps (October 24), his arrival in Russia (October 16) and his attempt at suicide in Moscow (October 21). He had last seen his mother on October 7 of 1962; Marina had left him, ostensibly never to return, on November 11-17 of the same year; and Lee had last seen his favorite brother Robert on November 22 the year before. Because so many important events in Lee's life, mostly sad ones or events that signified failure, were clustered in October and November, the autumn may have been a troubled time for him.

And now there was something else: the birth of Rachel, which not only added to Lee's burdens but placed him in a position that was curiously similar to the position his own father would have been in had he been alive when Lee was born. For Rachel was a second child, as Lee had been. She was a girl following a girl, while Lee had been a boy following a boy, but in each case a child of the opposite sex had been desired. And what Lee's father had done to him by dying before his birth, Lee was to do to Rachel shortly after hers.

On the afternoon of Friday, November 1, the children were sleeping, Marina was using Ruth's hair dryer to beautify herself for Lee's arrival and Ruth was doing jobs around the house when a visitor appeared. He introduced himself to Ruth as Agent James P. Hosty of the FBI. She greeted him cordially, asked him in and the two sat in the living room talking pleasantries.

While they were talking, Marina wandered in. She was frightened and a little repelled when Hosty showed her his credentials. He saw that she was alarmed, was aware that she had lately had a child, and tried to calm her. He explained, with Ruth translating, that he was not there to embarrass or harass her. But should Soviet agents try to recruit her by threatening her or her relatives in Russia, she had a right to ask the FBI for help. Marina was delighted. She liked the plumpish, pleasant-looking man who was talking to her about her rights and offering to protect her. No one had given her so much attention in a long time, much less offered to protect her rights.

Before Hosty left, Marina begged him not to interfere with Lee at work. She explained that he'd had trouble keeping his jobs and felt *(continued*



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been here again?"

Marina said, "Yes."

Lee was pensive and withdrawn for the rest of the eveni Seeing how disturbed he was, a part of Marina decided t she must be a fool not to have understood the seriousness the whole affair. But another part kept telling her that I was making a mountain out of a molehill.

But the next day Lee was as cheerful as Ruth had e seen him. "He sang, he joked, he made puns" and word pl on the Russian language that caused Marina to double with laughter. Marina was relieved at the change.

That night was a special one for them. It started on a pl ful note, with Marina, in bed, begging Lee to give up thought of going back to Russia.

"Come on, Lee," she said, "let's not go to Russia at a

"Okay," he said.

"Hooray," Marina nearly shouted, pouncing around bed like a kitten. "Do you swear?"

"I swear."

At that moment he looked just the way Marina liked h best—"no clouds in his head."

Suddenly Lee turned tender and was more frank with than he had ever been before. He told her that of all women he had known, she was the only one he ever loved.

"Oh, Lee, you don't love me. Look at the way we figh

"Everyone does that."

"If you loved me, maybe we wouldn't fight."

"You silly, don't you see that I love you?" He stroked hair. "Did you grow your hair long especially for me?"

"Who else but you?"

"Mama will have long hair now. See how pretty her h is. I love Mama's eyes, bones, nose, ears, mouth." He be to kiss her. "Who taught you to kiss?" he asked, looking i the mirror above her head. *(continued on page 2*

OSWALD

continued

he lost them "because the FBI is interested in him."

"I don't think he has lost any of his jobs on account of the FBI," Hosty said softly.

Lee arrived late that afternoon in a fine, outgoing frame of mind. But when Marina told him about Hosty's visit, his face darkened. He wanted to know everything—what Ruth had said, how long the man stayed and what he had said. Marina explained that she had not understood much and Lee scolded her. Marina was astonished at how nervous he had suddenly become, and at the effort he was making to conceal it.

Marina was watching Lee's reactions. To her eyes he was a changed man. He was sad and subdued throughout supper and he scarcely spoke a word all evening long. For the first time since his return from Mexico, there was no sex at all between them that weekend, not even the limited sex that had been possible since Rachel's birth. The next day he again asked Ruth about the visit. Marina could tell that he was straining to catch every word, yet at the same time trying not to betray his nervousness.

Lee went to work on Monday morning and on Tuesday, November 5, Hosty came again. He says the interview was brief: "I didn't go in the house. I just went in the front door." Ruth met him at the door and said that Lee had been there over the weekend but she had not gotten his address. Hosty asked Ruth whether there might be anything wrong with Lee mentally. She answered, in a fairly light way, that she did not understand the thought processes of anyone who claimed to be a Marxist.

No sooner had he arrived on Friday than Lee went outside

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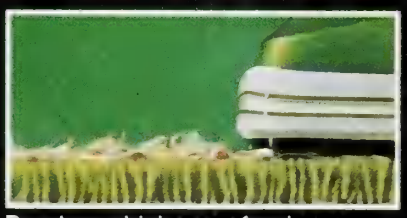


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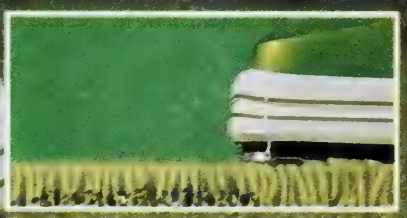




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How to prevent dog bites

One million people a year are bitten by dogs—and usually it's the victim's own fault! Here, how to prevent dogs from attacking.
By Joann E. Rodgers.



Photograph by Walter Chandoha

Two-year-old Laurie had just retrieved her doll from the manicured lawn of her suburban home when she looked up to see the neighborhood's normally gentle Golden Retriever bounding toward her, growling and barking. Within a few yards of the girl, the dog, his tail high and head low, pounced, swayed and jumped, pawing the ground as the child's terrified mother scooped up her screaming daughter and fled inside the house.

The sound of the slamming door left the big dog puzzled and disappointed. Had Laurie's mom known something about canine behavior, she would have realized that the animal's actions were a mark of play, not aggression, and that her *own* fear reaction could actually have triggered an attack.

Her flight, however, is understandable. Months earlier, a child was viciously mauled by five "friendly neighborhood" Great Danes. In another publicized case, a man gently shoved his mature and loyal Doberman pinscher, provoking a near-fatal biting attack.

Dog bites today are a major and growing public health problem. "We estimate that a million people a year are bitten by dogs badly enough to require medical care," says Dr. Jerry Winkler, an expert on dog bites and animal diseases at the U.S. Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta.

The great majority of bite victims are children under 14 years old, and 10 to 15 people die from dog-bite wounds each year; most of those who die are children under six. (However, in the U.S., there have been no deaths from rabies caused by a dog bite in the last 10 years.)

According to records kept by veterinarians in 16 states, dogs that bite are well known to their victims, have a reputation for being "nice" and are pets, not guard dogs trained to defend property.

According to Dr. Kenneth Crawford, Maryland chief of veterinary medicine and a pioneer in dog-attack research, "Bites are preventable, if only people would take the time to learn how and to teach their kids the realities of dog behavior and pet responsibilities."

In almost every case of dog bite, close investigation suggests that, in some way, the victim invited it. The victim is often guilty of nothing more than just being a child: trying to play with or pet a neighborhood dog that, like so many animals, instinctively guards against invasion of his personal space.

What can be done to prevent dog bites?

First, animal psychologists and vets agree, you should know these facts about Rover: 1. Most dogs that bite are not "vicious" (except for some guard animals and roaming dog packs); 2. The size of the dog has little to do with its aggressive tendencies; a poodle is as likely to bite a human being as a German Shepherd; 3. Dogs widely praised as gentle and altruistic may be anything but. The St. Bernard, for example, has been bred so extensively, in such a short time, to keep up with demand (it went from being the 16th most popular breed to the sixth in just a few years according to American Kennel Club records) that the breed is becoming more aggressive.

Second, having information about canine behavior, especially what a dog's "body" language and barks mean, can provide protection from an attack—or at least the chance of minimizing the damage.

Dogs that bark too much, dogs that are penned up, dogs that are teased, frustrated, or come out of "puppy mills" with minimum human contact during the first ten weeks of life, are potentially anti-social under circumstances that would not normally upset most dogs.

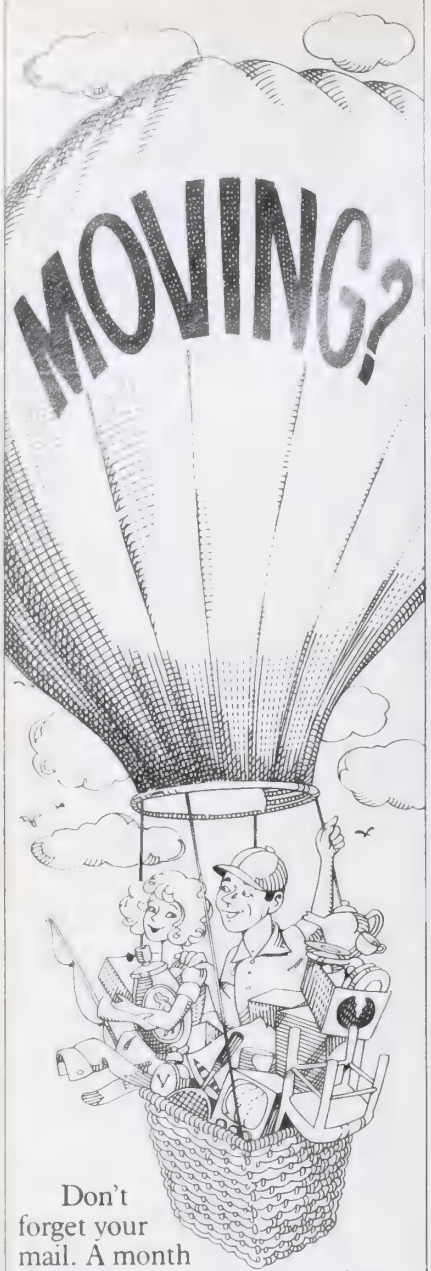
A dog who wants your favor, or to play, avoids direct eye contact, looks to the side, exposes his throat and may even grin while keeping his ears flat, tail tucked and body low to the ground. Or, if his head is lower than his tail, if he crouches, or pounces, thrusts and parries with his body, he's probably not a threat.

On the other hand, a potentially aggressive dog may have his ears up and forward, show his teeth in a snarl and raise the hair on his shoulders and rump.

The really threatening animal becomes stiff-legged (almost on tiptoes), may raise a front leg, urinate, growl and even wag his high, arched tail slowly. He will almost certainly stare you right in the eye.

You should remain especially alert to the "fear biter," a dog who bites when frightened—unlike most canines, who become passive and submissive when scared. The "fear-biter" may signal, "I'm a friend" with his head (ears flat, no snarl), but "I'm dangerous" with the rest of him (hackles up, tail down). "Read the whole dog, not just the face," advises animal behaviorist Dr. Michael Fox.

Finally, follow these tips from experts—and repeat them to your children: *(continued)*



Don't forget your mail. A month before you move, pick up a free Change of Address Kit from your Post Office or letter carrier. Mail the cards to your bank, charge accounts. Everyone.



Pet journal

continued

1. Never disturb a dog—even your own—while it sleeps or eats. In the wild, that is the ultimate no-no and even the friendliest canine may forget his "civilized" manners at such times.

2. Never enter the private domain of a dog that is restrained or confined. A dog in neutral territory—a park or even roaming around—is far more submissive than the one who's sure of his territory. And animals kept locked up tend to be more aggressive and defensive. All other things being equal, a confined pet is more likely to bite the neighborhood child than a wandering stray.

3. Never tease, throw rocks or sticks, or dangle food or toys when playing with a dog. Pets allowed to participate in the teasing, frenzied play of children may start nipping or biting for fun (especially at food), and then lose control.

4. Keep hands, arms and voices *down* around dogs. Loud, high-pitched cries and rapid movements of the arms and legs, typical of children, provoke many dogs. Studies at the division of veterinary medicine in Maryland show that a child under eight years old is more likely to be severely bitten on the head and neck because, when scared, he will expose that area by waving his hands and arms above his head while screaming.

5. Avoid *at all costs* any contact with a pack of dogs. Notify police or an animal-control center the moment a pack is spotted. Packs of dogs can and will attack without reason.

6. Be especially wary of certain breeds. St. Bernards, German Shepherds and Dobermans—which are becoming more and more prevalent because they are often considered "deterrents to crime"—are, by dint of their size alone, potentially hazardous to small children.

7. If a dog runs at you, stay calm and as still as possible. Never turn your back or run away. Never clap your hand or make noises to try to "scare" him off. Keep your palms turned up and your hands below your hips. Speak in a soothing, monotonous tone and don't look the dog in the eye. Keep your head down and eyes averted, an act that shows submission in dog body language.

8. Try a low whistle. Says Dr. Crawford who often must enter the personal territory of barnyard dogs. "When they come at me, I simply whistle softly in a calling friendly gesture. Usually this so confounds the animal that he circles, sniffs and goes about his business, having decided I'm no threat."

9. If a dog chases you while you're riding a bicycle, slow down, pedal easily, speak soothingly and dismount if possible. Then walk away slowly without turning your back to the dog. **End**

OSWALD

continued from page 196

"It's all in the past," she said.

On the surface, he appeared ca but Oswald's state of mind was no lo er what it had been in August. " FBI's visits meant only one thing- was about to suffer retribution for all sins, both those he had actually c mitted and those that existed only in imagination. It was this he had b dreading, it was for this he had b waiting all his life.

There was something else, too. M be Marina described Hosty's visits i teasing, slightly provocative manner maybe Oswald merely took her desc tion that way, but the visits evide caused him to feel that his sexual h over her was in jeopardy.

The visits to Ruth and Marina by obscure FBI agent appears to have b linked in Lee's mind with the forthc ing visit to Dallas by President Kenne which was now only ten days aw Hosty's arrival was like a herald, o precursor, of President Kennedy's.

Visit a catalyst

Ironically, the visits by an agent the United States Government app to have been a catalyst and a precipit ing element of the events that lay ahe

But as far as Agent Hosty was c cerned, Oswald was a small fish, ab one of 40 or so cases that he was ca ing in November. As a malcontent w had defected to the Soviet Union a returned with a Russian wife, there v always the chance that Oswald had be recruited as a spy and posed a threat the political security of the U.S. Ho had accumulated enough evidence warrant watching Lee for security r sons, yet there was nothing to sugg that he might pose a threat to the life the President. It never crossed Host mind to cite Oswald as a danger to t Secret Service, the agency specifica charged with protecting the safety of t president.

For the all-important missing ingre ent was violence. Oswald was not kno ever to have uttered a threat against president or vice-president. He was n known ever to have shot at anyone. Th secret—the secret of Oswald's attempt General Walker—was locked up insi two people, Oswald himself and Mari

Lee called on Friday, November 1 at lunchtime, to ask if he could co out that day. Marina hesitated. S sensed that he had overstayed the wee end before. "I don't know, Lee," s said. "I think it's inconvenient for Ru to have you come every time."

He simply said: "Fine. There's plen for me to do here. I'll read and I'll wat TV. Don't worry about me." *(continue*

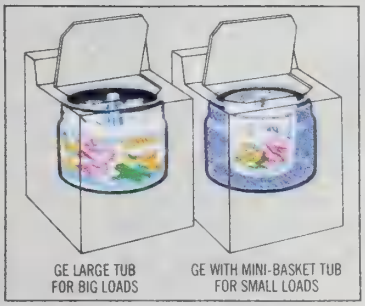
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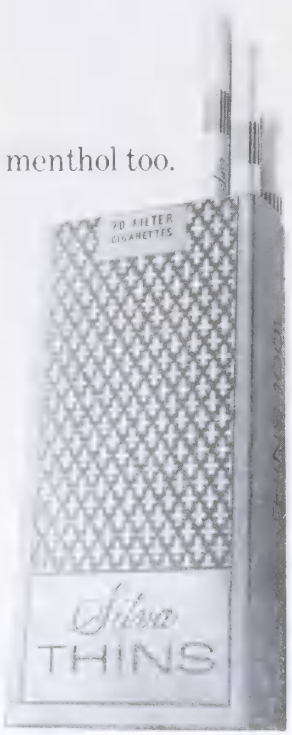
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OSWALD

continued

Lee's reading that weekend is a mat of curiosity, but he almost certainly re a good deal about Kennedy's visit, whi was to take place the following Frid Although the visit had been announc two months before, the atmosphere Dallas was so hostile to the Preside that there had been some question as whether he ought to come. On Octol 24, Adlai Stevenson, U.S. ambassador the U.N., had been struck and spat up by a right-wing Dallas crowd armed w placards that had been stored in t home of General Walker. The police h lost control of the crowd and there w doubt as to whether they could co with a visit by Kennedy. Stevenson hi self advised the President not to go. the wake of the Stevenson affair, t mayor called upon the city to redee itself. The police were stung by all t criticism, and statements by Police Chi Jesse Curry began to appear, claimi that the local police would be in char of arrangements to protect the Presider Reading about the thoroughness of the preparations, Lee may well have laugh that scoffing laugh of his; for he, too, ha had nothing but contempt for the Dall police ever since they missed him by long mile following his attempt on Ge eral Walker.

On Sunday, November 17, Lee faile uncharacteristically, to call Marina. Sl missed him, and when she saw Jun playing with the telephone dial, sayi "Papa, Papa," she decided impulsivel "Let's call Papa."

Marina was helpless with a telepho dial. Ruth dialed the number Lee ha given, and a man answered.

Alias revealed

"Is Lee Oswald there?" Ruth asked

"There is no Lee Oswald living here

The next day, Monday, November 1 Lee called as usual at lunchtime. "W phoned you last evening," Marina sai "Where were you?"

"I was at home watching TV. Nobod called me to the phone. What name di Ruth ask for me by?"

Marina told him. There was a lon silence at the other end. "Oh, damn. don't live there under my real name."

Why not? Marina asked.

"You don't understand a thing," Le said. "I don't want the FBI to know where I live." He ordered her not to tel Ruth. "You and your long tongue," h said, "they always get us into trouble.

Marina was frightened and shocked "Starting your old foolishness again, she scolded. "All these comedies. Firs one, then another. And now this fictitious name. When will it all end?"

Lee had to get back *(continued*


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OSWALD

continued

to work. He would call her later, he said.

Until their argument on the telephone, Lee and Marina had been on good terms, and the significance of this quarrel, only one of hundreds they had had, seems to have lain in its timing—after Hosty and before Kennedy. Because of his fear of the FBI, Lee had been living under an alias since October 14. Now he had been found out. Hosty was closing in on him and Marina had discovered his alias. With Ruth in on the secret as well, it would be no time before the FBI tracked him to his lair. Most significant of all, any falling out with Marina was bound to have an amplified and destructive effect on Lee.

Lee did not call Marina the next day, Tuesday, or the day after. "He thinks he's punishing me," she said to Ruth.

Lee went to work as usual on Tuesday, November 19. That day, for the first time, both Dallas papers published the route of the presidential motorcade. President and Mrs. Kennedy, along with Governor John Connally and his wife, would pass under the windows of the School Book Depository Building.

Lee learned of the route either on Tuesday, November 19, the day it was published, or Wednesday, November 20, when he might have entered the domino room first thing in the morning and read the announcement in the previous day's paper. Whenever he learned of it, it was the most important day of Lee's life. He now knew that history, fate, blind accident—call it what you will—had placed him above the very route that John F. Kennedy would take.

Chosen instrument

It is impossible to exaggerate the impact of this realization on Lee. Seven months earlier, before his attempt to kill a leader of the American right, he had composed a document predicting a "crisis" that would destroy capitalist society forever. Without his having been able to foresee it, an opportunity had now been vouchsafed to *him*, of all men, to deal capitalism that final, mortal blow. And he would strike it not at the right nor at the left, but, quite simply, at the top. It had become his fate to decapitate the American political process. *He* was history's chosen instrument.

The announcement of the President's route was the last in a chain of events without any one of which Lee might have approached his decision in a very different frame of mind. One was Lee's failure to receive any sort of punishment on his re-defection to the United States. Still another was Marina's letter of January 1963 to her former suitor, Anato Shpanko, who in her eyes and possibl in Lee's as well, bore a resemblance President Kennedy. There had been t failure of Lee's attempt on Gene Walker and the heightened sense of i munity that he carried away from th episode. When Lee had moved to Ne Orleans, there was the murder, in Ju 1963, of [black activist] Medgar Eve in a town nearby, and only a few hou after a speech by Kennedy. Then the was the passage in William Mancheste book comparing Kennedy to a preside who had been assassinated; and t death of the Kennedy baby at a tim when the Oswalds, too, expected a bab And there was the fiasco of Lee's vis to Mexico and his failure to obtain a C ban visa—which, curiously, may hav turned Castro into a negative constit ent. Far from wanting to fight *for* Castr Lee may now have wanted to *show* hi as he almost always did after he w dealt a rebuff, what a good fighter Fid had missed out on.

During that month of Novemb 1963, several events occurred whic were profoundly disturbing to Lee, b far the most shattering being the visi of Agent Hosty to Marina. And now th bitter quarrel with Marina over the alia Lee's wildly disproportionate anger a Marina was a symptom that, while H was able to cope, just

(continued

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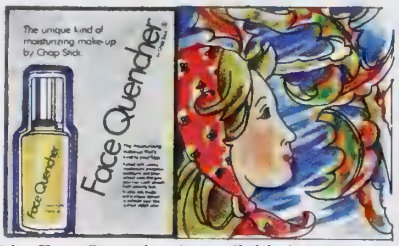
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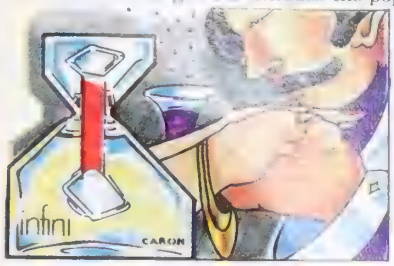


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OSWALD

continued

barely, with the demands of his life on the outside, he was on the point of coming apart within. Now, suddenly, unforeseeably, he had been placed in a situation in which he had an opportunity to alter the course of history.

On Wednesday, November 20, at about one o'clock, a small but seminal incident took place at the book depository. Warren Caster, a textbook company representative who had an office in the building, went to Roy Truly's office to show off a pair of purchases he had made during the lunch hour. Caster proudly drew from their cartons two rifles, one a Remington .22 which he had bought as a Christmas present for his son, and the other a sporterized .30/06 Mauser, which he had bought to go deer hunting. A number of men were present in Truly's office. Lee Oswald happened to be among them. Marina thinks that this could have been the decisive moment. Lee now knew the route, and he had seen guns in the building. If anyone should accuse him later of keeping a rifle there, he had a pretext. There were two rifles in the building already.

Still, he had not made up his mind. Marina had not noticed in him anything like the "waves" of tension that she had seen three times earlier: before his visit to the American Embassy in Moscow in 1961, when he expected to be arrested; before his attempt on General Walker; and before his visit to Mexico City. Each time he had been nervous and irritable for weeks in advance, each time he had talked in his sleep and suffered convulsive anxiety attacks at night, and each time he had lost weight. This time he showed none of those signs. Lee was seven pounds above his lowest New Orleans weight, a certain indication that he had not been worrying or preparing anything momentous. Even now, on Wednesday, he did not do what he could easily have done. He did not telephone Marina, make up with her and go out to Irving to fetch his rifle at a moment when bringing it into town would be far less conspicuous than it would be later in the week. And it is clear that he made no plan of escape.

Impulsive decision

Indeed, it appears certain that Lee's decision was an impulsive one, not only because the route had been announced at the last minute, but because the deed was so momentous and Lee's feelings about it apparently so ambiguous that if he had had time to prepare he might very possibly have failed, as he did in the case of General Walker, or he might somehow have slipped and given his plan away.

Lee was still hesitating on the morning of Thursday, November 21. When he left the rooming house that day, he did not take his pistol with him, as he is likely to have done had he made his mind up and realized that he would need his revolver for self-defense. On the other hand, he broke his routine that morning in a way that suggests he was coming to a decision. Instead of making breakfast in the rooming house, as he generally did, he went across the street to the restaurant and treated himself to a special breakfast. He complained his eggs were cooked "too hard," but he ate them.

At last, after his arrival at the book depository, Lee took a decisive step. Between eight and ten in the morning, he sought out Wesley Frazier, who lived near the Paines, and asked for a ride to Irving that afternoon.

Marina was in her bedroom with Rachel late in the afternoon when Lee arrived unexpectedly. He had not called her ahead of time, and ostensibly they were still angry with one another because of their fight over Lee's alias. Marina looked sullen as he entered the bedroom. Inwardly she was pleased that he had come.

"You didn't think I was coming?"

"Of course not. How come you came out today?"

"Because I got lonesome for my girls." He *(continued)*

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took her shoulders to give her a kiss.

Marina turned her face away and pointed at a pile of clothes. "There are your clean shirt and socks and pants. Go in and wash up."

Lee did as he was told. "I'm clean now," he said, as he emerged from the bathroom. "Are you angry at me still?"

"Of course," she said, turning aside another kiss.

Marina tried to leave the bedroom, but he blocked the door and would not let her go until she allowed him to kiss her. With indifference, she acceded.

"Enough," Lee said, angry that she was not glad to see him. "You get too much spoiling here. I'm going to find an apartment tomorrow and take all three of you with me."

"I won't go," Marina said.

"If you don't want to come, then I'll take Junie and Rachel. They love their papa and you don't love me."

"That's fine," said Marina. "Just you try nursing Rachel. You know what that's like. It'll be less work for me."

Marina left the bedroom and went outside to bring the children's clothes in off the line. Lee went to the garage for a few minutes, then the two of them came inside and sat on the sofa in the living room folding diapers. "Why won't you come with me?" Lee begged. "I'm tired of living all alone. I'm in ther whole week long and my girls are I don't like having to come all the out here each time I want to see

"Lee," Marina said, "I think it's b if I stay here. I'll stay till Christmas you'll go on living alone. We'll money that way. I can talk to Ruth she's a help to me. I'm lonesome by self with no one to talk to all day."

Just then Ruth drove up to the h The car was filled with groceries Lee, followed by Marina, went ou help. He picked up a load of groc and went in the house, while Marina gered outside and apologized to for his unexpected arrival. The wo guessed that Lee had come to make

As Ruth went into the house, she to Lee: "Our President is coming."

"Ah, yes," Lee said, and walked into the kitchen. He used the expres so often that Ruth paid no attentio his extraordinary casualness.

Marina had also mentioned the P dent's visit. While they were sittin the sofa folding diapers, she had s "Lee, Kennedy is coming tomorrow like to see him in person. Do you k where and when I could go?"

"No," he said blankly.

Just for a second it crossed Mar mind that it was odd that Lee, who so interested in politics, was unabl tell her anything about Kennedy's v

Asks again about Dallas

Lee went out on the front lawn played with the children until dark- Paine children, the neighbors' child and June. He hoisted June to his sh ders and the two of them reached to catch a butterfly in the air. Then tried to catch falling oak wings for Ju It was while they were outside, Ma thinks, that Lee asked her for the th and last time to move in to Dallas w him. His voice was now very kind, q different from what it had been in bedroom. Once again he said that was tired of living alone and seeing babies only once a week. "I'll get us apartment and we'll all live peaceft at home."

Marina, for a third time, refused. was like a stubborn little mule," she calls. "I was maintaining my inacce bility, trying to show Lee I wasn't t easy to persuade. If he had come ag the next day and asked, of course I wo have agreed. I just wanted to hold one day at least."

Marina expected to be with Lee at the New Year. But she enjoyed being a position where Lee for once had to w *her* over, persuade *her*, prove again th he loved her and that she was not utt ly at his mercy. He had given her a h rible scare with his alias and she want to teach him a lesson.

The evening was a peaceful one. T

(continued on page 2

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Now there's an easier way to bake fresh cookies for your family. Rich's® Preformed Frozen Cookie Dough goes from freezer to oven with no preparation. There's no slicing or shaping — you don't even have to grease the pan!

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Four great favorites. Natural Chocolate Flavored Chocolate Chip, Peanut Butter, Oatmeal and Sugar.

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67023

IN YOUR GROCER'S FREEZER

Dry before dinner.

Offer a wine that is a bit special before dinner. The Christian Brothers California Dry Sherry.

This is a wine that is traditionally served as a cocktail before meals. It is delightfully dry and light, with a nutlike quality which is delicious over ice, or very chilled.

Our Dry Sherry is made from the choicest grapes and with our tradition of quality and care in each bottle—a special wine that is always an excellent value.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers



From The Christian Brothers of California:

How to Wax Floors

By Lois Libien & Margaret Stro

First, choose the right product. T
are two different kinds of floor wa
solvent base and water base. Sele
solvent base wax for wood or cork, s
these materials should have as little
tact with water as possible. Water-
products are the usual choice for
ient floor coverings, a few of w
(asphalt and some rubber tile, fo
ample) are not solvent resistant.

Some waxes are sold without a
dication on the label as to whether
have a solvent or water base. Whe
doubt, use your nose: A solvent-
product smells like cleaning fluid.

Whichever wax you choose, m
sure you understand the manufactu
instructions before you apply it. T
niques vary somewhat, according to
type of product.

Solvent base waxes are what
manufacturer calls "self-sensitive."
means that succeeding applications
solve and remove the previous coa
wax, along with the dirt embedded i
But only when your wax applicato
clean. With a soiled applicator, old
and dirt are redistributed with the f
wax.

Therefore, don't use a mop to ap
a solvent-base wax. Instead, use a la
clean cloth and turn it frequently so
you're always working with a clean
of it. Switch to a fresh cloth when ne
sary. If you use an electric waxer,
tach disposable pads to the brushes
change them often.

Many paste and liquid solvent-b
waxes need to be buffed or polished
bring up the shine.

Apply a solvent-base wax only t
freshly swept or vacuumed floor.

Work in one small (about 3′ x
area at a time, following the grain of
wood wherever possible.

When the applicator becomes soi
switch to a fresh one.

There is no timetable for reappl
tion of solvent-base waxes. Manufact
ers suggest rewaxing when the fl
begins to look dull, which could b
matter of weeks or months or overni
depending on the kind of product you
used and the amount of heavy tra
your floor gets. There are a few st
gap measures that can put off the ne
for a whole rewaxing job. Heavy-w
areas can be spot-waxed, for examp
Discolorations can be removed by gen
scouring with fine steel wool dipped i
the original wax product. Floors,
which a buffing wax has been used, c
be brightened by rebuffing.

Most water-base products are se
polishing and need no buffing. But th
are not self-cleaning, which means th
successive applications build up, lay
by layer, one on top of another. If a

't gets caught between layers (and ere's always *some* dirt embedded in old coat of wax), it's there for good— at least until all the wax is stripped the floor.

While it's okay to wax over a few pre- ous layers, always damp-mop or wash d dry the floor first.

To apply a water-base wax, pour a all amount of it directly onto the or. Spread it with a damp-mop-type x applicator or a clean, dry cloth, us- g light pressure and working in one ection only. No scrubbing or rubbing. ie idea is to coat the floor with a thin, en film of the product. Keep in mind at a too-liberal application may pro- ce a flaky, easily chipped surface, ile scrubbing back and forth with the plicator often results in a streaky, ugh-looking surface.

Work in one small area at a time. me overlapping strokes may be neces- ry to assure even coverage, but try to ep them to a minimum.

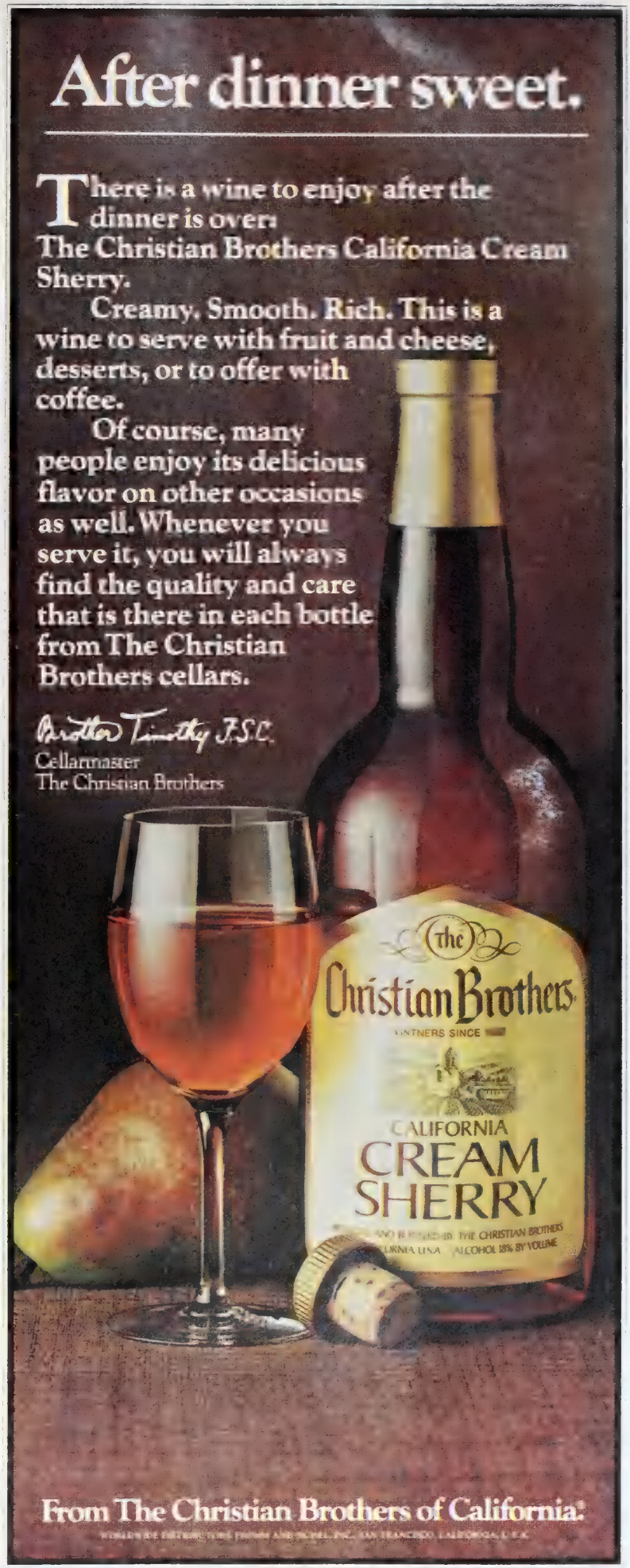
Allow the product to dry thoroughly fore walking on it. Drying may take ywhere from 20 to 30 minutes, some- at longer in humid weather. When a cond coat is desired, it's recommended at the first coat be allowed to dry for veral hours—or better still, overnight.

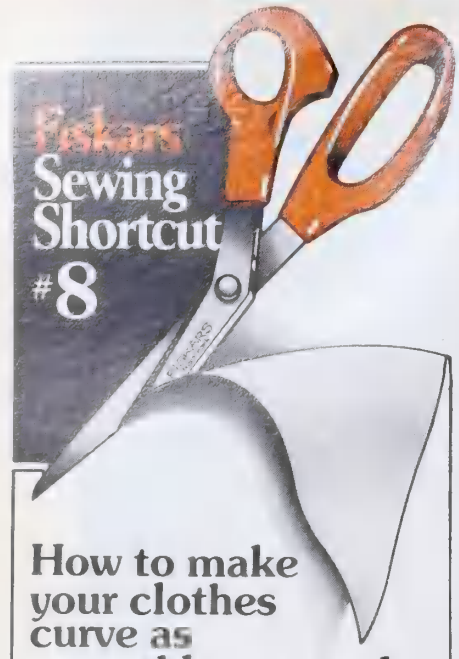
Sooner or later, an accumulation of ater-base wax is going to have to be moved. Sooner, if individual coats of x were too heavy, if second coats ere applied before first coats were mpletely dry, or if you've used strong eaners to wash the floor. You'll know en to strip off the old wax when your or looks dingy and washing and re- axing fail to brighten it.

To get rid of wax buildup, wet a small ea of the floor with a strong solution of mmonia and warm water. Let the solu- on stand for five minutes or so, then rub at the softened wax with a plastic couring pad. Wipe up the loosened wax mediately and proceed to the next all area. When you've done the entire or, rinse thoroughly with clear, warm ater and dry with a clean cloth. Now u're ready to rewax. (Note: An extra- avy accumulation of old wax may ed a second going-over with ammonia ater and a scouring pad. When in ubt about whether you've removed l the wax from a floor, scrape a dull ife blade across the surface. Particles the knife means there's still some wax ft on the floor.)

Commercial products to remove wax ildup abound. They are, of course, ade by the manufacturers of waxes. uy them only as a last resort. The mmonia and warm-water solution— us a little elbow grease for scummed- floors—should do the trick. **End**

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How to make your clothes curve as smoothly as you do.



You curve naturally. Fabric doesn't. That's why fitting an inward curve to an outward curve is such a hassle. But take heart. There's a simple solution. Just reinforce the inward curve with a row of stay-stitching close to the seamline. Now make little clips in the seam allowance every ½" or 1" along the curve. When you pin the two curves together, the clips will spread, so the seam will lie flat and be easy to sew.



Want some more sewing shortcuts?

We'll give you all kinds of how-to guides and pointers in the *Fiskars Shortcut Sewing Book*. It's free when you buy Fiskars 8" sewing scissors. The shears with the famous comfort-molded orange handles and surgical stainless steel blades, now improved for easier cutting. Fiskars, the original lightweight sewing scissors.



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How to Clean Shiny Appliances

By Lois Libien and Margaret Strong

Blender. After each use, turn the unit off, then unplug. Separate container and blade assembly from base.

Do not immerse the motor base. Instead, use a plastic scouring pad and baking soda to loosen any bits of food stuck on the base; then wipe with a sudsy cloth, rinse with a cloth wrung out of clear water and wipe dry.

The container, lid and blade assembly may be washed in hot sudsy water. (One manufacturer warns against soaking the blade assembly for any length of time.) Next, a clear water rinse. The container and lid can be wiped dry. The blade assembly may be reassembled, replaced with the container on the motor base and then spun dry on a high speed for 15 seconds or so.

To prevent musty odors, store your blender with the lid slightly ajar.

Clothes iron. Turn to "Off," disconnect and allow to cool. Then wipe with a damp cloth. If your iron has a soleplate (ironing surface) with a nonstick finish, this is all you should ever do to it in the way of cleaning. The soleplates of all other irons should be cleaned from time to time: Scour with baking soda sprinkled on a damp cloth. Rinse with a damp cloth wrung out of clear water and wipe dry. Before using the iron again, turn it on to the "Low" or "Warm" setting and iron over waxed paper, then over a clean, dry cloth.

Each time you use your steam iron for dry ironing, clear lint, etc. from the steam ports by turning on to the "steam" setting for a few minutes.

An accumulation of dirt and burnt-on lint can cause your iron to drag rather than glide over the fabric. If washing the soleplate with a damp, sudsy cloth doesn't remedy the situation, try smoothing it with very fine sandpaper: With the iron in an upright position, sand the soleplate until it loses its shine. Next, polish with soapless steel wool. When it gleams again, wipe with a damp cloth.

If synthetic fabric or plastic gets melted onto the soleplate, disconnect, scrape off the residue while the iron is still warm (a spatula is good for this), then sand and polish as described above.

Sometimes dirt and mineral deposits build up to the point where they partially clog the steam ports in the soleplate. Obviously, when this happens the amount of steam that comes from the iron is greatly reduced. You can clean these little holes by poking a hairpin or the end of a paper clip into each one. (You may need to work the hairpin or paperclip around in the hole to loosen the deposit.) Next, fill the iron with a solution of equal parts white vinegar and water. Turn the iron on to the "Ste setting and allow all the vinegar-w solution to steam through the holes.

Coffeemaker. Turn to "Off" and disc nect. Wash the lid, basket, spreader (sieve-like disk that goes on top of basket) and stem in hot, sudsy wa Unless you know for sure that the is immersible, do not dunk the pot its Instead, fill it with hot, sudsy water wash with a soft cloth. Burnt-on co spatters can be scoured with a pla scouring pad and bar soap. Rinse w clear water and wipe dry. Every onc a while, give the tube and spout extra-thorough scrubbing with a pe lator brush.

If your coffee isn't tasting up to it could be because of an accumulat of hard-to-remove coffee residue and hard-water mineral deposits in the Either way, the pot needs even m thorough cleaning: Wash as outli above, then fill with a solution of eq parts white vinegar and water. Assem stem, basket and spreader, and pl in the pot. Turn the unit to "On" a perk. Empty, rinse well and wipe dry

If your coffeemaker perks only h heartedly, the stem might be clogg Wash it in hot, sudsy water, paying p ticular attention to the little valve at bottom end. Rinse well and dry.

Dehumidifier. Turn off and disconn the unit before cleaning.

If yours is the kind with a drain p that must be emptied by hand, be s to check regularly and, if necessary, p out the accumulated water.

As part of routine room cleaning, the dusting attachment of your vacu cleaner to remove dust from the cabi exterior, louvers and/or grills. Th wipe with a damp cloth. Or, if necessa wash with a damp, sudsy cloth, ri with a damp cloth wrung out of cl water and wipe dry.

Once a month, empty and then scr the inside of the water container wit cloth and hot, sudsy water. Rinse a wipe dry. This will inhibit mold and m dew growth.

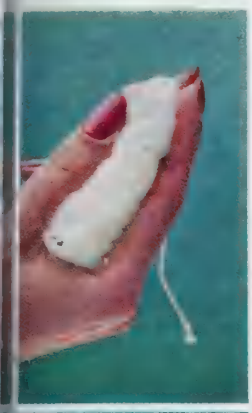
Once or twice during the summ months, carefully vacuum dust from t cold coils.

On cooler days, check the coils make sure they haven't frosted over. they have, turn the unit off until t frost melts.

A few words about location: Do place the unit on a damp floor or whe there is the likelihood of water accum lating. Operate on a level surface aw from large pieces of furniture and in spot where air can flow freely to a from the unit in all directions (inclu ing from behind). **E**

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f your super tampon needs help rom a napkin, then it isn't super.



How we work against tampon bypass.

Have you ever had an accident and found your tampon hardly used? That's tampon bypass. It happens when your tampon fails to expand fully.

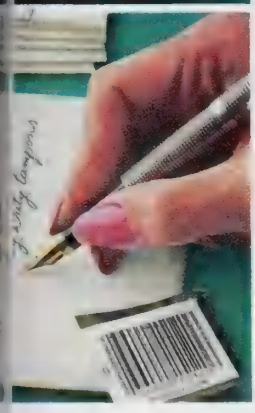
It almost never happens with new Kotex Heavy Duty tampons. Because they expand gently and fully inside you.



How our tapered plastic tube works better.

The leading tampon has a cardboard tube with blunt edges.

The Kotex Heavy Duty tampon has a tapered tube of smooth plastic. So it inserts more easily and comfortably.



How to get your money back.

We're so sure of Kotex Heavy Duty tampons, we guarantee them. If you don't like them better than your brand, just send the product code symbol from bottom of package and indicate purchase price to Kotex Heavy Duty tampons, c/o Kimberly-Clark, Dept. TBT, Box 551, Neenah, Wisconsin 54956. Limit one refund per family.

Available in Regular and Super size.



roduct available in limited areas only.

It's no fun having to wear a napkin along with your tampon for two or three days of your period. So we designed the Kotex® Heavy Duty™ tampon. It comes in two sizes, regular and super, both incredibly absorbent. In fact, our super is twice as absorbent as the best selling "super" — which means it can hold twice as much. With new Kotex Heavy Duty tampons, you'll probably never wear another napkin.



Another quality product of Kimberly-Clark Corporation.

Introducing new Reese's Peanut Butter Chips

Put a great new taste in your chocolate cookies!

Now put two great tastes—peanut butter and chocolate—into one great cookie. A delicious chocolate cookie chockful of peanut butter chips. Buy Reese's® Peanut Butter Chips in the baking section of your store, and try our easy recipe.



Reese's Peanut Butter Chip Chocolate Cookies

1 cup butter, margarine	⅔ cup Hershey's Cocoa
1½ cups sugar	¾ teaspoon baking soda
2 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla	2 cups (12 oz. package)
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour	Reese's® Peanut Butter Chips

Cream butter or margarine, sugar, eggs and vanilla until light and fluffy. Combine flour, cocoa, baking soda and salt; add to creamed mixture. Stir in peanut butter chips. Chill until firm enough to handle.

Shape small amounts of dough into 1-inch balls. Place on ungreased baking sheet and flatten slightly with fork. Bake at 350°, 8-10 minutes. Cool 1 minute before removing from cookie sheet onto wire rack. Makes about 6 dozen 2½-inch cookies.

More new recipes on the package.

THE KAFFIR LILY



BY GEORGE & VIRGINIE ELBE

Clivia miniata. Amaryllidaceae. So Africa. Kaffir Lily. Plant with mag cent flowers but short blooming sea in spring. A window plant.

The trouble with all those wonde plants of the Lily and Amaryllis fami is their short period of bloom. You n be infatuated with these bulb pla to care for them a whole year in house for so short a pleasure. If grant all this, however, we must ad that *Clivia* has a special magnificence

It is also exceptional in having fle roots instead of a true bulb. At most, bases of the leaves thicken into a ru mentary bulb. The plant is evergre and has broad and strap-shaped lea forming overlapping series on oppo sides of the plant. From the center r the thick green stem topped by an u bel of ten to 20 orange flowers in spring. Occasionally it blooms in the f

Culture is very simple indeed. A s gle spread of leaves should go int six-inch pot. Use rich mix (3 pa sphagnum peat moss, 2 parts perlite part vermiculite) without lime and pa it very solidly around the plant, be careful not to break the brittle roots. does not like loose soil, though draina is essential. Set it a few feet back fr any window where it will get a cert amount of direct sunlight—two or th hours will suffice. Never move it or ev turn it. Total immobility is needed.

After blooming cut off the stem a water only after the pot has dried ou about once a week. This is the grow period and new leaves will develo Mist frequently to keep leaves fresh b do not be concerned about aerial hum ity. In September stop watering entire and allow the pot to stay dry until Jan ary. Then start slowly watering aga Bloom will appear in February–April.

Clivia likes a temperature over 55° and requires a minimum of 60° F. bloom. Follow the seasonal procedu exactly.

In the course of time offsets develo and you may eventually end up with huge tub with a dozen stems bloomin away at one time. You can break th clusters apart and separately pot.

Occasional attacks of mite or scale a removed by swabbing the leaves wi alcohol or chlorinated water. **Er**

From "Plants That Really Bloom Indoors," by Geo and Virginie Elbert. Copyright © 1974 by George a Virginie Elbert. Reprinted by permission of Simon Schuster, Inc.

Shampooing Upholstery

By Lois Libien and Margaret Strong

What to know about doing the job yourself.

1. First, know that upholstery is shampooed with foam, not liquid. Here's why. There is danger in getting the surface overly wet. Moisture can seep through the cushion fabric to the filling and rot can set in. Cushions that are filled with down may not be damaged, but those filled with latex foam or synthetics such as Dacron and polyurethane can begin to deteriorate with a dousing.

2. If you use a commercial foam shampoo make sure you understand the directions thoroughly before you start.

3. Don't use a brush when you apply the foam or you can damage the texture of the fabric. Apply shampoo gently with a clean soft cloth or towel.

4. If the upholstery fabric has a soil-repellent finish, the foam must be thoroughly rinsed off with a cloth moistened in clear water, with care taken so that the fabric is not saturated. Foam shampoo left to dry on treated fabrics tends to make the fluorochemical finish less effective.

5. If the upholstery is covered with velvet, silk, satin, suede or any other fabric that's hard to clean and expensive to replace, call in a professional cleaner.

The professional cleaner may recommend "steam cleaning." This method, which is relatively new, is really "extraction" cleaning. A hot solvent is shot into the fabric and immediately extracted by means of suction equipment. The method is often recommended for extremely dirty upholstery but may not work successfully on such fabrics as silk and satin. Many people seem to like it, though I've spoken with several professional upholstery cleaners who say that steam cleaning is a gimmick and doesn't do any better a job than shampooing does.

If you decide to shampoo your upholstery yourself, be prepared to spend some time at it. The job takes a good deal of patience and a little muscle.

About the shampoo. There are good upholstery shampoos on the market, but you can easily make your own. Just mix ½ cup of mild detergent with two cups of boiling water. Let this cool into a jelly and then whip it into foam with a hand egg-beater.

The idea is to get good, stiff, foamy lather—the foamier the better—so that your upholstery absorbs as little moisture as possible.

Here is how to do the job:

1. Very important. Pretest the shampoo on a fairly large, inconspicuous piece of the fabric just to make sure the colors don't run and there's no shrinkage. Test a really sizable area, if possible, so that you get a good idea of what happens. Wait until the fabric is completely dry (you can speed up the drying time with a hair dryer). If any damage appears, have the upholstery cleaned by a professional.

2. If Step 1 is successful, vacuum the entire piece of furniture as preparation for the shampoo.

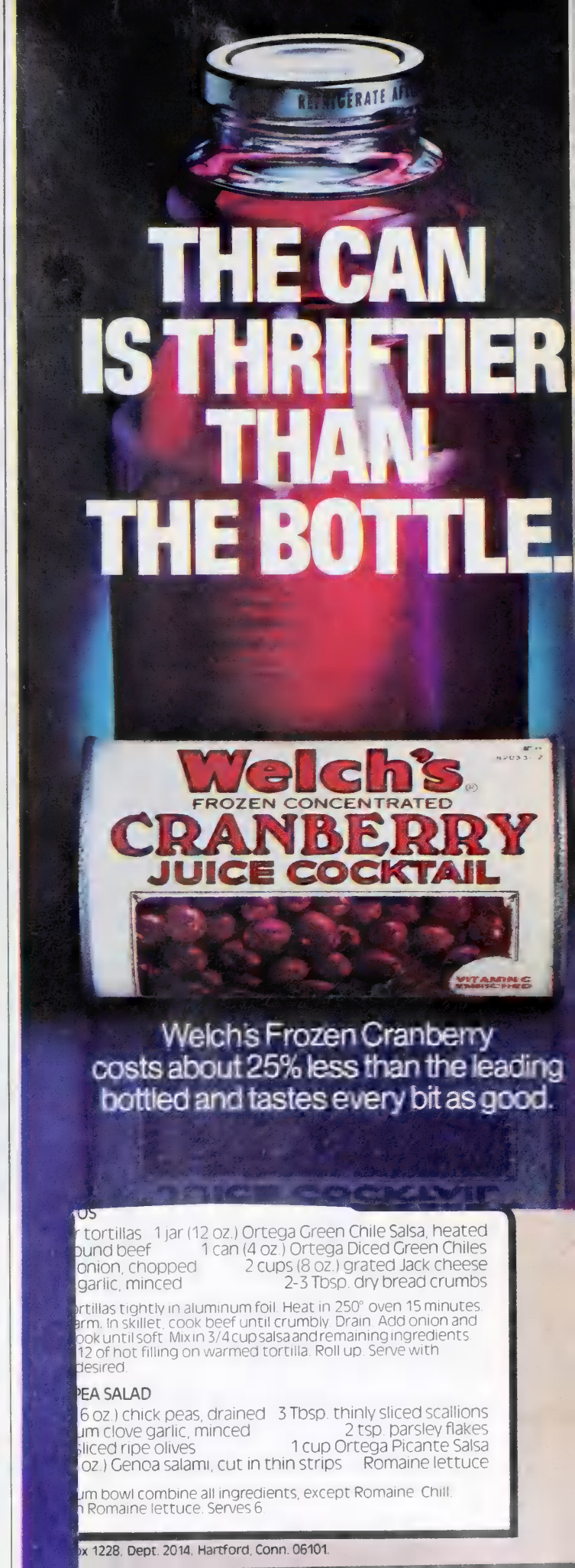
3. Apply the foam with a clean, soft cloth or towel. Work small areas at a time, applying the foam in a light, circular motion from the edges toward the center.

4. Overlap cleaned areas until the entire piece is done, working quickly but thoroughly—and use only the foam. Be careful not to saturate the fabric.

5. On fabrics treated to be stain and soil repellent, rinse the entire surface with a clean cloth dampened in cool water. Be careful not to leave any foam on the fabric because it tends to make the fluorochemical finish less effective. These finishes should last through three to five cleanings before being retreated.

6. On untreated fabrics, simply let the upholstery dry completely and then vacuum away all the loosened dirt and dried shampoo.

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Ortega® Diced Green Chiles...Best thing to happen to pizza since pepperoni.

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Try this one too!

TASTY TOSTADA PIZZA

5 Ortega Tostada Shells, warmed according to pkg. directions
2½ c. (10 oz.) grated Cheddar cheese
5 tsp. *each* finely chopped onion and Ortega Hot Taco Sauce
1 can (7 oz.) Ortega Diced Green Chiles
⅛ tsp. garlic powder
On each tostada shell, sprinkle ½ c. cheese, 1 tsp. onion, 1 tsp. taco sauce, 3 Tbsp. chiles and garlic powder to taste. On baking sheet, bake in preheated 400° oven 8-10 minutes, or until bubbly. Serve immediately.



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It has that old fashioned look with a taste that says 'homemade.'

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They also come in delicious sourdough.



Have a delicious morning!

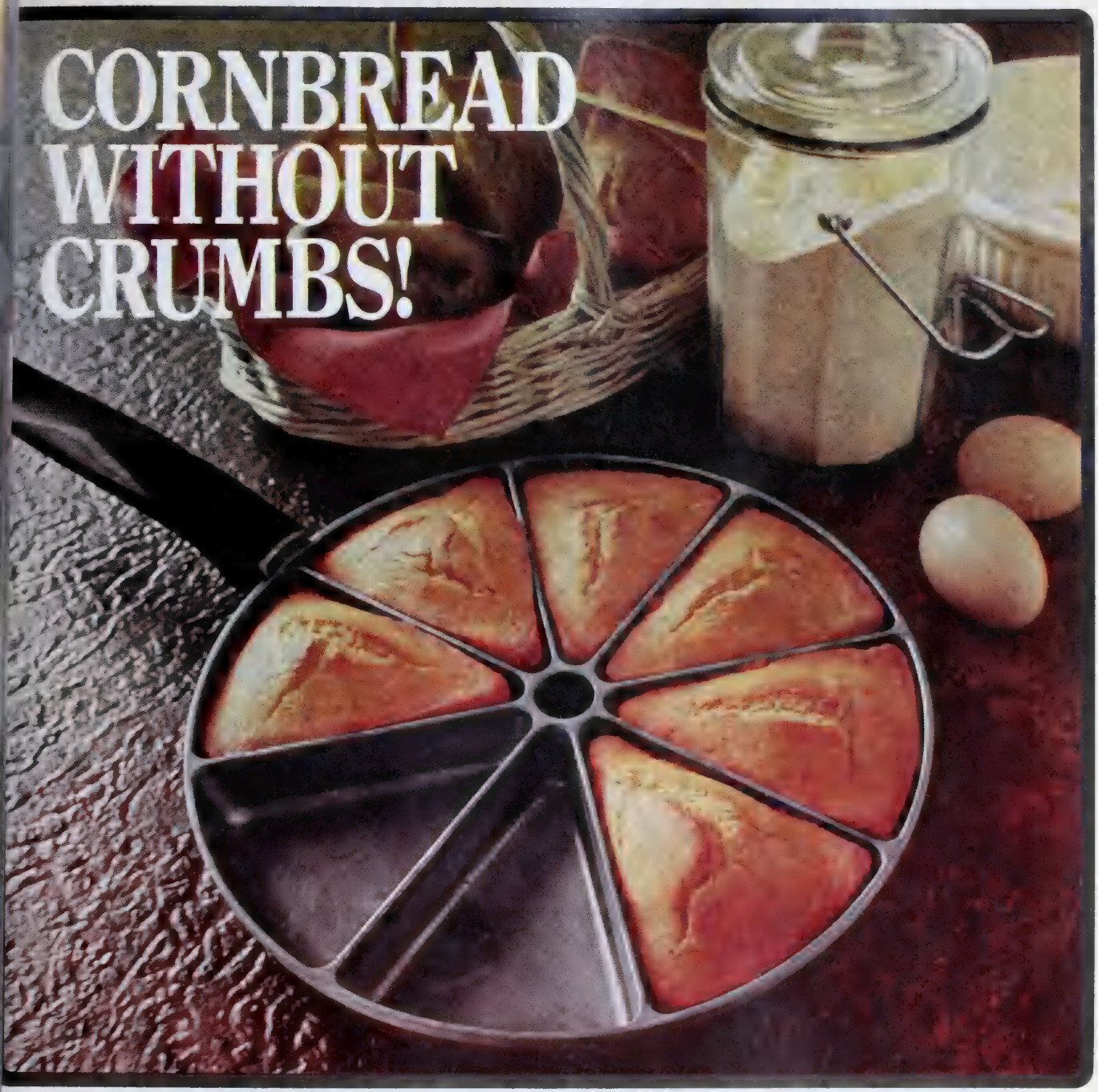
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SAVE! Order two or more and McCall's pays all the postage!
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ANNOUNCING

The Grimm's Fairy Tales

PORCELAIN PLATE COLLECTION



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HANSEL AND GRETEL

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Each porcelain plate will bear an original work of art, created exclusively for this collection and hand-decorated with pure 24 karat gold.

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ing life's most cherished memories are emeless tales recorded for posterity over ears ago, in the legendary forests of ria, by the Brothers Grimm. Enchant- ales that enthralled us in childhood . . . ined shining memories as we grew . . . ontinue to enrich our lives as we share today with our own children and dchildren.

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, *The Brothers Grimm Society*—of Kas- Bavaria—is pleased to announce an un- edented official tribute to the literary cy of the Brothers Grimm: a limited on of twelve exquisite collector's plates, rbly handcrafted in the beauty of fine *urian porcelain*.

Twelve original works of art

l, The Grimm's Fairy Tales Porcelain e Collection will bear twelve gloriously utiful, *original works of art*—portraying es from the twelve most *beloved* tales he Brothers Grimm.

he twelve paintings that will adorn the s have been executed by the eminent emporary European artist Carol Law- —whose ebullient, lyrical style and l sense of color are virtually unmatched r field.

ch of these original paintings has been ted by Miss Lawson *exclusively and essly* for this collection. None has ever seen before, and none will ever be ed again in any form.

and-decorated in pure 24 karat gold

eover, Miss Lawson has also designed avishly beautiful circular border which



RAPUNZEL



BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

frames each painting—and which will be applied by hand to every plate in *pure 24 karat gold*.

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The Grimm's Fairy Tales Porcelain Plate Collection will be issued in strictly limited edition—with a firm limit of one set per subscriber. Thus the total number of sets that comprise the issue will forever equal the exact number of subscriptions entered by the edition closing date.

To ensure the absolute integrity of the edition, the Society has authorized the entry of subscriptions *only by direct application to Franklin Porcelain*. The plates will not be made available through even the most exclusive shops or dealers. Indeed, any dealer who later wishes to obtain the plates may hope to do so only by purchasing them from an original collector—at a privately negotiated price.

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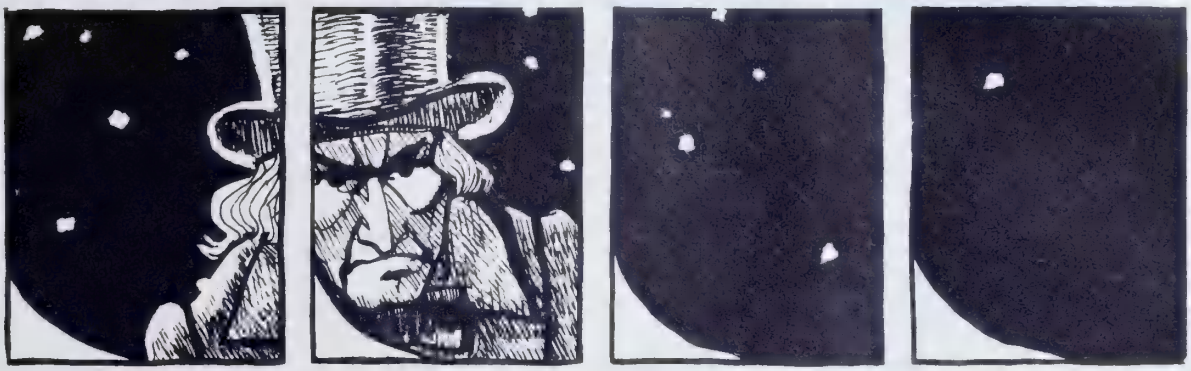


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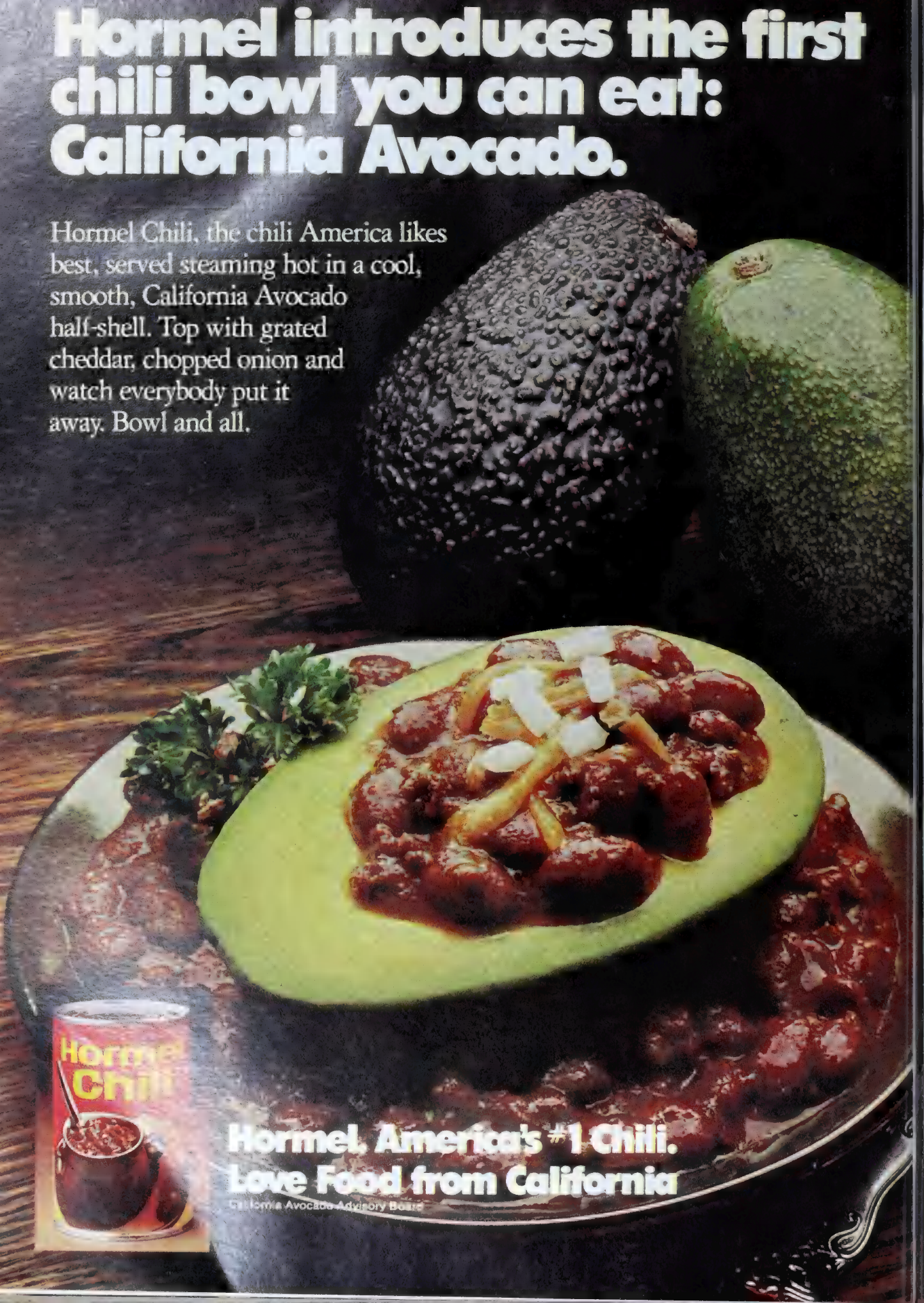
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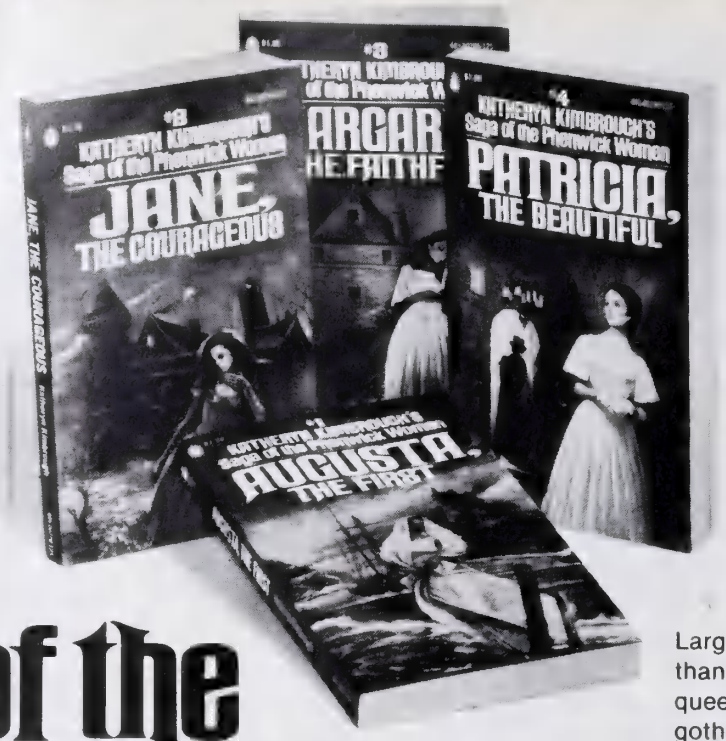
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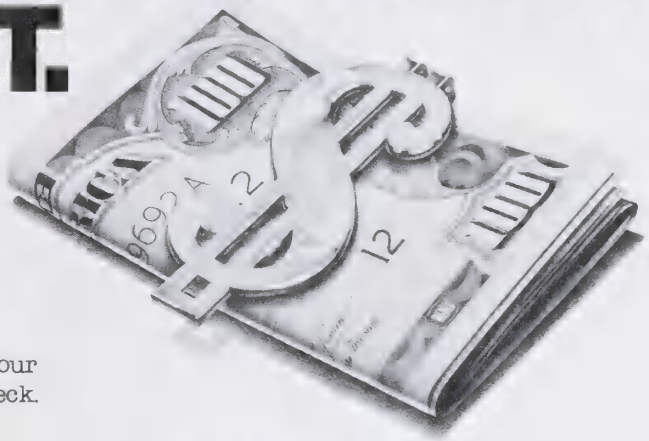
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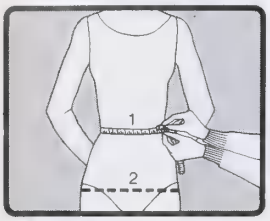
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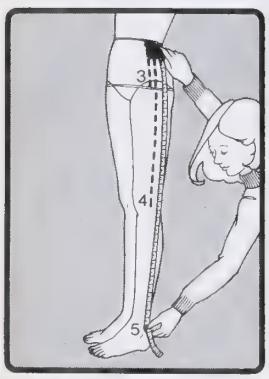
Here's how to take your measurements. Follow this simple step-by-step chart. You'll need someone to help you with the measuring. Record your measurements (to the nearest ⅛") on the coupon order form. Before starting, remove outer clothing. Wear the undergarments you usually wear. Stand straight. Tie a string snugly around your waist (see #1, below). Tie another string around the fullest part of your body below the waist (see #2).

Now you're ready to begin.



1 WAIST
Measure around the string at waist. Snug, but not too tight.

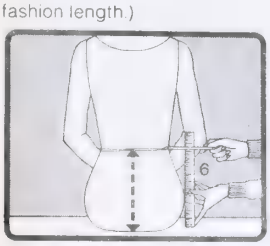
2 HIPS
Measure around the string at hips. Snug, but not too tight.



3 HIP LEVEL
Measure distance from waist string to hip string along side of body.

4 WAIST to KNEE
Measure along side of body from waist string to point directly in line with middle of knee cap.

5 WAIST to ANKLE
Measure from waist string along side of body to ankle bone. (This determines ankle position only. We will make the pattern to your correct fashion length.)



6 SEATED MEASUREMENT
Sit erect on a hard flat surface. To measure the distance from waist to the surface, hold a ruler straight along side of body. Place a pencil at right angle to ruler at waist string. Take measurement from the surface to where pencil meets ruler.

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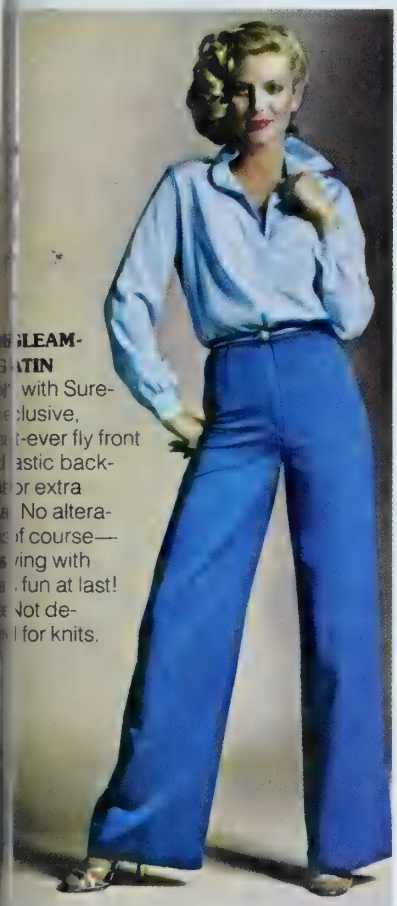
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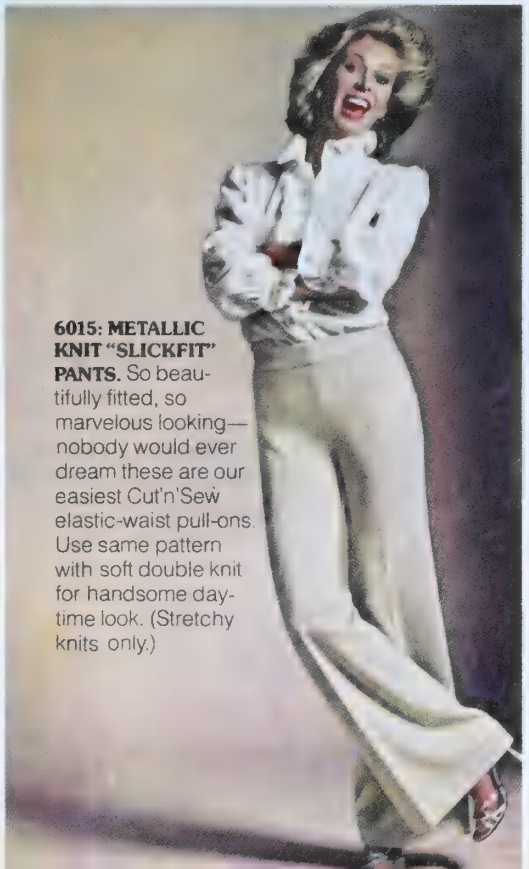


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SF/W/4

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

continued from page 131

ening dress. Her party hat was orange, th a large green feather. She was scat- ing rose petals with great carefree stures.

"Hooray!" she shouted over the music.

"Hooray!" Maggie cried.

"Hooray!" Philip screeched. "Hooray, ooray, hooray!"

The children leaped and danced off ward the kitchen, still screaming, Hooray!"

"Hooray," I asked flatly, "for what? et me guess. We have won the Irish veepstakes. Phil has been accepted at arvard. Maggie has received another ld star at pre-school."

"Wrong, wrong and wrong." Rose- ary hurried over to hug me and give e a big kiss.

"I give up. What are we celebrating?"

"Nothing at all! Why wait until some- ing marvelous happens to celebrate? ou're so happy then that you don't need The best time to shout is when there's thing to shout about!"

I pointed at the rose petals on the car- et. "And all this mess?"

"Oh, Don! What's a vacuum cleaner r! Hurry, now! The children want to atch you open the champagne!"

here is more to tell about Rosemary. One Friday I did not even get to the ont door. All three of them, Rosemary, Maggie and Phil, were lying on their omachs on the front sidewalk, looking rough magnifying glasses. Rosemary ad put blue food coloring in a saucer of oney and they were watching ants file p to the saucer, sip at the honey and ien file away.

The ants approaching the saucer were ale brown, translucent. The ones leav- ig it were blue.

"Rosemary," I warned. "Old Mrs. Mc- inley is watching you from next door. he probably thinks you've gone nuts."

"Oh, of course!" She jumped to her et. "Mrs. McGinley, do come over," ie called out. "We're dyeing ants blue."

Later, it took all of my strength and osemary's to get Mrs. McGinley on her et again. I am certain that lying on her omach on the sidewalk was not at all ood for her rheumatism.

And more.

On an evening in June, I came home om the office. Unlocked the door. trong smell of shoe polish. I went out to ie backyard. All of the neighborhood hildren were there, including mine. nd Rosemary. And old Mrs. McGinley. Dressed in sheets. Circling a stone monu- ient built of papier-mâché and colored ith shoe polish. Moaning and making ysterious gestures. Rosemary explained that they were Druids, celebrating the summer solstice. I refused to put on a sheet. I went inside and sprayed air freshener around the house to get rid of the smell of shoe polish.

A week or so later, I unsuspectingly invited a client to come home with me for a drink. When we drove up to the house, I saw that Rosemary had formed the neighborhood children into a kazoo band. They were marching along the sidewalk, kazooing away. Phil was bringing up the rear, wearing nothing but a construction paper hat and training pants. Wet training pants.

I took my client into the house, but it is very difficult to pretend that you are not noticing an entire kazoo marching band playing the Cookie Monster's song, from *Sesame Street*.

As an attorney, I think I may say that I have been fair in my presentation of the evidence. Too fair, perhaps. I can almost hear your comments: How delightful! A lovable kook! A madcap!

No way. Such behavior is not delightful when the woman is almost 30 years old and is the mother of two children. It is not madcap. It is peculiar. It might even be neurotic.

When I first met Rosemary in college, she appeared to be a very stable person. She was also pretty and fun, and she was extremely sexy. I loved her immediately. A short time later I met her parents, and I loved them immediately, too.

I also loved my own parents, you understand, but my father was an artist. His pictures confused me, but they made enough sense to critics and collectors to keep us in red wine and spaghetti. My mother preferred writing poetry to keeping house. The two of them existed on a scale that was slightly larger than life, fighting and loving, screaming and laughing. I never knew what to expect when I got home from school. The house could be quiet, humming productively, or it could be a cyclone of emotion, either anger or ecstasy. It invariably smelled of turpentine and garlic.

Rosemary's father was a circuit court judge. Her mother was a housewife. Their house was always quiet and orderly and smelled of fresh flowers and furniture polish.

We were married on graduation day. Rosemary worked in an office until I finished law school and was established with the firm. Then she quit her job so that we could start our family.

For fear of sounding slightly pompous, I hesitate to refer to myself as a rising young attorney, but in point of fact, the senior partner has indicated that there will be an early partnership for me. Now, ours is a firm of corporate attorneys. These are not flamboyant defense lawyers, courtroom showmen. They are solid citizens. Reliable. Steady.

I have tried to explain to Rosemary the importance of stability in my image, the necessity of the right sort of contacts, but she does not appear to hear me. In fact, it has sometimes occurred to me that there is a direct correlation between my steady rise in the firm and her increasingly erratic behavior.

After the kazoo incident, I tried again to explain the importance of my image. She listened. She even promised to do better. I was so pleased that I offered to take her out to dinner.

We went to a new place she had heard about. A Greek restaurant. Full of Greek families eating Greek food and dancing Greek dances. I, of course, refused to join the line of dancing men, but Rosemary had to be right in the middle of it. If the men were offended they did not show it, either while the buzuki played or afterwards, when Rosemary invited them to bring their wives and babies and grandmothers to our table.

It was quite a party. Rosemary had a lovely time. I did not. I was too busy estimating the probable cost of the countless glasses of ouzo that were being delivered to our table. I was also watching the door nervously in case anyone I knew happened to come into the place.

Rosemary and I had words that night. I talked about stability and she said that life had to include some surprises, some spontaneity. We reached an uneasy peace based on mutual promises to try to understand each other's viewpoint.

I certainly tried to do my part. The next Friday I spontaneously invited her out to dinner. I surprised her by taking her to one of the finest restaurants in the city, a quietly elegant place very popular with members of the local bar. I enjoyed myself, but Rosemary was very quiet. I almost felt that she was disappointed.

A few weeks later, Alan Whitney and I had to drive upstate to confer with a client. Late in the afternoon I called Rosemary to tell her that I would arrive home about midnight and that Alan would drop me off.

The house was dark. I unlocked the door. Sniffed. For some reason there was a smell of pine trees. On the hall table was a note: "The children are spending the night with your parents, and I've run next door for a minute. There's a package for you in the living room. XXXOOO. Love, R."

I was irritated. Why would she need to run next door at midnight? I went into the living room. There was indeed a package. A huge box. As big as the one that the new dishwasher came in. A Christmas package. I sighed. Another of Rosemary's surprises. A Christmas package on the fourteenth of September.

There was a large red bow on the lid, and a card the size of a shirt cardboard.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO DON! OPEN *IMMEDIATELY!!*"

I started to lift the lid, but it flew straight up into the air. *(continued)*

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

continued

"Merry Christmas!" Rosemary screamed.

She leaped out of the box like a jumping jack. She was wearing a Christmas bow on her head. And nothing else.

The next morning I spoke to Rosemary very seriously. What if I had invited Alan in for a drink? What would that have done to my position with the firm? I would have been a laughing stock.

"They might have been jealous," she said.

"That is not the point, Rosemary. There is my image to—"

"Three-piece suits," she said gloomily. "Fresh flowers in the house. Furniture polish. The right civic committees. The country club."

"Well, yes. That's it exactly."

"Okay. I'll try."

I came home the next evening. Unlocked the front door. Sniffed. Furniture polish! The stereo was playing quietly, something with lots of strings. No kazoos, no polkas.

"Rosemary?"

"Oh, Don," she called from the kitchen. "Go on in the living room. I'll bring you a drink."

That was more like it! I went in to sit in my favorite chair. Maggie and Phil came bouncing in to kiss me. They were both clean. And fully dressed. They bounced right out again. It was very quiet. It was relaxing.

Rosemary came into the room. She was wearing a black skirt and a blue pullover sweater that matched her eyes. One strand of pearls. Stockings. Shoes with heels. A Victorian parlor maid's apron, starched and pleated and frilly.

"Well, Rosemary, you look very nice. But where did you get that apron?"

"Your martini, dear." I took the glass and she sat down on the couch. Crossed her ankles neatly.

"I must say, Rosemary, that this is a pleasant change. But, the apron?"

"I'm not sure I should tell—"

"Oh, come on, Rosemary. I asked you, didn't I?"

"Well!" She sat forward on the couch and her eyes sparkled. "At the Goodwill Thrift Shop! Oh, darling, we had so much fun! I told them what I needed, and then everyone wanted to help. We almost took the place apart! They were all so nice that I took everyone out for coffee afterwards. Consuela, and Mr. Butts, the manager, and Imogene, and old Charlie—he's actually the janitor, not a clerk at all, but he was the one who found the—"

"Damn it, Rosemary!" I stood up. "You're just playing dress-up again, aren't you? You've turned it into a game, the way you always do. Can't you see that you have to take life seriously?"

She looked up at me and for once, at least, she was serious. She looked very, very sad.

"Must I?" she asked. "Always?"

The atmosphere around the house was rather tense that weekend, but at least there were no celebrations.

On Monday, Rosemary said she thought she might take the children to Kansas City to visit her parents. She did not say why she was going or how long she intended to stay. I did not ask.

The first night they were gone, I grabbed a quick bite at a coffee shop and went back to the office to work late on an important brief.

The second night, I did the same.

The third night I was tired of quick bites. I went home. Unlocked the door. Sniffed. Nothing identifiable. The house was very quiet.

I made a martini and went in to sit down in the family room. Turned on the television.

"Cookies! Cookies! I want—" Turned off the television.

Sat back in my vinyl-covered armchair and sipped my martini. It was very quiet. I began to feel better. Perhaps I was really cut out to be a bachelor. A dignified, respected, bachelor attorney.

I summoned up a book-lined study with a small fire burning merrily in the grate. The room smelled of well-tended leather. My faithful retainer came in, carrying a martini on a small silver tray. He was not wearing a frilly apron.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Dobbs."

"A pleasant evening, sir, if I may say so."

"Quite."

I froze the action and closed my eyes. Very pleasant indeed. Quiet. A bachelor attorney. A bachelor partner in a prestigious law firm. An old bachelor judge.

I sniffed. The room no longer smelled of well-tended leather. It smelled musty. The smell of age. Of disuse.

I opened my eyes. Dobbs was s standing there, but he was bent and c There appeared to be a cobweb on left ear.

"A pleasant evening, sir, if I may s so," he said in a quavering voice.

"Quite," I said. I realized that Dol was basically a very boring person.

"If I may say so, sir, it looks l spring."

"Oh? I hadn't noticed."

"Yes, sir. The forsythia is in bloc sir."

And then Dobbs and the book-lin study disappeared in a puff of smo because I remembered what happen when the forsythia bloomed last spri

It was on a Wednesday. I came ho from the office. Started to unlock t front door. Heard wild cries and hap laughter from the backyard. Braced m shoulders and marched around the si of the house.

The late afternoon sun was slanti down on three dancing figures. Ro mary, Maggie and Phil. Barefooted. G lands of leaves wound round their hea Over their bathing suits were drap what appeared to be the old net curtai dyed a peculiar shade of pink that mig have been peach-colored. They w dancing and singing. They were flingi supermarket daffodils to the wind.

"Don, darling! The forsythia is bloom! You're just in time to help us w come spring!"

"And your—ah—outfits?"

"Marvelous, aren't they! Maggie an are naiads, you know, water nymp And Phil is the great god Pan!"

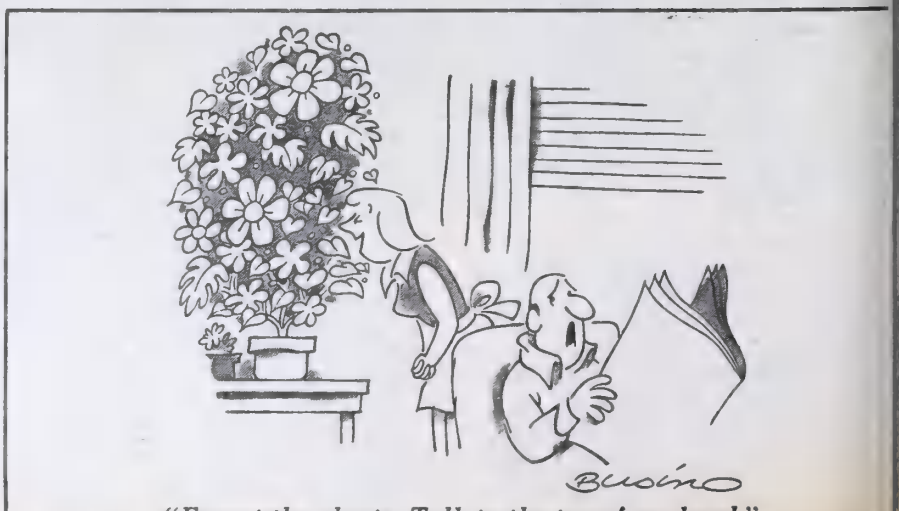
"And the pipes of Pan? That loo more like a dime store harmonica to m

"It's all in what you want to see, is it? If Phil is happy with a harmoni does it matter what other people think

We watched him dancing around t yard, playing the pipes of Pan.

I said, "I guess there could be a mo in that."

She said, "Yes."



"Forget the plants. Talk to the top of my head."

The vision faded. I looked at the tele- ion but there was no picture. There s no announcer to say, "And now for nessage."

Oh, hell, I thought, I had already ard the message. I just had not listened it.

The dead, gray eye of the TV stared me disapprovingly. With my finger- il, I picked at a lump of some dried stance on the arm of my chair. Sniffed my fingernail. Grape jelly. Maggie's vorite.

I wanted to cry.

inished off my martini. Sighed. cked up the phone and dialed Kansas ty.

Rosemary's father answered the one. A dignified man. A leader in the nerican Bar Association.

I took a deep breath.

"All right, Judge," I said. "You win. l pay the bride price. Twelve fine cat- , eight golden rings, three—"

"My God," he said quietly. Then he ld the phone away and shouted. osemary! Rosemary, Don's on the one and I think he's gone nuts. You tter get on the extension and—"

"Don?" Rosemary's breathless voice. re you all right?"

Her father was still shouting near the her phone. "—something about a bride ice and cattle and rings and—"

"—and three lactating goats," I said eakly.

There was a pause and then Rosemary said, "Lactating?"

"Yes," I said firmly. "Lactating. Rosemary, come home."

"But what about being serious? What about your image?"

"To hell with my image! Besides, Dobbs says the forsythia is in bloom!"

"In October? And who is Dobbs?"

"My faithful retainer."

"Oh. Of course."

"Rosemary, I'm sorry. I've been a—"

"You got the message."

"Finally. Rosemary, why didn't you just say it straight out? Why didn't you just tell me that I was becoming a pompous, social-climbing, self-important—"

"Would you have heard me?"

"Probably not. Rosemary, will you please come home?"

"Will the first plane tomorrow be soon enough?"

"Just barely. Rosemary, I love you!"

"Oh, yes, I know. I love you, too."

I put down the receiver and looked around the room. Felt a slight nostalgia for Dobbs and for the musty smell of leather. A boring life, perhaps, but safe. Predictable.

Suddenly I realized that I was sitting there, alone, grinning like a fool.

Well, what if a naiad loved you? A naiad who wore peach-colored robes and smelled of shoe polish? Wouldn't you grin, too?

Wouldn't that be something to celebrate?

End

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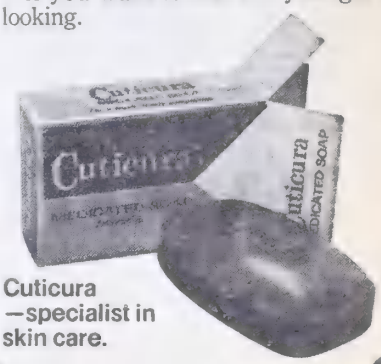
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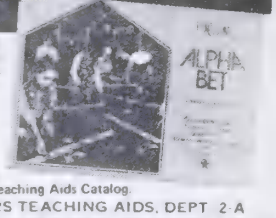
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FASHION: GIFTS THAT SAY I LOVE YOU

PAGE 116: Boy's overalls, SIMPLICITY #8047, in toddler sizes ½, 1, 2 & 3. Suit requires 1¼ yards of 44/45 inch fabric for size 3. Quilted leg warmers and bag, SIMPLICITY #8146. Comes in one size using 1¼ yards of 44/45 inch fabric for bag and ½ yard of 44/45 inch fabric for the leg warmers. Quilted placemats, VOGUE #1541, needs 1½ yards of 44/45 inch fabric for set of 6.
PAGE 117: Girl's apron dress, BUTTERICK #5660, in children's sizes 2-6X. Apron requires ¾ yard of 44/45 inch fabric, dress requires 1⅜ yards of 44/45 inch fabric, both size 4. Dog coat, McCALL'S #5823. Size medium needs ⅝ yard of 44/45 inch fabric. Woman's caftan, SIMPLICITY #5315. Size medium needs 3⅜ yards of 44 inch fabric.
PAGE 118: Child's pajama, McCALL'S #5780, toddler sizes 1, 2 & 3 and children's sizes 4, 5 & 6; require 1⅛ yards of 44/45 inch fabric for size 2. Pillow arrangement, VOGUE #1753. Pillows, as shown, need between ⅓ and ½ yards each of assorted prints, plus ⅓ yd. contrasting print for ruffle. Challis shawl, SIMPLICITY #8302, needs 2⅜ yards of 58/60 inch fabric.
PAGE 119: Quilted shoulder bag, VOGUE #1406, requires ¾ yard of 44/45 inch fabric. Man's terry robe, McCALL'S #5818. Large requires 3¾ yards of 60 inch fabric.
PAGE 120: Duffel bag, McCALL'S #5651, needs 1½ yards of 44/45 inch fabric and 3 yards webbing. Man's apron, SIMPLICITY #8294, requires 1 yard of 44/45 inch fabric. Woman's nightgown, BUTTERICK #5701, medium needs 3⅞ yards of 44/45 inch fabric. We added piping and ties at neck.
PAGE 121: Pet cushion, McCALL'S #5823; small pillow requires 1 yards of 44/45 inch fabric and 2 16 oz. bags of shredded foam. Quilted jewel kit, McCALL'S #5812, needs under ½ yard of 44/45 inch fabric. Children's sailor suit, McCALL'S #5480, in toddler sizes 1, 2, & 3 and children's 4, 5 & 6. Suit requires 1⅝ yards of 44/45 inch fabric for size 4. Man's quilted vest, SIMPLICITY #8123. Size medium requires 3 yards of 44/45 inch fabric. All yardage approximate.

DECORATING: THE NON-STOP KITCHEN

PAGE 124-125: Stamped facing on cupboards and cupboard doors (and on fireplace wall and movable panels in living area), 6" multiple plate no. 204, 24" x 96" sheets, from Barney Brainum-Shanker Steel Co., Inc., 70-32 83rd St., Glendale, N. Y. 11227. One-piece counters with molded sinks, backsplash panels, window sill and the surface of the pull-out shelf beneath the cupboards are all of Corian by DuPont. Floorcovering is Guildcraft II Designer Solarian 89443 red, by Armstrong. Micro Shelf range (REE 97OP), with Microwave oven (REM 7600) placed atop its control panel shelf; undercounter Trash Masher compactor (SDC 8000), dishwasher (SDU 9000) and 25.2 cu. ft. Serva Door refrigerator (EED 25IMM), all by Whirlpool Corporation. Hanging pot rack from Ad Hoc, 10 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, holds Teflon-lined Vogue Silverstone Cookware by Regal Ware. Kettle, salad basket, woven baskets, large glass storage jar, wood-handled forks and folding-wood plate rack (here used to support the cookbook) are from Pottery Barn, 231 Tenth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011. Plates, six to a set, each with a different cheese label, by Jacques Jugeat. Laminated plastic bowls and trays, Herbe pattern on the serving cart, Orient pattern on the far counter, by Grainware. Red lacquer tea service caddy, black-coral lacquer canisters and napkins, all by Sigma Marketing. Electric knife by General Electric. Discs of stained glass, 8½" to 9" dia., in Butterflies, Vegetables with Border, Fruits and Trellis, and Bluejay designs by Glass Masters, available in museum shops and fine gift stores.
PAGE 126, top left: on open shelves, Chinese Cabbage pattern bowls, canisters, oblong relish tray, Primavera pattern casseroles in three sizes—both round and oval—and Swan design soup tureens with trays and ladles, by Sigma Marketing; battery-operated clock, The Concord, 612-438, in antique briar finished pine with brass ring finial, $49.95, by Howard Miller; white plastic Palisette cubes from The Workbench, 470 Park Ave. S., N.Y.C. 10010, hold cookbooks for which we made bright dust jackets of J. Josephson's* patent plastic wallcovering; glass storage jars are from Pottery Barn. On the countertop, a Toaster-Oven by General Electric. *Top right:* Swan design tureens by Sigma Marketing flank a one-of-a-kind antique wooden horse. Cheese label plates by Jacques Jugeat, black-coral lacquerware trays and canisters by Sigma Marketing; white ceramic candlesticks, 9½" tall, #2097G, $23 pr., plus $2.25 shipping, from The Horchow Collection**. *Below:* On the island counter, Dutch oven in avocado finish, and food processor, both by General Electric. Lobster pattern napkin/tea towel, 19" x 30", #5647M, $15 set of four, plus $1.25 shipping, and lobster porcelain plates, 10½" dia., #700TM, $24 set of four, plus $4.50 shipping, from The Horchow Collection**.
PAGE 122, above: Heavy duty mixer on pull-out shelf, Toaster-Oven and Coffeematic brew starter in cupboard, by General Electric; magnetic knife rack on inside of cupboard door, from Ad Hoc; scale, muffin tins, knives, cleaver, wooden spoons and whisk, from Pottery Barn. Tea towel in Grasses pattern, 17" x 27", #7655M, $7.50 pair (the companion towel is a field flower design in aqua), plus 75¢ shipping, from The Horchow Collection**. *Lower left:* clear, pressed glass bottles (without stoppers), 8" to 14" high, #7350GP, $27.50 set of seven, plus $3.90 shipping, and nasturtiums of uncrushable, fade-resistant fabric (four blossoms, three leaves to a stem), #2102G, $24 doz. stems, plus $1.95 shipping, from The Horchow Collection**. *Lower right:* on mobile cart, King David pattern plates, cups, saucers and Santa Fe terracotta pitcher, by Sigma Marketing; Automatic Coffeemaker by General Electric.
PAGE 128-129: Violet rug and Guildcraft II Designer Solarian floorcovering in 89342 white, both by Armstrong. Keepers Two Collection cocktail table, #27115, mobile server, #27185, buffet server with pull-out shelf, #27302; upholstered pieces, sectional seats #510-029, and tub chairs, #706-632 (covered in Naugahyde Brand Brushed Cloud fabric,* 52" wide, coral #74514), all by Founders. Cane bar stool by Deutsch, Inc.* On the built-to-order dining table—which has storage space below—dinner plates, wood-handled flatware from Pottery Barn; place mats by Sigma Marketing. On the mobile cart, liter and half liter flasks from Pottery Barn; King David porcelain and ice bucket from Sigma Marketing; Coffeematic brew starter by General Electric. On the bar counter, Vee Ate vegetable-decorated tureen by Sigma Marketing.
*Through decorators only.
**To order give style number and description, enclose check or money order for item and shipping, and address to The Horchow Collection, P.O. Box 34257, Dallas, Texas 75234.

OSWALD

continued from page 208

conversation at supper was so ordinary that no one remembers it; but Ruth had the impression that relations between the Oswalds were "cordial," "friendly," "warm" . . . "like a couple making up after a small spat."

After supper, Marina nursed Rachel and Lee put Junie to bed. Then he cradled Rachel in front of the television set and got her to sleep, while Marina put away the toys. Lee went on watching a movie about World War II, and Marina went in to do the dishes.

Despite the banality of the evening, there was an undercurrent of tragedy, a ludicrous lack of symmetry between what husband and wife were doing. They were apart. In the kitchen, engaged in her tasks at the sink, Marina was no longer angry at Lee over his use of an alias, although she still could not understand why he bothered with such childish games. She was wondering as always whether Lee loved her. And Lee—what was he thinking? Marina had refused his pleas that she move in to Dallas with him "soon." Earlier in the evening he had spent time in the garage where his rifle was hidden. Did his requests to Marina have a deeper meaning, a desperation, even, that was masked by his calm acceptance of her refusals? Alone that evening for the first time and staring at the television, what were Lee's thoughts?

Marina was still busy at the sink when Lee looked in and asked if he could help. Marina thought he looked sa

"I'm going to bed," he said. "I pro ably won't be out this weekend."

"Why not?"

"It's too often. I was here today."

"Okay," Marina said.

Marina as usual was the last to be She sat in the tub for an hour, "warmi her bones" and thinking about nothi in particular, not even Lee's request th she move in to Dallas. Lee was lying his stomach with his eyes closed wh she crept into bed. About three in t morning, she thinks, she put a foot his leg. Lee was not asleep and sudde ly, with a sort of wordless vehemenc he lifted his leg, shoved her foot har then pulled his leg away.

"My, he's in a mean mood," Mari thought. She realized that he was slee less, tense and she believed that he w so angry at her for refusing to move Dallas right away that it was no use tr ing to talk to him. She thinks that he f asleep about five o'clock in the mornin

Lee usually woke up before the alar rang and shut it off. On the morning Friday, November 22, the alarm ra and he did not wake up. Marina w awake, and after ten minutes she sai "Time to get up, Lee."

He rose, washed and got dresse

hen he came over to the bed. "Have u bought those shoes you wanted?"

"No. I haven't had time."

"You must get those shoes, Mama. id, Mama, don't get up. I'll get breakst myself."

Lee kissed the children, who were eping. But he did not kiss Marina, as always did before he left in the morng. He got as far as the bedroom door, en came back and said, "I've left some oney on the bureau. Take it and buy erything you and Junie and Rachel ed. Bye-bye." Then Lee went out.

"Good God," thought Marina. "What s happened to my husband that he s all of a sudden gotten so kind?" Then e fell back to sleep.

During the days and weeks that followed, Marina realized that there had en several small, out-of-the-way ocrrences during Lee's brief visit. He had ayed much longer than he usually did ith Junie out of doors the day before. ould he have been saying goodbye to e creature whom he loved more than yone on earth? It seemed to Marina, oking back, that there had been a farell quality to his playing, something ledictory almost in the way he reached t for the falling oak wings. He had ver reached for them before. And his ing unable to tell her anything about resident Kennedy's visit had been out character, to say the least.

He had been angry and tense in bed at night and it was nearly morning bere he fell asleep. Marina supposed he as just angry at her for refusing to give to him. Later on she wondered, what *id* he been thinking about?

Odd circumstances

There was the odd circumstance of is telling her not to get up to fix his reakfast. There was no danger—she had ever done so before. Could it be that he id not want to run the tiniest risk of her eing him enter the garage where his un was hidden?

Then there was his telling her with naccustomed gentleness to buy everyning she and the children needed. He ad never told her such a thing before. When she got up that morning and ooked into the bureau, she found the xtraordinary sum of $170. It must have een nearly everything Lee had.

And Marina also remembered that wice after his arrival in the afternoon, e had tried to kiss her and she had rned him away. It was only on the hird try that she relented and allowed im an obligatory kiss. He had tried to e tender with her, and she had been bdurate.

Finally, she remembered the most arthshaking thing of all. Three times e had begged her to move to Dallas ith him "soon." Three times she had efused. And he had tried to kiss her hree times. Everything *(continued)*

NON-STOP KITCHEN

continued from page 129

If we had to say which room in the house had changed personality the most, the hands-down winner would be: the kitchen. Consider the age-old complaints. **Never enough counterspace and storage space.** In our kitchen, that's been planned out in countless inventive ways. **A feeling of isolation when cooking.** That, too, has been corrected with a friendly air.

The kitchen we've shown (see floor plan, below) isn't necessarily a luxury found only in a brand-new, blueprinted house. It will work out just as well (perhaps better) as a renovation. Taking down a wall here, opening up a ceiling to the sky should do it.

The white-stamped tin (same material as the cabinet fronts) walls are ingenious, having a center core of soundproofing material. They're more like dividers, movable so you can separate such areas as the sitting section into an extra guest room.

The kitchen cabinet doors work via piano hinges, concealing spacious storage areas. Each small appliance has a roll-out bin to call its own, each sensibly with an electrical outlet.

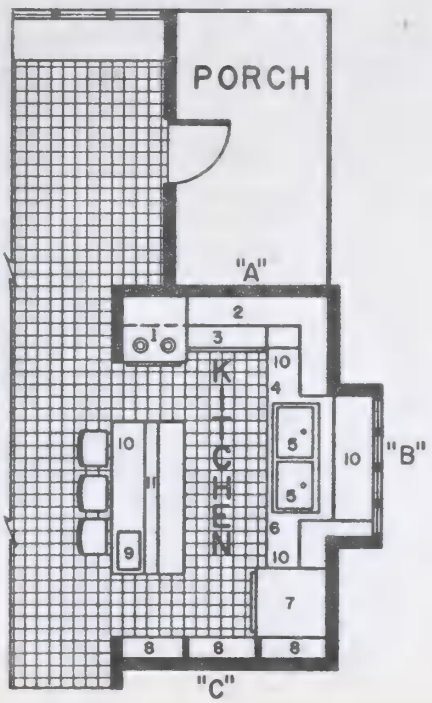
The middle island holds even more storage space (proving that if you're not organized by nature, you can get organized by design). Vast cupboards stash items of every size, including a bulky, competent serving cart. And the second sink proves its worth constantly—as a time-and-step saver.

One wall of this kitchen is open shelving. Since out-of-sight is often out-of-mind, blatant visibility has its advantages. All kinds of paraphernalia are readily accessible. One shelf holds those needed-almost-daily tools—nails, glue, twine, screwdrivers and such. Two shelves are devoted to desk accessories—pads, a calendar, a phone (and a local map to answer frequent "how-to-get-there" questions).

Cookbooks achieve a uniform look, covered by us in a washable vinyl wallcovering and lettered with a precise alphabet available from a stationery store. The rest of the shelves can stack up according to your needs or whims: spices, oil and vinegars, pastas in clear jars, or odd-sized tureens.

A skip away to the dining area—there's space reserved underneath the table for your best company dishes, linens, toys, whatever. The table can even be used for crafts or games (the durable tabletop can more than take the hard-knock life—just clean off with a damp cloth). Big softies, the relaxed tub chairs are on casters and can be moved around when the conversation groups shift. A pale wood bar with high cane-seated stools nearby has a streamlined counter that glides out easily for fast snacking. (See opposite page for specific shopping information.)

Other endearing features: there's another pull-out counter, strategically placed near the double stove (the top part is a super-quick microwave oven) for still more working space. Overhead, an array of pots and pans hang within arm's reach. The cabinet sides flanking the window are covered with mirror-like Mylar, stretched to reflect the sun's rays on the growing greenery. The combined kitchen—from cooking to lounging area—captures a certain greenhouse feeling. Spaces are faceted with angled slices of windows—bringing light and nature into where you work, live. **End**



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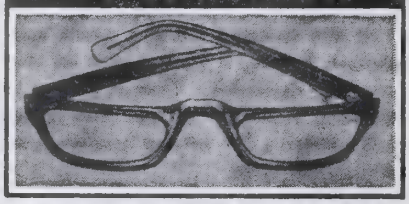


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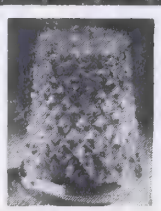
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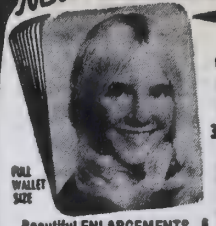
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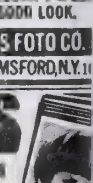
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OSWALD

continued

had happened in threes. Lee, who attached a significance to the number, fired three shots at President Kennedy.

Marina awoke on the morning of November 22 with a strained, unhappy feeling. Something had been wrong the evening before: Lee's asking her to move into Dallas with him so insistently, her refusing, his practically kicking her in bed. There had been something nasty between them.

But she was soon distracted. She tended to Rachel, gave cookies and milk to little June and settled down on the sofa to watch the President. She saw him arrive at Love Field and give a speech. Jackie, dressed in a raspberry-colored suit, looked wonderful.

A little after noon, Ruth went into the kitchen to fix lunch and Marina went to her room to get dressed. The television set was on and suddenly Marina heard a lot of noise. Ruth ran into the bedroom, very pale, and said that someone had shot at the President. The two women dashed to the living room and stared at the set. Marina kept asking Ruth to translate. Was it very serious? Was Jackie all right? Ruth listened, then said the President had been taken to the hospital. He had been shot in the head.

Ruth lit some candles and she and her little girl prayed. Marina went to her room and cried. She prayed for the President's life, and also for Mrs. Kennedy, who might be left alone with two children.

A little later, Marina was outside hanging up clothes. Ruth came to join her and told her that the reporters were saying the shots that hit the President had come from the Texas School Book Depository. At that, Marina's heart "fell to the bottom."

"Is there really anyone on earth but my lunatic husband crazy enough to have fired that shot?" she asked herself. Unlikely and unexplained occurrences suddenly started to drop into place: Lee's unannounced visit the night before, his shrugging and saying he knew nothing about the President's visit. Marina hid the fear that had seized her; she did not want to reveal it to Ruth.

She was sitting on the sofa next to Ruth when the announcement came over television that the President was dead. "What a terrible thing for Mrs. Kennedy," Marina said, "and for the children to be left without a father." Ruth was walking around the room crying. Marina was unable to cry. She felt as if her blood had "stopped running." A little later an announcement came that someone had been captured in a movie theater. No name.

An hour, or a little less, after the President's death was announced, the doorbell rang. Ruth went to answer. She was greatly surprised to find six men standing on her doorstep. They were from the sheriff's office and the Dallas police. Ruth's jaw dropped.

"So it *was* Lee," Marina thought. "*That* is why he came last night." She knew now why Lee had told her to buy "everything" she and the children needed, why he had left without kissing her goodbye.

The police announced to Marina and the Paines that they would all have to go to police headquarters. It was plain that every one was under suspicion.

At police headquarters, all of them were interrogated, with Ruth acting as Marina's interpreter. Marina had no idea that Lee was charged with shooting a police officer named Tippit. She was aware only that Lee was suspected of killing President Kennedy. Marina asked to see Lee. She was told that he was upstairs being interrogated and she could not see him that day.

After the police finished questioning her, Marina saw Marguerite Oswald, Lee's mother. It was the first time Marguerite had seen Rachel—indeed, she had not known that Marina and Lee were expecting a second child—and she greeted Marina and the children warmly.

Eventually, Marina, Ruth, Michael Paine and the four children were allowed to go back to the Paines'. Marina does not remember whether they ate, or what they ate, or who did the cooking. But the house was in an uproar. It was overrun by reporters who wanted to talk to Marina, Ruth and Marguerite. There were angry words between Ruth and Marguerite. Ruth defended Marina's right to speak, but Marguerite would not allow it. "I'm his mother," she shrieked. "I'm the one who's going to speak."

Terrible discovery

Marina later made a terrible discovery. She happened to glance at the bureau and saw that the police, in their search of the house, had left one of her possessions behind. It was a delicate little demi-tasse cup that had belonged to her grandmother. It was so thin that the light glowed through it as if it were parchment. Marina looked inside. There lay Lee's wedding ring.

"Oh, no," she thought, and her heart sank again. Lee never took his wedding ring off, not even on his grimiest manual jobs. She had seen him wearing it the night before. Marina suddenly realized what it meant. Lee had not just gone out and shot the President spontaneously. He had intended to do it when he left for work that day. Again, things were falling into place. Marina told no one about Lee's ring.

During the 12 hours of his interrogation, Oswald managed to keep his composure. He refused a lie *(continued)*

OSWALD

continued

detector test, appeared to anticipate questions that might incriminate him and declined to answer them. One of the few times his calm failed him was at 3:15 P.M. on Friday, when two FBI men entered—one of them Agent Hosty. Oswald became "arrogant and upset" and accused Hosty of twice "accosting" his wife.

Hosty asked Lee if he had been to Russia, and Oswald said, "Yes." Hosty then asked if he had been to Mexico City, and Oswald's composure deserted him again. "He beat his fists on the table and went into a tantrum," Captain Will Fritz of the Homicide Bureau said later.

Marina believed that her husband had every hope of making his trial a forum for his ideas, at which he would either proclaim his innocence or proclaim that his deed had been justified by history. But Oswald outwardly, and steadfastly, denied killing John F. Kennedy. He and his wife, he said, liked the President and his family—"they are interesting people." He had his own ideas about national policy and doubted that policy toward Cuba would change as a result of the assassination. Anyway, Oswald said, "In a few days people will forget and there will be another president."

Go to see Lee

On Saturday morning, November 23, Marina and Marguerite were told that they could see Lee. They went to the city jail about 1 P.M.

Marina had been trying to convince herself that Lee was innocent, and was under suspicion merely because he had been to Russia. His arrest had been a mistake. It would be straightened out soon.

Such thoughts were cut short the moment she caught sight of Lee. He looked pitiful, his eyes full of trouble. She could not reach out to him or kiss him because a glass partition separated them. They could talk only over a pair of telephones.

"Why did you bring that fool with you?" Lee said, glancing at Marguerite. "I don't want to talk to her."

"She's your mother," Marina said. "Of course she came. Have they been beating you in prison?"

"Oh, no," Lee said. "They treat me fine. You're not to worry about that. Did you bring Junie and Rachel?"

"They're downstairs." Marina could tell by the pitch of his voice that he was frightened. She saw fear in his eyes and the tears started rolling down her cheeks.

"Don't cry," he said, and his voice became tender and kind. "Ah, don't cry. There's nothing to cry about. Try not to think about it. Everything is going to be all right. And if they ask you anything, you have a right not to answer; to refuse. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Marina said.

Lee had tears in his eyes, too, but he did his best to hold them back and he talked briefly with his mother. Then he asked to speak to Marina again.

"You're not to worry," he said. "You have friends. They'll help you. If it comes to that, you can ask the Red Cross for help. You mustn't worry about me. Kiss Junie and Rachel for me."

"I will," Marina promised.

The guards stood behind him now, ready to take him away, yet trying to give them an extra minute.

"Lee," Marina said, "remember that I love you." She was telling him that he could count on her not to say anything that would betray him.

He got up and backed out of the room, edging toward the door so that he could see her until the very last. He was saying goodbye with his eyes.

Marina was now certain that Lee was guilty. She saw his guilt in his eyes. Moreover, she knew that had he been innocent he would have been screaming to high heaven for his "rights," claiming he had been mistreated and demanding to see officials at the very highest levels, just as he had always done before. For her, the fact that he was so compliant, that he told her he was being treated "all right," was a sign that he was guilty.

She thought that he was glad he had succeeded, yet at the same time sorry. What he had done so impulsively could not now be undone. In spite of his obvious satisfaction, it seemed to her that he was carrying a burden of regret heavier than he, or anyone, could bear. He was on the edge of tears all the time they were together and was barely holding them back. He did not want to break down and show himself, or his fear, to the police. And, while much of his anger was spent, Marina saw that Lee's act had failed to lift off him the inner weight he had with him all the time, nor had it made him any happier. He had look at her, altogether uncharacteristicall with supplication in his eyes. He w pleading with her not to desert him. I was begging for her love, her supp and, above all, her silence.

Marina did not see Lee alive aga

On Sunday, November 24, at 11: A.M., Oswald was to be transferred the county jail. But the shirt he h been wearing when he was arrested h been sent to a crime lab in Washingt and he had on only a T-shirt. So hangers with his clothing were hand in to Captain Fritz's office, and the o cers selected what they considered best-looking shirt for him to wear. wald was adamant. No, he said, and sisted on wearing a black pullo sweater with jagged holes in it. He w now dressed, as he had been in the pl tographs with his guns, all in blac black trousers and a black sweater. Fr then suggested that he wear a hat camouflage his looks. Oswald refus He would let the world see who he w

Oswald was taken to the basement the police station, where he was to st into a waiting car. He reached the ba ment at 11:20 A.M., and was promp led to the exit.

A few minutes earlier, Jack Rul carrying $2,000 in cash and a .38-calil revolver, entered the Western Union fice on Main Street, a block from police department. At 11:17 he sen money order for $25 to one of his nig club strippers in Fort Worth, left Western Union office and headed for police department. Because of his de monde life, Ruby was known to some the officers and he was not even notic Everyone was straining to see Oswa

Someone shouted, "Here he come Along with Captain Fritz and four tectives, Oswald walked through door toward the car waiting for him. 11:21 A.M., Jack Ruby stepped from crowd and fired a single, fatal, poi blank shot into Lee's abdomen. E



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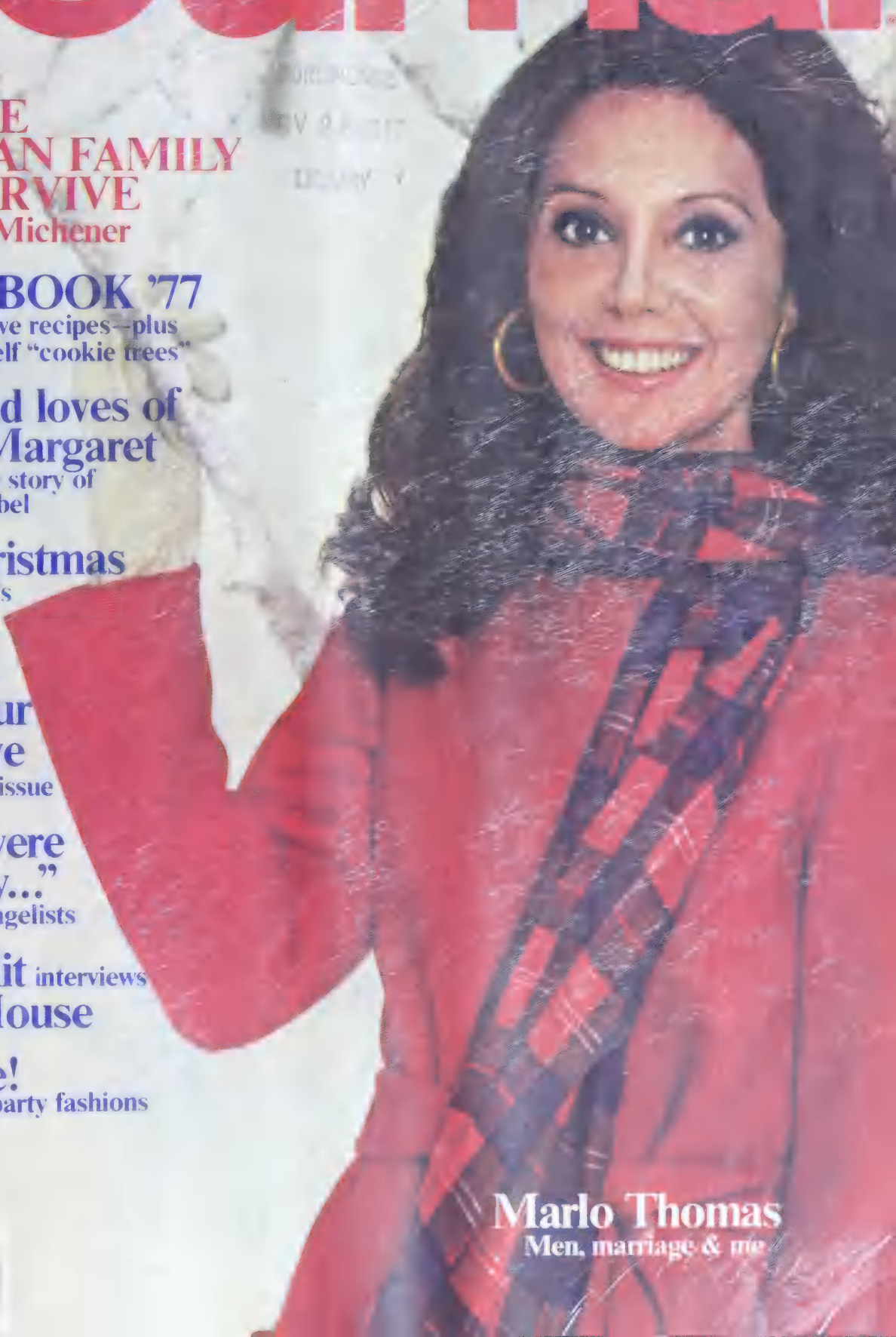
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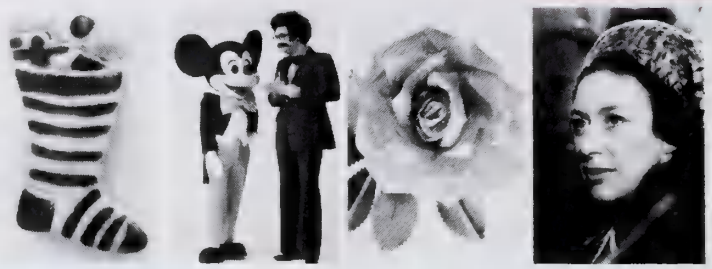
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Cover photograph of Marlo Thomas by Charles W. Bush; hairstyle by Lynn Masters, makeup by E. Thomas Case. Photograph of child and Christmas cookie tree by Nick Samardge.

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STEAK 'N DIP

(Dip into a hearty change of taste)

1 cup HELLMANN'S Real Mayonnaise
2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
2 Tbsp. capers
2 Tbsp. chili sauce or catchup
2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 clove garlic
1 envelope (about 1 oz) meat marinade mix
2 lbs. beef round steak, 1 inch thick

Place first 6 ingredients in blender container. Blend at high speed 30 seconds. Cover; chill 1 hour. Marinate and cook meat according to package directions. Cut into cubes. Serve sauce as dip for steak cubes. Makes about 1 cup dip.



CRUNCHY CHEESE BALL

(Simple, make-ahead party spread)

1 package (8 oz) cream cheese, softened
/4 cup HELLMANN'S Real Mayonnaise
2 cups ground cooked ham
2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tsp. minced onion
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 tsp. hot pepper sauce
1/2 cup chopped peanuts or pistachio nuts

eat cream cheese and Real Mayonnaise until mooth. Stir in next 5 ingredients. Cover; chill sev- ral hours. Form into ball; roll in nuts to coat. Serve ith crackers.



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(Creamy, easy-to-hold seafood pies)

Pastry for 2-crust pie
3/4 cup chopped cooked shrimp
1/4 cup sliced green onion
4 oz. Swiss cheese, shredded (1 cup)
1/2 cup HELLMANN'S Real Mayonnaise
2 eggs
1/3 cup milk
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. dried dill weed

On floured surface roll half of pastry into 12-inch circle. Cut six 4-inch circles. Repeat with remaining pastry. Fit into twelve 2 1/2-inch muffin pan cups. Fill each with some shrimp, onion and cheese. Beat remaining ingredients. Pour over cheese. Bake in 400°F oven 15 to 20 minutes or until browned. Makes 12.



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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



1976



1977 (A)



1977 (B)

DECEMBER FROM MANY VIEWS

Once more, we present our December *Journal*, full of the holiday spirit from many view points: religious and secular, Christian and Jewish, solemn and merry. To all of you, from all of us, our sincere wishes for a happy holiday, 1977, and may it be everything you want it to be. And now, a few facts about the issue. COVER EXPERIMENT: A brief explanation about why you may see more than one cover of *Ladies' Home Journal* this month. Our beautiful photo of Marlo Thomas (above, B) will be on the overwhelming majority of *Journal* covers. It was taken on the set of *It Happened One Christmas*, the ABC-TV drama in which Marlo will star on December 18. But, to enable us to do a bit of reader research, a few newsstands will carry the same magazine—same content, same cover lines—but with a different cover (A), featuring 7-year-old Colleen Daly, who was our 1976 cookie-sleigh cover girl. This time, she's shown with the *Journal's* cookie tree (see page 102). Our purpose: to see if little cookies do as well as big ones. PRIMITIVE ARTIST: The illustration on the James A. Michener "American Family" article on page 87 is a primitive American painting by Jane Wooster Scott, a former actress who lives in Los Angeles with her husband, United Press correspondent Vernon Scott, and their two children. Many movie stars collect Jane's work, and Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward recently sponsored an exhibit of her paintings at a New York City art gallery.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN



For me, it's an adopted country, although I sometimes wonder if there isn't a bit of green in my bloodlines somewhere. But I have long had a deep love for Ireland, and this summer, I was honored to be invited as the first American judge at the Kerry International Festival, to help pick from 28 young women the 1977 Rose of Tralee from places as far apart as New York, Las Vegas, Toronto and Sydney. The Festival itself was tremendous, attracting tourists from all over the world. The "Roses" were lovely, intelligent and vibrant. The winner: 20-year-old Orla Burke, from Waterford, Ireland, a tall green-eyed beauty from a family of 12 children, whose immediate ambition is to be successful in her nursing exams.


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GENE slips us a MICKEY



Gene Shalit's fanciful holiday dialogue with that ageless Mouse named Mickey —who was Walt Disney's permanent gift to the world 50 years ago.

Merry Christmas to a merry mouse—*Mickey* Mouse, who will be 50 years old next November. In anticipation of that celebration, we got together over a couple of cheese sandwiches at a little place around the corner, hardly more than a hole in the wall. As he nibbled on his lunch, we settled back, and I spoke in italics:

"So Mr. Mouse—(I hesitated)—*may I call you Mickey?"*

Whatever you please.

For a mouse of your age, your color is excellent.

Starting out in black and white, it could only get better.

You seem vigorous, cheerful, animated . . .

Watch it.

. . . but you haven't been active in movies lately.

I've been taking it easy, letting the residuals pile up, but not a day goes by without my being somewhere: on television or in the funny papers or in the movies or books.

Do you still see your old friends much?

Not as much as I'd like. You know Goofy just moved to Florida.

I hadn't heard.

Yup, old Goof bought a condominium down there. Loves it. Donald has a house on Long Island where there are so many ducks to talk to. Don't tell anybody but, confidentially, I could never understand a word he said. Minnie is involved with the feminists. She's never been a house mouse, her career was too important to her. And I'm right there, cheering her on.

So many people have played roles in your life, have you ever checked your genealogy?

Sure, everybody's been doing it. Please pass the peanut butter.

Peanut butter on American cheese?

It's obvious you've never been a mouse. The other day I got out a book of heritage roadmaps, called "Routes," to see where I came from. Turns out I've had some pretty famous ancestors. Remember the mouse that roared? He was my great granduncle. The French branch of our family fancied up their names. They love chocolate, so they added an "s". Now they're Mousse. The greatest French sculptor was a rodent who changed his name: he dropped the "t," switched "e" to "i" and is now known as Rodin. Then, one of my people was involved in the first counting rhyme for children. He was a distant cousin, a doctor named Hickory Dickory. It was in 1744 that the first mouse ran up the clock—probably the forerunner of that Mickey Mouse watch you're wearing. And now it's Christmas, and American children will be reading "The Night Before Christmas, and all through the house . . ."

(continued)

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz



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Karat Gold Jewelry.

What's happening
continued

You mean . . .?

Yes. The mouse who wasn't stirring was a cousin. We've had our share of sorrows, too. In Elizabethan England, the year was 1609, a family of meadow mice in a village near London had children with severe vision problems. They were known locally as the three blind mice and the wife of a nearby farmer actually cut off their tails, poor souls.

Mickey, it's your birthday. Let's be more cheerful. How did you get started in movies?

My friend Walt Disney—this was back in 1927—had been doing some movie cartoons with only sketchy success and he was looking for a star. He had been working with Oswald Rabbit but it hadn't worked out. He was on a train from New York to Hollywood when he had an idea that I might do well on the screen. He thought my name was Mortimer, but Mrs. Disney said, "That's a bit pompous, isn't it? How about Mickey?" And so it was.

And your debut?

It was called *Plane Crazy*, black and white and silent. I remember how hard Mr. Disney and his group worked on that, and when it was finished we all crowded into a small, stuffy room for the first screening. I wondered how I'd look and I was nervous. When it was over, no one said a word. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to take tail and beat it. *Plane Crazy* just never took off.

Were you discouraged?

Yes. But you know me—I'm Mickey, not Mopey. Hey, there's a people-hair in my sandwich. What kind of a restaurant is this? Waiter!

You sound grumpy.

No, he was in "Snow White."

That's funny.

So was *Steamboat Willie*, back in 1928. It was my first movie, my first talking picture, my first success. A cartoon in sound! No one had ever, uh, *heard* of such a thing.

How many movies have you been in since then?

Altogether, about 140. Hardly anyone else has made that many. Certainly no other mice.

And soon you had some pals.

Yep, Mr. Disney never rested—Horace, Pluto the pup, Goofy. . . . Did you know that Goofy's real name was Dippy Dawg? But you know Hollywood, they couldn't wait to change his name.

And Donald Duck.

Donald! I love him. He became a star in *The Band Concert*. I was a conductor in the park, wearing a big red coat with brass buttons, and he was selling hot dogs and interrupting the concert.

It was a big hit.

Yes, but the really big one was *Fantasia*, that's where I played the Sorcerer's Apprentice.

Was that really you in the flood scenes?

Absolutely. I never used a stuntman in all my years on the screen. By the way, did you know that *Fantasia* was an afterthought? I was going to make a cartoon just about the Sorcerer, and Leopold Stokowski was hired to conduct the orchestra. He liked it so much that he suggested that Mr. Disney make a full-length feature, and it's become a classic.

What a career. I checked up and found that in 1935, The New York Times called you the most famous person in the world. The King of England refused to go to the movies unless there was a Mickey Mouse cartoon.

I remember that. And I remember the war. In 1942, we all enlisted. My goodness, I seemed to be everywhere: on posters and billboards, in hospitals and they even painted my picture on the sides of fighter planes. Then, after the war, there was television and *The Mickey Mouse Club* and *The Wonderful World of Disney*—my, we were busy! We were even in the comic strips. And wherever I go in the world, they call me by their own names. In South America, I'm Raton Mickey; in Italy it's Topolino, in Germany I'm Micky Maus, and do you know what Japanese children call me? Miki Kuchi.

No matter how they say it, they all love you because you've given so much pleasure to so many millions of people all over the world. Thanks for everything, and Happy Birthday, Mickey.

Merry Christmas, Gene.

MOVIE SCREEN SCENE

For years now, women have been complaining about the dearth and paucity—to say nothing of the scarcity—of major roles for women. But suddenly there is a flowering of female roles—solid, demanding, rewarding roles. And that is rewarding for us all.

Julia, is based on an incident in Lillian Hellman's book, *Pentimento*. We are absorbed into her remembrance of Julia, a schoolgirl chum whose friendship achieved an intensity that reached through all the years of their lives. School finished, Lillian is determined to become a playwright. Julia, driven by ideals and a desire to serve, sails for Europe to study medicine. Their lives diverge. Julia is in Vienna when the Nazis storm the Universities; Lillian is in America, writing. But if they are physically apart, they maintain their presence of minds. Four performances fuse in this indelible film: Jane Fonda as Lillian has the finest role of her career; Vanessa Redgrave glows as Julia; and Maximilian Schell is bravely shriveled as a mysterious anti-fascist. Jason Robards becomes the novelist Dashiell Hammett, who was long Lillian's lover. He is but briefly on screen, but his presence permeates the film. Eventually Lillian goes to Europe for a secret rendezvous with Julia in a Berlin café—a rendezvous with chilling consequences. The script by Alvin Sargent is complex, intelligent and heartbreaking. Fred Zinnemann, who has twice won the Academy Awards, has directed a masterful movie. Laurels for all: *Julia* is a gem.

A SPECIAL DAY

It is 1938, spring in Rome, and Adolph Hitler is arriving for a bombastic visit with Mussolini. It may be springtime for Hitler, and a holiday for the millions of Italians who infest the streets in swarming flags and heils, but it is just another up-at-dawn day for one burdened mother of six. She sends her family off to the fascist festival and begins her worn-out chores, alone on a dreary day that slowly changes into a special day . . . a *very* special day. For the woman is Sophia Loren, and through a quirky encounter precipitated by her pet bird, she meets the lonely man from the apartment across the courtyard . . . he is Marcello Mastroianni in a beautifully controlled performance. This movie—*A Special Day* is a love story of stricken strangers, a story given a unique texture by the counterpoint of the loudspeakers of Rome, broadcasting their incessant Hitlerian hype through virtually every minute of the film. A daring device, and it works. Miss Loren is so appealing, so *artful* as she changes from the numbly unglamorous chattal to a woman flushed with a sudden radiance as she responds to Mastroianni. Director Ettore Scola has created a sensitive, humanist romance. *A Special Day* is a triumphant performance by Sophia Loren in a true and lovely film.

STRIKE OUT

Rarely has so much talent been tossed into trash as it has been in the new big-name, highly publicized movie, *Bobby Deerfield*. Look who's here: Al Pacino, one of our finest actors . . . Anny Duperey, the enchantress from France, and the rising-to-fame Swiss Ms., Marthe Keller. The screenplay is by Alvin Sargent, who wrote *Julia*. (I guess you can't win 'em all.) Pacino plays an American Formula One race car driver with a one-track mind: his ambition is to lead a reckless life. Wrecks are for *other* drivers. When Pacino visits a Swiss sanitorium to see a buddy who cracked up, he encounters a very pretty, very mixed up patient, Marthe Keller. She questions him, taunts him, unsettles him. After five minutes with her, any *rational* man would excuse himself and beat it. The story gets slower and slower until everyone is standing still and just the scenery is *(continued on page 45)*

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Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Flying home for the holidays? Timely hints on safeguarding your luggage. Also: how widows can avoid being swindled by social referral clubs . . . and tax tips on dependent children.

I've read so much about home fires that now I'm afraid to put up and decorate our traditional Christmas tree. Is an artificial tree safer?

An artificial tree can be just as dangerous as a natural tree. Be sure that any plastic tree you buy carries a "slow-burning" seal of Underwriters Laboratories. If you buy a metal tree, never string lights on it. The combination can produce a painful, even fatal, electrical shock. Instead, illuminate the tree with an indirect spotlight. If you buy a tree with a built-in electrical system, check for the U.L. label. But if you take elementary precautions, you don't have to shy away from buying a natural Christmas tree. Just be sure it's fresh and green and store it in a cool place, with its base in water. Before you set the tree in its stand, make a fresh diagonal saw cut across its base to help the tree absorb more water, last longer and be fire-resistant. Check the water in the stand every day and refill when necessary to bring the water level above the saw cut.

Be particularly careful about combustible decorations (cotton, tissue paper, glass wool)—and if you're re-using last year's light systems, look for worn insulation, loose bulb sockets, broken plugs. Use decorations labeled "non-combustible" or "flame retardant." And always turn off the decorative lighting before going to bed or leaving home.

Our daughter worked for her father last summer, during all other vacations—even after school (she goes to college and lives at home). Can we still claim her as a dependent?

Your daughter's 1977 earnings can be as much as $3,200—and she can still be deducted as your dependent. *BUT!* You must make sure before 1977 ends that you have provided more than half of her support. Even if your daughter earned up to $3,200 working for your husband, she is still your dependent if you provided more than half her support and if she either won't reach 19 this year, or if 19 or over, is a full-time student. Also while you're figuring out the precise totals, keep the entire transaction on a business basis. The salary your husband paid your daughter must have been "reasonable" and have been paid for services actually rendered as a bona fide employee. Your husband must have paid the various payroll taxes, too. He must have deducted the appropriate Social Security taxes from her paycheck—even if he didn't withhold any income taxes.

I became a widow early in 1977, and I've never been so lonely and sad as I am now, at this holiday season. Would I be silly to join a social referral club and try to meet new friends—or is this a big swindle? I received an invitation that offered me an annual membership for as little as $250 a year, and I'm terribly tempted.

You're right about this season being a time of great sadness and loneliness as well as of fun and games. You're right, too, that the invitation you received could be no more than a swindle—with your $250 membership fee buying you exceedingly limited, if not utterly worthless, services. Ask your local Better Business Bureau for information on the "club." Inquire at your nearest consumer protection agency office about the signers of the letter you received. Check with your nearest Federal Trade Commission regional office, too. Don't join until you have thoroughly investigated the invitation. At this season, even more than at any other time of the year, be on guard!

Our two sons are flying home from college for the holidays. We saw them off, and their baggage arrived safely. But I'd like to send them some guidelines on protecting their luggage on the way home alone during the Christmas rush.

While airline regulations now require passengers to carry their names and addresses outside their luggage, there's plenty more your sons can do on their own: 1) Tag each of your bags inside as well as outside. Your airline will supply you with I.D. tags at the check-in counter, if you don't have them handy. 2) Note your destination and length of stay inside your luggage—and carry in your wallet the type, color and name of your luggage. 3) Hand-carry all valuables, cameras and medicines—plus all other items not easily replaceable—in tote bags. 4) Get to the terminal early if you're checking in odd-size Christmas gift packages, skiing equipment, etc. Many of these items must be hand-carried to the cargo hold; they can't be put on a conveyor. 5) Lock all your luggage. 6) Report lost baggage at once. The bags may still be aboard the plane. Failure to report such loss before you leave the airport may result in the carrier's denial of your claim, even if your baggage is not found. 7) Report damaged luggage as soon as you discover it. Airlines will not honor claims if you wait too long to report damage (until you get home, for instance). 8) Don't surrender your baggage claim check until you get your luggage back. And during the Christmas rush, expect settlement of any claims to take more than the usual four to six weeks.

End

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We're keeping up with you.

Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

To have—or not have—children: it's a decision that affects many marriages. For Mary Kay and Hale, pregnancy was a problem all through their stormy relationship.

This case is based on information from the files of Connecticut's Family Counseling of Greater New Haven, a nonprofit member of the Family Service Association of America and the Greater New Haven United Way. The agency serves more than 320,000 clients with marital counseling and individual, group and family therapy. In 1978 the agency will celebrate its 100th birthday. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographical locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The clinical social worker in this month's case was Irmgard Wessel.

MARY KAY'S TURN

"Ten days after I told my husband that I wanted a divorce, I discovered I was pregnant," said 31-year-old Mary Kay in the slurred, soft accent of her native Alabama. Pushing distractedly at an untidy mass of dark brown hair, she continued. "So now I want to arrange an abortion and then locate a lawyer.

"The evening I broke my unhappy news to Hale, he immediately confronted me with bad news of his own, which is typical of our entire marriage. In our ten years together, Hale and I never have been free of money emergencies caused by his improvidence, carelessness and bad judgment.

"Well, it turned out that Hale had lent his car—a car I bought him for his birthday—to his brother Ben. Ben had been drinking and crashed into another car, wrecking both. As a result, Hale has lost his only means of transportation and is stuck with paying the other driver's medical and auto repair bills.

"Hale's irresponsibility has destroyed our marriage. Although he has many good points, I can't cope one minute longer with his endless problems, financial and otherwise. I'm a dietitian at an industrial plant and earn $12,000 a year. I'll be able to support our six-year-old daughter Betsy and myself, but obviously I can't be a single parent to a six-year-old, hold a full-time job and also manage a new baby.

"When Hale and I last talked, I agreed to help straighten out his accident liability and screwed-up finances one last time. Then, I told him, I expected him to go along with my plans—*all* my plans. To tell the truth, I was afraid he might try to interfere with the abortion.

"He said slowly that he didn't feel he was entitled to object to any decision I made. He said I had every right to do what I pleased with my own body. But he looked very sad. I wondered whether he was thinking back to the day Betsy struggled into the world—I had a long, hard labor—and he joined us in the hospital room. Tears filled his eyes when he first looked at our baby daughter, and he gently touched one finger to an ugly, purplish bump on her little head. Then he thanked me for presenting him with a 'priceless treasure'—his exact words—and said that we ought to have at least two more perfect babies to keep our newborn treasure company. Well, I said that I agreed with him, but inwardly I was doubtful. Even then I thought that Hale was too undisciplined and unreliable to be a good father. He had already failed me as a husband—many times.

"I met Hale eleven years ago. I had moved to the Northeast for hospital training in dietetics, with special emphasis on childhood nutrition. Hale taught disturbed youngsters in a private school near the hospital. The similarity of our work, and our mutual concern for children, seemed like a bond between us.

"Although I was more naïve and six years younger than Hale, I had the queer feeling that it was my destiny to look after him. As a little girl, I had helped look after my ailing mother when my father deserted us.

"Anyhow, I remember insisting that Hale eat properly and exercise regularly. He used to laugh at my fussing—Hale has a marvelously expressive laugh—and it's true, I did lecture him about his health and his extravagance. In those days, I didn't have to worry about his drinking; I never saw him touch alcohol before our marriage.

"In the end, however, Hale felt obligated to take care of me. I became pregnant so we hurried into marriage. I'm sure that pregnancy is the only reason he would ever have married me.

"The day we took out our license, I learned for the first time that Hale had been married before—under shotgun circumstances identical to our own—and that he had a son whom he hadn't seen in years. Chilled by the unexpected revelation, I asked him if he had been in love with his ex-wife, the mother of his child. He casually answered, 'No.' I didn't ask my brand-new husband if he loved me; I didn't dare.

"Six weeks after our unromantic wedding at City Hall, the reason for the ceremony disappeared. I had a miscarriage. Although Hale said nothing, I wondered if he felt that he had been trapped into marriage under false pretenses.

"At that point, without giving me a word of warning, Hale invited his brother Ben to be a guest in our dime-sized apartment. The plan was for Ben to sleep on our couch until he found work; presumably that would only take a week or so. Ben, a chronic alcoholic like Hale's father, stayed with us eight *(continued)*


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MON TRIOMPHE
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

months. He didn't bother to hunt for a job, but did influence Hale to start drinking. Hale has an ulcer and shouldn't drink at all.

"For eight months, I cooked and cleaned for both men, while holding down a full-time, demanding job. I tried to be pleasant to my brother-in-law, but it wasn't easy. As was inevitable, Hale lost his job. He had taken too much sick leave because of his hangovers. The change in our circumstances forced Ben to find accommodations elsewhere.

"Soon afterwards, Betsy was born. Hale's joy was so great that I hoped he would begin to act like an adult. For awhile he did seem to mature. He got a well-paying job and, with both our incomes, we were able to make a down payment on a home. We shared a wonderfully satisfying period of calm and happiness, but it was all too brief.

"Three years ago, Ben reappeared. The old pattern was repeated. Hale lost his job, then began to drift from one job to another, earning less each time. I've had to meet most of our bills.

"At this moment, Hale is working with Ben at odd-job carpentry, house painting and such. We are behind on all our bills, including the mortgage payments. After the divorce, I won't request alimony or child support. I ask just one favor. Hale said that he would help make the arrangements for an abortion. I expect him to keep his promise."

HALE'S TURN

"Mary Kay went ahead and did it," said 36-year-old Hale, who visited the counselor's office shortly after his wife had a legal abortion at her own expense. A pink-cheeked man with yellow hair carefully combed to cover a small bald spot, he forced a smile as he spoke.

"Even at the last minute, I thought she might change her mind. Tuesday morning we called on her obstetrician, a guy who gave her a rotten time when delivering Betsy. Besides being incompetent, the obstetrician turned out to be a hidebound conservative, something neither of us knew. We wanted a referral to a specialist in gynecology. We sure didn't get it.

"This character took it upon himself to [illegible] his own private prejudices and then [illegible] Mary Kay. He called her a coward [illegible] to involve him, as he put it, in the [illegible] a helpless, unborn infant.'

"When the doctor finished his sermon, Mary Kay rushed out of the room, maybe to cry, though I doubt it—I have never seen her shed a tear.

"I told that cold-fish obstetrician in plain words that abortion was legal in our state (Connecticut), and that he ought to practice medicine and let the lawyers practice law. I told him that he was a bigger coward than Mary Kay. I reminded him that when Mary Kay was in hard labor for thirty-two hours, he was too scared to order a Cesarian section, but she stood the pain without uttering a moan or a cry.

"We left his office, and the next day went to a clinic staffed by skilled, compassionate medical people. Mary Kay had the abortion, then paid the bill herself since, as usual, I was broke.

"It seems like all my life I've failed at everything. Because I was the oldest of five brothers, my mother wanted me to be an example to the others. She probably intended me to make up for her disappointment in my father, who usually was either drunk, in the process of getting drunk, or being treated for alcoholism in some sanitarium.

"Inwardly, I felt sure that I could never measure up to Mom's hopes. I was scared stiff by her expectations, and my boyhood was a terrific strain. Under the pressure of fear, I managed to do well in high school, and had the luck to win a college scholarship. But then I goofed off and tossed everything away.

"I got a girl I scarcely knew pregnant, and we eloped. I was seventeen, she was twenty. She told me to my face that I was a dumb kid, and when the baby came she ran off with an older guy. Not long afterwards, I let him adopt my son and gave up all claims to seeing him.

"At the time, it seemed like the only solution, but I felt a heavy weight on my conscience. I was so disillusioned and bitter that I quit my church and began to hit the bottle like my father. In fact, I eventually had to sign myself into a government center to be treated for alcoholism—something Mary Kay and very few other people know.

"My long string of failures nearly broke my Mom's heart, and she let me know it. While under treatment at the alcoholic center, I tried to reform. When I was released from the center, I wangled a work-study scholarship and a student loan from a small college. When I first met Mary Kay, I hadn't tasted alcohol in years. I held a teaching job and I was fairly content. Then history repeated itself.

"Mary Kay became pregnant, and we got married. It sure wasn't by choice, neither mine nor hers. I was in no financial position to marry, and I doubt that Mary Kay loved me. She never spoke to me of love, but said that the baby needed a name.

"Later, when she miscarried, I think she was as relieved as I was. Frankly, I was nervous about the baby's heritage. Maybe Mary Kay neglected to tell you that her mother died in a sanitarium and so did my father.

"When Betsy was born, we were better prepared for parenthood, and our baby was perfect. I have a hunch t Mary Kay was anxious about the bu on Betsy's head, and worried about child's intelligence. Anyhow, she tried to push Betsy, a bright, normal li girl, into being an over-achiever. bought a large home way beyond price range, because Mary Kay wan Betsy to go to school in a status nei borhood. She thinks our little girl ne to be pushed; I don't agree.

"In order to remodel our home Mary Kay's specifications, I devoted my spare time to painting, laying ti etc. That's how I got involved in a pa nership with my brother Ben, who's efficient carpenter.

"Mary Kay detests Ben, because likes to drink. Soon I began to dr along with him—to relieve tension knew I shouldn't drink, but I did.

"I told you I was a born failure realize that I'm a poor excuse for a fa er, but my little daughter loves m even when I drink. Mary Kay insists t I spoil Betsy, but I think Mary Kay p too much pressure on a child who is o six years old. I seldom blow my o horn, but I do think Betsy needs me balance out her mother's personality seems most unlikely that Betsy will e have a sister or a brother. For our dau ter's sake, I wish Mary Kay would consider the divorce."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Both Mary Kay and Hale had be scarred by unhappy childhood envir ments," the social worker said. "T mental and emotional instability o parent—Mary Kay's mother, Hale's fa er—had left a shadow on their adult p sonalities. As a very young girl, Ma Kay dedicated her energy and streng to taking care of her mother, a wom who spent years in and out of sanita ums. It seems likely that Mary Kay w attempting to fill the void left by the fection of her father.

"Mary Kay grew up thinking of h self as a caretaker to an excessive degr But in return for the care she lavish on Hale and Betsy, Mary Kay subco sciously expected to be rewarded w gratitude, affection and total compliar with her ideas. Indeed, she might be scribed as a 'tender tyrant.'

"It was quite true, as Hale pointed to me, that Betsy was sometimes ov whelmed by the combination of Ma Kay's devotion and discipline. Desp his obvious shortcomings, Hale, w his easy-going manner and undemar ing warmth, served as a good balance Mary Kay's parenting. Eventually, Ma Kay acknowledged this. She decided th Betsy would be harmed by a brok home, and both parents chose to impro their marriage.

"At age thirty-six, Hale was still in ps chological flight from the unrealis expectations of his mother. *(continue*

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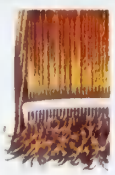
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

He had deliberately programmed h self for failure because he was afraid success. When we reviewed the hist of Hale's schooling and employment was clear that he either dropped resigned or was fired at almost the act moment that he was about to sc a triumph.

"Hale was by no means a genuine coholic. I suspected that he could s drinking whenever he chose, and proved it during the course of our co seling. One day he casually informed that he had sworn off alcohol for g —and two years later, Mary Kay repo that he has stuck by his vow.

"Hale and Mary Kay took anot very practical step. They sold their pensive house and applied the siza profit to the purchase of a more mod home. This helped the family budget a reduced the amount of time Hale sp with his brother. Eventually, Hale solved the partnership with Ben and turned to teaching.

"Betsy, now eight years old, didn't s fer from the family move nor from school transfer. An attractive child, enjoys the company of many new frien According to Mary Kay, whom I still occasionally, her daughter also enj having a father and mother who right out loud that they love each oth

"The last time I saw Mary Kay, spoke of the abortion and confessed t months of regret had followed the e sode. In fighting and conquering the t of useless remorse, she had concentrat upon understanding and forgiving h self. In the process, she recognized t she had a duty to fulfill her needs as w as the needs of others. She said t when she learned to take care of hers she was able to lighten the pressure Hale and Betsy. Mary Kay was then her way to maturity." E

SO NICE TO KNOW YOU

By Lily O'Sullivan

Sometimes I hardly think of you.
things get in the way.
The sights and sounds
of the average day
and the people I meet
all crowd between us,
and I seem to lose sight of your face.
But, now and then
in the stillness of a place,
I remember you,
and, as the sleeping bough quickens
when spring glances,
out of the still night,
thoughts of you begin
like distant singing voices.

WOMEN IN ENERGY



DR. TERRI PECORARO: She's helping Exxon squeeze more energy out of a barrel of oil.

To put it simply, after crude oil is refined into gasoline and other products, a tarlike residue remains which is usually made into products like asphalt.

Dr. Terri Pecoraro, an Exxon chemist in the highly technical area of catalysis, is part of a team of scientists working to squeeze more usable energy out of that residue.

As Terri explains it, the right catalysts can help convert the residue into gasoline and heating oil. They can also help remove sulfur and nitrogen to produce cleaner-burning fuels that reduce air pollution—a major goal of Exxon research for years.

And as a long-range bonus, catalysts that remove sulfur and nitrogen may someday help produce liquid fuels from coal, which is America's richest storehouse of energy.

"There's more to being a chemist than just doing your science," says Terri. "Many things that look scientifically feasible may not be practical. It's sitting down with the chemical engineers and materials scientists to see if an idea is practical that makes my work intriguing and fun."

Off the job, Terri enjoys cycling, playing tennis, and swimming along the Jersey Shore with her husband, who is also an Exxon chemist.

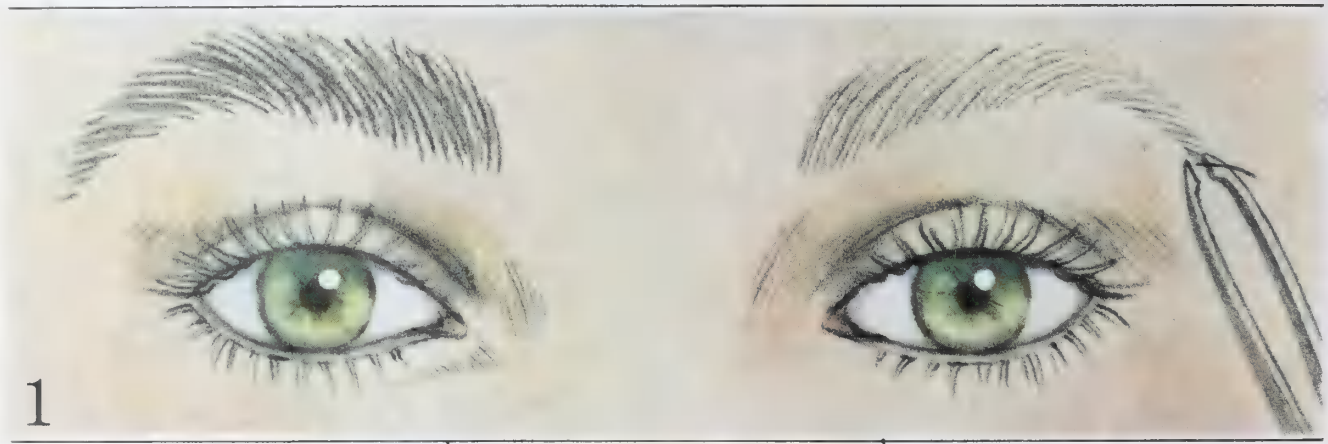


Energy for a strong America

Eyes

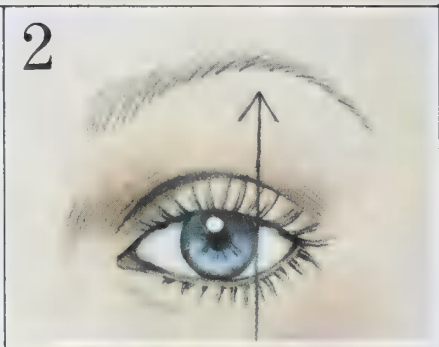
Terrific beauty tips for looking better—all in the twinkling of an eye!

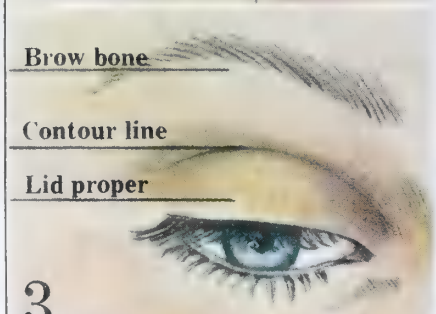
If eyes be the "mirror of the soul," let yours reflect your very best image. Here, the *Journal* culls hints from Adrien Arpel's new beauty book, focusing in on everything from brow shaping to subtle eye shading. Pretty and practical—just in the nick of time for holiday partying.

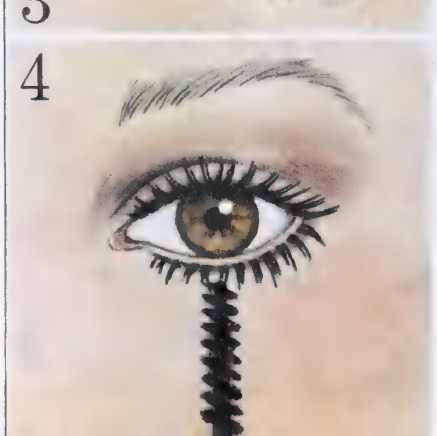


BUILD A BETTER BROW • Thick and bushy brows leave you less lid to emphasize with eye makeup—an important reason for tweezing into shape (Illustration 1). After tweezing underneath, brush brows straight up, tweeze out every fourth hair and you'll be letting daylight into the forest. Hold thick or unruly brows in place with a dab of petroleum jelly or clear lip gloss. • Don't overtweeze. Brows that are continually shaped into a pencil-thin line never seem to return to their original fullness—a drawback when styles change. After tweezing, flick astringent across brow. • You just can't seem to find the right shape? Have it done once professionally (an inexpensive salon service), then keep the new contour by plucking strays daily so you don't lose the line.

STEPS FOR EVERYONE For a subtle arch—place the lift on a line above the outer corner of your iris (Illustration 2). If your face is long, forsake the arch for a straight brow—this straighter line cuts the length of the face. • To elongate a moon face, make the arch a little more pronounced. • Your eyebrow should be almost the same width all the way across, tapering slightly at the outer edge. Don't keep it thick to the arch, skinny from mid-brow to edge. • If your eyes are close set, look more wide-eyed by tweezing a few extra hairs from the center. Don't overdo. • Remove strays between brows. Wherever you tweeze, pluck in the direction of hair growth. Pull with a quick motion, grasping one hair at a time, so you won't overtweeze.







THE EYE TO HAVE Once your eyebrows are set, you're ready to dramatize the eye area itself. A well-shaped and colored eye can be yours, even if you've got tiny eyes. The secret is the proper eye makeup(s), properly applied. • Makeup artists see your upper eyelid as a surface divided into three parts (Illustration 3): • *The lid proper* extends from the base of your lashes up to the point where your eye socket indents (close eyes and feel—remove contacts first!). • *The contour line* (or lid crease) is the indentation itself. • *The brow bone* is the bony ridge above the crease, extending right up to the eyebrow. These three areas are the "canvas" you'll cover to make the most of your (*continued*)

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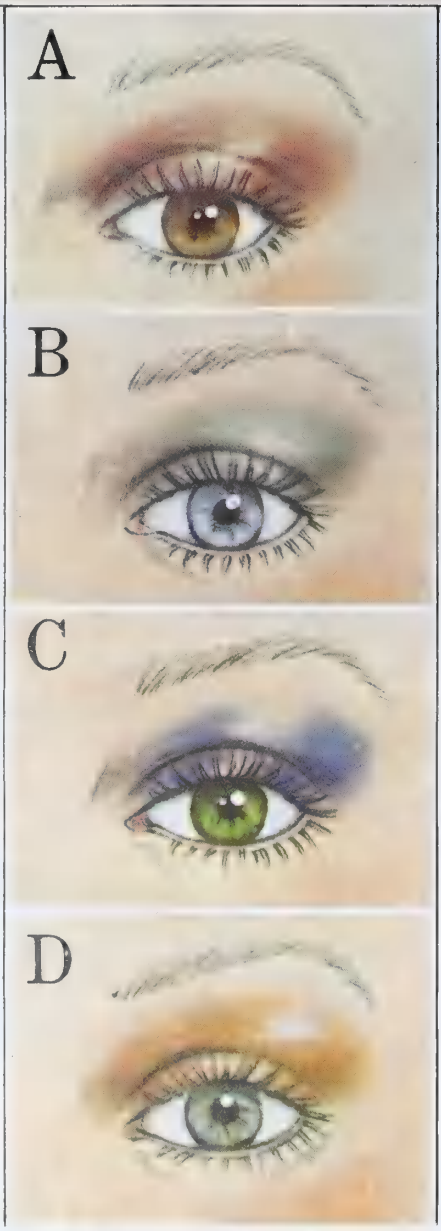
Eyes



eyes. ▪ Hint: If you're really not sure what shape eyes you've got, have someone take a close-up photograph of your eye area, go over the picture with tracing paper.

MASCARA is for everyone, all the time, whenever your show your face. ▪ Make your eyelashes appear more voluminous by dusting the topside of your upper lashes with baby powder. Put a dab on your finger, dust on lashes. Now, mascara. • Don't just hold wand stationary and wipe across lash. Roll the wand along the topside of your upper lashes. The rolling motion helps deposit all the mascara onto the lashes, helps prevent clumping. ▪ To mascara lower lashes (Illustration 4, previous page), hold the wand vertically and use the tip to lightly flick mascara onto each lash individually. If you're prone to under-eye mascara smudging, wind a piece of tissue tightly, hold in place under bottom lashes while applying mascara. Or, mascara up from underneath your bottom lashes. ▪ Best way to apply mascara: If lashes touch top lid when you look straight ahead, look down into hand mirror.

EYELINER ▪ Even if you have poor dexterity and less than 20-20 vision you can apply eyeliner the way it's being worn today because the long, obvious line has been replaced by the smudge technique. Using liquid or pencil (Illustration 5), dot liner on close to the lashes (right). Connect the dots with a Q-tip or sponge-tipped applicator for a soft, smudgy line that's both natural and effective (left).



EYE-DENTITY Remember the contouring rules: dark colors minimize, bright colors bring an area forward. ▪ It's your eye you want to draw attention to, *not* your lid. So if you're going for green shadow because you've got green eyes, don't use a bright grass green; it will overpower your own iris color. So will a bright blue if you've got blue eyes. Muted, smoky tones are best. Don't think you have to match your shadow to your eyes...experiment with color, keeping the following suggestions in mind. • *Brown eyes*: any deep, smoky colors—including plum (Illustration A), olive green, charcoal—will flatter you. ▪ *Blue*: soft, heathery tones; muted amethysts and topaz, smoky turquoise (Illustration B) and soft green. Avoid bright blue. • *Green:* add navy (Illustration C) to the palette listed for blue eyes, try gold pearlized colors. Avoid bright green. ▪ *Hazel*: warm apricots and toasts (Illustration D), olive greens and grays, gold pearlized colors ▪ *All eyes:* gray, taupe and brown are good basic shades to work with, no matter what your eye color. ▪ As you learn *(continued on page 169)*


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CHRISTMAS AND THE JEWISH CHILD

Can Jewish parents preserve their heritage, yet let their children sample the joy of Christmas? Advice from a noted psychologist.

By Dr. Alice Ginott

Christmas may be fun for children, but it can be a mixed blessing for parents. Children's demands seem to grow beyond reason during the holiday season—and so do parents' irritation and guilt. As one mother puts it: "I can't take my son to any store. Whatever he sees, he wants. He likes anything that starts with the letter 'a'—a bicycle, a gun, a transistor radio, a fishing rod." One father confides: "I feel bad when I have to say 'no' to my little girl. She looks at me with her sad eyes and cries. Her tears accuse me: 'You're a bad Daddy.' I usually give in to her, then feel annoyed with myself. My choice seems to be feeling guilty or angry."

For Jewish parents, the "Christmas problem" is even more complicated Not only would their children like to be in charge of the family budget during the holidays, but they also want to be the arbiters of the family's beliefs. They beg, cajole and plead that they be allowed to celebrate Christmas with everyone else, even though it is not their holiday.

Many Jewish parents find it hard to refuse. They borrow the style if not the substance of Christmas and, believing that they can take the Christian religion out of Christmas, create an artificial holiday for their children.

It is important that parents not treat a wish as a need. A child has a right to expect his or her parents to take care of the child's needs. We have great latitude about wishes. Some we may want to satisfy, others we only need to acknowledge. A wish is neither a command nor a demand. It is a request that we accept but not necessarily gratify.

A Jewish child has no *need* to celebrate Christmas. He may *wish* to be part of the excitement—to dream of a white Christmas with all the other children. The child may want the pleasure of decorating a Christmas tree and to wake up on Christmas morning pretending that those gifts were left by Santa Claus. But neither the child's physical nor emotional well-being depends on having these desires gratified.

On the contrary, when Jewish parents emphasize Christmas at the expense of Hanukkah they deprive their child of an opportunity to feel proud of his past and to develop a positive attitude towards his roots.

Hanukkah stands as a symbol of the Jewish people's struggle to maintain their spiritual identity against superior forces. It was the first battle for religious freedom.

When, less than 200 years before the birth of Christ, Antiochus, the Greek conqueror, forbade the Jews to practice their faith, a small group of men—led by Judah the Maccabee—rose up in arms and, after three years of fighting, entered Jerusalem and purified the Temple. Hanukkah, the Feast of Lights, commemorates this event and celebrates the miracle of the Temple lights, which burned for eight days even though there was only enough oil for one.

And so for eight days Jews celebrate. Each evening they light one additional candle in a candelabrum called a menorah, offering a prayer of thanks for their spiritual survival. It is a happy holiday and it is a children's holiday. There is singing, gift giving and playing of games, such as the one with a spinning top, or draydel, which gives children the opportunity to win money—called Hanukkah *gelt*.

Many Jewish families give a big Hanukkah party, to which they invite Christian friends and their children. One woman told me how surprised she was to be told by a young man who had been to her Hanukkah party 20 years before—when he was a little boy—how envious he was of the warmth in her home. He wished he had been born a Jew so that he could celebrate Hanukkah.

Yet for many Jewish children, their holiday pales by comparison. They cannot help but be swept up by the excitement of Christmas. For over a month, Christmas carols fill the air. Store windows are transformed into a Christmas wonderland. Everyone seems to be involved in the warmth and glow. It is easy for a Jewish child to get the impression that, during Christmas, Christians have more fun than anybody.

Naturally, he wants to be part of the fun. He doesn't like being different. He doesn't like being deprived. He doesn't like being left out. And he doesn't like being cheated. As one eight-year-old told me: "It's hard to be Jewish during Christmas. It's not too bad when Hanukkah comes at the same time., but this year it will be very lonely. [Hanukkah begins on December 4 this year.] And a ten-year-old girl, when asked how she felt about Christmas, said: "It feels like all the people are Christians. I know I shouldn't feel that way, but I can't help it. Sometimes I wish I could be Christian, too."

What is a Jewish parent to do?

Understand and sympathize with the child's predicament by acknowledging his feelings: "It's not easy to be Jewish during Christmas. Everyone seems to be celebrating Christmas except you. But it's nice to see people being more friendly and helpful, to enjoy the beautiful store windows and to get into the holiday spirit." Or: "I know you wish you could have a Christmas tree like your friends. You'd know exactly how to decorate it. And how much fun it would be to get up Christmas morning and find all the presents you ever wanted under the Christmas tree. But Christmas is a Christian holiday. We are Jews. We celebrate Hanukkah."

A child who feels understood, feels loved. It helps him to tolerate frustration and stops him from feeling sorry for himself for not being able to celebrate Christmas. A child does not need to be given everything he wants; he needs to be given permission to want. When a parent verbalizes her child's wishes, she gives him that permission.

A parent who feels comfortable being Jewish does not need to compensate or compete, nor does she imitate. She is not defensive nor does she feel guilty. She can accept the fact that being Jewish in a predominantly Christian country may have its temptations—and helps her child cope with them. As one boy so aptly put it when asked how he felt being Jewish during Christmas: "I'm the luckiest boy. I love all the presents I get for Hanukkah and I don't have to go to school on Christmas." **End**

Dr. Alice Ginott is a psychoanalyst and syndicated columnist. She is the author of a soon-to-be-published book, How to Drive Yourself Sane.

Illustration by Werner Kappes

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OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

. On the entry blank above, or on a plain piece of paper no larger than 8½" x 11", draw or write your idea for a cartoon whose caption is "Wait 'til I finish my aratoga." Print your name, address and zip code on your entry and be sure to include with it the bottom panel from a pack of regular or menthol aratoga 120's. **2.** You may enter as often as you wish. Each entry submitted must be different and mailed separately. Mail your entry to: SARATOGA 120's ARTOON CONTEST, P.O. Box 2303, Westbury, N.Y. 11591. All entries must be postmarked by Feb. 28, 1978, and received no later than March 14, 1978. All prizes ill be awarded and winners notified by mail. No entry will be returned or acknowledged. **3. National Judging Institute, Inc. (not affiliated with Philip Morris Inc.) ill direct judging of all entries. Entries will not be judged on artistic ability or medium of presentation. Judging will be solely on the basis of: originality– novel r interesting situation (0-50 points); aptness– fitting to the contest theme (0-20 points); humorous appeal– amusing or comical (0-30 points). Winners will be elected by a panel of nationally known cartoonists from semifinalists chosen by National Judging Institute, Inc. All decisions will be final; and in the case of ties, uplicate prizes will be awarded. Only the winning entries will be submitted to Philip Morris Inc. 4.** All winning entries become the property of Philip Morris Inc. nd constitute permission for Philip Morris Inc. to edit, adapt, modify, publish and otherwise use, in any way it sees fit, entries received, without further onsideration or payment to the contestants. **5.** Contest is open to all U.S. residents 21 years of age or older, except employees and their families of Philip Morris ic., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. Only one prize to a family. Winners will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Liability for taxes is the responsibility of each prize winner. Void wherever taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. **6. No correspondence will be entered to about any particular entry. However, for a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SARATOGA 120's CARTOON CONTEST WINNERS, O. Box 2490, Westbury, N.Y. 11591.**

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Beauty Journal

Rushing-Around Blues? Unfrazzle the annual holiday trauma—stop and take a beauty break!

PICK-UP QUICKIES

Take a beauty break—change tune for even a short time and you'll sing through the holiday season. Our lifts: 1. A 20-minute refresher snooze with a cold cloth over your eyes. Set the kitchen timer. 2. Easy exercise to take a load off your feet. Lie down, back on floor, fanny in corner, legs up a wall. Count to 30, slowly. 3. Luxuriate in a bathtub instead of a speedy shower. 4. Instant perk: take a spritz from a department store fragrance tester. Waft on. 5. If you're tops in health and energy, stand on your head. Wonders for circulation. 6. Simply wash your hands. To freshen/warm/massage. Better with scented soap, lotion follow-up. 7. Spray tired feet with tingly cologne. It cools, even through pantyhose. 8. Get away from it all with a facial. Smooth on a 5-minute mask. Afterwards, put on a new face of makeup. 9. To release tension, go for a brisk walk, a run or a steady jog. 10. The quieter type? Uncoil emotions by reading a poem—dramatically. 11. Coddle yourself with a cup of herbal tea or ginseng. Or, for more spirit, a glass of dry sherry. Then, clear your mind and meditate. Close eyes and concentrate on your breathing. 12. Fast ones: Change your shoes. Put drops in your eyes for a bright sparkle. Zip on blusher for an everywhere glow.

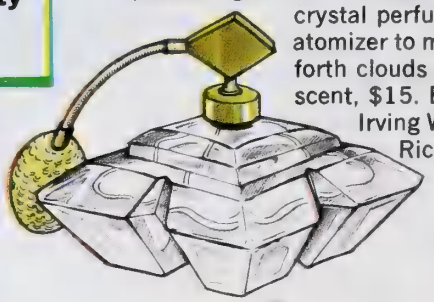
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Flirty Eyes, Hidden Smiles. Play the coquette. With each flutter of this feathery fan comes a waft of Geminesse. Fan and perfume concentrate, by Max Factor, $17.50.

The Age of Elegance hasn't passed—glamorous carved crystal perfume atomizer to mist forth clouds of scent, $15. By Irving W. Rice.

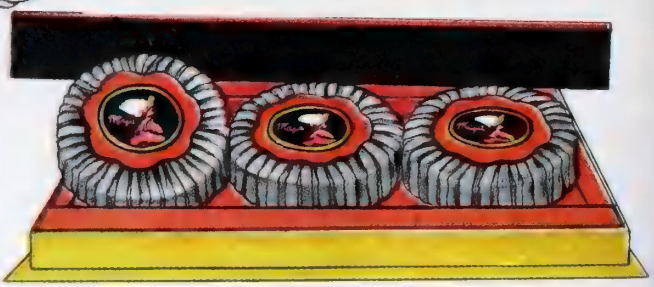


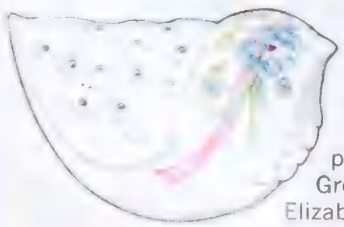


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Captain, My Captain—snappy cabin cruiser soap-on-a-rope. Little Yellow Yacht scented with Sandalwood, by Arden for Men, $4.50.







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The Life & Loves of Princess Margaret

At last, the inside story of Britain's royal rebel—by a London journalist who has known her well for many years. By Nigel Dempster



He was a bohemian photographer, she a real-life princess. Together, Antony Armstrong-Jones and Princess Margaret captured and held the attention of the world for more than 15 years. Their marriage seemed to be a love match—brittle at times, but perpetually romantic. As the couple mixed with the Beatles and jet-setted with the Aga Khan, two continents envied them their youth and independence. If Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip represented the stable rock of British monarchy, then Tony and Margaret were its rolling stones.

Today that marriage is in ruins. Margaret, 47, lives quietly in the grandeur of Kensington Palace, bringing up two teenage children. A few minutes walk from the Palace, her estranged husband set up house where a frequent visitor is Lucy Lindsay-Hogg, his close companion for nearly four years. To complicate matters further, the Princess must deal with criticism for taking up with Roddy Llewellyn, a man 17 years her junior.

In March, the couple will have been officially separated for two years, and at that time the Princess will be able to dissolve her marriage of 17 years. How did it all happen?

The story really goes back to World War II, when a dashing young Battle of Britain air ace, Group-Captain Peter Townsend, came to Buckingham Palace as equerry to Margaret's father, King George VI.

"He appeared when I was 14. I had a terrible crush on him," Princess Margaret has said of their first meeting. "My father was very fond of Peter—they both stammered and that was a bond."

"I'd have liked a boy like Townsend," the King has been quoted as saying. Yet neither the Princess nor Townsend remember the remark.

Margaret may have kept her girlhood crush, but for years there were no stirrings of love. "He was a married man," Margaret has explained simply.

Then, in 1951, the Townsend marriage foundered. Too much time spent away from home in selfless devotion to royal duties caused the initial rift, and Townsend's wife, Rosemary, found solace in the company of banker John de Laszlo. It had not escaped Rosemary that the young Princess seemed to have eyes only for her husband, but there never was any hint of impropriety.

The divorce proceedings, which Townsend initiated, were heard in December 1952. Rosemary, who married de Lazlo in the new year (that marriage broke up in 1976), was prevailed upon not to contest the action and thus arouse the public's curiosity.

On February 5, 1952, after a day's shooting at Sandringham, the King retired early to bed and died during the night. At the funeral a wreath carried the simple message: "Darling Papa, from his everloving Margaret."

These were dark days for the Princess who, because of her willfulness and urge for independence, was not getting on well with her mother. After the death of her father, Margaret resented being "caged" at home with her mother. In Townsend she saw a chance to escape.

With the divorce, Townsend was at last free, and Margaret felt that all the barriers were down. But, wary of entering a relationship with only a dead end, she asked for advice. Would it ever be possible, she wanted to know, for the Queen's sister to marry a man who had been the innocent party in a divorce.

The answer, plain and sweet, came back from Sir Alan Lascelles, then private secretary to the Queen. Yes, in due course, it would be possible.

Rejoicing in what she took to be formal permission, Margaret allowed the intensity of the affair to be heightened. But discreet as the lovers were, word soon leaked out and the rumor mill started churning.

At Queen Elizabeth's coronation on June 2, 1953, many knowing eyes were on the Princess who, with the Queen Mother, was escorted to Westminster Abbey by Group-Captain Townsend. Sir Alan Lascelles alerted Winston Churchill of the looming dangers, and the Prime Minister, who had been roundly *(continued)*

Photograph by Fred Ward/Black Star

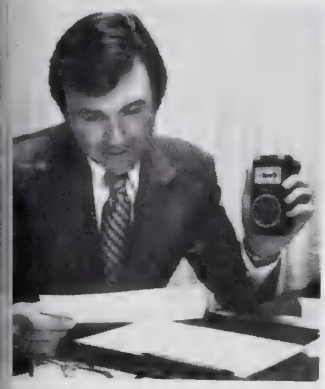
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Princess Margaret

continued

criticized for backing the wrong horse in the Duke of Windsor's abdication 17 years earlier, was quick to act.

Word was passed to the Queen: Townsend must be sent abroad for at least a year to defuse the situation. The post of air attache at the British Embassy in Brussels was conveniently vacant, and Peter was sent away.

"We never did say good-bye properly," Princess Margaret has said. "Horrid old Churchill."

At first Margaret and Townsend were asked to wait a year and, given the assurance that marriage was ultimately possible, neither felt the condition oppressive. The Princess, especially, said she did not want to "rush into things." The lovers kept in touch—there was talk of two telephone calls a day.

"After the year was up, there was a muck-up," Margaret once told a friend without explaining the reason, "and we were asked to wait a further year."

Resigned to waiting for Townsend—Churchill was adamant that Townsend's return should be delayed—Margaret was offered a consolation by her sister: an official visit to the Caribbean islands.

But while the tour was in progress, the subject of Townsend and marriage began to concern the world's press. Churchill was in the process of handing over the premiership to a divorced man, Anthony Eden, and in August 1955, Margaret would be 25, an age when she would no longer have to seek the Queen's permission to marry.

On her return, Margaret was to discover that the assurances originally given her counted for nothing, and gradually she was made aware of the chilling alternatives.

Even after reaching 25 she still was obliged to give the Privy Council a year's notice of her intent to marry, and then it was up to both Houses of Parliament to sanction or ban the union. If she defied the constitutional process, she would be excluded from court, possibly be forced into exile abroad. She would not be able to marry Townsend, she came to learn, and remain a princess, enjoying the privileges of her position and its income. For someone who had once remarked: "I cannot imagine anything more wonderful than being who I am," it was a cruel alternative.

Finally, after months of strain, Peter and Margaret realized that their joint sacrifices had been in vain, their separation a worthless trial of loneliness. It was now apparent to both that their prayers were not to be answered.

"We were given to believe that we could marry," Margaret said. "If I hadn't been told so, I would never have given it another thought. The relationship would have been out of the question, and Peter could have gone off quite peacefully. Instead we waited for years and years, and then discovered it was hopeless. It seems frightfully stupid to have gone on all that time but it was silly to have given us hope."

On October 31, 1955, Margaret issued a statement that read:

"I have decided not to marry Group-Captain Townsend. Mindful of the Church's teaching that Christian marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth, I have resolved to put these considerations before any others. I have reached this decision entirely alone, and in doing so I have been strengthened by the unfailing support and devotion of Group-Captain Townsend. I am deeply grateful for the concern of all those who have constantly prayed for my happiness."

Later that week, Townsend said farewell, then returned to the emptiness of Brussels. Colleagues were of the opinion that he was relieved that it was all over.

When asked years later why they hadn't gone through with the marriage, Princess Margaret replied: "He didn't want to."

Another tack

With the departure of Townsend, Princess Margaret had doubts that she would marry anyone. Says a friend: "She decided that she would never marry—and, being mildly adventurous, set off on another tack."

Margaret turned to jazz and touched bohemian life for the first time. She learned to rock and roll and built up a record collection. Within the limitations, she pronounced herself happy.

The tenth anniversary of the Queen's wedding was celebrated in 1957 with a ball at Buckingham Palace. Margaret, who had become used to going her own way, elected to see *Bells Are Ringing*, and dined afterwards at the Savoy. It was after midnight when she arrived at the Palace, her apparent insouciance was commented on by the press.

In London a *Sunday Express* pundit wrote with bogus authority: "The Queen, I understand, was shocked by what the Princess did."

The Queen, in truth, was no such thing, and Margaret is always amused when the press invents "royal rifts."

"In our family we don't have rifts," she once explained. "We have a jolly good row and then it's all over. Only twice have I had a row with my sister."

It was during that winter that Margaret began to see Tony. "Princess Margaret took to him immediately—as she did with Roddy years later," said a friend. "She was very amused by Tony and by being with him felt she was doing something very daring."

During the two years leading up to the engagement, few people got wind of the romance. Even friends and co-workers weren't in on Tony's secret. A friend, Jocelyn Stevens, recalls:

"Tony's work was becoming worse and worse, and I said to him, 'You must leave some bloody bird.' Then one evening I asked me down to [his apartment] opened the door—and there she was. The next day we had an awful row because I told Tony it was madness. He became unreasonable and wouldn't listen. He was acting in an irresponsible way when he knew I was terribly against it."

They didn't speak again until after the engagement. Tony cabled Stevens the wedding announcement.

"I sent a cable back saying, 'Never has there been a more ill-fated assignment.'"

In 1959 Tony had taken Margaret's official birthday photographs, but even the newspapers had no knowledge of the romance. In October 1959, the couple became secretly engaged, an occasion marked by a ghost from the past.

Margaret was informed by Peter Townsend that he planned to marry another woman. "I received the letter from Peter in the morning," recalls Margaret, "that evening I was engaged to Tony. It wasn't a coincidence."

It was decided to make the engagement official after the birth of the Queen's third child. Prince Andrew arrived on February 19, 1960; the betrothal was announced on February 26.

"Even then Princess Margaret was not really keen on marrying," said a friend. "But Tony was always pressing her."

Margaret herself remembers: "I did not really want to get married. Why did I? Because Tony asked me! He was such a nice person in those days. He understood my job and pushed me to do things. In a way, he introduced me to a new world."

The ceremony took place on May 6, 1960, and Margaret's allowance rose from £6,000 a year to £15,000. The wedding cost £26,000, and following the festivities the royal yacht *Britannia* carried the couple off for a six-week Caribbean honeymoon.

Christmas was spent at the Queen's family's country home Sandringham. There Prince Philip initiated Tony in the delights of pheasant shooting on the 30,000-acre estate.

Then in March, it was confirmed that Margaret was pregnant, and the clamor began to give Tony a title so that the child would not be born a commoner.

"Margaret's children are not royal," the Queen points out. "They just happen to have me as an aunt."

Margaret, claimed the press, would settle for nothing less than a dukedom for Tony—putting him on a par with Prince Philip. The Queen, it was implied, would have none of it. And the "royal rift" was in the making.

(continued on page

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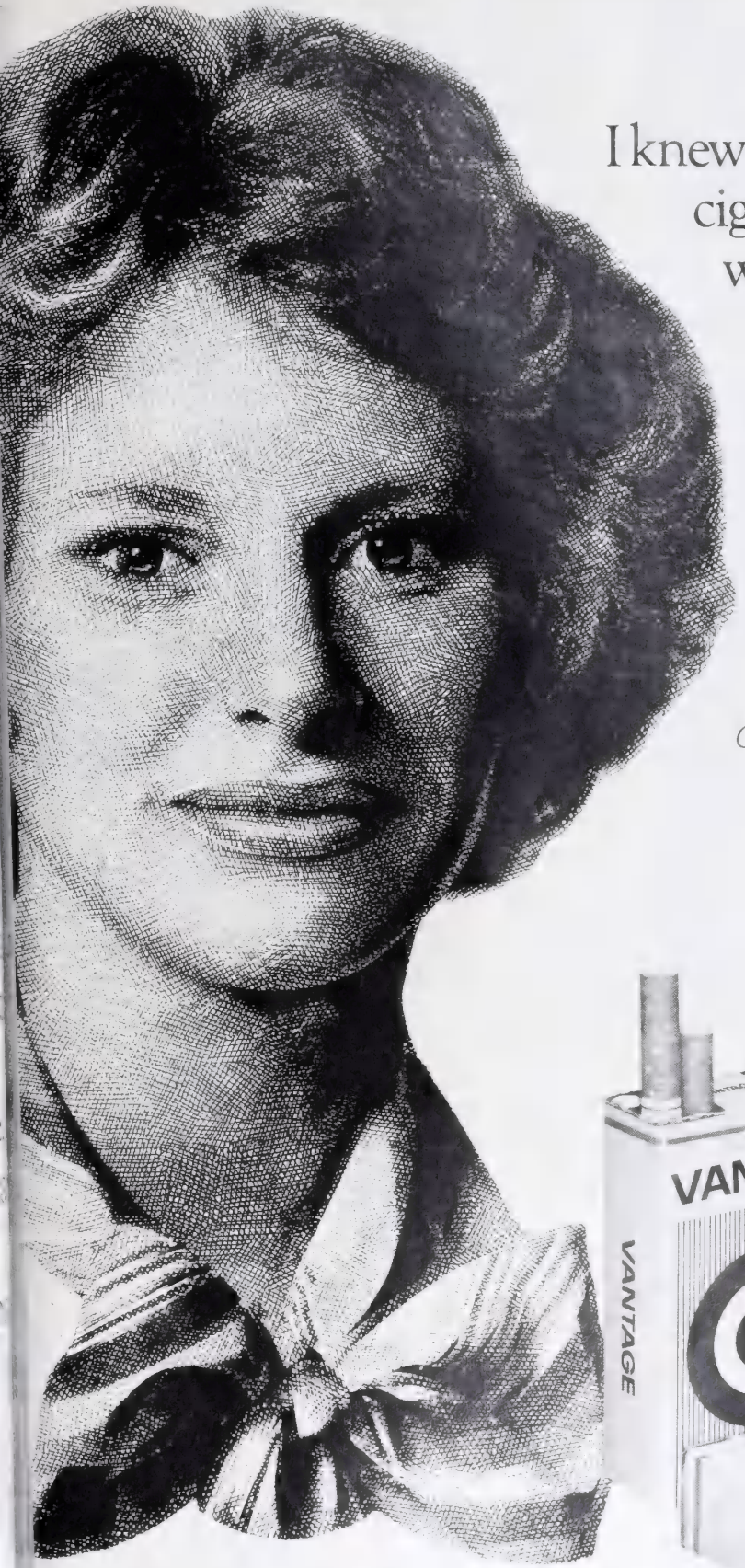
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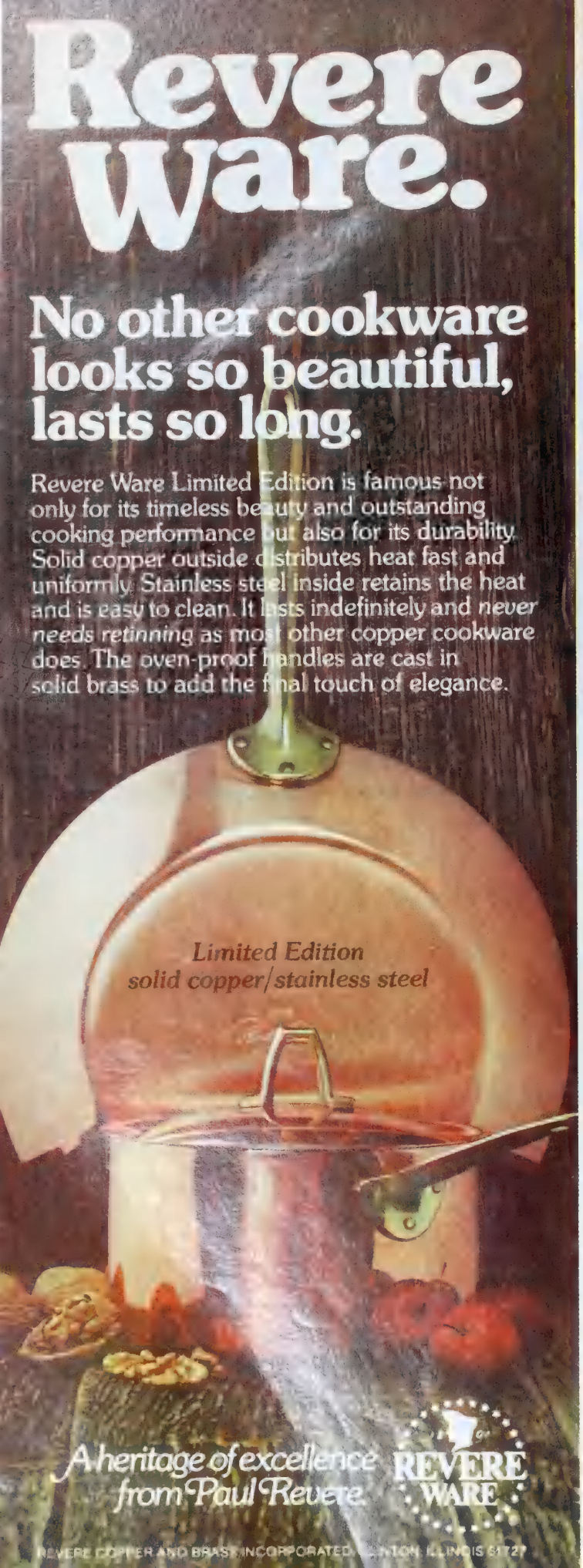
"Today, we both smoke Vantage. You could say we're getting less tar and we're getting along—with Vantage."

Toni Chamberlain

Toni Chamberlain
Bothell, Washington



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.



Princess Margaret

continued from page 32

In fact Margaret made no demands. All concerned agree that an earldom would be ideal. After much discussion, and mindful of his Welsh heritage, Tony chose the Earldom o Snowdon.

Tony's peerage was announced in October, in time for th birth of his son David, who took the courtesy title of Viscoun Linley. The new year saw Margaret and Tony on vacation i Antigua for three weeks—to the accompaniment of press di approval. Newspapers labeled the leaving of an infant, a though with a nurse, as "callous."

The couple spent the rest of the year preparing to mov into Kensington Palace, where Tony was supervising renc vations, occasionally taking over the welding chores himsel The only blight was the departure of their third butler in tw years. The couple, it seemed, was difficult to please.

Weekends were spent in the country with old friends. An there was always room with the Queen Mother at Roya Lodge in Windsor during the pheasant shooting season. O all sides the marriage appeared to be a resounding succes It seemed more successful when, on May 1, 1964, their sec ond child, a daughter, Lady Sarah Frances Elizabeth Arm strong-Jones, was born.

Tony took Margaret to Sardinia that August, at the invita tion of the Aga Khan. They swam before breakfast an water-skied after. Lest boredom set in, the Aga—called K would ferry them to his yacht and ply up and down the coas

During their travels, many of Tony's old friends vanishe from view and new ones quickly replaced them.

"When we got married, I pressed Tony to keep up wit his old friends, but the funny thing about him is that he is friend dropper," Margaret has said. "After our marriage h dropped nearly all his old friends and I never saw them again I'm not like that and don't drop people. My friends are ol friends."

In August 1965, Margaret and Tony were back in Sardin —the Aga had collected them in his jet—and went on to Ital for a tour, taking turns at the wheel as they drove throug Tuscany.

The 1966 vacation route followed a familiar pattern. Agai the Aga's jet whisked them to Sardinia; then they journeye on to Venice as guests of their friends, Jocelyn Stevens an his wife Janie.

Last happy holiday

"And that," Princess Margaret once remarked wistfully t Jocelyn, "was the last happy holiday Tony and I spent to gether."

To outsiders, even acquaintances, the marriage appeare to be flourishing—but some knew better. Tony had been ha kering after a place of his own in the country—not unreasor able for someone who was, after all, living in his wife's hous He had chosen a dilapidated, three-centuries-old home th had belonged to his mother's family. It was called appropri ately enough, Old House, and needed costly renovation Tony worked on Old House all through the summer of 196 —against his wife's wishes.

"They had a row over the house and that, really, was th beginning of the end of the marriage," an old friend remem bers. "Princess Margaret wanted to live elsewhere, but Tor insisted on Old House. She did go there a few times after was finished, but in the end she was banned altogether."

Jocelyn recalls: "The row over Old House was not so muc a cause of the break up, but a sign. The seeds had bee planted a long time before and now they were being reape It wasn't just a stupid squabble over who lived where."

Another friend said: "Tony did everything to make it com fortable for Princess Margaret, putting in things *(continue*

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Princess Margaret

continued

especially for her. He wanted Old House because it would be something of his own, not his wife's."

An unhappy Margaret took refuge in the company of old and trusted friends, foremost the gifted piano-player-turned-writer, Robin Douglas-Home.

A decade before, Robin's name had been linked with Princess Margaretha of Sweden, but their marriage was banned by her grandfather, King Gustaf.

During the winter, Margaret and Robin spoke to each other almost daily. Some weekends they saw one another at the homes of friends. Those close to him said Robin had fallen madly in love.

The rift between Margaret and Tony, sparked by Old House and flared by Robin, became public soon after Christmas. Tony went to Japan for a month-long assignment with the *Sunday Times*, and other newspapers soon scented the whiff of scandal. In Japan, Tony grew a defiant beard and acted more like a carefree bachelor than a married family man. Margaret, under considerable strain, became ill and was advised by her physician to enter the hospital for a check-up.

Flying on to New York, Tony gave a press conference on February 27, 1967. "Talk of a rift," he said, "is totally unfounded. It's news to me—and I would be the first to know. I am amazed."

Meanwhile, Margaret arranged to fly to the Bahamas with Jocelyn and Janie Stevens on March 10th. Tony would meet them, and hopefully a full reconciliation would be effected.

Margaret also decided not to see Robin Douglas-Home again. On February 14th—St. Valentine's Day—she wrote Robin an affectionately dissuasive letter, and on March 23rd explained to him that their meetings would have to stop. She intended to make a go of her marriage.

In Nassau, the reunion solved little. It was apparent that whatever the differences were, ten days were not enough in which to work a magic cure.

As far as the public was concerned the reconciliation *was* a success. In August 1967, Margaret and Tony again flew—courtesy of the Aga—to Sardinia.

Early in 1968, Margaret set off with Tony to stay in Barbados with his uncle Oliver Messel, the designer. Margaret held land on the nearby island of Mustique and she hoped that Tony, who had studied (but flunked) architecture at Cambridge, might help design a house. But it was not to be. Tony did not bother to accompany her to Mustique, and in the end his uncle took over the work.

"As Tony was a failed architect, one might have thought he would have enjoyed doing it," said Margaret years later.

In August 1968, Tony took Margaret to Tuscany, but failed to escort her that autumn to the wedding of their munificent host the Aga Khan and his bride, Sally Crokey-Poole. Instead Margaret turned up with her cousin Patrick, the Earl of Lichfield. As another sign of independence, Tony gave up shooting, thus excusing himself from weekends at Royal Lodge. While Tony spent weekends at Old House with his friends, Margaret had to make her own plans or stay with her mother.

Tony started to be seen with other women, one, writer Angela Huth.

On her 39th birthday Margaret was again in Sardinia with Tony. But storm clouds were gathering in the shape of Lady Jacqueline Rufus-Isaacs.

"The Jackie affair," as it came to be known, was conducted—shades of earlier days—away from the public eye. There were weekends together at Old House and odd hours snatched at her flat. (If anyone had bothered to look, they would have seen Tony's Aston-Martin parked carelessly close to her door.)

Girlfriends of Tony have only good words for him. He is, they say, an immensely considerate lover, an amusing companion, a courteous escort. Jackie found herself in love, and her friends say that there was talk of a divorce and the possibility of marriage.

Impasse reached

By winter the affair had reached an impasse. Jackie realized that a divorce for Tony was impossible and resolved to take a long holiday away from him. But when Tony went into the hospital just before Christmas, tongues wagged that Jackie spent as much, if not more, time at his bedside as the Princess.

The operation kept him, conveniently, away from Windsor Castle and a family Christmas, but Tony joined Margaret for the New Year's festivities. While Tony and Margaret were together, the New York *Daily News* broke the story of the romance with Jackie.

Tony and Jackie denied the story. Tony told reporters that he was on his way to convalesce in Barbados and that Margaret would be joining him.

Margaret did join him on January 28, 1970. Photographs of her arrival show her embracing Tony, both wreathed in smiles. A few days later they posed for another photograph, Tony in a skimpy bathing costume and Margaret in a one-piece suit. They looked happy, but an incident that happened later showed which way the wind was blowing.

Margaret and Tony were scheduled to appear at a charity ball. Although she had been suffering from a heavy migraine, Margaret attended the ball, saying that she would like to leave at midnight. She smiled and danced bravely through the evening, but when the time to go approached, there was no sign of Tony. Margaret, who was sitting with a friend, Jonathan Aitken, dispatche her Scotland Yard detective, Inspect Falconer, to investigate.

"Falconer came back a few minut later and said he couldn't find Lor Snowdon anywhere," said Aitken. "B now it was past midnight, and apart fro anything else, no one could leave unt Princess Margaret had gone. After a fe minutes she asked me to look for Tony

Aitken found Tony literally under table, giggling with a girl who worke in a boutique.

"I asked Tony to come, but he re fused," said Aitken. "So Falconer and reached under the table, grabbed hi under the arms and propelled him bac in the direction of Princess Margare He wasn't pleased."

From this and other scenes, Margare slowly realized that she would not b able to count on Tony's company excep on obligatory occasions. But in Augu 1971, as if to still any lingering rumor Margaret and Tony took their childre to Sardinia for the first time. For th sake of the children, then nine and seve they presented a happy, united front.

In February, however, Tony wa again absent when Margaret went t Mustique with her cousin Patrick.

The inclusion of Lord Lichfield i the party did not please Tony, who ha always been wary of him. "Patrick Tony once said, "should make up h mind whether he wants to be an earl o a photographer." (The irony of the state ment was not lost on Patrick. Patric *was* an earl who became a photographe while Tony was a photographer who be came an earl.)

In Mustique, Margaret supervised th finishing touches on her new house an bought furnishings for it. Because of th new expenses, it was fortuitous that h allowance rose to £35,000 a year.

Again with the children, Margare and Tony returned to Sardinia in Augu 1972 for, as it transpired, the last time During the vacation, the Princess cele brated her 42nd birthday, but in a atmosphere, she was to recall later, o abject misery. "Tony would hardly spea to the Princess, refused to turn up fo meals on time, that sort of thing," I wa told: "Worse still, he started being rud to her in front of the children. That wa the end."

In March 1973, Margaret was i Mustique while Tony maintained a lo profile in London. He was busy working his secretary told inquirers.

Margaret stayed in Mustique almos a month, entertaining and being enter tained in turn. By day she would swi and sunbathe, by night dine and dance On her last night there, Margaret wa given a party at the Cotton House Hote She was in high spirits and joined i singing with the band. The party brok up in the early morning hours. If she wa

(continued on page 84)

lew Lovin' Spoonfuls. Spoonlickin' good!

Now there's a New Lovin' Spoonfuls® Cat Food hat's so good it'll turn even your cat into a spoonlicker. Vith new rich, meaty gourmet recipes. Like Seafare Supper, Tuna, Savory Combo, and Beef, Bacon and Cheese Dish. New Lovin' Spoonfuls in the new little cans. Your cat will agree it's spoonlickin' good.



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Coupon expires December 31, 1978.

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MARLO THOMAS: MEN, MARRIAGE & ME

A modern young woman talks for the first time about her changing relationships with men, including the new one in her life. By Jane Ardmore



Above the carved wood fireplace in Marlo Thomas' lovely, French Normandie house, hangs an impressionistic painting of a dark-haired girl looking out to sea. To some of Marlo's friends, it seems the girl is gazing after someone who has sailed away; but to Marlo and to me, the figure is a "today" young woman eagerly awaiting whatever the future is to *bring* her. The mood is joyous: the sheen of light in the sky, the froth of incoming waves; the girl on the wall is delicate but strong. As Marlo herself is.

The difference between the girl in the painting and the girl who selected her for the mantelpiece is the living flash of radiance that is Marlo's very own, the energy that lights any room into which she walks and makes any scene she plays come alive. Unlike many actors, she is just as vital off stage as on, just as real—a girl who emerged from a sheltered, cared-for childhood with her heart set on giving to the world, becoming the best possible Marlo Thomas. And in doing so, she has become a symbol and spokeswoman for her generation. Not abrasive as some fellow feminists, but for that very reason, more persuasive. An elfin creature, far more beautiful than when she was television's darling for five years on *That Girl*. Visible is the poise that has come with achieving stardom on stage *(Thieves)*, screen *(Jenny, Thieves)* and the TV specials she has herself produced *(Free to Be . . . You and Me, Acts Of Love and Other Comedies)*. Nothing has been accidental. It has all been carefully thought out; she knew what she wanted and made it happen.

Ask her what she would do if the man she loved asked her to give up this career and Marlo's dark, expressive eyes grow darker. "It would be impossible for me to love someone like that," she says, "because what is love but an extreme case of *like* . . . and why would I even *like* a person who wasn't interested in my fulfillment?

"I'm not feisty about being independent. I don't even like the word 'independent.' You wouldn't think of using it to describe a man. One doesn't have to boast about it. I've always just been comfortable being myself and felt entitled to be who I am. What I'd like to tell every woman in the world is that she too is *entitled*. That word —'entitled'—is the key for every human being. Especially women."

Women are making progress, but not as quickly as Marlo would like.

"A lot of women still grow up like bonsai trees. Like the poor bonsais, they seem to be saying, 'Why don't you leave us alone and unbound?! We could be ten feet tall!' Some of us really have been able to forge ahead. . . ."

Marlo has forged ahead, not only as an actress but as a producer. Therefore it should be no surprise that in ABC's holiday film, *It Happened One Christmas*—an adaptation of Frank Capra's movie classic, *It's a Wonderful Life*—the starring role originally played by Jimmy Stewart will be acted by Marlo Thomas. She's always loved the picture and thought how interesting it would be to make the character who is saved by an angel into a woman. "Wayne Rogers plays my husband. Orson Welles plays the villain—what a wonder he is—and Cloris Leachman . . . well, I phoned Cloris myself and asked her to be my angel. What a woman, what an abundant spirit! She's the kind of person who, if you cut off a part of her, she'd grow another part."

How did the actress Marlo branch out to become a producer as well?

"An actor is sort of helpless," Marlo says. "He or she has to wait for *permission* to act. Well, helplessness is not a state that I enjoy, and the only way to avoid it in this business is to become a producer or a writer. Can you imagine Woody Allen waiting around for someone to put him in a movie? He had to go out and invent a character. What would Mel Brooks have played?"

And Marlo Thomas?

"If I had stayed just an actress, I'd be playing *That Girl* or variations on the same theme until I was *That Grandmother*." She gestures with those quick, expressive hands. "My way out of helplessness is producing. It's very, very hard for women to break into production because no one allows them to acquire the necessary experience. That's why, to me, Norman Lear is so exceptional. He's given a lot of women their first chance.

"I'm able to produce now because I learned so much on *That Girl*, not just as its star but because my company produced the show. Some people resented me when we started *That Girl*. They wanted to know; *who is this actress who's never had a show of her own telling us what her instincts are?* After a while, the people who didn't like working with a woman just left. Some others, who didn't like working with a woman in the beginning, came around. After the middle of that first year, everybody stayed for five years. They became part of a team."

Marlo likes the stimulation of working with good people.

"Some people don't want the competition of working with good people; me, I'm hungry for it; I don't know any other way. Once, I was leaving a studio with my father after a taping and some woman yelled out: 'Jack Benny almost stole the show from you, Danny.' And my dad answered: 'He'd better or he'd have been fired.' The point is that everybody should try to steal the show—every time they're on; that's what makes the show great. It's one of the things my father taught me."

Marlo's father taught her a great deal about love, for example.

She remembers once, when she was a teenager, around 16 *(continued)*

Photograph by Charles W. Bush; hairstyle by Lynn Masters; makeup by E. Thomas Case

THE NEW-SIZE MALIBU WAGON

Chevrolet's new friend of the family.



NEW SIZE. Trim exterior dimensions make this tidy new wagon easy to maneuver, easy to park.



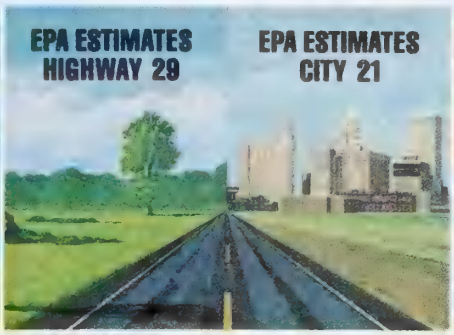
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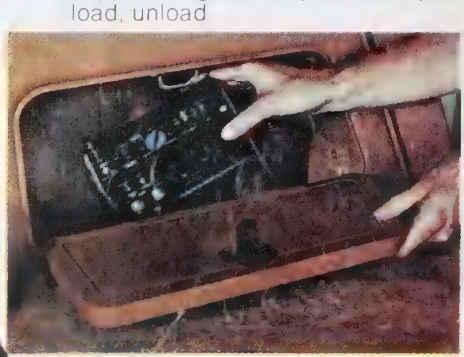
EFFICIENT. Thanks to its new weight-saving design and efficient new V6 powerplant, the new-size Malibu Wagon conserves fuel admirably. EPA estimates are 29 mpg highway, 21 mpg city with standard 3.3 litre (200 Cu. In.) V6 engine and manual transmission. *Power train not available in California.* Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and available equipment. (Malibu is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)



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and flat-chested, she was going to a prom, and for this great occasion, she bought a strapless gown that was strictly unbecoming.

Before the prom, Marlo tried on the dress. When her father came home, she was crying. Now Danny Thomas was putting on a major television show, and he had worked hard all day. He could have said, "It looks fine, honey, forget it." But he saw that she was not going to have a good time in this wrong dress, and so he took Marlo to a department store and bought her the right dress.

"A small thing," says Marlo, "but a detail that has always lived with me. An act of love. That's how both my father and mother were. They saw the details. Too many parents become benevolent *wardens* over their children. Not my parents. They really wanted us to do the very best with our lives. You're lucky if you get it from your parents; if you don't get it from them, you *can* get it from yourself. Everyone has to, eventually."

Marlo was lucky, because the self-esteem carried over from childhood. She is still the person who has within her her parents' voices and the confidence to follow her own instincts. "If you look for approval from other people, you're in terrible trouble. Because then your life changes when other people change. I have evolved to the point now where I can say, 'That's a waste of time' o 'That's beneath my purpose.' "

Certainly, when you're a feminis even a very beautiful feminist, it affec your emotional relationships with me Marlo is frank to admit that.

"I have had two major relationships i my life," she says, giving you that warn level look of hers, "and in each case, th support of that other person was wonde ful—and yes, I did think of marriage. B I was scared. I think I know what lo is. I think that sharing your life wit someone you love is wonderful. But never thought marriage would be poss ble for me. I'm just beginning to think might be. Shooting for the moon, mayb but possible, and a state to aspire to."

We are having lunch out-of-doors i the latticed dining area beside the poo Every detail of her household is exqu site. She is a person with the capacity t share—her taste, her sense of home, h loving care for all that is beautiful.

"I was brought up at a time whe there were two extremes. Either a wom an got married and had children and b came a pillar of the family—or she b came a career woman. You just didn see many women trying to combine th two. In fact, I don't remember eve knowing of a case where a woman had flourishing career and children and a hu band and it all worked right.

"To me, marriage seemed to be like vacuum cleaner. Someone put this ene gy-sucking machine to your ear and ou flew all your aspirations, everything yo always wanted to *do*. I didn't think should be that way. I thought a woma should have the option of working home in the context of her family working outside in the context of a caree —or doing both, at the same time. Thos options are beginning to open up f women now, and that's one of the mo wonderful things—about living *now*."

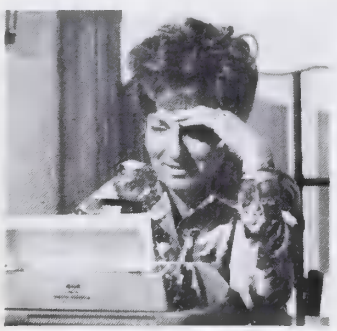
A liberated man

Recently, Marlo met a man, Phil Do ahue, who seems to be as liberated as sh is, who shares her concern about the op tions of individuals.

Phil has a talk show that won an Em my award this year. It originates fro Chicago and is seen in New York an 135 other cities. It's an hour show an there's only one guest. And when sh was plugging her picture *Thieves*, Marl was on it.

"It's a fabulous talk show," she say smiling, "and he's a fabulous man. W found that we had a lot to talk about. W talked about marriage . . . to have chi dren or not . . . jobs . . . women in th job market . . . men and women unde standing each other. We talked abou our own backgrounds; we were bot raised as Catholics. . . . We talked abou everything, before a live audience of 50 women! After we talked, Phil walke through his audience, (*continued*

(Unsolicited Testimonial)



"My hand became so rough and raw...I was about to call a doctor"..

BILLIE WILLIAMS—Sharon, Mass.

Gentlemen:

I am a Massachusetts housewife whose right hand was paralyzed by a virus the end of last summer. Over the past seven months I have been forced to use my left hand almost exclusively. My hand became so rough and raw with cracks, bleeding, etc., that I was about to call a skin doctor last week when I decided to give your product a try. I figured I'd be conned by a good advertising campaign one more time. Now -- HERE COMES MY FIRST UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL -- TA DA -- AND A DRUM ROLL!

Last Thursday night I purchased Neutrogena Hand Cream at my local drug store. I used it that night, each night since as well during the day, with a cotton glove and one of my husband's white terrycloth socks over that to keep in the warmth. We noticed an improvement in one day and by Saturday the cracks had started to heal. Today is just one week. I can touch double knits without my skin snagging them -- the dark discoloration which was imbedded in every crack is disappearing as new, soft skin takes its place; my hand doesn't hurt any more; my husband and kids will hold it without saying yuk and gross, respectively and I'm not ashamed to have anyone see it.

Sincerely,

Billie Williams

Originally developed for Arctic fishermen, Neutrogena® Hand Cream is a heavy-duty formula which literally shields your hands, helps them heal. Medical tests show it helped clear up acute skin conditions within 14 days. Price $3. Your satisfaction guaranteed, or money back from Neutrogena.



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Some women are more alive than others.

Part of it has to do with the woman.
e other part has to do with Alive.
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nes. For you and every woman who works
d, plays hard and loves being alive.
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Available in a variety of styles and colors at finer department and apparel stores.



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25% Less tar. Smoother taste, too.

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Kent Kings. 12 mg. tar, 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MARLO THOMAS

continued

letting people ask questions. I had never been on a show like that before. It's like getting the best possible photograph of a subject; a picture with a certain expression that is *you*. That's how it is on Phil's show. We enjoyed sharing ideas with each other right away, and I left having a very nice feeling about him.

"A week or so later, on another talk show, the host mentioned that Phil Donahue thought I was terrific, and I said, 'I think *he's* terrific.' And it wasn't long before he called me."

When asked more about this new man in her life, Marlo explained:

"It's very hard for me to speak publicly about things that are really private."

But she admits that what she likes about Phil Donahue is that he is full of life, warm and curious.

"He's curious to learn and to experience, it's one of the most important qualities in a human being. And he is so great with his children. He has custody of his four sons: 18, 17, 16 and 14. His daughter, whom he adores, lives with her mother, who has remarried. They are exceptional kids, all different, and you see the love they have for him and the desire he has, the burning desire, to help them find their niche in this world, to do anything he can to insure their emotional passage. It is lovely to see."

An awful lot of people seem to think that there's something anti-romantic about liberation, that with the new equality between men and women, love goes out the window.

Not as far as Marlo is concerned.

"As a matter of fact," she says, "I think it just may be that love will make equality possible. I don't think love is really possible between unequals. If a husband ignores his wife and leaves her in the kitchen, well, who's he going to *talk* to? Two people need that communication, which makes everything grow; your mind, your sex life . . . all of it grows from the continual flow of communication; it's all the fruit of the same tree. If men are really in search of love, then perhaps that desire will motivate them to ensure women the right to be free, to be equal. Only when you have love from someone who gives it of their own will do you know what love is."

Isn't it wonderful to be one of the few women who has made it on her own terms, to be free and successful and fulfilled? "No," Marlo says, "because I can't be content with being one of the few."

She's been fortunate, she says. She has all the rights any woman could need. "I can buy property in my own name, have my own credit cards, start my own business, go back to school, do anything I want in terms of the rights of a citizen. But that just means that the money I've earned has bought me these privileges. Privileges are for the few, and that's okay, but it's not enough. When the privileges become rights, to be enjoyed by every woman, *then* I'll be content."

In the end, Marlo did acknowledge that yes, she was an independent woman. "Sure, I use my own mind, I run my own business, I'm independent in all the outward senses. But I want the women who read this to understand that I believe totally: *no one is independent of love*. We all need people to love and to love us. But the cost of finding love can never be giving up yourself."

We walk back to the house through the woods that surround it. Light filters through the leaves and dapples her white gown and her elfin face. She is the girl in that painting, and more—a volatile, growing human being quite ready for that future. **End**



"The solid line, Alice, is your chicken Tetrazzini over a ten-year period. The dotted line is your beef Wellington and the broken line is your cheese soufflé."

What's happening

continued from page 10

moving. The movie's producer, John Foreman, says that producing a motion picture is about as risky as digging a hole and hoping to strike oil. Well, he has dug a hole, but he hasn't struck oil. He has struck *out*.

FROM LOW TO LOWER

Valentino is a contemptible movie by Ken Russell, with Rudolf Nureyev as Valentino. It is hideously tasteless and incompetently made. Let's analyze this: what's right and what's wrong with *Valentino*? First, what's right:

Now, what's wrong: First, the writing. What writing? This script must be an assemblage of crumpled-up paper retrieved from an illiterate's wastebasket. Second, the performances. What performances? Nureyev is one of the world's most famous dancers—but who conned him into this? It's a fraud in that it promises the Nureyev whom the public perceives, but delivers two hours of not-acting-posturing that's an embarrassment, mixed with a meager amount of dancing: a tedious tango and a bunch of dime-a-dance stuff. The rest of the cast is not quite up to his standard. The *man* Valentino died at 31. The *movie Valentino* died at birth. **End**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new movie, is more than his best film; it is an event. What a treat! Diane Keaton is marvelous; Allen a genius.

The Bad News Bears Breaking Training is thoroughly bad news.

Fantastic Animation Festival gathers together 16 animated films for an entertainment that is always diverting, often extraordinary.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from Disney, takes a madcap look at a mother-daughter relationship. What a pleasure *good* Disney can be.

La Grande Bourgeoise, a story of family tragedy, moves with languorous ease to an intricate, perplexing and sorrowful conclusion—one of the year's most satisfying films.

MacArthur stars Gregory Peck as you-know-who. The great general was reflective and olympian, in love with prose and pose. The movie is all of these.

March or Die is one of those foreign legion epics that makes no sense.

One on One is pleasant college basketball pulp, freshly scrubbed in the mood of a Norman Rockwell painting.

The Spy Who Loved Me is one of the most amusing and lighthearted in the James Bond series. What fun!

Star Wars is a super picture filled with imagination, humor and joy, with stunning effects that use the visual power of pictures to provide pleasure. The whole family will have a holiday.

Romantic

Create a private world of day dreams and sweet dreams for your daughter with bedroom furniture styled in the charming country French tradition.

A delight to the eye. And the pocketbook. Now that these pieces in Sears exclusive Bonnet grouping are offered at this special low price.

Three Drawer Dresser. Reg. $99.95.
Dressing Table with Vanity Mirror. Reg. $99.95.
Four Drawer Desk. Reg. $99.95.
Large Hutch. Reg. $99.95.

NOW ON SALE
$89.88 *Each*



The bedroom pictured above includes many other pieces which are available at their regular prices. The Bonnet lamp, for example, at only $14.99 is designed to let light shine out gracefully from a dresser top, nightstand or desk.

The perfect match for a romantic mood? Frosty pastel watercolors on the machine washable ruffle-edged canopy cover. Reg. $28.99 twin size. Sale $19.99. Watercolors, too, on the top-quilted bouffant bedspread.

Machine washable. Reg. $39.99 full size. Sale $29.99. Reg. $34.99 twin size.

NOW ON SALE
$24.99

Practical



What better place to curl up and weave a dream or two than on this gracefully arched canopy bed. Canopy frame, bed and rails. Reg. $119.90 twin size.

NOW ON SALE

$79.88



More often than not, any successful romance has a practical side. And this furniture is no exception.

The desk and all dresser and chest tops, for instance, are covered with laminated plastic to help resist marring, scratches and stains. Joints are securely glued then stapled or screwed into place. And the finish? Delicate. Antique white decorated with bands the color of old gold.

All pieces are treated with a five-coat finish for easy cleaning.

A place for everything, and everything in its place. A description to fit the multi-shelved hutch and sturdy desk. As well as the many dressers and chests in the romantic and practical Bonnet furniture grouping from Sears.



Solid pine, hardwoods, and light-weight fiberboard drawer fronts. Heavy-duty hardboards are specially chosen and used where they are needed most for strength, durability and support. The desk chair is solid pine, for example, because it gets solid use day in, day out.

Favorite toys find ample room to hide out along with spare linens and clothing in the lovely storage chest.

Sale prices in effect from November 20 through December 24, 1977

Available in most larger Sears retail stores
All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii

The Normandy Village Collection. Only at Sears

subtle

NOW ON SALE

$649.00

Save over $150 on a sleek three-piece sectional regularly priced at $799.95. Available in the creamy beige-toned plaid upholstery shown below, or in eighteen other popular fabrics also on sale.

Underneath it all, many other important features.

Kiln-dried, all wood frame construction with doweled and double doweled joints and corner bracing. No-sag base construction. Padded arms. Seat cushions of five-inch thi polyurethane foam, and loose pillow back cushions.

Also on sale, the three-piece sectional including convenient sleep sofa. Reg. $919.95.

NOW ON SALE

$749.00

The classic lines of a Chinese ginger jar translated into a classic contemporary lamp with a subdued marbleized or solid color ceramic base. Including crisp, pleated shade. At regular price $29.99



Design tables with long, lean and crisp lines and you clearly see the beauty understatement brings to a living room.

The three shown on this page were created for Sears to achieve this special effect.

The simulated wood slats on t support glass inserts. All frames a legs are fiberboard, engraved to loo like oak. The finish is one of the most popular, lacquered to a mello sheen.

Cocktail, lamp and end tables reg. $119.95 each.

NOW ON SALE

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Spread rich, glowing color wall to wall with Sears glorious Enduring Beauty carpeting.

This lush, tone-on-tone, textured plush pile carpeting is 100% nylon, the most durable carpet fiber.

Just as important, the nylon pile is two-ply and heat-set to help retain resiliency under heavy traffic.

Moreover, Enduring Beauty is inspected 120 times during the manufacturing process to meet Sears strict quality control standards. It's treated with Scotchgard® Brand carpet protector, then given a static control treatment.

Enduring Beauty. An enduring value in twenty colors. Reg. $13.99 a square yard. NOW ON SALE

$11.99

Color the wind bright and breezy with these fashionable textured open weave draperies. Now only $9.99 for the 48-in. x 84-in. size. These machine washable pinch-pleated draperies bring style and grace to a living room, dining room, den, or most any room.

Eleven colors (all colors not available in all stores). Reg. $12.99.

NOW ON SALE

$9.99

Sale prices in effect from November 20 thru December 24, 1977

VIBRANT

The Normandy Village Collection. Only at Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977

Beautiful

The pure curves and simple lines of classic bentwood furniture inspire a dining table and chairs that blend gracefully into most any decorating scheme.

Sears version is up-dated to feature a matte finish with scratch and mar-resistant table top and practical bumper edge. Chairs come with washable vinyl seats padded with urethane foam. Both table and chair frames are constructed of white-painted tubular steel for strength and durability.

Table (with one leaf) and four chairs reg. $249.95.

NOW ON SALE

$199.00



Strawberries border creamy café curtains of 50% polyester and 50% rayon. Ruffled valance and swag. Machine washable. All sizes on sale. Reg. $4.99 for the 24-in. x 72-in. size. Sale $3.99.

Sunny, country placemats. Linen look in 50% cotton and 50% polyester. At regular price $2.49 each.



Luscious strawberries and rich green leaves on a bed of cream create Sears beautiful Strawberry pattern stoneware. And Sears stoneware is durable, chip resistant and dishwasher safe.
Forty-five piece set reg. $69.99.

NOW ON SALE
$49.99

Take off the strawberries and you have Sears Berry Band pattern stoneware. Forty-five piece set reg. $49.99. Sale $39.99. Accessories at regular price:
Set of four mugs. $11.99
Individual casserole. $5.99
Set of four canisters. $29.99
Casserole with stand. $19.99
Platter. $14.99
Three-piece ovenware set. $19.99

Useful



Strawberries at regular price:
Kitchen towel. $1.79
Dishcloth. $1.19
Heat-resistant pot holder. $1.19
Quilted toaster cover. $3.49
Quilted mixer cover. $5.49
Apron. $6.99
Quilted hot handler. $3.49
Oven mitt. $1.99



Drape your table with strawberries on a creamy tablecloth. Perma-Prest® fabric. Machine washable. Reg. $11.99 (52-in. x 70-in. rectangle or oval). Sale $9.99. Set of 4 dinner napkins reg. $5.99. Sale $4.99.

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ll prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii

The Normandy Village Collection. Only at Sears

© Sears Roebuck and Co 1977

Medley Garden Perma-Prest® percale sheets. 50% combed cotton, 50% polyester. Four colors. Reg. $4.99 twin size, $5.99 full size. Comparable values in king and queen sizes. Medley Plaids also on sale, Solids at reg. price $3.99 twin size.

NOW ON SALE

$3.99 Twin size **$4.99** Full size

Medley Garden Perma-Prest percale comforter. Cover woven of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Dura-Puff® polyester fill won't lump or shift. Reversible to solid blue. Machine washable. Reg. $29.99 twin size, $32.99 full size.

NOW ON SALE

$25.99 Twin size **$28.99** Full size



Restful

Sears brings the colors of a drowsy summer sky down to earth and creates a tranquil medley of blues and whites for sheets, pillow shams, comforters and dust ruffles.

All in all, a fragrant garden of color for a peaceful earth-bound bedroom.

Medley Garden Perma-Prest dust ruffles and pillow shams. 50% cotton, 50% polyester. Dust ruffles at regular prices $13.99 twin size, $14.99 full size. Pillow sham at regular price $7.49.

Bright, beautiful 100% cotton Stained Glass towels. One side looped for absorbency, the other sheared velour for softness. Five color combinations. Reg. $5.49 bath size.

NOW ON SALE

$4.49 *Model shown in supersize towel*



Bright and shiny. That's a 100% vinyl Stained Glass shower curtain. In five different color combinations. Reg. $9.99.

NOW ON SALE **$7.99**

Stained Glass meets its match with colorful furry-soft Prr-e-Soft bath rugs and carpet. 100% Dacron® polyester pile backed with cushion-grip latex. All sizes on sale. Carpet reg. $24.99 (5-ft. x 6-ft.). Sale $19.99. Rug reg. $5.49 (24-in. x 36-in.).

NOW ON SALE **$3.99**

colorful

Take the bold approach and give your bathroom a brilliant new lease on life with Stained Glass from Sears.

The Normandy Village Collection. Only at Sears

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delightful



Wash your bathroom with the fresh and lovely Watercolor Floral pattern from Sears.

Double ruffle-edged shower draperies woven of semi-sheer 100% polyester batiste. With ruffle valance and tiebacks. All machine washable. Comes with white vinyl liner. Reg. $19.99.

NOW ON SALE

$15.99

Matching window curtain available.

Gentle watercolor patterned towels. Looped for absorbency on one side, sheared for softness on the other. All sizes on sale. Bath towel reg. $3.99.

NOW ON SALE

$3.19

Coordinate the cheerful watercolors with subtle multi-toned 100% polyester pile on a 2-piece tank cover, lid cover and bath rug (24-in. x 36-in.). Four-piece set at regular price $12.99.



Pinch-pleated Perma-Prest® percale draperies. 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Foam backed. Machine washable. All sizes on sale. Reg. $19.99 for the 50-in. x 84-in. size. NOW ON SALE

$15.99

Breezy 100% polyester batiste, semi-sheer rod pocket panels. Machine washable. All sizes on sale. Reg. $5.99 for the 40-in. x 84-in. size.

$4.99 *NOW ON SALE*

Watercolors swirl across a classic ginger jar lamp. The topping? A frosty white pleated shade. Reg. $39.99.

$34.99 *NOW ON SALE*

Ruffle-edged pillow sham. Perma-Prest cover of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Machine washable. At regular price $7.49.

Watercolor Floral Perma-Prest percale sheets. 50% combed cotton and 50% polyester. Reg. $5.99 twin size, $6.99 full size.

NOW ON SALE

$4.49 Twin size **$5.49** Full size

Comparable values on queen and king sizes.

Fluffy reversible comforter. Perma-Prest percale cover of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Dura-Puff® polyester fill won't lump or shift. Machine washable. Reg. $29.99 twin size, $32.99 full size.

NOW ON SALE

$25.99 Twin size **$28.99** Full size

Quilted throw-style bedspread. Perma-Prest fabric of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Puffy polyester fill. Machine washable. Reg. $26.99 twin size, $29.99 full size.

NOW ON SALE

$16.99 Twin size **$19.99** Full size

Ripple-style Perma-Prest eyelet ruffle. 14-inch flounce. Woven of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Lace trim 65% polyester and 35% cotton. Machine washable. At regular prices $13.99 twin size, $14.99 full size.

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CHARMING
The Normandy Village Collection Only at
Sears
Roebuck and Co. 1977



Cuddly

Who's that napping all over this charming collection of bedroom fashions? It's Chessie™ in a pattern by Erica Wilson designed exclusively for Sears and your little girl, Chessie*. Bring her home tonight.



Our Chessie lamp is a bright little enchanter. At regular price

$19.99

Kittens purr on this ruffly Priscilla Perma-Prest™ machine washable curtain of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Reg. $20.99, single width, sill length.

$17.99 *NOW ON SALE*

Shown here on the Manor Lock-Seam curtain rod, at regular price 99¢.

A little girl loves to dream under a canopy cover. A machine washable and Perma-Prest blend of 50% cotton and 50% polyester.

$14.99 *Reg. $17.99 twin size. NOW ON SALE*

Canopy frame, bed and rails, reg. $119.90 twin size, sale $79.88.

Chessie creates a warm environment in a quilted bouffant bedspread. The 50% cotton and 50% polyester cover is quilted over 100% polyester fill. Reg. $26.99 twin size.

$19.99 *NOW ON SALE*

Our Victorian style, multi-strand rattan headboard wraps and circles for an ornate decorative touch. Reg. $94.95 full size, sale $74.88. Reg. $74.95 twin size.

$59.88 *NOW ON SALE*

The plump but lightweight Perma-Prest comforter is 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Dura-Puff® polyester fill won't lump or shift. Machine washable. Reg. $25.99 twin size.

$23.49 *NOW ON SALE*

Chessie Perma-Prest percale sheets are a smooth 50% cotton and 50% polyester, 180 threads per square inch. Reg. $5.99 twin size.

$4.99 *NOW ON SALE*

It's special little extras that create such a delightful setting. Like this heart shaped 13-inch diameter pillow, at regular price $4.99.

Or a Perma-Prest pillow sham of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Machine washable. At regular price $6.99.

And to top it all off, a soft, 100% acrylic Chessie blanket. Machine washable twin/full size blanket, at regular price $10.00.

**CHESSIE used with permission of Chessie System (Chesapeake and Ohio Railway System).*

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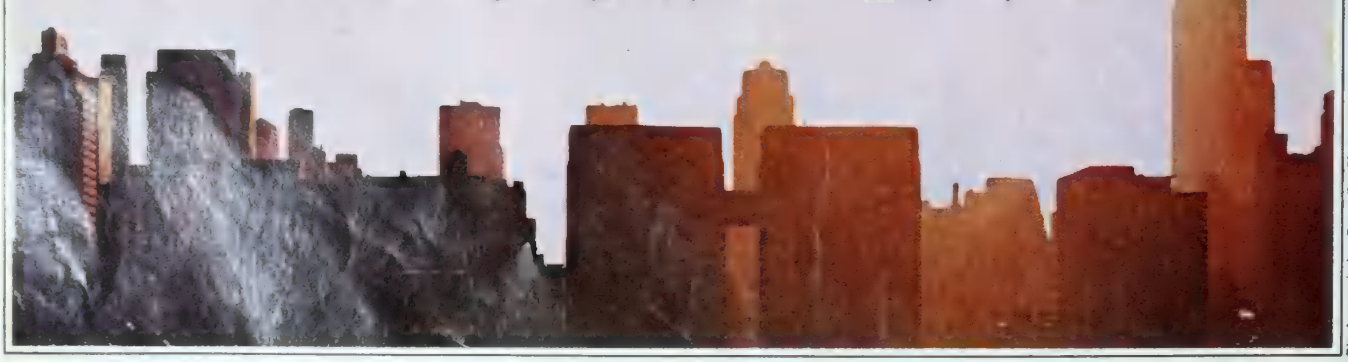
"IF CHRIST WERE ALIVE TODAY..."

Five of America's best-known television evangelists answer an intriguing question. A special Christmas feature.

As Christmas Day approaches, clergymen across the country will be preparing special messages for their individual congregations. But none of these religious leaders—no matter how beloved or respected—will reach from their pulpits as many parishioners as will a small group of ministers who believe that one churchful of listeners is not enough. These are the TV evangelists, the more than 50 men and women who believe that by using television they can save more souls than the most fervent preacher could ever do on his or her own. Each has a regularly scheduled TV program, and together they reach more than 13 million American households a week—paying $500 million a year for their air time.

All preach their own brand of nondenominational, conservative Christianity that inspires thousands of listeners to pick up their phones and express their support. Evangelist M. G. "Pat" Robertson, for example, estimates that his television talk show, "The 700 Club," elicits as many as 30,000 religious conversions a year.

We asked five of these popular religious personalities—Rev. Robertson, Rex Humbard, Robert Schuller, Oral Roberts and Jim Bakker—to share their beliefs with *Journal* readers by finishing the intriguing thought: "If Christ were alive today . . ." Their replies, on the following pages, offer hope, love and forgiveness that we hope you will find inspirational and reassuring during this joyous season. —JANIS JOHNSON



Photograph by Four By Five

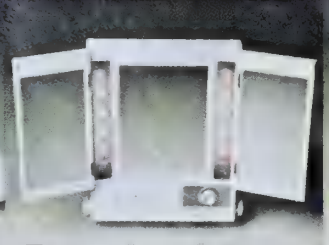
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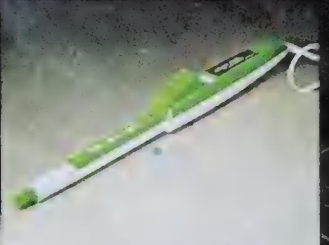
Son of a Gun.®
Select the power you want: 1200, 750, 350 watt settings in the super light dryer of the future.



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The battery powered facial brush. Cleans like your washcloth can't.



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The number one makeup mirror. Lets you make up in the light you'll be seen in.



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"I CARRY CLOUT"
Clout gives you acceptance.
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Clout makes playing Santa easy.
Clout opens doors.
Clout is a Master Charge® card.
Your personal account for Christmas shopping at over 2 million places. All around the world.
That's clout.
That's Master Charge.
Relax.

TV EVANGELISTS

continued



REX HUMBA *58, appears with family members the* Cathedral Tomorrow *sh televised from $3.5-million chu in Akron, O Humbard belie the world needs "old-fashion soul-savin', sin-killin' revival where people get right with God."*

If Christ were alive today, I am p tive He would use all available mod communication media to do exa what He did the first time He came.

Luke 19:10 says Jesus came to "s and to save that which was lost." In L 4:18,19, Jesus said He came to pre the gospel to the poor, heal the brok hearted, set captives free, open bl eyes and forgive sinners.

In fulfilling His purpose, He w where He was needed: highways, ways, mountainsides, seashores, mar places, synagogues and homes of sinn

He used whatever media and me were available. He spoke from a boa the Sea of Galilee, where the water a lified and carried His voice to the cro along the shore. His Sermon on Mount was given in a natural amp theater with perfect acoustics.

In His day, walking was the m common way to travel. But He u whatever was available, whether it foot, donkey or boat.

Jesus spoke in "street language," the language of the common people, that even the youngest and simp among His listeners could understan

His teaching was filled with word p tures that his listeners could visual They could identify with such every things as sowing, reaping, prodigal s lost sheep and lilies of the valley.

Jesus drew the multitudes, but specialized in the needs of individu Because Jesus was only one man, commissioned disciples and followers "go into all the world and preach gospel to every creature." He did leave out any nation or any race. T were to go in His name and use ev means available to do their work.

Though Jesus did much, it is imp tant to notice what Jesus did *not* do.

He lived in a time of turmoil. Corr tion was the standard mode of operati slavery was everywhere. But Jesus not attack the Roman Empire. He k out of politics!

He stayed away from organized ligion and took His message of love a forgiveness to those in the streets w needed help. If Christ were alive tod I am convinced He would *(continu*



More hospitals use Pampers® than any other diaper.

She's holding up your son! It's hard to believe, but it's true.

And now that he's here, you're going to have to choose a diaper for him. So it helps to know that even before they showed you your son, chances are he'd been put into Pampers.

Pampers are used by more hospitals than any other kind of diaper. Dryness is the reason why.

Pampers help keep clothes and bedding dry, so they save on laundry. That's also a big help for you.

But what's more important to you and your baby is that Pampers Stay-Dry lining helps keep his tender bottom dry.

Ask any mother about Pampers dryness.



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Villa Banfi. 12 superb wines whose time has come. Labeled "Naturally Pure" because they are pure and natural. Don't take these words lightly. They are behind the excellent quality in every bottle of Villa Banfi.

Chianti Classico Riserva • Frascati Superiore • Bardolino, Valpolicella and Soave Classico Superiore • Inferno • Orvieto Classicos • Verdicchio di Jesi • Roman Red, White and Rosé.

Villa Banfi
When it pours, it reigns.

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TV EVANGELISTS

continued

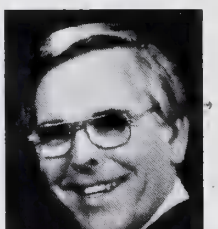
be found along the interstate highwa and back streets, and in ghettos, reso shopping malls, churches and syn gogues—anywhere and everywhere pe ple meet.

He would use the jargon of today, a His word pictures would be about planes, space travel, the stock mar and soybeans. He would use the hou hold words we all use.

I'm positive His 20th-century "Serm on the Mount" would be His "Serm from the Satellite." Instead of addressi listeners from a boat on the Sea of G lee, he would preach to them from a t vision studio.

He would get viewer ratings, but H message would still be to individuals need. And He would commission follo ers to "go into all the world and prea the gospel to every creature."

On the other hand, it is not really matter of *"If* Christ were alive toda because He *is* alive today! He is s reaching out to those who need he And He is still sending disciples to the work He first came to do.



ROBERT SCHULLER, *conducts his Bi show,* Day of D covery, *from first "drive- church" near C fornia's Disneyla He is now build a $15-million "Cr tal Cathedral" t has 10,000 glass windows.*

Would Christ mount the pulpits the church, go on international tele sion, step into the great internatio arenas and communicate to the mas with the statement: "You are sinn Repent and be baptized."?

No, I don't think He would. I thin Christ were alive today He would do actly what He did when He was h 2,000 years ago. Jesus never called a person a "sinner." Deep down in hearts, we all sense our imperfecti and guilt. But Jesus would quickly m to affirm our undeveloped, undiscove and unclaimed positive possibilities!

He said: "Follow me and I will m you fishers of men." "I am the light the world; he that follows me shall w in darkness but shall have the light life." "You are the light of the worl Always, Jesus moved quickly not to inforce the negative self-image that, original sin, plagues every human bei Instead, He sought, He seeks, and continue to strive to help every p son achieve redemption from an inh ent negative self-image to a positive s image. Every person needs self-co dence and self-dignity. *(continu*



If you use any oil but Planters, your Szechuan Shrimp won't taste like Shun Lee's.

Shun Lee's Szechuan Shrimp

½ cup minced scallions
½ cup minced bamboo shoots
3 tablespoons water
3 large cloves garlic, minced
½ cup catsup
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ teaspoon liquid hot pepper sauce
1½ cups Planters Peanut Oil
1 pound shelled and deveined raw shrimp
¼ teaspoon minced fresh ginger root
3 tablespoons Dry Sack* sherry
1½ teaspoons sesame oil *or*
1 tablespoon toasted sesame seeds

Makes 4 servings.

Combine scallions, bamboo shoots, ginger, garlic, and pepper sauce in a small bowl.

In second bowl combine sugar, catsup, sherry, soy sauce, and sesame oil (or sesame seeds).

In third bowl mix cornstarch and water. Heat Planters Oil in wok or large skillet to 400°F. Have ready a large strainer with a bowl underneath. Add shrimp to hot oil, stirring until done, about 2 minutes. Pour oil and shrimp into strainer to drain.

Heat 2 tablespoons of the strained oil in same wok or skillet over high heat. Add scallion mixture and stir-fry 1 minute. Add drained shrimp and stir-fry 30 seconds more. Pour in catsup mixture. Stir for another 30 seconds. Add cornstarch mixture to wok. Cook and stir until slightly thickened.

There is hardly a fine chef who doesn't know all about peanut oil. It is a key ingredient in innumerable gourmet recipes. And it's one of the few gourmet ingredients you can routinely use in your kitchen to make the most of everyday seafood dishes, sauces, and salads.

Another fine product of *Standard Brands*



Planters® Oil. The key ingredient.

The Shun Lee Palace, 155 East 55th Street, N.Y., N.Y., is one of New York's finest Oriental restaurants.



TV EVANGELISTS

continued

When Jesus met prostitutes, He never put them down. When He met politicians who were ripping off the masses, He never berated them. In every instance, He faced the "sinners" and challenged them to see the light, and become the unselfish persons God meant for them to be!

How do you change people? Do you change a "bad" person into a "good" person by telling him how "bad" he is? Jesus didn't. Instead, Jesus told "bad" people that they were "beautiful persons." Eventually the "bad" began to believe that they were "good," and the belief became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

I gave this example in my book *Self-Love: The Dynamic Force of Success.* In the musical drama, *Man of La Mancha,* Don Quixote meets a woman of the streets, a wild, wanton wench named Aldonza. The Man of La Mancha looks at her and announces that she is his lady, whom he will call Dulcinea. She responds with mocking laughter. Still Don Quixote sees the seed of potential greatness and tries desperately to give her a new self-image. Angered and hurt, she screams that she is a nothing. She runs from the stage. At the close of the play, Don Quixote is dying. To his side comes Aldonza-Dulcinea, now lovely with a new gentleness. Confused, he does not recognize this lovely stranger until in a warm voice she tells him that she is his Dulcinea. She has been sav from self-hate and has been taught se love. She was truly born again.

In our society today, the pressures th can assault and assail our self-worth a manifold. We put ourselves down a we allow others to put us down. E Jesus is the "Great Person Promote He believes in you! If He were here person now, He would tell you wh great possibilities you have!

When somebody gives you the gift self-esteem, you are receiving lif greatest treasure. The self-respecti person cannot help but learn to love hi self. The person who loves himself c siders himself worthy enough to rece love and generous enough to share No wonder the person with self-wo is a beautiful person.

Jesus Christ fostered self-worth in l day and is doing that for people tod The Christmas gift He wants to give all is this greeting: "God loves you a so do I!"



ORAL ROBER 59, *currently most popular ev gelist on TV acco ing to Neilsen ings, offers a ho spun variety sh with his wife, c dren and grandc dren in lead roles. The sh called* Oral Roberts and You, *is televi from Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

If Christ were alive today, He wo be saying: Do all you can do, then God do what only He can do. Look, example, in Matthew 14, at one of most incredible miracles of all time, miracle of Christ walking on the t bled water. In this story Jesus says important things to us.

First, he says do what you can do. told His disciples to go out on the Se Galilee in their boat while He retire the mountains to pray. The disci were trained fishermen and sailors. T knew how to handle boats. They k how to sail over troubled waters. T had been from one side of the Sea Galilee to the other countless tim These were things they could do, they did them.

Just as Jesus did not come dow steer that boat for them, so God is going to do for us those things we ca for ourselves. We've got to do the thi we can do and do them with all of might, using all of our knowledge.

Second, Jesus says that when you not do anymore, do not be afraid to God do what only He can do. You m expect God to do what you cannot.

As it neared daylight, a great st struck the Sea of Galilee. The wi were so fierce and the waves so h

(continued on page

New. Dressy Pyrex.®
Ovenware

Pyrex ware so pretty it'll dress up any recipe. And any table.

It's the new Pyrex Fireside Collection. And you'll love it.

Wait'll you see how good it makes your cooking look.

How it flatters everything you serve in it. Gives food a warm, gentle glow. And sets off your table. Stylishly.

Though it's a little fancier-looking Pyrex ware, you don't pay a fancy price. Only about $3.99 for this 2-quart casserole. Even less for some of the other pieces, which include loaf, baking and square dishes, pie plate and custard cups.

Like regular Pyrex ware, the Fireside Collection will stand up to heat and to cold. It'll cook to perfection every time. Even in a microwave. And will never, never lose its color.

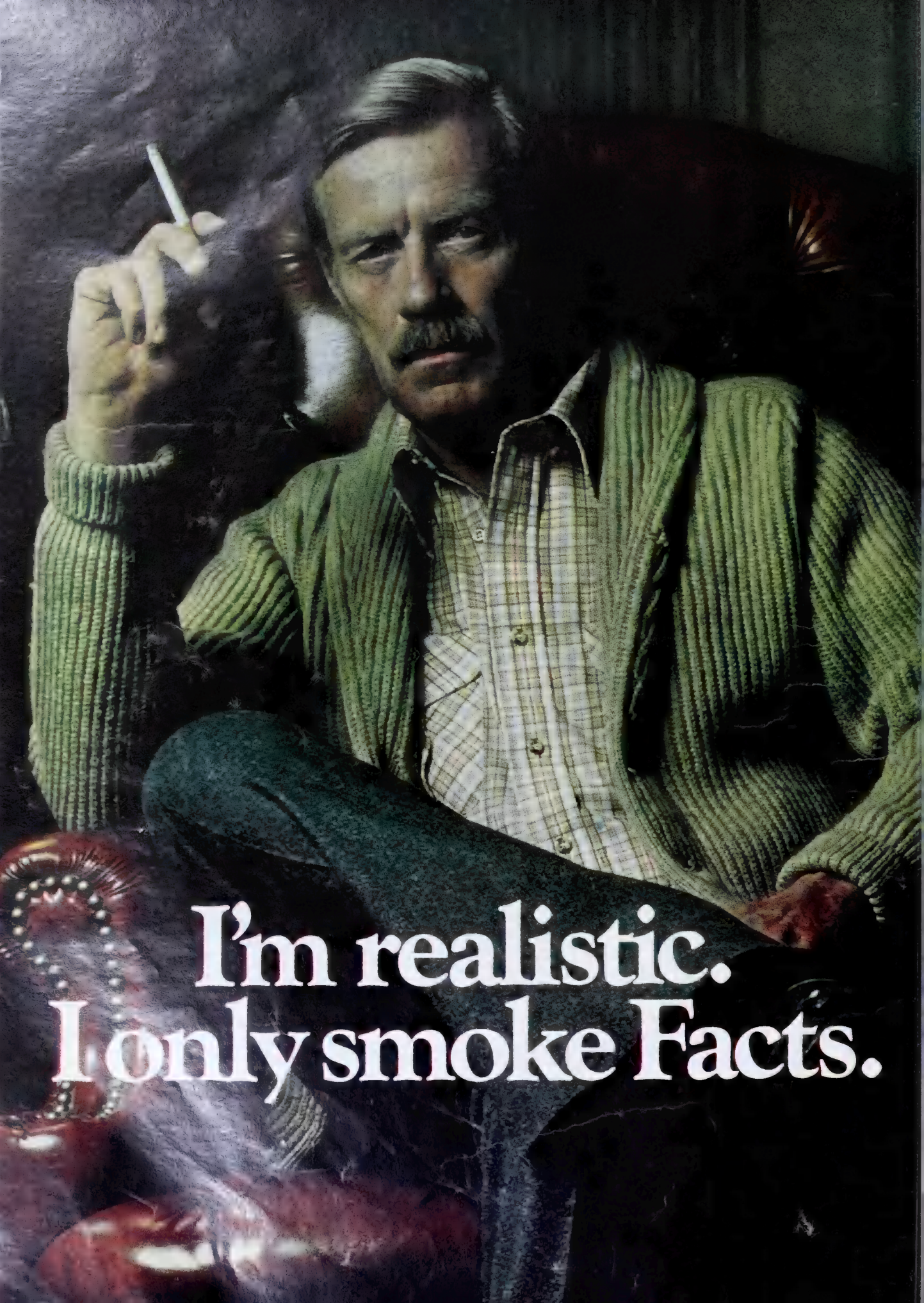
New Pyrex Fireside ovenware. Dress up a meal with it this week. CORNING

Pyrex® ware from Corning

We make a better dish so you can.



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I'm realistic.
I only smoke Facts.

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FACT 1: We don't want your taste buds to go to sleep.

We believe there are elements in cigarette smoke that muddy the taste of fine tobaccos. They're called aldehydes.* And FACT reduces these aldehydes so you can enjoy wide-awake flavor instead.

FACT 2: We have smoke scrubbers in our filter.

We believe this is a unique way of getting at tobacco flavor. As the smoke passes through the filter, these Purite® scrubbers work like magnets to reduce these aldehydes, while letting the good tobacco flavor come through.

FACT 3: A patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

Low 'tar' (8 mg.) FACT has great full flavor. And we get that flavor in a way so new we've been able to patent it. It's our Purite filter that reduces the aldehydes—those harsh-tasting gases that muddy the flavor of real tobaccos.



Add it up. Great tobacco flavor. Only 8 mg. 'tar'. A patented filter that selectively screens gases. Once you've got the facts, you'll get the FACTS.

*Formaldehyde, Crotonaldehyde, Acrolein.

Available in regular and menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

TV EVANGELISTS

continued from page 64

that the ship was about to be sucked under. There was nothing the disciples could do. They were face to face with death. It was a terrible moment, and they cried out in fear.

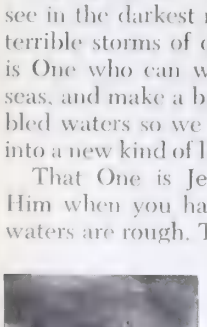
Then, they saw someone walking toward them on the water. It was Jesus Christ. He had been in the mountains wrestling with the problems of the whole world. But at the moment when the storm was at its worst and the disciples believed they weren't going to make it, Jesus came to do what only God can do: He walked perfectly balanced on the same waves that were pulling the boat under. Jesus Christ made himself a bridge over those troubled waters.

I believe there is one thing Christ would tell us to remember forever: Open your inner self and recognize that God always comes to you when you need Him. The disciples cried out when they saw Him because they didn't recognize Him. Why didn't they recognize Him? I think it's because they were not expecting Him. They were doing what they could do, but they thought that was all that could be done.

Similarly, there are those of us who think that what we can do is the extent of what can be done. We throw up our hands and cry, "I'm licked. I'm not going to make it. I'm going under."

But at that moment we must change the way we think, and realize that there is a God. There is a Savior. There is a Man who is concerned about us. There is One who knows the limitations of what we can do. There is One who can see in the darkest night and in the most terrible storms of our experience. There is One who can walk upon the stormy seas, and make a bridge over those troubled waters so we can walk into safety, into a new kind of life.

That One is Jesus Christ. Look for Him when you have a need, when the waters are rough. That's where He is!



M. G. "PAT" ROBERTSON, *47, a Yale Law School graduate, introduced a sophisticated brand of TV pentecostalism in his talk show* The 700 Club. *Featuring "born-again" Christians, the show televised from Portsmouth, Va., has made Robertson the "Johnny Carson of TV Evangelism."*

Christ lives today through His Spirit who lives in those who believe in Him and have made Him the Lord of their lives. His presence is seen each day in thousands of acts of love, compassion, tenderness, mercy and sacrifice; through untold dramatic answers to prayer; through the peace and assurance in the hearts of those who know Him.

When He returns in glory He will force changes on our World by His divine power. Now He seeks to change it through people empowered by His divine love.

If Jesus were to appear in person prior to His Second Coming, His comments at a press conference might look something like this (Biblical quotes are from *The Living Bible* and *The King James Version*):

Q. There are many today who say they have the truth. How can we know you are God's Messiah?

A. "You foolish people find it so hard to believe all that the prophets wrote in the scriptures. Wasn't it clearly predicted by the prophets that the Messiah would have to suffer all these things before entering His time of glory?"

Q. But what about the others who claim to be the Messiah?

A. "Many will come announcing themselves as the Messiah and saying 'the time has come.' Don't believe them."

Q. Are there any political or religious events which will signify the end?

A. "Jerusalem shall be trodden under foot of the Gentiles until the time of the Gentiles is fulfilled. The Good News about the Kingdom will be preached throughout the whole world so that all nations will hear it and, then, finally the end will come. When you see all these things begin to happen, you can know that my return is near. Then at last this age will come to its close."

Q. Will your return be secret, or will it be plainly visible?

A. "As the lightning flashes across the sky, so shall my coming be. Then the peoples of the earth shall see me coming in a cloud with power and great glory."

Q. You performed many miracles when you were here before. Are miracles still possible today?

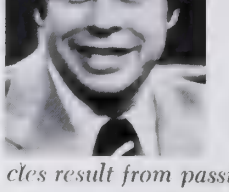
A. "Truly, if you have faith, and don't doubt, you can even say to a mountain, 'move over into the ocean,' and it will. You can get anything you ask for in prayer, if you believe. I also tell you this: if two of you agree down here on earth concerning anything you ask for, my Father will do it for you. For where two or three gather together because they are mine, I will be there among them."

Q. How can someone be one of your followers?

A. "If anyone wants to be a follower of mine, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For anyone who keeps his life for himself shall lose it; and anyone who loses his life for me shall find it again. What profit is there if you gain the whole world—and lose your own soul? What can be compared with the value of your soul?

"I say emphatically that anyone who listens to my message and believes in th God who sent me has eternal life an will never be damned for his sins, bu has already passed out of death into life.

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JIM BAKKER, *37, has adopted th talk show forma featuring born again Christians fo his* Praise the Lor Club *in Charlotte N.C. Like Rober son, Bakker is pentecostalist wh believes that mira cles result from passionate faith.*

Jesus *is* alive today! Moreover, He speaking. He speaks to us from the Bible which is just as true today as it was whe it was written. God has had a plan fo mankind since creation. Through Jesu and the Holy Spirit, He is workin toward fulfilling that plan. His goal to deliver man from the bondage of sin

Today, man suffers from mental bond age. Nearly one out of three adult Amer icans seek professional counsel to hel them deal with mental illness. Some peo ple are so burdened with worries an fears, that they are destroyed by sick ness, nervous breakdowns and suicide Man was not designed to carry thes kinds of burdens. We have a compas sionate God who can and wants to bea them. Jesus says, "Come to me all of yo who are burdened down and I'll giv you rest. Put all your worries on me be cause I love you." Jesus, unlike today barbiturate pills, gives eternal relief.

Many of our mental strains come fro confusion about what is important—e pecially now, at Christmas. I am ap palled at those pious people who belittl Christmas. I believe that God wants u to truly celebrate the birthday of ou Lord and Savior. Christmas is a grea day, which should bring joy to the heart of all and inspire singing, gift giving an other joyous traditions. When we se what is important, we can really enjo and rejoice in Christmas.

Jesus' interest has always been in th person and heart of man—not in how h dresses or what he accomplishes. Mod ern man has thought that by his own ac complishments, he can achieve grea ness. Many of man's technical achieve ments, such as nuclear power, hold th same potential to destroy man as to ben efit him. So today we still have disease war, crime, greed, poverty and relatively new problems including pollution an lack of fuel.

These problems show that man is no in control. Without God, he doesn know where he is going, let alone how t

(continued on page 8

Afghan Kits

COZY COVER UPS

To Knit and Crochet

Afghan aficionados will delight in making these toasty throws in easy-to-work, classic patterns. From the "Irish" kit, create one or the other of the two white afghans shown: On chair, a lacy crochet 48"x 68"; or, below it, a handsome fringed fisherman knit 50"x 64". Crochet "Sunflower" squares (left) in a contemporary blend of earthy neutral tones for an afghan 47"x 63". All kits are complete with 100% Orlon® acrylic yarns and instructions. By Ann B. Bradley



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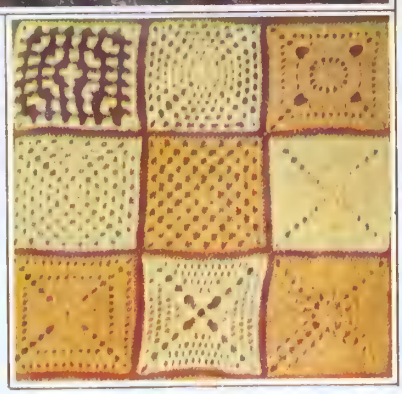
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Knit or crochet our "Sampler" afghan (approximately 45" x 63"), its several different patterns repeated in sunny shades of gold, rust and maize. Available as well in all white. Our illustration shows 9 of the total 35 squares.



Photographs by Allen Vogel; Fritz and LaRue rug



By Geraldine Carro

Mothering

WEIGHT-WATCHING DURING PREGNANCY

Important New Findings for Mothers-to-Be

Even women who aren't normally weight-conscious become so during pregnancy. That our familiar shapes are expanding is one incentive. The doctor who checks to make sure we're not gaining too fast is another.

Now important new findings suggest that we should worry as much about gaining too *little*, as too *much* weight. In fact, women who are slightly underweight should gain as much as 35 pounds during pregnancy, says Dr. Pedro Rosso of Columbia University's Institute of Human Nutrition in New York. Women of average weight should gain 24 pounds.

Dr. Rosso's findings overturn a long-held premise about nutrition during pregnancy. Doctors have generally believed that the fetus can steal whatever nutrients it needs from the mother. Therefore, if the mother doesn't eat enough, it is primarily she, and not her developing baby, who suffers.

Dr. Rosso's studies—so new that they are largely unpublished—show that this isn't necessarily so. How well the fetus succeeds in competing for nourishment depends on the mother's body weight, and on how she eats during pregnancy. If she is even moderately underweight, she, not the fetus, wins in the nutritional tug-of-war. Therefore, to avoid depriving their growing babies, underweight pregnant women must gain 30 to 35 pounds. Only when the mother is at or above her ideal bodyweight is the baby able to obtain from her the nutrients it needs.

Nutritionally-deprived babies typically weigh less at birth, Dr. Rosso says. Statistically, it is known that low birth-weight babies run a greater risk of postnatal complications. Those least at risk are the babies born weighing 7 pounds, 3 ounces. Below this weight complications increase in frequency, with the incidence of infant mortality rising sharply as weight falls below 5 pounds, 9 ounces.

Dr. Rosso's studies have implications for obese women, too. For them, a weight gain of 16 pounds is probably adequate. He also advises against weight loss during pregnancy, a process which may affect fetal brain development.

BABY-PROOFING THE CRIB

Some ingenious babies manage to get into trouble, even when tucked in their cribs. Here are some safety precautions that crib dwellers' parents can take: • Keep the crib free of toys the child could use to stand on and climb out • Set the mattress at the lowest position as soon as the child can stand • Once the child has grown so that, when standing, his or her shoulders extend well above the crib rail, it's time for a new bed or a rail extender • On secondhand cribs, both portable and full-size, the space between the slats may be wider than the 2⅜ inches recent safety rules require. To compensate, secure bumper pads around sides • Check old cribs for loose parts; make sure the mattress fits snugly and that the crib has a non-toxic finish.

If I were a Mother



To those of us who have been Dr. Spock-ing and Dr. Salk-ing our way through parenthood, a package this column recently received makes a poignant point. It's from Marian Miller, a teacher in Athens, Ga., who sent essays from her first graders entitled, "If I were a Mother . . ." Ms. Miller, who is obviously astute at figuring out what kids feel, included some background information to help us understand her students' thoughts. We reprint excerpts of what she and some of the children* wrote, not only because the essays were touching, but because they represent a classic exercise in listening to children and reading between the lines—perhaps the best kind of reading parents can do.

JAMIE: If I were a Mother, I would take my children to a funeral and then I would take them to a wedding.
MS. MILLER: One of Jamie's friends died and it was a mystery to him.
BILLY: If I were a Mother, I would take care of my children.
M.M.: Joe has a stepsister, who is also in first grade, and two younger siblings at home. Perhaps he's feeling left out.
LIZZIE: I wish my mother would stop smoking. I wish she would stop drinking beer and liquor.
M.M.: Children hear about the dangers of drinking and smoking. Perhaps Lizzie worries that her mother might die before Lizzie is old enough to look after herself.
ANDY: If I were a Mother, I would mop the floor. Mothers have boys. Mothers have girls. Mothers like girls.
M.M.: Andy's mother has three boys. It sounds like she has expressed a wish for a girl child. This may have made Andy feel a little unwanted.
KRISTIN: If I were a Mother, I would pick me up from school.
M.M.: Kristin is anxious to relate the happenings of the school day. She finds it hard to wait until suppertime to talk.
ADAM: If I were a Mother, I would ride bikes with me and go camping with me and my daddy.
M.M.: Maybe if mothers realized how much love meant to their children, they would spend more time with their youngsters.

*The children's names have been changed to protect their privacy.



TOY CO-OP: CHRISTMAS YEAR-ROUND

For a group of four preschoolers in Perrysburg, Ohio, every other Wednesday feels like Christmas. On that day, the children—all members of a toy exchange their mothers organized—receive two new toys. Here's how it works: Each child lends two toys and receives two in exchange. Toys rotate through the group alphabetically. The exchange is limited to toys that have become old-hat to the owner, are sturdy and have no small pieces that will get lost, says co-op mother Paula Lens.

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with us? Write Mothering, LHJ 641, Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Fisher-Price gives kids a chance to run the show.

You'll enjoy the giggles that erupt when they run our cartoon movies at fast speed, in slow motion and backwards. Just by turning a handle.



First there's our new Movie Viewer Theater. Pictures appear either on its own viewing screen or by projecting them on a wall. It uses a child-safe wall plug that steps down voltage. And there's a handy carrying handle on the back.



Project movie on wall

Our hand-held Movie Viewer uses only child power. And turning the handle produces the same fast, slow or backwards action.

Each of these entertaining toys comes with one movie cartridge, a full-color Walt Disney cartoon adventure featuring Mickey Mouse. Extra film cartridges are available with other well-loved cartoons. Or Sesame Street's* delightful films.

If you're lucky, the kids will let you watch, too.

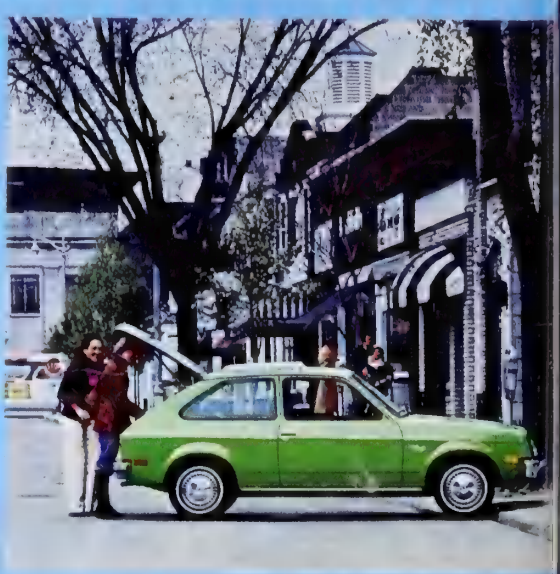
©1977 Fisher-Price Toys, East Aurora, New York 14052. Division of The Quaker Oats Company • Mickey Mouse, Giant, Snow White © Walt Disney Productions
*Sesame Street is a Trademark and Servicemark of Children's Television Workshop • Bugs Bunny, Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote © Warner Bros. Inc. 1977

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away, everyone's a winner.



Free* for everyone, a photo-fun gift certificate worth $6.82

* SEND ONLY 50¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING AND A FRUIT OF THE LOOM PROOF OF PURCHASE. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER SWEEPSTAKES.

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Winner of the first drawing receives a grand vacation for two including lodging, meals and transportation. This dream vacation starts with two thrilling days in New York City. Then you'll fly via American Airlines (America's No. 1 choice for domestic air travel) to tropical Martinique in the beautiful Caribbean, for a glorious eight day stay.

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So hurry and participate in the Fruit of the Loom giveaway by completing and mailing the following coupon. With an offer like this, you just can't lose.

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The Fruit of the Loom brand is available in a wide range of unconditionally guaranteed products including men's, boy's, ladies', girl's, infant's wear, accessories, domestics, housewares and sewing notions.

ules of Entry to win Vacation and Car

enter this drawing simply fill in your name and address entry blank and mail with any Fruit of the Loom logo or nd the words "Fruit of the Loom" printed on a plain piece paper. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
Winners will be chosen by random drawings conducted by M, an independent judging organization, whose decisions e final. The odds of winning are determined by the number entries received.
All entries must be received by July 30, 1978. All prizes will awarded by August 10, 1978. Winners will be notified by ail. To obtain a list of winners write to SAI, Box 627 nkintown, Pa. 19046, and include a stamped self-dressed envelope.
Two prizes totaling $5,100 are guaranteed to be awarded st prize is a Dream Vacation for two in Martinique, located the Caribbean. Second Prize is a 1978 Chevette Hatchback upe, with standard equipment.
If any prize is unclaimed, additional drawings will be held til all prizes have been awarded. Such drawings will be de from the original entries. No substitution of prizes bility for all taxes is the sole responsibility of the winners. The drawing is only open to residents of the continental S. except for employees of Fruit of the Loom, their ensees, advertising agencies, printers and families. Only rsons of legal age may participate. Proof of eligibility may required. Void in Missouri, and wherever prohibited ted or restricted by law. All Federal, state and local laws d regulations apply.

CHECK ONLY ONE BOX BELOW.

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MAIL TO: FREE GIFT & GIVEAWAY
Box 627, Dept. 303, Jenkintown, Pa. 19046

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I HAVE READ AND UNDERSTAND THE RULES OF ENTRY. LHJ1



Ruth Carter in lap of housekeeper Annie Mae. Sister Gloria Carter is at left. Jimmy Carter is at top left. Other two boys are unidentified.

Jimmy, Billy, Gloria, Miss Lillian . . . President Carter's sister tells her favorite stories of the family's Christmases past. A Journal exclusive by Ruth Carter Stapleton

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CARTERS

Childhood memories of Christmas on the Carter farm, in Plains, Georgia, are almost storybook perfect. What may have been missing in snow and sleighbells in the mild winter climate of the south was made up for in silvery, frost-laden pine boughs, the rich scent of cinnamon balls mingling with the subtler aroma of cookies and cakes being baked in the kitchen, and the happy, sharing activities of friends and neighbors.

I remember how warm and bright-hearted Daddy would be in late December. Through the year he worked so hard, dedicated to the job of making the farm, warehouse and insurance business run smoothly and profitably. But at Christmas time, he seemed to shed that intensity. He took more time to talk to friends and employees. He always had his special-recipe eggnog ready for those who made a practice of dropping in on Christmas morning. It became a tradition for many of his friends to stop by and pay their respects to Daddy. As a little girl, watching men come to see Daddy was an exciting annual event.

But Daddy didn't like the role of rural royalty. He sincerely loved people, and since his prominence and influence touched almost everyone, at Christmas time he tried to make personal contact with them.

His happiest moments came during the annual Elks' Children's Christmas party he had inaugurated.

Most of the farm children who lived in Sumter County were invited to a big holiday party each year on the Sunday before Christmas. Buses and cars picked up the eager and excited children. All gathered on the large rolling lawn in front of the Americus Elks Club. As far back as I can remember, Daddy expected me to be his assistant. Even after college days and marriage, I was there by his side as he lined up the little tots in front of the table laden with hot dogs, potato chips, lemonade and ice cream. There was always more than the children could eat. Then came the great moment for him. With smiles that bubbled up from somewhere around his heart, he would give a gift to each child. Many were from poor families, and this would be their only gift. But by giving to all the children, the poor children were not singled out and embarrassed. By the end of the day, Daddy had received his most treasured Christmas gift: the experience of making children happy.

As Christmas Day neared, the sense of anticipation and excitement in the Carter household grew. But in my memories, the Christmas I recall most vividly was unhappy.

I was five when a minor plague stole the usual joy of this season from the three children in our family. Jimmy, Gloria and I were examined by our family physician, Dr. Sam Wise. It didn't take him long to diagnose the disease: severe, old-fashioned German measles. Dr. Wise instructed Mother to keep the shades drawn in the bedroom where we were to be quarantined. "And keep those kids in bed," he ordered. Mother was a registered nurse. She knew what she would have to do before he told her, but she properly "Yes sir'd" him as he picked up his well-worn black bag, mumbled a Merry Christmas and headed out the door.

Mother called in Annie Mae, our housekeeper, and instructed her to fix Jimmy's bedroom windows so no light could enter. She told her that light could damage our eyes because we had the measles. "You mean those poor babies are gonna spend Christmas in the dark?" Annie Mae protested. When she finished blacking out the room, Jimmy, Gloria and I were trooped into our confinement. We were placed in our beds and then the door was closed on the world of light and colors. I was glad my big brother and sister were somewhere in the gloom with me, but it felt like some awful punishment to be there. The year before had been so different. Each year it was a Christmas Eve ritual for us to place a snack on the fireplace hearth for Santa. We certainly helped to keep him fat and jolly with *(continued)*

The 1978 AMC Pacer Wagon. Now you can get the room and ride of a Pacer with the load space of a wagon.

Because it's a Pacer, you get the unique, ide design that provides so much more assenger room and comfort.

And Pacer's extra-wide stance, ombined with rack and pinion steering nd isolated suspen- ion gives you a road- ugging stability, recise handling and n uncommonly mooth ride.

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The '78 Pacer Wagon has many luxurious features, too. Like individually reclining front seats, extra quiet insulation, wood grain instrument panel, electric clock and much more. All standard at no extra cost.

So is the coverage of AMC's exclusive BUYER PROTECTION PLAN,® with the only full 12 month/12,000 mile warranty. That means AMC will fix or replace any part, except tires, whether the part is defective or just plain wears out under normal use and service.

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The new AMC Pacer Wagon's unique wide design gives you wagon space without wagon waste.

The 1978 AMC Pacer Wagon.

AMC Pacer

The room and ride Americans want. The size America needs.



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CHRISTMAS WITH THE CARTERS

continued

a slice of Mother's popular Bourbon Lane cake filled with raisins and spices, a stack of holiday cookies all decorated in red and green frosting, and a tall glass of milk.

A week earlier, Daddy would go out with us to search through our pine forest, whose evergreen elegance refused to fade when the winter frost and wind dulled and stripped the rest of the countryside foliage. He would select the most perfect seven-foot, long-leafed pine he could find. He would haul it home and set it up in the dining room. This room was the center of our family activities. We had no central heating in those days. There were fireplaces in each of the rooms, and through all of the cold winter months a fire was kept blazing in the dining room fireplace. The large, heavy, walnut table was the study center for the children. While school was in session, each night would find us seated around the table with our books and papers stacked on it, reading or writing by the light of kerosene lamps since we had no electricity until I was almost nine.

On each side of the fireplace was a tiny anteroom. The one on the left served as the family library. It contained scores of volumes of everything from Tarzan and Tom Sawyer, to Dickinson, George Eliot and Chaucer. I remember, too, the dog-eared copy of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, which we so often read during the holiday season.

The other anteroom was filled with games. The Carters are all competitive. By the age of ten, the children learned to play bridge. On almost any given night, one could find us locked in a furious struggle to win some game. Usually it was a fight over Boardwalk, Park Place or the Reading Railroad in our favorite game, Monopoly. Daddy was the patriarch, but he was never spared the humbling experience of defeat if we could win against him. Scrabble and Parcheesi were also very popular. At five, I didn't win much, but I tried. No one hated to lose more than Jimmy. If, as tradition says, English battles are won on the fields of Eton, I wonder if the White House was won in a dining room in Plains. The will to win certainly was honed, if not forged, there. The two-week Christmas vacation usually brought an increase in the use of the game room and the library, but the year of the measles saw no such fun.

Days hobble by

The days in the dark hobbled by. There was little we wanted to say to each other, and less we could do. Each day I would ask Mother how many days until Christmas, hoping there would be a reprieve from our sentence, but it was not to be. On the 24th, Dr. Wise told us that our fevers remained and we must stay in our limbo through Christmas Day. I cried. That night the dreadful thought seized me: What if Santa decided not to stop? What if he saw all the Carter children's bedroom lights off and thought we didn't live here anymore? I comforted myself by deciding that if he knew when I'd been bad or good, he surely knew I was entombed in Jimmy's room with the measles. I also worried about whether Santa would go hungry. We hadn't laid out his midnight snack. Gloria assured me that Mother would take care of Santa. A sophisticated eight years old, she knew Mother took care of Santa every day.

Christmas morning

Sleep finally silenced my sad, anxious thoughts. The next thing I remembered was Mother gently caressing my brow and saying, "Ruth, wake up. It's Christmas morning." But all was still drowned in darkness. Mother sat me up in my bed and slipped my robe on me. Then she took my hand and led me across the room. Finally, she lifted me up and placed me on a seat, and guided my hands to handle grips and my feet to pedals. I squealed with delight. It was the tricycle I had wanted for Christmas. It was still dark, but I didn't care. I hadn't been forgotten, and I was sure that the same hands that had led me through the dark would care for me until I could play with my tricycle.

Perhaps the icing on the cake, though, came when Mother turned on the battery-powered radio, and we heard the announcer telling the world about Jimmy, Gloria and Ruth, shut in a dark room on this Christmas day. We were all thrilled. It was the first time that any of the Carter family had been publicly recognized. Then, at the request of Mother, the announcer dedicated a song to us. Christmas was saved.

Billy hadn't been born yet. He came along a few years later, literally walking in Daddy's footsteps. He, too, became the same kind of Christmas-giving man.

One January a few years back, he was in his pick-up truck, driving from his home to the peanut warehouse, when he heard over his CB radio that there had been an accident on the highway that runs from Plains to Americus, four miles out of Plains.

Billy made a fast U-turn and rushed to the accident. Two cars had brushed each other going in opposite directions, sending one car, an old, blue, four-door Ford sedan, out of control. It had spun sideways into a tree.

Billy jumped out of his truck. The driver, a young black man, was dazed and cut by flying glass, but he wasn't seriously hurt. In the front seat, his wife was crying and leaning over a baby w was bleeding badly. Billy knew bleeding would have to be slowed save the child, so he ripped off his n suede coat, his favorite, week-old Chr mas gift from his wife, Sybil. He ca fully wrapped the baby in his coat, th held the child close to his chest to kee warm in the chill morning air. When ambulance arrived, Billy transferred infant to the arms of the attendant, w rushed the family to the hospital Americus.

A week later, the child's pare showed up at the Carter house. Th came to thank Billy for his kindness. T baby was out of danger, and they w all right. The husband handed Billy suede coat. They had washed the coat an effort to get the blood out. Billy did mind. In fact, I'm sure that coat s keeps his heart warm.

Forty-two years after she rescued from my benign gloom, my mother, M Lillian, decided to become a Peace Co volunteer. She never says that it wa religious experience, a very deep a personal confrontation with Jesus Chr that finally led her to go to India. Bu was. So, as a 68-year-old grandmoth she decided to serve the poor of India a nurse in a village clinic near Bomb Before her two years of service w over, she was to experience privati hunger and hardships beyond anythi she had ever known. Her letters to expressed anger and despair over t treatment of the sick and the poor. one seemed to care. She confessed in o letter that she was constantly losing h temper, that the pressures were mo than she felt she could bear.

But she found peace and satisfacti in India, and she had a glorious Chri mas. A letter dated January 2, 196 read, "I loved all the gifts you all se me for Christmas and I'm almost afra to write this letter, but I hope you w understand. On New Year's my frien have a custom of exchanging gifts, as do for Christmas. I gave all my gi away one by one. I couldn't help it. I h already had the joy of receiving the and I just had no other way to pass th joy along to these people who have cor to mean so much to me."

No wonder she became a Peace Cor version of the "Unsinkable Mol Brown." That kind of giving alwa turns the lights on in a shadowed spir

Last Christmas it was our turn to gi to Mother. On December 21, I receiv a phone call from her. "I'm in the ho pital, Ruth, and I want to see you," s said. I had neglected most of my Chri mas shopping and cooking and was pla ning to spend the last few days befo Christmas in shopping centers and t kitchen, but now I knew I must go Plains to see Mother *(continue*



IT TOOK TEN YEARS TO DEVELOP A "TOTAL SYSTEM" THAT DELIVERS REAL TASTE IN A LOW 'TAR' CIGARETTE.

A low 'tar' cigarette is a complex system of interacting parts.

The tobacco. The filter. And even the paper.

Decade is the first low 'tar' in which all the parts have been arranged in perfect balance with each other. This is the Decade "Total System." And this is why Decade is the first low 'tar' with a taste worth smoking.

The Tobacco. "Flavor Packing"™ plus fifteen tobaccos boost taste.

We've developed a system called "Flavor Packing" that allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade cigarette.

This is in addition to our special taste blend of fifteen fine tobaccos, including exotic Turkish, full bodied Burley, and Bright, a tobacco known for its smoothness.

The Filter. Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

The Decade filter is a combination of modern laser technology, plus our own exclusive research design. Simply, we've created a channel within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher 'tar' cigarettes. Which means you get taste from first puff to last.

The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

For Decade we use only high porosity-cigarette paper. Ordinary paper inhibits the burn rate, which can diminish the taste and create the need to pull harder when you drag.

With Decade's high porosity paper however, you get an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result. A completely new kind of low 'tar' cigarette.

So try a pack of Decade for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.



Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av per cigarette by FTC method.

instead. She had gone to the hospital several other times and had insisted that I not be notified until she was back home so that I wouldn't worry, so when she contacted me I dropped everything and went.

Gloria met me at the airport, and together we rushed to the hospital. We found Mother suffering from a case of phlebitis, but more from a need for tender love and care. The rigors of campaigning for Jimmy 14 to 18 hours a day had taken their toll. Now her son had been elected president, and the string had suddenly gone slack. I could see her reaching out for the love and comfort of her family. All of her children were there to give it. The course of life had come full circle, as it surely should. I watched Mother grow stronger on a diet of Jimmy pushing her wheelchair, her daughters fluffing her pillow and Billy "pulling her leg." Her feisty, jesting banter replaced the painful, subdued voice with which she had greeted us earlier.

On Christmas Day the family, including the grandchildren, descended on her hospital room. As breakfast was served to all, she confessed:

"This was the only way I could think of to get out of cooking for all of you." But we knew she was just receiving the gift she needed most: children and grandchildren near, wrapped in a Christmas package of love.

What Christmas is

I realize that these favorite Christmas vignettes of the Carter family have something in common: 1) Daddy and the poor children of Plains; 2) Jimmy, Gloria and me in our blacked-out Christmas; 3) Billy with the injured child; 4) Mother and the destitute of India—bringing help to the needy, bringing light to people's darkness. Isn't that what Christmas is all about?

The world into which Jesus was born was very grim and dark. The poignant and tender stable scene with Mary, Joseph and the baby, surrounded by adoring shepherds and worshipping Wise Men, is so lovely that we tend to forget about the foreign troops who occupied the country—and in a few years would attempt to crush it. The beauty of Christ's birth obscures the terrible plight of the people who lived under the quisling rule of King Herod. In an effort to destroy the infant Jesus, who somehow threatened his throne while He lay in His crib, Herod had his troops murder every male child they could find who was two years old or younger.

There is no way we can dwell on such a massacre and joyously celebrate Christmas at the same time. Understandably, we ignore the fact that a darkness surrounded the Nativity, but it was into this setting that "The Light shone in the darkness and the darkness could not extinguish it." God didn't curse the darkness and the human race which had caused it. He sent us light. That was the first and greatest Christmas gift. There are many who suffer darkness at Christmas time. Maybe because it is to be a time of joy and rejoicing, the sadness and depression are intensified for many people. We all need the light to shine away our darkness, but it seems to me that Christmas is most truly Christmas when we celebrate it by giving that light of love to those who need it most. It is rather a painful contrast to recall such moments of joy at Christmas as a child, and then later to experience the darkness of despair as an adult.

One Christmas I planned a retreat. I had invited a minister to come and share with my classes the joys and meaning of Christmas. He said, "The things we cannot forgive in others are weaknesses buried deep inside ourselves." I didn't like what I was hearing, but it had the ring of truth. He then told me, "God is able to reach into our past and remove negative relationships and reconstruct them. We discover a new self-image where our present store of memories cause us to react to persons and circumstances in a negative or destructive way." I began to touch the guilt I felt about how cruel I had been to ignore others' needs. A flood of tears unleashed a kaleidoscope of buried emotions. He asked us to bring Christ into each unhappy scene from the past. As I did, I could feel a gradual release from the pain. I went to my sister and Mother and asked their forgiveness. Jesus stood with me, and a look of understanding and love shone on His face.

That was a new beginning for me. Jesus was re-born in a new way in my mind. There, in the midst of my turbulent emotions, He came in Peace.

I am still on this journey toward total inner healing, but I shall never forget that Christmas when an unexpected comment changed my life.

I realize now that I was not alone in my darkness. It has been a revelation to me to find that many other people have experienced the same lonely Christmas depressions, hurts and feelings of rejection. To find the path out of the darkness has been the great gift of my life, a gift I now can share with others.

This Christmas, it has become possible for me to open a center for those who need the healing of body and spirit. For ten years I've dreamed of such a center, and now 30 acres of hills, lakes and trees have become available. This Inner Healing Center, Holovista Ranch, will provide a place where people may come for the healing of the whole person, body, mind and spirit. The fulfillment of this long-awaited, long-cherished dream of being able to bring light to the darkness others live in is, to me, the best Christmas gift of all. **End**

To contact Ruth Carter Stapleton about her Inner Healing Center, write to: Behold, Inc., Box 53757, Fayetteville, N.C. 28305.



"I thought I might ask Amy Carter *to stay over one night."*



'Twas the night after...

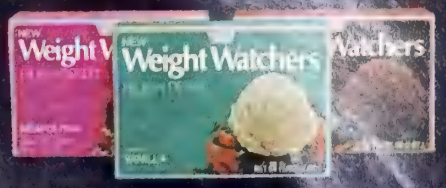
...and all through the house, not a creature was stirring except the two of you as you sipped Amaretto di Saronno. The *originale*, beautifully wrapped for the holidays in the green velvet box with roses on the cover. The gift of love from Saronno, the village of love. Whether you give it, or receive it, Amaretto di Saronno means a memorable night after.

To the millions of people who think they shouldn't eat dessert, we say:

Yes, you can.



Introducing new Weight Watchers® Frozen Dessert
It has 90% less fat and 38% fewer calories than ice cream and it's naturally sweetened for a naturally delicious taste.
Available in vanilla, chocolate and neapolitan



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Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Menstruation and menopause are part of all women's lives. Yet many women—and research scientists—still find things to learn about these important subjects. Here are some new discoveries you should be aware of.

RELIEF FOR PREMENSTRUAL PROBLEMS? A Dutch gynecologic researcher reports that bromocriptine, a new drug that is not yet licensed in the U.S., effectively quells premenstrual symptoms. (The drug is manufactured by Sandoz Pharmaceuticals.) "It seems probable that [bromocriptine] may become the treatment of choice" for premenstrual tension, Laszlo Benedek-Jaszmann, M.D. (of the University of Utrecht, wrote in the British journal *Lancet*. He said several dozen women, whom he treated with the drug, experienced "marked" to "complete" relief of breast tenderness and swelling, abdominal cramps, headache, fluid retention, weight gain and premenstrual blues.

However, two English physicians, who used half the Dutch dose, report that bromocriptine proved little better than sugar pills in the dozen women who tried it. Danish gynecologic researchers, using the same dose as Dr. Benedek-Jaszmann, found significant improvement only in the breast symptoms in the 21 women whom they studied. The Danish researchers felt that these results were "rather discouraging."

Meanwhile, in Holland, Dr. Benedek-Jaszmann now has treated more than 100 women with bromocriptine, and says he stands by his original judgment.

Bromocriptine has not been tested yet in the U.S. against premenstrual syndrome, but a Sandoz official in Canada—where the drug is licensed for other uses—says Sandoz in the U.S. is "quite interested" in this potential use. The drug's mode of action is not wholly known, but it significantly reduces serum levels of the lactation-inducing hormone prolactin, which has been blamed for premenstrual distress.

UNHELPFUL FOLKLORE. Many women don't know why or how they menstruate. Rather, two researchers say, they rely on fear-tinged folkloric beliefs that threaten their health and perpetuate poor self-images. The credence that contemporary women give to menstrual folklore is documented in a report to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* from community health specialist Loudell Snow, Ph.D., and family health expert Shirley Johnson, Ph.D., of Michigan State University. They obtained their data through interviews with 40 women patients at a public health clinic. Their subjects tended to be of lower income and educational levels, and came from widely varied ethnic backgrounds.

Most of the women were handicapped in their knowledge about menstruation because, they said, nobody told them much about it at the start. One Southern white woman said she spent the afternoon of her menarche reciting a biblical verse she'd been told would staunch bleeding. A Mexican-American woman remembered getting her first lesson on female physiology from an unknown woman, by phone, because her own mother was too embarrassed to discuss it. Nice women, subjects said, do not discuss menstrual matters.

Partly as the result, over half of these women do not know where menstrual blood comes from—"Up there *(continued on page 168)*

A touch of womanhood in a high potency vitamin.

Water-soluble vitamins

Unlike fat-soluble vitamins and most minerals, the water-soluble B complex and C vitamins are not stored in heavy reserve. They must be replaced daily.

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Daily stress conditions such as chronic overwork, bad dieting or even too much smoking or drinking can put an increased demand on your B complex and C vitamin supply. A greater demand than an inadequate diet may provide.

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Recommended Intake—1 tablet daily

Your body deserves it

A product of Lederle Laboratories

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TV EVANGELISTS

continued from page 68

get there. But Jesus gives the person who will trust Him peace and guidance in the midst of these problems. Before Christ left the earth, He told us that these things would occur: wars, heart attacks, an increase in earthquakes, false messiahs, strange events in the sky and youth rebellions. He said not to be discouraged but to look up and rejoice, for Jesus would come soon.

Yet our Lord is neither fatalistic nor unrealistic. Jesus said he came to give man an abundant life and to teach him to pray that the earth will be as it already is in heaven. He wants us to achieve our full potential. The blinders of lust and sin keep men from utilizing their full abilities and creativity. History shows that the Christian Reformation produced great men of creativity and wisdom including Isaac Newton, Johann Sebastian Bach, Francis Bacon and Rembrandt. Today, those cultures that have rejected Christ are suffering.

America has been unusually blessed in history. Founded on religious freedom and trust in God, our commitment to giving and sharing the Gospel has been richly rewarded. If we listen to our hearts and to Christ, I believe we will hear the resounding beat: In God We Trust. **End**

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Fred C. Danneman, Publishe





No, Mother, Tylenol is not found safer than aspirin!

To all concerned parents! If you've been confused by advertising for a Tylenol product that claims it works like children's aspirin but it's *safer*...and *just as effective* when used as directed—you should know this:

A U.S. Government Agency, the Food and Drug Administration, has issued a news release on the findings of a panel of experts appointed to study nonprescription pain and fever relievers. Concerning acetaminophen, the active ingredient in Tylenol products, the FDA states that "the experts found no basis for claims that this ingredient is safer than aspirin and urged labeling to warn against the danger of liver damage from overdoses."

These experts recommend the following warning for all acetaminophen products, including children's preparations: "Do not exceed recommended dosage because severe liver damage may occur."

Parents! Acetaminophen was not found to be safer than aspirin. And you can continue to feel secure if you have been giving your child Bayer Children's Aspirin all along.

Read and follow label instructions.



en you need a pain reliever and fever reducer for your child, get Bayer® Children's Aspirin.

Princess Margaret

continued from page 38

looking for romance, she did not show it—but it was not far away.

In September the Princess met an amusing, presentable young man. His name was Roddy Llewellyn.

Many people who see Roddy for the first time find a striking resemblance to Tony. Both have soft features, shaggy hair, slight builds and they have many of the same mannerisms in common. Roddy is the gentler person, not given to rages and with little aggression—or for that matter, ambition.

Within days of meeting, the Princess and Roddy were acting like old friends. Roddy would meet Margaret either at Kensington Palace when Tony was away or in the homes of mutual friends. In March 1974, they vacationed in the Bahamas without comment, as prying journalists were barred.

Surprisingly, on her return to England—Roddy remained in Barbados—Margaret was met at the airport by Tony and their son David. Solicitously, Tony carried a mink for the suntanned Princess to help combat the wintry weather.

The remainder of 1974 was a period of varying fortunes for Margaret and Tony. According to friends, he demanded that she give Roddy up and the Princess, struggling one last time to be an obedient and compliant wife, agreed.

She did not know that Tony had met a film production assistant called Lucy Lindsay-Hogg. Nor did she know that Tony planned to take Lucy to Australia with him while he made a TV film.

Roddy, naturally enough, was distraught at his sudden rejection. He had confided to friends that Margaret was the only woman he had ever loved; without her, life would not be worth living. By Christmas he appeared on the verge of a nervous breakdown and in January flew to his father's villa in Barbados.

While Tony was in Australia, Margaret—alone—went to Mustique. She and Tony would be parted for nearly three months, and she looked on the period as a "trial separation," she told friends. When the separation was over, she hoped that they would be pleased to see each other and that a degree of marital harmony could be restored, if only for the children's sake.

Just as she was preparing to leave Mustique, Roddy materialized without warning, the victim of a cruel practical joke. A friend in Barbados—one hour's flight away—had handed him an air ticket, saying it was from Margaret, who missed him. Their meeting was strained and embarrassing. No, she had not sent for him. Someone must be playing games, and she was, in any case, on her way back to London.

Dejected, Roddy returned to Barbados and underwent a breakdown. A neighbor arranged for him to fly to England, accompanied by a doctor.

In Kensington Palace, Princess Margaret was preparing a huge welcome for her husband and had every hope that Tony would want a reconciliation. But it was not to be. Word of Lucy slowly sneaked through to her.

"Princess Margaret confronted Tony and asked for a separation that would involve him moving out," a friend told me. "He just laughed in her face."

Most affected by the turn of events were the children, who were subjected to their parents' acrimonious quarrels. And those friends who visited Kensington Palace, reported that the atmosphere was unbearable. "When Margaret and Tony met, they just growled at each other," said one. "He was living in her house, but was a virtual stranger."

Roddy, meanwhile, was recovering from his breakdown. Margaret kept informed of his progress and when he was discharged from the hospital helped him decorate his apartment.

In the autumn of 1975, there was a brief crisis when Roddy took off for Turkey without telling anyone and made no contact for over a week. Margaret cancelled her engagements for a few days, pleading migraine.

"Princess Margaret's problem with men is that she is so aggressive that nobody can tolerate it," a friend says. "She has a lot of time on her hands."

During the winter, the situation with Tony reached rock bottom. Many evenings he would leave Kensington Palace and return not much before dawn. When in the house, he closeted himself either in his office or in his own bedroom.

"They hardly saw each other," a friend told me. "Tony thought he could have a lovely affair and Princess Margaret had to pretend to the world that nothing was happening."

The end of the agony was, however, mercifully near. In March 1976, Margaret returned to Mustique with Roddy. This time a photographer evaded security and took a blurred snapshot of Margaret, sitting with Roddy and a group of friends. When the photo was published in a London newspaper, the group of friends had been cut out, lending the picture a false degree of coziness.

It was an opportunity that Tony had been waiting for. When Margaret returned, he demanded an immediate separation. He had been humiliated, he said, by publication of the photo.

"He was devilish cunning with his timing," I was told. "Princess Margaret was made to look the guilty party."

On March 10th there was a statement from Kensington Palace. "H.R.H. The Princess Margaret, the Countess of Snowdon, and the Earl of Snowdon have mutually agreed to live apart. The Princess will carry out her public duties and functions unaccompanied by Lord Snowdon. There are no plans for divorce proceedings."

Tony made his first statement about the separation in an emotional television interview. Sitting in an empty Kensington Palace, Princess Margaret watched her husband's moist-eyed performance and, despite herself, was forced to admire it. "She had never seen such good acting," a friend reported.

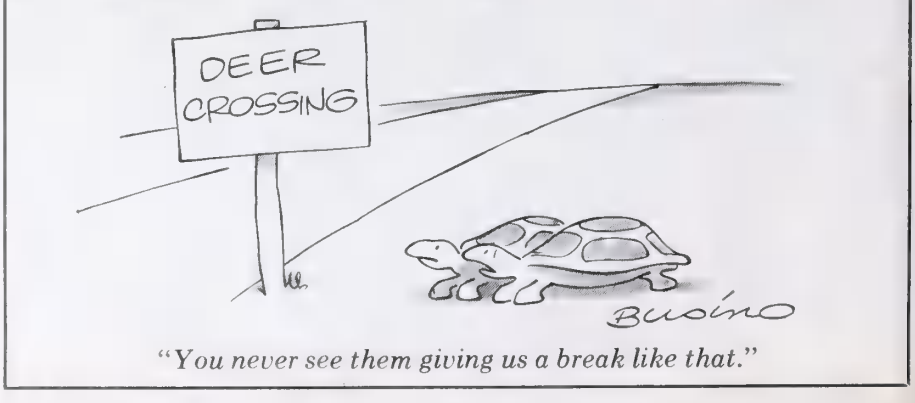
The summer after the separation, Tony made another documentary for television. Lucy was his production assistant. It's said that he's contemplating remarriage, although a divorce from Margaret has not been discussed.

"I don't see myself ever marrying again," the Princess told a friend recently. "As a member of the Royal Family, one is used as a figurehead, and being the sister of you-know-who, I would put her in a difficult position. Anyway, it would be too much of a bore."

Although marriage seems out of the question, Margaret is still very close to Roddy, and at her request he is invited to weekend house parties.

"Roddy is an angel with her," a close friend tells me. "Sometimes I think he is the only man who has ever treated Princess Margaret properly. She is very protective, very concerned about him. The relationship has gone on to another stage. She mothers him and they talk on the phone nearly every day.

"Roddy is very correct with Margaret. No one has ever heard him call her anything else but Ma'am." **End**



"You never see them giving us a break like that."


really enjoy
smoking.
Do you?
Salem
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Salem's the cigarette you'll really enjoy. Great taste. Fresh menthol. That's enjoyment.
Salem 100's & King.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Sorry Hon—
But your cake
tastes so good
I couldn't
wait for the
frosting—
Jim.



Duncan Hines Deluxe II...
so moist and delicious
they might
not wait till
it's frosted.



THE AMERICAN FAMILY
By James A. Michener



"The Family Christmas Party" by Jane Wooster Scott.

A distinguished author looks at an embattled American institution -- and tells why it must survive.

Before I make my guess as to the future of the American family, the reader has a right to know my bias. I strongly favor family life for objective reasons and from personal experience.

I do not know who my parents were. I spent crucial periods of my life in a poorhouse, where I saw the sad result of family life disintegrated. Luckily, I was taken into the home of one of the rare women of this world. She cared for abandoned children, so that I grew up surrounded by kids my own age. I knew tremendous love; the roistering, noisy, rowdy kind that comes from large numbers.

These early experiences may have conditioned me to prize family life rather more than facts would warrant, but everything I have seen subsequently confirms that early judgment.

I have found that women and men who find emotional security within a family structure usually lead more satisfying lives. I think of an unmarried woman in our town who assumed responsibility for her widowed

(continued on page 158)



"Don't talk to that Santa Claus," Judith said, pulling her son's arm. "Come on. Let's just keep walking."

It was snowing on Fifth Avenue. There seemed to be a million people and thousands of Santas. It was a record year for Santas; she had never seen so many. There were Santas in taxicabs, which was a new one.

"Why why?" asked Joshua, allowing himself to be tugged along. He kept his eyes on the Salvation Army Santa until the red-suited stranger was finally swallowed up by the crowd.

"We're late," said Judith. "We are very, very late." She absolutely could not forgive the tone of voice she used on her son—exasperated, holding some



A holiday short story—for people who still love.
By Marion Lew

SANTA SANTA

hidden threat—but there seemed no escaping it. "We have caramel apples at home," she added, hoping to improve matters somewhat.

Suddenly it stopped snowing and the temperature dropped a few degrees. The sky was hard and gray; it was like living inside of a refrigerated bullet. All around them were unbroken families, as charming as new toys. Ahead loomed another Santa.

Maybe it would be better to get off of Fifth Avenue. But Madison was just as bad, and Park this year was a veritable minefield of Santas. "Give to . . ." the Santa chanted, ringing his bell and breathing out billows of vapor. He was just Tony's height—but his false whiskers had *(continued on page 146)*

Illustration by Chuck Wilkinson

Red Dazzle

Red says it all. It's daring, fun and sexy. And this year, red is as basic as black for evening. These stop-traffic fashions signal a festive mood for the holidays, just right for painting the town that proverbial Red!
By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



In the Key of Red: dramatic evening symphony of soft folds. A play-it-again look from the Thirties—perfectly cut to fall from the fullness of a low draped back and bat-wing sleeves to a narrowing ankle. The front: loose bodice with bateau neckline. By Scott Barrie, $240.



Danger Red, left: High-voltage party pajama for lounging at home or sizzling out on the town. Scoop-neck blouse can be worn as tunic or tucked in softly. Pants have a pull-on waistband, full and flowing legs. From Sears; in Qiana, $25.

Red-Hot-Red, right: A sassy shimmer-and-shake of small accordian pleats for when you want to face the music and dance. Tiers of crepe de chine, with narrow straps and a sashed waist. By Jeannene Booher for David Morris, $150.



Hot-Line Red. Bells are ringing for this top number. Supple shape for a dinner dress—dolman sleeves winging from a high drawstring waist. Strings at neck can tie-close or be free for an open-V. By Mollie Parnis Boutique; of rayon jersey, $198.

Diamond neckpiece from Cartier. Shopping information on page 169.



Red Moderne: This long chemise has all the excitement of pure design, fluid form. Asymmetric yoke slides up to a side bow, tied over and showing one alluring shoulder. By Hubert Latimer; of crepe-back satin: $260.

Redder-than-Red: A long shirtdress that spreads like a quietly banked fire. Big tent-shape, with deep V-neck, gathered in by its wide, shiny-red belt. By Miquette, of polyester crepe de chine, $118.





Glad Tidings: Wreaths of Plenty

Create your own Christmas artistry with one of the easiest materials imaginable—play dough. The humble ingredients of salt, water and flour (all at your fingertips) can be shaped into something as elaborate as a bountiful della Robbia wreath (opposite page) or, more modestly, the fruitful candleholders (this page). Or, set your imagination free to pattern fun designs of your own—small masterpieces that say "Merry Christmas" for years. Instructions on page 170. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Photographs by Allen Vogel. Wreath and candleholders made by Millie Innes. Lenox candles; Mira-X cloth.





Deck the Halls with Roses

Quite a trick to make banks of roses bloom in December and stay on in glorious profusion. But the secret of these fair flowers, with layers of delicate translucent petals, lies in the making. Lengths of tissue paper are folded, clipped and curled to revive the charming tradition of renewed life and hope as symbolized by the Christmas rose. Detailed instructions are on page 154.

Top: A wreath of evergreens to hang on wall or windows, sweetened with tissue paper roses and ribbons. Beneath the wreath: Greenery garlands bunched with roses and tied with fresh gingham to swag around a mantel, a window, a door. Lower left: Extravagant masses of red roses and spicy bows form a topiary tree. Pretty to save from year to year. Lower right: Not the usual Christmas tree, but a taper of beautifully intertwined roses, greens and ribbons to greet guests in the entry hall or at the foot of the stairs.

Photographs by Allen Vogel. Styrofoam forms









Cookie Art.. Gift Boxes That Keep

Here are the "unmunchables"—a multitude of cookies turned into wonderfully whimsical packaging. In this new guise (some gaily painted; all spray-coated to last), they spruce up the simplest of boxes, tins, jars or baskets. Great for carrying gifts of, what else, but some of



LHJ's delicious make-at-home cookies (see our Cookie Book). Stage a raid on your cookie jar or comb your food shop's shelves for well-defined and familiar shapes such as Lorna Doones, hearts, shells, animals, alphabets, fat little fishes. Complete how-to's. page 142.

Photographs by Allen Vogel. Grayblock ribbons, 3-M adhesives

The Cookie Book '77

COOKIE CONSTELLATION

Here, upon the midnight clear, these heavenly cookies mark just the beginning of the Journal's Christmas Cookie Book '77. Our Yule-time treats are all made with love and togetherness to delight family and friends. The celestial stars here are carved out of the same sugar



cookie dough (by pattern or cutter). No two alike. Follow our flights of fancy—from stained glass to Pennsylvania Dutch—or dream your own jubilant ideas. Basic recipe and patterns for man-in-the-moon and Bethlehem star start on page 156.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.

Cookie Book '77 photographs by Nick Samardge

The Cookie Book '77

HOLIDAY TREE MAGIC

Behold, the pure enchantment of our magical grove. Watch the wondrous surprise these make-believe trees bring to surveyors of all ages. The three tall pines, easy-to-do and incredibly edible, grow from rising stars (six-pointed) of crisp molasses dough. They're simply cut in graduated patterns and stacked on wooden dowels. Deck their spreading boughs with red licorice candles, winter visions or snowy icing from your own fantasy. Directions and recipe are on page 112.





The Cookie Book '77

LHJ's TOP TWENTY

The most make-able bake-ables! We made a list and checked it twice—to whittle the vast cookie field down to 20 all-around favorites. Some are LHJ originals, such as taking a rich pecan pie and cutting it down to cookie size. Others are good old-fashioned treats. No matter how many of these you try, we promise you'll want more. Recipes, page 120.

HOLIDAY WREATH, left, light and festive circle. **CRANBERRY DROPS**, right, tart and delicious.

DUTCH FRUIT BAR: Chewy diamond of fruits, almond, honey.

MADRID TWIST: A hint of orange. Not-too-sweet.

BOURBON BALL No baking; let age for 3 days.

Two from Austria: **LINZER SQUARE**, above, with raspberry jam. Walnut-y **VIENNESE CRESCENT**, left.

JAM CRESCENT: Mini-turnovers, plumped with preserves.

FRUITCAKE COOKIE: A fat baby-cake, fragrant with dark rum, candied fruits.

APRICOT FOLDOVER, top, adorable little Danish. **OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR**, right: Our one recipe makes 7 dozen cookies.



CHEESECAKE DREAM: Could be the best thing you've ever tasted. Easy and incredibly rich.

POPPY SEED: A peppy round, speckled with seeds.

CHRISTMAS SHORTBREAD: Classic Scottish recipe—then spread with chocolate!

SARAH BERNHARDT: Something to swoon over. Chocolate truffle on a macaroon.

MELTING MOMENT: The name says it all. With a whisper of orange.

BRANDY SNAP: Delicate crunch; cooled around the handle of a wooden spoon.

PECAN DELIGHT: A not-too-rich, teenie pecan pie.

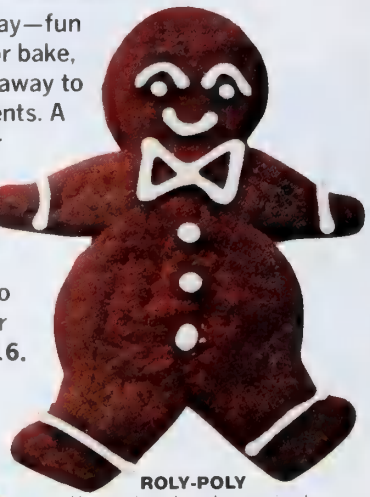
GREEK COOKIE PUFF: A powdery trio; anise and lemon peel are fragile flavorings.

FATTIGMAND: Fun from Norway. A deep-fried bow tie, dusted with confectioners' sugar.

The Cookie Book '77

SURPRISES FOR SANTA

Cookies that are child's play—fun for young chefs to make or bake, perhaps to wrap and give away to classmates and grandparents. A simple, joyous task (under your watchful eye). A special treat for Santas weary from Christmas hustle-and-bustle. With a plate of these goodies, who wouldn't keep the reindeer waiting? Recipes, page 116.



ROLY-POLY
Happy gingerbread man, simply made from a mix plus water.



HOUSE MOUSE
Stir and form little critters from no-bake dough. Raisin ears, gumdrop eyes.



SUPER SOX
Paintbrush cookies—food coloring stroked on snappy cut-out shapes.



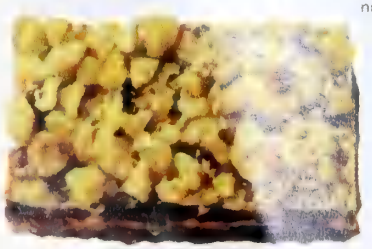
JACK FROSTIES
Ice cream sandwiches have a pint of vanilla in dough; chocolate frosting center.



ST. NICK'S TRICK
Hidden inside two thin butterscotch cookies is a bite of a [illegible]



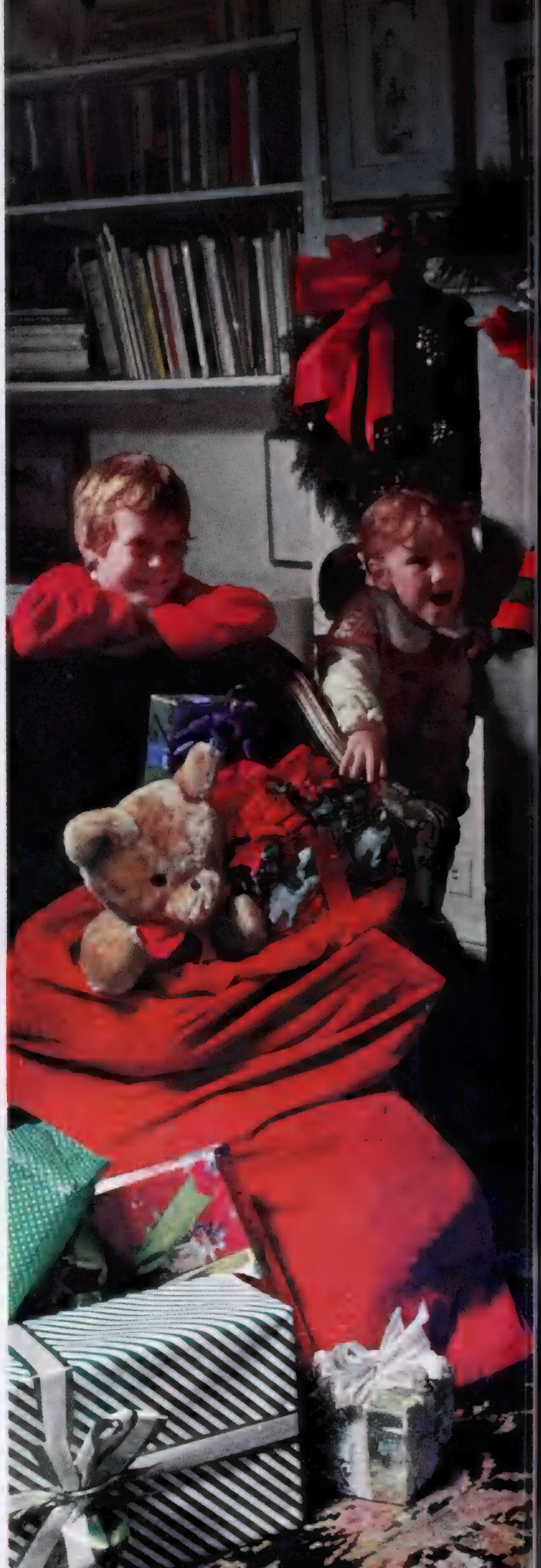
THUMBS DOWN
Cookie mix bristling with extra nuts. Thumbprints for jelly impress.



STIR-ME-NOTS
Layer five delicious items; quietly bake.



CARROT CRUNCHIES
Yum, a healthy crunchy carrot cookie with raisins, nuts, cereal





No more grocer

Enter the "You have a way wi
and you could win fre



bills till 1983!

Campbell's" contest groceries for 5 years.

Winner will have choice of either a $20,000 check now or a check each month for five years based on Spring, 1977, U.S.D.A. Family Economic Review "Liberal Plan" for costs of feeding a family of four with two school-age children. All other free grocery prizes will use the same formula.

Send us an idea like the ones on the yellow panels on Campbell's Soup labels and you could win one of thousands of exciting prizes.

f you're like most women, you have a favorite
y of serving or using Campbell's Soup.
Maybe it's an original recipe using Campbell's
p. Or maybe it's a special way of garnishing
p. Or maybe you have a way of mixing two soups
ether to create your own soup.
ust follow the official rules and mail your entry
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Here's what you could win:
Grand Prize. Free groceries for five years (or
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runner-up prizes of free groceries for one year
or $4,000 cash).
0 prizes of free groceries for one month (or $300
ash).
,000 prizes of a free case of Campbell's Soup (48
ans, any kind).
0,000 prizes of Campbell's Cookbooks.
You have a way with Campbell's. Tell us about it.

e's How to Enter:

pe, or hand-print clearly, your idea on an official entry
or a plain sheet of paper no larger than 8½" x 11" (one
nly). Be sure to include the following information with
dea: the variety of Campbell's Soup(s) utilized and your
lete name, address and zip code. Your idea must use one
re varieties of Campbell's Soup. Mail your entry to:
bell's Soup "YOU HAVE A WAY WITH CAMPBELL'S"
EST, P.O. BOX 8251, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.
tries must be received by February 18, 1978. Enter as
times as you wish, but mail each entry separately. Each
entry submitted must be accompanied by a yellow panel cut from the back of any variety of Campbell's Soup.

3. Entries will be judged under the supervision of the D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION, an independent judging organization, whose decisions will be final on all matters relating to this contest. All entries will be judged on the basis of: (A) originality (10%), creativity (30%), appropriateness of the idea (40%) and (B) ease of preparation of the idea (20%). Entries preliminarily judged as potential major prizewinners (top fifty-five [55]) will be tested, under the supervision of the judging organization, and final major prizewinner determination will be made, based upon the appearance and taste of the finished dish.

4. Entries submitted are not limited to any category. They may be for main dishes, appetizers, snacks or desserts or soup combinations. Entries must include directions for preparation, mixing, cooking, temperature setting, cooking time and state all the ingredients used. Ingredients must be readily available and given in level standard American measurements.

5. All potential winners will be required to sign an affidavit certifying that their entries are their own original idea, have not been previously published, have not won a previous prize or award, and that they have followed the official rules of this contest. All entries submitted become the exclusive property of Campbell Soup Company, and none can be returned. Entry into the contest constitutes permission to use ideas, names and/or likenesses of entrants in any manner by Campbell Soup Company, its advertising or public-relations agencies.

6. This contest is open to residents of the U.S.A. except employees and families of employees of Campbell Soup Company, its affiliates, advertising agencies, the D. L. Blair Corporation and those involved in the preparation of food or recipes on a professional basis. Void where prohibited by law. Subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations. All prizes are non-transferable and no substitution for prizes is permitted. Limit one prize to a family. All tax liability for prizes is the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. For the names of major prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Campbell's Soup "YOU HAVE A WAY WITH CAMPBELL'S" CONTEST, P.O. BOX 8262, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.



My way with Campbell's

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Variety of Campbell's Soup(s) used: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail entry to:
"YOU HAVE A WAY WITH CAMPBELL'S" CONTEST, P.O. BOX 8251, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.

You have a way with Campbell's.

CHRISTMAS ABOUT HOME

GIFTS FOR THE CHEF

A potpourri of presents—new gadgets, aids for your kitchen garden, even a spirit to sample. • What's shaped like a skillet and hangs on a hook? Cooking Wheels—with ten recipes on each side—of James Beard's favorite dishes. American, International and Diet; $1.50 each. Take a spin. • For fast tacos, enchiladas, tostadas—a tortilla press of cast aluminum. Turn out stacks of flat rounds as fast as you can say "muchas gracias." From Nordic Ware, $9.95. • One of the many accessories for food processors—"pain de mie" French bread pan bakes a slim, round loaf that gets sliced via machine disk for canapes or melba toast. Two pans plus matching-size meat and cheese slicer; Cuisinart, $25. • Hang herbs in your kitchen or greenery anywhere—hanging planters with separate saucers, 8-foot cords, even S-hooks for installation. Rounded wood-tone plastic, 8", $2.98; geometric, 10", $3.98. Both, Rubbermaid. • Light up your plant's life—with a plug-in fluorescent bar of light that can shine under shelves, in cabinets, wherever the sun doesn't. Bright Stik Gro and Sho by General Electric (lifespan: 5,000 hours), $19.95. • This Wild Turkey is to sip, not slice. It's the name of a brand-new bourbon-based liqueur, $15.

CRANBERRY CAPERS

Let's hear it for those merry berries—America's own sweet-tarts. Lively little devils—in fact, a good firm berry will bounce. • Rich in Vitamin C (sailors used to munch the ruby reds against dreaded scurvy). • Bit of trivia: To the Pilgrims, the pink cranberry blossom looked like the head of a crane. This led early settlers to call the crimson berry a "crane berry," later shortened to "cranberry." • Cranberry sauce is almost as easy to make as opening a can. Combine 1 lb. berries with 2 cups sugar, 2 cups water; simmer till they pop. Chill. • If you serve the canned kind, mush it up so it doesn't lie there quivering. • Cranberries freeze beautifully—right in their own box or plastic bag. • To string a garland, sew a double strand of thread in 3-foot sections. Tie together. For fun, mix with popcorn or wrapped hard candies. • Fill a silver or crystal bowl with water, add cranberries (they'll float) and flowers; surround with greens. • Create a mistletoe ball. Cover a styrofoam ball with fancy ribbons and cranberries stuck on straight pins. Hang with mistletoe—and win a kiss.

Illustrations by Rainbow/Grinder

JOLLY AND QUICK

A gathering of holiday microwave tips—all shortcuts on Christmas classics. • Roasting chestnuts? Cut time by cutting an X on flat side of nut. Place 1-2 dozen in uncovered shallow dish. Heat 1 minute; let stand 5 minutes. Triumphantly peel off shells. • To plump up raisins for holiday baking and sauce-making, cover raisins with water, heat for 3 minutes; let stand 2 more. Drain and use. • Flame your plum pudding by warming brandy (2 T. to ¼ cup) in glass measuring cup for only 15 seconds. Ignite! • Melt chocolate right in its wrapper. Place squares seam-side up on plate; heat 1½-2 minutes. Ready and runny. • Soften up hard-as-a-rock brown sugar. Set opened box in microwave with a cup of hot water. Start for 1½-2 minutes (½ box); 2-3 minutes (full box). • Extra juice. To squeeze lemons, limes and oranges more easily, put single fruit in oven for 30 seconds. • Leftover mincemeat pie? If refrigerator-cold, warm up 30-45 seconds. • After your Christmas feast, pass toasty towels. Wet washcloths in water-lemon juice; wring out. Heat 30 seconds.

MIRACLE MACHINE

The star on the kitchen Christmas tree this year is the food processor. And you can whisper to your Santa that now there's one for just about every pocketbook, from a list of around $80 to $225. (Shop around for special sales.) What a food processor basically is—a single motor base (either direct drive or belt driven) with a bowl and a variety of blades and disks that whirl through such time-consuming tasks as shredding, slicing, chopping, puréeing, grating cheese and bread crumbs, grinding meats, making pastry and kneading bread dough. Very impressive—and what it promises, it delivers. We have long since been using one in the test kitchens and now couldn't imagine working without it. If a recipe calls for 2 cups of chopped onions—whir-r-r-r—and it's done with the flick of a wrist. One word of caution: its speed can be overwhelming the first few times you try it. A few ticks of the clock too long and whole leaf spinach can go from nicely chopped to a slush of baby food. This machine can be your right hand at making such great peasant dishes as cabbage soup or beef stew or such gourmet heights as a pâte brisée or Béarnaise sauce in seconds. For couples-only, it may be argued that it takes as much time to wash the bowl as to mince by hand—but for anyone who loves to cook, it's simply miraculous.



A sandwich is a sandwich, but a Manwich® is a meal.

Freddie on the left thinks his cold andwich is just that, a cold sandwich. He'd rather have a Manwich like his riend Bobby, because a Manwich is ıot and hearty. More like a meal

Manwich is a sloppy joe made vith your fresh ground beef and Hunt's Manwich Sauce. And what a hick sauce — with tomatoes, sweet nions, crisp bell peppers and a special lend of 10 spices and seasonings.

The next time you're thinking of naking a sandwich, remember Bobby nd make a Manwich instead.



Manwich is a registered trademark of HWFI ©1977

Here's another way to make a Manwich:

Mexican Manwich

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 (15½ oz.) can Hunt's Manwich Sandwich Sauce
- 2 tablespoons diced canned green chilies
- ¼ tablespoon hot pepper sauce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 6 hamburger buns
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Saute ground beef in 10" skillet until beef loses its redness, drain excess fat. Stir in Hunt's Manwich Sauce, green chilies, pepper sauce and salt; simmer 5-10 minutes. Meanwhile, wrap buns tightly in foil, heat thoroughly about 10-15 minutes at 375. Spoon equal portions of sloppy joe fillings on bun bottoms, top each with cheese and bun tops. Makes six servings. For 12 servings, use the Family Size (27½ oz.) can of Manwich, double other ingredients.

For our free, 33-page Manwich recipe booklet, send 25¢ to cover postage and handling to: 50 Famous Manwich Recipes, Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc., P.O. Box 16757, Irvine, CA 92714

TREE MAGIC

continued from page 103

Making any one or all three of our magical trees is surprisingly simple if you follow our directions carefully. First thing is to turn back to page 103 and examine the trees to understand just how they are constructed. You'll notice that there are three sizes—the largest has the tiny candles, the medium-size has tiny circles topped with dragées on each point and the smallest has "snow"-covered boughs. Each tree is built on the same principle: Starting with a wooden dowel centered on a styrofoam base, we stacked six-pointed gingerbread stars, each star separated by gingerbread circles to give dimension. Each tree is topped with a five-pointed star. A further subtlety is that we alternated dark and light stars (a simple matter of baking half the stars a bit longer) to give the tree further dimension and character. Make as many or as few trees as you wish, but don't try to make more than one batch of dough (recipe follows) at a time. (You'll find that it will be too difficult to mix more quantity than we suggest.) Trees are fully edible, of course, but if you want to keep them around for decoration, be sure to choose a coolish spot. If you keep them on display for more than two or three days, it's probably not a good idea to let people eat them. Dust does gather. And now, on with the show.

MOLASSES COOKIE DOUGH

½ cup sugar
½ cup shortening
½ cup light molasses
3 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1¼ teaspoons allspice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg, lightly beaten

In a small saucepan, combine sugar, shortening and molasses and heat to boiling, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, pour into large mixer bowl. Cool.

Meanwhile, in medium bowl, combine dry ingredients. Add egg to cooled molasses mixture. Beat at low speed until well mixed. Gradually add 1½ cups flour mixture to molasses mixture beating until well combined. With wooden spoon, stir in remaining flour mixture to make a stiff dough. Wrap and refrigerate if needed, until firm, about 3 hours. *(Can be prepared in advance and refrigerated up to 1 week.)*

DECORATIVE ICING

This is enough icing to decorate all three trees; it is also a good all-purpose Christmas cookie icing. It keeps well for up to 2 weeks at room temperature.

3 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar

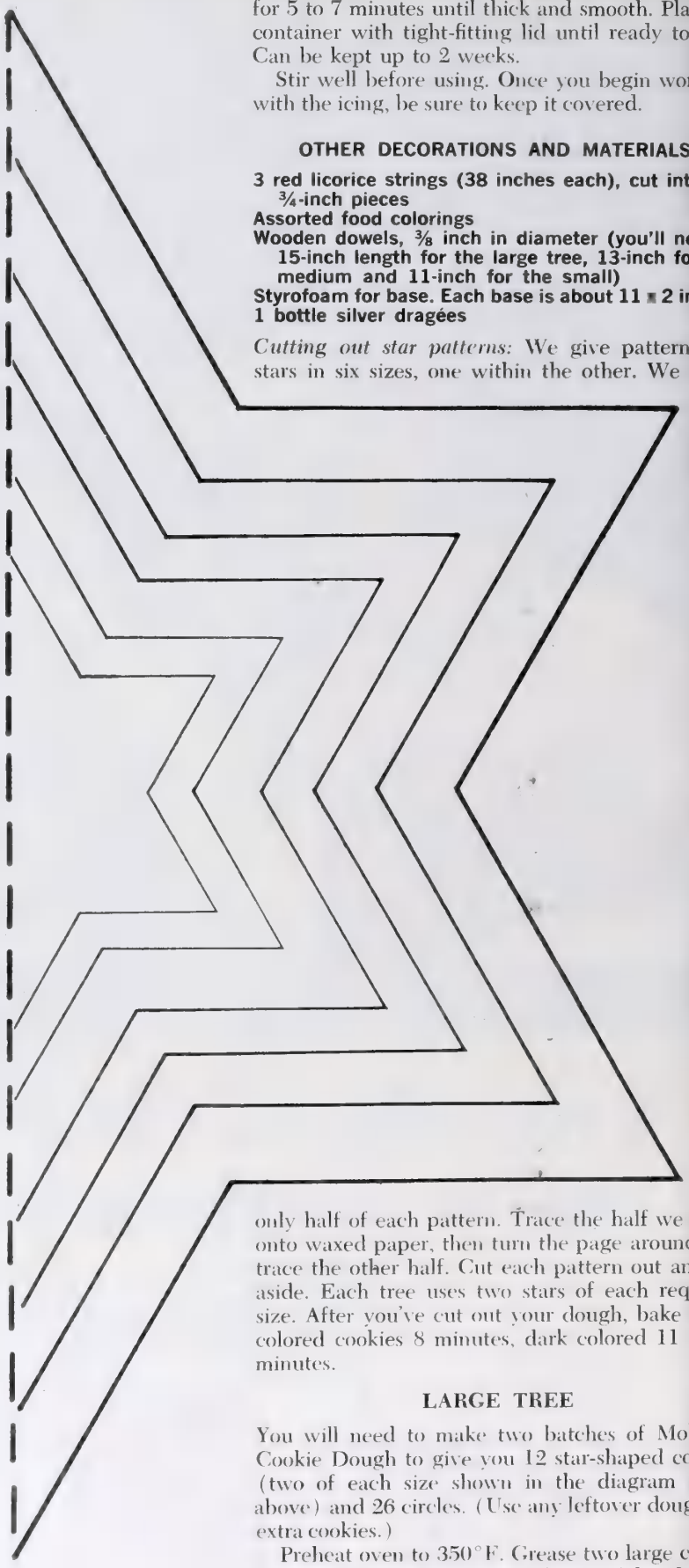
In large mixer bowl, with electric mixer at hi speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar ur frothy. Gradually add sugar and continue beati for 5 to 7 minutes until thick and smooth. Place container with tight-fitting lid until ready to u Can be kept up to 2 weeks.

Stir well before using. Once you begin worki with the icing, be sure to keep it covered.

OTHER DECORATIONS AND MATERIALS

3 red licorice strings (38 inches each), cut into ¾-inch pieces
Assorted food colorings
Wooden dowels, ⅜ inch in diameter (you'll need 15-inch length for the large tree, 13-inch for t medium and 11-inch for the small)
Styrofoam for base. Each base is about 11 × 2 inch
1 bottle silver dragées

Cutting out star patterns: We give patterns stars in six sizes, one within the other. We sh



only half of each pattern. Trace the half we sh onto waxed paper, then turn the page around a trace the other half. Cut each pattern out and aside. Each tree uses two stars of each requi size. After you've cut out your dough, bake lig colored cookies 8 minutes, dark colored 11 to minutes.

LARGE TREE

You will need to make two batches of Molas Cookie Dough to give you 12 star-shaped cook (two of each size shown in the diagram gi above) and 26 circles. (Use any leftover dough extra cookies.)

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease two large coo sheets; set aside. Remove one batch of dough fr refrigerator and divide in half. Onto lightly flou pastry cloth, roll out half the dough to 3/16-i thickness. Place as many star

(continu

Select Cheddar.



But you don't have to select between them. Enjoy the select flavor of spreadable Cracker Barrel, regular and smoked flavors, *and* the select flavor of Cracker Barrel cheddar cheese in the stick. Add a few crackers and garnishes and you've turned a select group into a lot of fun. Cracker Barrel offers two more reasons America spells cheese KRAFT.

Cracker Barrel. Our pride. Your joy.

KRAFT

TREE MAGIC

continued

patterns on dough as will fit; use sharp knife to cut around each. Cut a ½-inch hole in the center of each star and remove. (Use the tip of a funnel or thimble—anything with at least a ½ inch diameter to allow cookies to fit over dowel.) Place dough stars on cookie sheet.

Now roll out second half of dough from first batch and repeat process. (The reason we suggest dividing each batch in half, by the way, is that most people don't have a large enough space to roll out a whole batch at one time. If you are lucky enough to have that large a space, roll out a whole batch at one time.) Remove second batch of dough from refrigerator, divide it in half and roll out one half. Place as many star patterns on it as you need to finish the process—two gingerbread stars from each of the six patterns.

Also from this last batch of rolled-out dough, use a 1½-inch cookie cutter to cut out the 26 circles you'll need to place between the star layers. Be sure to stamp out the ½-inch hole with funnel tip or thimble as you did with the stars. For the star to decorate the top of the tree, use a 2-inch, 5-pointed-star cookie cutter to stamp out one cookie. Make radiating lines from the center using a knife edge.

Make sure you have your cookie sheets properly arranged: there should be six stars on each sheet—one of each size—for a total of 12 stars. (If your cookie sheets aren't big enough to hold six each, don't worry; just be sure you end up with 12 cookies, however many times you have to reuse the sheets.)

Bake one sheet of cookies 8 to 9 minutes for light-colored cookies. Remove from oven and let cool on sheets 1 minute. Remove to wire racks and cool completely. Bake second sheet (including tree-top star) 11 to 13 minutes, remove and cool. The circles should bake for 8 to 9 minutes—if the first batch of cookies has room, include the circles in that baking process. If not, reuse a cookie sheet and bake separately.

Roll up last half of second batch of dough to make extra cookies.

To decorate tree: Stir 6 drops yellow food coloring into 2 tablespoons Decorative Icing to tint bright yellow. Cover and set aside. Stir 12 drops green food coloring into ¼ cup icing to tint bright green.

To make candles, dip one end of each piece of red licorice into yellow icing for flame. Dry on waxed paper. When dry, paint a red line on the yellow icing with red food coloring and toothpick or fine brush (see photograph page 103). Spoon green icing into a decorating bag with a writing tip. Squeeze a small amount icing on each point of the star-shap cookies to form a base for each can (do only one cookie at a time). Plac licorice candle in each green icing ba let dry. (We used tweezers to place candles in the icing.) Continue until stars have candles at each tip. Squee a small amount of green frosting a place 1 candle on edge of 5-pointed s for the top of the tree. Let dry in verti position.

To assemble: Stick a 15-inch wood dowel into styrofoam base. Thread co ies onto dowel in this order: 3 circl largest darker star, 2 circles, largest lig star. Continue layers alternating da and light stars in gradually decreasi sizes. Separate each star with 2 circl use 3 circles to separate the last 2 sta Rotate cookies so tips point in differe directions. Then top dowel with 5-poi ed star, using a dab of frosting to atta it to the dowel.

Stand back and admire.

MEDIUM TREE

This tree is made with 10 stars, elimin ing the largest star, using two each of t remaining 5 sizes. The process is basic ly the same as for the Large Tree w Candles. The decoration for this tree based on the holes you cut out of t stars and circles, plus some extras— yo need 61 holes in all. One *(continu*





A joy to share.

treasure of a lemon bar recipe combining the sweet cream golden goodness of nd O Lakes® Butter with the tart fresh taste of Minute Maid® 100% pure lemon juice. A delight to prepare, a joy to share with family and friends this holiday season.

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Lemon-Butter Snowbars

Crust

1/2 c. Land O Lakes Sweet Cream Butter, softened
1-1/3 c. all-purpose flour
1/4 c. sugar

Filling

3 eggs
3/4 cup sugar
2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
1/4 tsp. baking powder
3 tbsp. Minute Maid Lemon Juice
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat Oven: 350°

Yield: 16 bars

In 1-1/2 qt. mixer bowl combine crust ingredients. Mix on low speed until blended (1 min.). Pat into ungreased 8" sq. baking pan. Bake near center of 350° oven for 15 to 20 min. or until lightly brown on edges. Meanwhile, prepare filling. Pour filling over partially baked crust. Return to oven for 18 to 20 min. or until set. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Cool.

Filling: In 1-1/2 qt. bowl combine all filling ingredients. Blend well.

TREE MAGIC

continued

batch of Molasses Cookie Dough should be enough to make this tree.

Divide dough in half and roll out first half. Cut out 5 stars, twelve 1½-inch circles and holes. Roll out remaining dough and cut out 5 stars, one 2-inch 5-point star for top of tree, and remaining number of holes—for total of 61.

Bake one batch (including all holes) 8 to 9 minutes for light-colored stars; bake second batch, including top-of-tree star 11 to 13 minutes for darker-colored cookies. Set aside and cool.

To decorate tree: Use a decorating bag with writing tip or paper cone. Spoon in ¾ cup Decorative Icing. Squeeze a small amount of icing on point of each star, placing a baked hole on each dot of icing. Then squeeze a small amount of icing on each hole and top with a dragée. Work with one star at a time. Set aside to dry.

To assemble: Building on a 13-inch length of ⅜-inch dowel follow directions for large tree, but use only 2 circles to separate the top 2 stars.

SMALL TREE

Prepare one batch of Molasses Cookie Dough, to make 8 stars and 17 circles—eliminate two largest stars. Divide dough in half, rolling out half at a time. Cut out 8 stars (2 of each size) 17 circles and a 5-pointed star for top of tree. Bake 1 (4 graduated sizes) stars and all circ 8 minutes and second set (4 stars) 11 to 13 minutes. (Roll out any rema ing dough and all scraps for ex cookies.

To decorate: You'll need about ½ c Decorative Icing. Hold the largest s in one hand. Spread a small amount icing on edges of each star with back spoon to create "icicles." Let dry placing on raised surfaces such as sm glasses or cans to support the cooki Continue decorating remaining stars.

To assemble: Building on an 11-in length of dowel, follow directions large tree but use only 2 circles to sep rate the top 2 stars. E

SURPRISES FOR SANTA

continued from page 106

All pictured on page 106

ROLY-POLY GINGERBREAD MEN

Clever idea—gingerbread men from a mix. Handle carefully because they tend to be a bit fragile.

1 package (14 oz.) gingerbread mix
4 to 5 tablespoons water
1 tube (19 gm.) white decorating gel

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In medium bowl, with spoon, stir mix and enough water until dough holds together. Divide in half; roll each half into a ball. Place one ball on floured surface and roll out with a rolling pin to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut out dough with a gingerbread man cookie cutter. With spatula, carefully place cookies, at least one inch apart, on cookie sheets. Reroll scraps and repeat with remaining dough. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Allow cookies to cool for 1 minute before removing to wire rack. Cool and decorate. Makes 12 to 14 cookies. About 140 calories for 12 uniced cookies, 110 for 14 uniced cookies.

HOUSE MOUSE COOKIES

Mold these no-bake cookies into animal shapes and have fun decorating them.

1 cup finely crushed vanilla wafers
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 cup finely chopped toasted almonds
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
2 to 3 tablespoons milk

In medium bowl, stir all ingredients until well combined. Roll into 1-inch balls, or form into animal shapes and decorate accordingly. Use your imagination.

We made a mouse for the photograph using cut-up gumdrops for the eyes, raisins for the ears and licorice for the tail and whiskers. We suggest having some of the following items on hand: raisins, slivered almonds, string licorice (red or black), gumdrops, marshmallows, cinnamon candies.

Makes about 22 animals. About 80 calories each, before decorating.

JACK FROSTIES

Ice cream is added to the dough of this butter cookie and prepared frosting serves as the sandwich filling.

1 pound butter or margarine, softened (2 cups)
¼ cup sugar
1 pint vanilla ice cream, softened at room temperature about 30 minutes
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 can (16½ oz.) ready-to-spread chocolate frosting

Line a 9x5-inch loaf pan with waxed paper; set aside. In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add ice cream and vanilla. Gradually add flour and continue beating just until combined. Spoon dough into loaf pan; pat dough evenly to smooth. Cover and refrigerate overnight or until firm.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Invert pan; peel waxed paper off dough and discard. Cut loaf lengthwise in half, then into ¼-inch thick slices. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Prick holes in cookies with tines of fork to resemble the wafer on ice cream sandwiches. Bake for 20 minutes or until lightly brown around edges. Remove to wire racks to cool. Spread heaping teaspoonful of chocolate frosting on half the cookies and top with remaining cookies to form sandwich. Makes about 34 cookie sandwiches. About 185 calories each.

SUPER-SOX

Children will love to paint different designs and colors on these cookies before they're baked.

Cookie dough
1 cup butter or margarine, softened
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
1 egg, beaten
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Egg yolk paints
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon water
Assorted food colors

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 cook sheets; set aside. In large mixer bo with electric mixer at medium spe cream butter or margarine and sug Add egg and vanilla and beat until lig and fluffy.

Gradually add flour and salt and co tinue beating just until combined. Wr and chill dough for 1 hour or until fi enough to handle.

Divide dough in half; keep remaini refrigerated. On lightly floured surfa roll out half the dough to ⅛-inch thic ness. Cut into desired shapes. Repe with remaining dough. Reroll scraps a repeat.

For egg yolk paints: Beat egg yolks a water lightly. Divide evenly into 3 bow For yellow, stir in ½ teaspoon yellow fo coloring. For red, stir in ½ teaspoon r food color. For green, stir in 1 teaspo green food color. Decorate each cook as you like. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes until lightly browned. Makes about dozen, 2½-inch circles. About 60 calori each.

ST. NICK'S TRICK

Only two ingredients—refrigerated slic and-bake cookies and candy bars—this kid-pleasing concoction.

1 package (18 oz.) refrigerated butterscotch-nut slice-and-bake cooki
2 bars (1⅞ oz. each) chocolate-covered caramel-nougat candy

Preheat oven to 350°F. Slice refrigerat cookie dough into ¼-inch thick slices. C each candy bar into 10 equal slice Place half the cookie slices 2 inch apart on 2 ungreased cookie sheets. P a slice of candy on each. Top with r maining cookie slices. Press edges t gether with fingers, carefully sealing edges of cookie. Bake 10 to 12 minut or until lightly browned. Cool slightly cookie sheets until firm. Remove to wi rack to cool completely. Makes about cookies. About 120 calories per cookie.

THUMBS DOWN

Made from a mix with chopped peanu for crunch. *(continue*















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SURPRISES FOR SANTA

continued

1 package (12 or 15 oz.) peanut butter cookie mix
1 egg white
1 cup chopped salted peanuts
⅓ to ½ cup grape jelly or jam

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Prepar cookie mix according to basic package directions. (Refrigerat dough if too soft.) Beat egg white slightly with fork. Rol dough into 1-inch balls. Dip into egg white; then roll in nuts Place about 2 inches apart on cookie sheet; press thumb gently in center of each. Bake 5 minutes. Remove from oven Fill depression with about ½ teaspoon jelly or jam. Return t oven and bake an additional 6 to 8 minutes or until lightl browned. Cool on cookie sheet. Remove to wire rack to coo completely. Makes 2 to 3 dozen cookies depending upon th mix used. About 100 calories each.

STIR-ME-NOTS

No stirring. Perfect for a Santa with a sweet tooth.

½ cup butter or margarine, melted
1½ cups graham cracker crumbs
1 cup shredded coconut
1 package (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
1 cup chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350°F. Pour butter or margarine into 13x9 inch glass baking dish. Sprinkle graham cracker crumbs even ly over melted butter; then coconut. Sprinkle on chocolat pieces (don't nibble too many of them). Pour condensed mill evenly over all ingredients in dish. Top with nuts. *DO NO STIR.* Bake for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool completely. Cut int 32 pieces. About 165 calories each. *(continued*

COOKIE TIP-SHEET

In baking, it's little things that make a good cookie better.

- Read through the entire recipe to be sure you have all the ingredients and equipment on hand.
- Measure and assemble ingredients before baking.
- Spoon all-purpose flour lightly—pack brown sugar firmly. Both go into dry measuring cups. Level with spatula.
- Preheat your oven for 10 to 15 minutes before you bake.
- To measure shortening or bulk butter, soften and pack firmly into dry measuring cup. Level with spatula; remove with rubber scraper.
- Don't use whipped butter or margarine in recipes.
- Remember: 1 stick of butter equals ½ cup.
- Cream sugar and butter well; once you add the flour, don't overbeat. Too much—and the cookies will be tough.
- Large eggs are preferable.
- When grating citrus peels, use only the colored portion (containing the oils and flavor).
- Recipes calling for "ground nuts" mean "a fine powder." A nut grinder works well. If using a food processor or blender, take care not to overdo it. Nuts can become pasty or buttery very quickly.
- Ground spices age, losing aroma and character. Store spices in airtight containers, away from heat and sunlight. Write the date on spice bottles as you purchase them.
- To flatten cookies, dip a flat-bottom glass in flour or sugar (whichever the recipe states).
- Most cookies should be removed immediately from the cookie sheet (unless otherwise stated).
- If cookies have cooled on the sheets and are hard to remove, return to the oven briefly to soften.
- To save time and energy, place 2 cookie sheets in oven at once. Rotate halfway through baking time.

A plum of a plum pudding from Royal.





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ily on the tradition of Royal Plum Pudding.

Royal Plum Pudding.

Makes about 6 servings.

ckage (3 ounces) Royal Raspberry
elatin
aspoon salt
p boiling water
p cold water
aspoon ground cinnamon
aspoon each ground ginger, ground
oves
p each finely chopped pared apple,
edless raisins
p well-drained crushed pineapple
p chopped pecans
p chopped pitted dates
blespoons currants (optional)

solve Royal Raspberry Gelatin and salt in boiling water. Add cold water, cinnamon, ginger and cloves. Chill until slightly thickened.

Stir in apple, raisins, pineapple, pecans, dates and currants. Pour into a 4-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold, serve with Brandy Hard Sauce.

Brandy Hard Sauce: Cream 1 stick softened Blue Bonnet® Margarine with an electric mixer until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in 1¼ cups unsifted confectioners' sugar. Blend in 2 tablespoons brandy. Continue beating until smooth and creamy. Chill at least 1 hour before serving.

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"And I thought Mom had taught me everything!"

Kitchen Bouquet. No gravy should be without it.





Mom's simple holiday gravy.

(Recipe makes 2 cups)

Blend ¼ cup of softened margarine and 1 teaspo Kitchen Bouquet into ¼ cup all-purpose flour. Stir wi cups of broth* over low heat for 2 to 3 minutes. A chopped, cooked giblets if desired. Se to taste. *Cook giblets approximately 2 hour strain off broth.

SURPRISES FOR SANTA

continued

CARROT CRUNCHIES

Carrots, raisins and cereal help make these cookies nutritious as well as tasty.

2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup light brown sugar
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup finely shredded carrots (about 2 small)
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup chopped pecans
2 cups toasted rice cereal

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In bowl, combine first 6 ingredients; set aside. In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine, sugar, milk and vanilla. Beat in eggs until light and fluffy. Add flour mixture. Stir in remaining ingredients. Drop batter by teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheets. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from sheets, cool completely on wire rack. Makes about 78 cookies, about 55 calories each. **End**

TOP TWENTY

continued from page 105

All recipes pictured on pages 104–105

HOLIDAY WREATHS

A brandy-flavored cookie as festive as it is tasty.

1⅓ cups butter or margarine, softened
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground cardamom
1 egg, separated
¼ cup brandy
2¾ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
Green sugar crystals (about ¼ cup)
Glacé cherries

In small mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Blend in nutmeg, salt and cardamom. Beat in egg yolk and brandy until light and fluffy. Gradually add flour just until well blended. Divide dough into 3 equal pieces. Wrap each well and chill 1 to 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 cookie sheets; set aside. Work with one piece of dough at a time, keeping remaining refrigerated. Roll 1 tablespoon dough on floured surface into a 5-inch rope. Place on cookie sheet and form into ring. Brush with beaten egg white. Sprinkle with green sugar. Decorate with 2 slivers of glacé cherry to form a bow. Repeat with remaining dough. Bake 8 to 12 minutes or until barely set. Make about 72 cookies. About 60 calories each.

DUTCH FRUIT BARS

A Dutch baker shared this recipe with one of our test kitchen staff.

1½ cups butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ teaspoon grated lemon peel
3½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup honey
2 tablespoons heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup (4 oz.) sliced almonds
¾ cup mixed candied fruits

Preheat oven to 350°F. Adjust oven rac to bottom third of oven. Grease 15½x10½ inch jelly-roll pan. In large mixer bow with electric mixer at medium speed cream 1 cup butter or margarine and cup sugar. Beat in eggs and lemon pee until light and fluffy. Add flour and sal and continue mixing just until well com bined. Press dough evenly into pan mak ing ¼-inch high rim around the edge (This can be done by covering doug with waxed paper the size of pan an smoothing with hand; remove waxe paper.) Bake 25 to 30 minutes or unti top is lightly browned and dough is firn to the touch.

Five minutes before crust is done, mel remaining ½ cup butter or margarine i medium saucepan. Add *(continued*



New Bacardi chocolate rum cake. Devilish.

1 18½ oz. pkg. chocolate cake mix
1 pkg. (4-serving size) Jell-O® Chocolate Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
4 eggs
½ cup Bacardi dark rum (80 proof)
½ cup cold water
½ cup Wesson® oil
½ cup slivered almonds (optional)
Filling
1½ cups cold milk
½ cup Bacardi dark rum (80 proof)
1 pkg. (4-serving size) Jell-O® Chocolate Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
1 envelope Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour two 9" layer cake pans. Combine all cake ingredients together in large bowl. Blend well, then beat at medium mixer speed 2 minutes. Turn into prepared pans. Bake 30 minutes or until cake tests done. *Do not underbake.* Cool in pans 10 minutes. Remove from pans, finish cooling on racks. Split layers in half horizontally. Stack. Spread 1 cup filling between each layer and over top of cake. Keep cake chilled. Serve cold. Optional: garnish with chocolate curls. For filling, combine milk, rum, pudding mix and topping mix in deep narrow-bottom bowl. Blend well at high speed for 4 minutes, until light and fluffy. Makes 4 cups.

Bacardi rum cakes. Heavenly. Devilish.



Classic Bacardi rum cake. Heavenly.

1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts
1 18½ oz. pkg. yellow cake mix
1 3¾ oz. pkg. Jell-O® Vanilla Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
4 eggs
½ cup cold water
½ cup Wesson® oil
½ cup Bacardi dark rum (80 proof)
Glaze:
¼ lb. butter
¼ cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup Bacardi dark rum (80 proof)

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease and flour 10" tube or 12-cup Bundt® pan. Sprinkle nuts over bottom of pan. Mix all cake ingredients together. Pour batter over nuts. Bake 1 hour. Cool. Invert on serving plate. Prick top. Drizzle and smooth glaze evenly over top and sides. Allow cake to absorb glaze. Repeat till glaze is used up. For glaze, melt butter in saucepan. Stir in water and sugar. Boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in rum. Optional: Decorate with whole maraschino cherries and border of sugar frosting or whipped cream. Serve with seedless green grapes dusted with powdered sugar.

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TOP TWENTY

continued

honey, remaining ½ cup sugar, cream and vanilla. Heat to boiling; boil 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in almonds and fruit. Pour over baked crust in pan and spread evenly. Return to oven and bake 10 more minutes. Cool on wire rack. Cut into 2x1¼-inch diamond-shape pieces. Makes 52 cookies. About 135 calories each.

CRANBERRY DROPS

A fantastic drop cookie. The tartness of the orange peel and cranberries are a change from the sweet cookie.

¼ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
3 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg
1½ teaspoons grated orange peel
1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped walnuts
¾ cup chopped cranberries

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In large mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Beat in milk, vanilla, egg and orange peel. Combine dry ingredients in large bowl. Gradually mix into creamed mixture just until combined. Carefully fold in nuts and cranberries. Drop batter by rounded teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheet, about 2 inches apart. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 3½ dozen cookies. About 55 calories each.

LINZER SQUARES

Our cookie version of the Austrian classic Linzertorte. Ground almonds may be substituted, but we preferred filberts.

1½ cups plus 2 tablespoons unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup (2½ oz.) ground filberts (hazelnuts)
½ cup butter or margarine
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
1 egg, beaten
¾ cup thick raspberry jam
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon water

Grease a 9-inch square pan. Into large mixer bowl, measure 1½ cups flour. Add sugar, baking powder, salt, nuts and butter or margarine; mix at medium speed until well combined. Add lemon peel and egg, stirring with fork until dry ingredients are moistened. Reserve ½ cup dough. Pat remaining dough into pan; set aside. To reserved dough stir in remaining 2 tablespoons flour. Roll between 2 sheets of waxed paper into 9-inch square. Place in freezer for 5 minutes to firm dough.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Spread preserves over dough in pan, leaving a ¼-inch border. Remove reserved dough from freezer. Peel off top piece of waxed paper; discard. (Dough is still on a sheet of waxed paper for easier handling.) Cut into 18 strips ½ inch wide. Place 9 strips parallel over the preserves, ½ inch apart. Place the remaining 9 strips crosswise over the first strips, ½ inch apart, forming a lattice top. (If necessary, return strips to freezer for easier handling; they are very soft and delicate.) In small bowl, stir egg yolk and water; brush dough strips. Bake 30 minutes or until top is golden brown. Cool completely on wire rack in pan. Cut into bars. Makes 36 squares. About 95 calories each.

VIENNESE CRESCENTS

Even jaded palates seldom tire of this traditional delicate cookie.

½ cup unsalted butter, softened
6 tablespoons sugar
1¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup (6 oz.) ground walnuts
Dash salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 325°F. In medium bowl cream butter and sugar. Mix in remaining ingredients to make a smooth dough. Roll to ¼-inch thickness. Cut out with crescent-shape cookie cutter. Reroll scraps of dough. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets about 10 to 12 minutes or until just set. Let stand 2 minutes before removing to wire rack. Cool. Dust with confectioners' sugar. Makes 42 (1x2-inch) cookies. About 70 calories each.

BOURBON BALLS

These no-bake cookies are a Southern favorite.

1 package (12 oz.) vanilla wafers, finely crushed (3 cups)
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 cup finely chopped pecans
¼ cup light corn syrup
2 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa
½ cup bourbon
½ cup granulated sugar

In large bowl, thoroughly mix all ingredients except ½ cup granulated sugar. Shape mixture into 1-inch balls. Roll balls in granulated sugar. Store in tightly-covered container for at least 3 days before serving for flavors to mellow. Keeps up to 2 weeks in tightly-covered container. Makes about 3½ dozen balls. About 85 calories each.

MADRID TWISTS

A wonderful, not-too-sweet cookie that's perfect for dunking!

⅓ cup butter or margarine, softened
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs (one separated)
1½ teaspoons grated orange peel
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt

In small mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Mix in egg and egg yolk and orange peel. Reserve egg white. Gradually stir in flour and salt just until mixed. With hands, form dough into a ball. Wrap and refrigerate for at least 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough into quarters. Work with one quarter at a time; keep remaining refrigerated. Cut each quarter into 12 pieces. Roll each on lightly floured surface into 5-inch rope. Place on cookie sheet and bend in the middle; then twist one end tightly around the other. Brush with beaten egg white. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 4 dozen. About 40 calories each.

FRUITCAKE COOKIES

So you're not a fruitcake addict? Try these colorful substitutes instead.

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, well beaten
2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup dark rum
1½ cups (8 oz.) golden seedless raisins
¾ cup (4 oz.) pitted, chopped dates
3 slices candied pineapple (1 each of red, yellow and green), chopped
3 cups chopped pecans
¾ cup (4 oz.) candied cherries, halved

Preheat oven to 300°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Mix in beaten eggs until light and fluffy. In medium bowl combine 2 cups flour, baking soda and cinnamon. Add to creamed mixture alternately with rum and mix well. Mix remaining ½ cup flour with fruits and nuts (except cherries). Fold into dough. Form into 1 tablespoon mounds; place on cookie sheet. Top each with cherry half. Bake about 15 minutes or until barely set. Makes about 6½ dozen cookies. About 95 calories each.

JAM CRESCENTS

Miniature turnovers—your choice of preserves in a flaky cream cheese pastry.

2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ cup sugar
Pinch salt
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
1 cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons sour cream
¾ cup blackberry, strawberry or your choice of preserves

In large bowl, mix flour, sugar and salt. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor fashion, cut in cream cheese and butter or margarine until mixture resembles cornmeal. With fork, stir in sour cream until pastry just holds together. Form into a ball. Wrap and refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough in quarters;

(continued on page 135)

Souped up dip.



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Here are some tasty ways to erk up a party: Tempting dips ursting with the special flavor ou get only from Lipton® Recipe Soup Mixes.

Just follow the easy recipes elow. And whip up some dips iat'll make your guests flip.

ipton California Dip
ictured above)

In small bowl, blend 1 envelope ipton Onion soup mix with 2 ips (16 oz.) sour cream; chill. akes about 2 cups.

Then try some of these delicious variations:

alifornia Vegetable Dip:
Add 1 cup each of finely hopped green pepper and tomato, nd 2 teaspoons chili powder.

alifornia Blue Cheese Dip:
Add ¼ pound crumbled blue cheese, and ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts.

California Seafood Dip:
Add 1 cup finely chopped cooked shrimp, clams, or crab meat, ¼ cup chili sauce, and 1 tablespoon horseradish.

Hot Chili Dip
1 pound ground beef
1 cup Lipton California Dip
1 cup chili sauce
1½ to 2 tablespoons chili powder

In medium skillet, brown ground beef; drain. Blend in Lipton California Dip, chili sauce, and chili powder. Heat through, but do not boil. Makes about 3 cups.

For a slightly different taste twist, use Lipton Onion-Mushroom, Beef Flavor Mushroom, or new Beefy Onion in place of Onion.

Pick up Lipton® Onion, Onion-Mushroom, Beefy Onion and Beef Flavor Mushroom. In the boxes with the blue band.



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Louise loved the lobster salad.

Ann was crazy about the china.

Judy asked for the cheesecake recipe.

And Gertrud noticed the spotty glasse

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Sunshine Christmas

A special holiday fiction treat—the loving sequel to that heartwarming television drama about a young father and his daughter, alone together. Here, complete in this issue, a new "Sunshine" novel that will restore your faith in love. By Norma Klein

I was crazy at Nora's wedding. I just kind of freaked out. It's ceremonies, I guess. I never really saw the point of them. You want to get married—okay. I'm not like Weaver, one of my buddies. He can't see the point of anyone getting married. I can see it. Okay, sure, it's just a piece of paper, but if two people love each other and want to, well, commit themselves, then it makes sense to me pretty much. Maybe it's once you have a kid, even one you've adopted as I adopted Jill, you get kind of conservative about some things. Life is just different with a kid. You can't be quite as footloose as you might be otherwise. Not that I mind it. By now, we've been together, Jill and me, alone, for more than six years, and I can't imagine life any other way. Oh, sure, sometimes I look at Weaver and Corey and envy them their freedom, but most of the time I really dig the way our lives are. I kind of feel as if they're missing out on something.

It was Jill who started me feeling bad about Nora's wedding. Nora's meant a lot to both of us. When Kate, my wife, was dying. Nora kind of took care of both of us. I guess I never thought she'd get married. She's had a kind of hard life. Her parents were kind of weird, I gather, and the men she's hung out with—well, to me her taste left something to be desired. I've asked Nora to marry me, plenty of times over the years. She'd never say yes. I could understand her thing of not wanting to get married. She claimed she wanted to be free, wanted to be independent, claimed her parents' marriage was so bad she couldn't see getting involved with someone in that formal kind of way. Also, she used to say she loved Jill



"Their tree was up already and when Jill saw it she lit up as bright as the tree.

Illustrations by Ramond Kursar.

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and admitted she was a great part-time mother, but full time she was afraid she might go crazy.

When Jill would ask me why Nora didn't want to marry us—she always put it that way, marry "us"—I'd try to explain as honestly as I could—I think you can explain just about anything to a kid, I don't believe in hiding things or pretending. Maybe Jill's grown up a little faster than other kids her age living in a regular home, but I can't see how it's done her any harm. If anything, she seems to be a hell of a lot smarter and more put together than most of the kids I see. She's a really sharp, funny, terrific kid. Even Weaver, who isn't that big on kids, admits it.

And Jill loves Nora a lot.

I knew Nora was seeing this guy, Jim Campbell. He's about as different from the guys Nora usually hangs out with as possible. He must be in his fifties at least—he's practically my father's age. Really suave and high-powered looking. He has some kind of business that makes airplane parts. Nora says he's a self-made man, not that I could care. The point is he has it and he's used to it. He's divorced and has two sons, age 15 and 11, so Nora'll have a ready-made family.

"But how come?" I said when she stopped in to tell me it was definite.

She shrugged. "I love him."

"So—you've loved plenty of other men, haven't you?"

"Sure." She looked a little wistful maybe. "I don't know, Sam, maybe I'm just ready for a little security."

Her face softened. "Don't worry, Sam. You know I'll always love you both."

"Are his kids nice?"

"They're okay. They're not like Jill. I won't love them that way. But I'll be a good stepmother to them. Listen, Sam, do you want me to tell Jill or do you want to?"

"Maybe I better."

"Tell her I love her. Tell her . . ."

Just as Nora was in the middle of the sentence Jill came in from school. There was kind of an awkward pause.

"Hi, honey," Nora said softly.

"Hi!" Jill's always glad to see Nora.

Nora looked hesitant. "Hon, I just came to tell your daddy that I'm getting married in two weeks, and I'd really like you to be one of my bridesmaids."

"You would?" Jill's face lit up. Forget about old Daddy and his wounds.

"I'm marrying Jim Campbell; you remember him, sweetie?"

"The man with the big car?" Jill said.

"Right. And he's going to love you just as much as I do. We want you to come stay with us. He has a pool and—"

"Hey, wait a sec," I said. "No bribery."

"What kind of dress will I wear?" Jill said. "Will it be a fancy wedding?"

"Kind of." Nora looked guilty. "And honey, we'll go together and pick out a dress. Something gorgeous."

> Kate and I both knew she was dying, and yet our wedding was a joyous occasion anyway.

Jill sighed happily. Here's a kid who wears blue jeans all the time. You have to tie her down and gag her to get her into a dress normally. "Will I have a hat too?"

"Why not? Shoot the works!"

"Will Daddy wear a suit?"

Nora gave me an ironical glance. "I hope so. How about it?"

"I'll wear a suit. I'll come in shining armor, if you like."

"A suit is fine. In fact, I wondered if maybe you and Weaver and Corey might like to play at the reception."

"If you're sure you want us, lovely lady, we'll come, we'll play, we'll be on our very best behavior."

Nora looked a little skeptical. "Be good, Sam. That's all I ask."

"I'll be as good as gold."

It wasn't until that night, when Jill and I were having supper, that she asked, "Do you mind, Daddy?"

"Yeah, I mind. It's just—the guy she's marrying doesn't seem Nora's type."

"He seems nice to me. He took me for a ride in his car."

"Don't you think he's kind of stuffy?"

"He's a little bit old," Jill conceded, "but Nora really likes him. She calls him 'Big Daddy.' I might get married someday. Would you mind?"

I made a wry face. "Sure, I'll mind. What do you expect? But you go ahead and do it anyway."

"I'd only marry a nice person," Jill said thoughtfully, "like you."

What can you say to a kid like that?

I had such terrific intentions about the wedding. I mean, I really thought I could behave. Jim loved Nora, she loved him—what are weddings for anyway? But the whole atmosphere was really hush-hush, superelegant—it bugged me.

As Nora and Jim were reciting their vows, I kept remembering how Kate and I got married in the hospital room, how we both knew she was dying and yet how it was a joyous occasion anyway. How delicate and fragile Kate looked, already wasted away from her illness. Okay, so I'd had it once and lost it. Does that mean no one should ever be happy again? But I have to admit I blew it. I started crying, and once I started, I cried all the way through the ceremony.

I thought the reception would be better. At least I'd have something to do. Corey, Weaver and I went up on a platform, playing "Crazy." The reception room was like the church, elegant. Champagne and waiters passing hot canapes. People discussing the stock market and low-fat diets.

Then I began focusing on Nora dancing with her new husband, which was a mistake. She was still looking gorgeous, they were doing the whole number, gazing into each other's eyes, holding each other really close. I began to feel really bitter. That should have been me there instead of him. I don't know how I did it but I told Corey and Weaver to play "Lyin' Eyes." I could tell Corey didn't want to. Weaver, on the other hand, loves anything in bad taste. He was all for it.

"I want to play it," I told Corey. We played. I knew the lyrics would get Nora, especially the lines:

> City girls just seem to find out early
> how to open doors with just a smile.
> A rich old man, and she won't have to worry;
> she'll dress up all in lace and go in style.*

I kept watching Nora. She looked really upset, which gave me some satisfaction. Jimbo looked imperturbable.

Then, just to add to the general malaise, Jill got into some fight with Tom, Jimbo's fat son. She told me later he was boasting about his dad's dough and his dad's private airplane and private island. Evidently Jill said Nora had said she could visit them there and he said, "Well, you can't." He also had been going on about how come her dad's records weren't top sellers—a really terrific little kid so, she called him a name and the kid takes a toothpick from something he's been eating and jabs her. She shrieked and really began giving it to him.

I jumped off the podium and rushed over.

I have to admit Jill did a pretty good job on the kid. When I got Jill to her feet, I felt pretty damn proud of her.

Jimbo appeared, finally angry himself. "Thank you for coming, Sam," was all he said. "I'll send you a check."

I didn't bother answering.

In the car on the way home, Jill said, "Didn't I do a good job on him, Daddy?"

"You were terrific, honey," Weaver said. "That poor kid didn't know what hit him."

"He was a brat," Jill said. "I feel sorry for Nora."

"I frankly think she loves the guy," Corey announced. "Look, he may not be that bad. We don't really know him."

"It's funny Nora didn't mind that Mr. Campbell was so old," Jill mused.

"Women don't care so much about that," Weaver said.

"I still wish she'd married Daddy," Jill said.

I let that one pass.

I have a thing about Christmas. It makes me nervous. Even as a kid I was always glad when it was over. If it wasn't for Jill, I'd probably forget the whole thing, but she really digs it, so I try to make an effort.

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It got to me a few weeks after Nora's wedding, just about a week before Christmas. Jill's school had gotten out at noon, and I was lying on the couch, staring at the ceiling, remembering how last year Nora had roasted a whole goose with apple stuffing and even made plum pudding. I'd poured brandy over it and Jill had gotten a kick out of the blue fire. The whole day seemed just as close to perfect as such days can be.

After a while Jill came into the room with a book for making Christmas tree ornaments—something I have never been very good at.

She was just opening up the book when I was saved by the bell. It was Corey and Weaver, lugging some godforsaken-looking Christmas tree that looked as if it had been left over from the War of 1812. "What's that, kindling?" I said. "The fireplace hasn't worked since nineteen thirty-two."

"The thanks I get," Weaver said, standing up the scraggly pine.

Jill went up to him and hugged him from behind. "I love it."

"Thanks, babe."

"Sam," Corey said, "listen. I'm going to work at the store for the Christmas rush. I start tomorrow. I've postponed the audition till January fourth, the gig at the Haystack till January tenth. Weaver says it's okay with him."

I sank back on the couch. "First Nora. Now you. I'm being abandoned in my hour of need."

"I'm sorry," Corey said. "I need the bread. I've been living on catsup, mustard and relish for a month. They give it to you free, at hot dog stands, in individual containers. Two catsup, two mustard and four relish makes a nice lunch."

"Terrific," I said. "Sounds delicious."

Suddenly I had an inspiration. I got up and went to the phone, picked it up and dialed home.

My mother answered. "Mom? It's Sam. How are you?"

"Well, I'm just fine, I—goodness, what a surprise, hearing from you like this. I was just thinking of you this morning, Sam. How's little Jill?"

"Oh, she's fine. Actually, it was partly because of her that I—Mom, how does the idea of me and Jill coming home for Christmas grab you?"

"The two of you? Why, I'd be—I'd be so pleased, I wouldn't know what to do! How soon do you think you'd make it?"

"A couple of days. We'll come on my bike. I'll give you a call along the way."

"Be careful, though, Sam. Please."

"Mom, I'll be very careful. Don't worry. See you soon. 'Bye."

After I hung up, I noticed Corey and Weaver looking at me, mouths open.

"Home?" Corey said.

Weaver started to laugh. "To Texas? How come? What happened? Did your parents undergo some change of life or something?"

They were lugging some godforsaken Christmas tree that looked as if it had been left over from the War of 1812.

"My mother's okay."

"The one who's been trying to adopt Jill out from under you ever since Kate died? That same mother?"

"She thought Jill would be happier in a more stable environment," I said.

"So now you're going to hand her over as a Christmas present?"

I sighed. I knew I could never really explain it. "No. It's for me. Look, it's where I come from. Maybe there, I can find out where I'm going."

Corey looked puzzled. "In two weeks? How long're you planning on this taking? The gig at the Haystack—"

"Cancel it. I'm not coming back, Corey, till I figure things out."

There was a stunned silence.

Weaver began doing one of his numbers. "Waaaa! Mickey Mouseketeers, it's Roots time!"

"Shut up!" Corey said. I was grateful.

"I can see what Sam means. I think families are important. And from what you said, Sam, you never really—well, made peace with them since Kate died. It was like things got all hysterical and muddled and, well, maybe now that it's all calmed down, now is the time. You've shown you can make it as a father."

I was glad he understood. "I guess I have. At least I want to give it a try."

Corey got up. "Well, we'll be in touch. Have a good Christmas, Sam."

Weaver just looked at me, shaking his head. "I can't quite believe this."

"Merry Christmas, Weaver," I said.

After they'd left, though, I began thinking. Not that I regretted the call or what I'd decided to do. Till I married Kate things weren't so bad with me and my parents. But I suppose, deep down, though she wouldn't have had the courage to admit it, Mom really hoped I'd meet some nice quiet little thing who would make me see the error of my ways. We'd have four kids and by then I'd have to take a steady job and "grow up" in order to make ends meet. When I married Kate, she wasn't exactly what Mom had expected. She thought of Kate as a "bad" woman. Partly it was the old double standard thing—it was okay for me to do my bit, have girls, not settle down, but for a girl to have run away from home at 16, to have left her husband while she was pregnant the way Kate did—that was all "bad" and she and Kate had some really ugly scenes.

Just before Kate died, she made me swear to keep Jill. She was scared that Jill would be brought up the way she and I had been if Mom kept her. Afterwards, I really felt—I don't know if it was the thing of wanting a memento of Kate or just wanting to show my folks and everyone I could manage—but suddenly I decided I simply would not let Mom get her. That hurt Mom really badly, as if I were rejecting her, saying she'd been a bad mother. She thought it was "unnatural" for a man to raise a child, especially a daughter. I don't know what she was afraid of. Probably it's just that her image of my life is a lot weirder and wilder than it really is. She probably envisioned a string of drug-crazed musicians dancing naked through our apartment. Who knows? Anyway, even now, when things are good, whenever I speak to her, which isn't that often, her tone is sort of worried, as if she's sure that really things are in some awful state only I don't have the courage to admit it.

I went up to Jill's room. "Hon? What would you say if we went to visit Grandma and Grandpa for Christmas?"

"Do they have a tree?"

"Do they have a tree? The biggest! The best!"

"Don't tease me, Daddy. Really?"

"They do. And we can go hear choir singing at the church; we can do the whole thing."

"That sounds great. When do we leave?"

"Tomorrow."

"How're we going?"

"By bike. We'll take our sleeping bags. It'll take a couple of days!"

Jill's eyes were shining. "What an idea. We've never been there for Christmas."

"No, we haven't."

She looked pensive again. "Will Grandma like me, do you think?"

"I would imagine."

"I hope I like her. Is Grandpa nice?"

I sighed. "Well—"

"He's not?"

"He's a little—gruff, I guess you'd have to say."

"Do you like him?"

I hesitated. "I don't know, honey. Most of the time, no, I guess. He's not a very understanding person. With fathers and sons it's—it can just be hard. They want you to measure up to some standard and you feel you're always letting them down. Somehow it doesn't happen with mothers. Look, we'll stay as long as we feel like it. Okay? Not a minute longer."

Jill smiled back. "Okay."

The trip to Bushland went pretty well. It's fun traveling with Jill. She sits in back of me good and tight, her arms around my waist, and we go tooling along, the wind blowing past us. But when we got into town and stopped a minute, I could see Jill looking around, sort of disappointed.

"Is this it?"

"It is."

"I expected it to be different."

"This is it, kid."

Nothing but prairie on three sides. A few bleak, blown Chinese elms. Wind blowing all the time. I started seeing it through her eyes and realized it didn't

have much to offer. We rode up to my folks' house. It's just a plain, two-story farmhouse. We went up the steps.

Jill rang the bell and a second later Mom appeared, looking sleepy. She reached out and grabbed me, then Jill.

"Look at you! You made it!" she said.

"Didn't you think we would?" Jill asked.

"Oh, I worry so with that motorcycle," Mom said, sighing.

"You don't have to, Grandma," Jill said. "It's perfectly safe."

We went into the living room. Their tree was up already and when Jill saw it she lit up as bright as the tree and said, "Wow!" Mom came over and put her arm around me.

"That's the nicest Christmas present anyone ever gave me. She's beautiful."

"I'm not giving her to you, Mom."

Jill flopped down on the floor and began playing with the crèche.

"Is Dad still asleep?" I asked.

"Your father's at the paper, where he always is, this time of day."

"How could I forget?" Dad had worked for the local paper for as long as I could remember.

Mom stared at me. "Hey, you've got one gray hair," she said, touching the side of my head. "That makes me feel old." Turning to Jill she said, "Want to help me fix some breakfast, sweetheart?"

"Sure." Jill got up and followed her. I could hear Mom saying, "Now, tell me, what do you want for Christmas?"

"Can it be expensive?" Jill said.

"The more expensive the better. Try me. See if there's anything in the world I won't buy you."

"Hey, Mom," I put in, "take it easy."

"Well," Jill began, "I want a two-wheeler with gears and hand brakes, a four-poster bed, all the Winnie-the-Pooh books, a dog and a cat and a pony and—"

"You asked for it, Grandma," I couldn't help saying. "How about setting some limits?"

"I'll handle this, Sam," Mom laughed.

I went into the kitchen where French toast was waiting. I felt starved.

"Your tree is beautiful," Jill said. "It's the prettiest one I ever saw. Ours was a scrawny little one. With no ornaments."

"My favorite is that little wooden reindeer my grandmother gave me." Mom said.

"Daddy told me," Jill said.

"I didn't know you talked about me, ever," Mom said, looking pleased.

"Sure we do," I said.

"Well, how's life in Vancouver, Sam? Any likely girls?"

"Likely for what?"

"For marriage."

"Nora got married," Jill said.

"Who's Nora?"

"She's our friend. She married Jim Campbell and he's very rich."

"No likely contenders, Mom," I said dryly. "We're managing on our own."

Nothing but prairie on three sides. Seeing it through her eyes, I realized it didn't have much to offer.

"But how *do* you manage, Sam?" Mom said, suddenly worried. "How *do* you?"

"It's not that hard, Grandma," Jill said.

"All that work, the cooking, the cleaning, the—"

"I can vacuum," Jill said proudly.

"And she makes a mean chili," I added. "We manage okay."

Jill leaned back, stuffed to the gills with French toast and said: "I think I'm going to like it here."

"I think I'll go see Dad," I said.

Mom stood up. "Your dad hasn't mellowed much," she said.

"Ah, but *I* have," I said.

Walking through the wind to the *Bugle* office, I wondered if that was true. I had the feeling the mellowness was only skin deep. I resented the fact that, despite everything, I still cared about Dad's opinion of me. Why should I care after all this time? Who knows? I guess I wanted him to thump that paternal hand on my shoulder and say something solid and comforting, like, "You're okay, kid." And I knew he wouldn't—he couldn't imagine why I live the way I do—my music and my friends—but still deep down I kept waiting for it.

He was sitting tipped back in his swivel chair, reading the AP tape.

"Hi, Dad."

"Hi. How're you doing?"

"About the same."

"Still driving cabs to feed the kid?"

"Yeah."

"How long're you going to give it before you settle down and learn a real trade?"

"Who knows? Seventy, eighty years."

"I'm serious."

"So am I."

"You're not getting any younger, Sam. Life's passing you by. You need to buckle down to something in a hurry, if for no other reason than to give that child some security. It's irresponsible to adopt a child and then give it nothing. It'd be one thing if you were any good as a musician. But you're not. You're not making it. You have to face that."

"I guess I look at it differently," I said, trying to stay calm.

"How so?"

"You say I'm not making it because I don't have much money. I guess I don't equate money and success that much. Plenty of successful people with tons of money aren't any good. I'm trying to do something my way and if the public likes it, great. But if they don't, I refuse to take that as a sign I've failed. I look inward, not outward for success."

I knew I was sounding pretty pompous, and my words had a hollow ring.

"Looking inward won't buy bread," he said.

"We're not starving."

"But if you have a child, you—"

"Oh, come on, Dad! It isn't the child. You just don't dig my way of life. But is yours so great? Are you so fantastically happy coming into this office every day, huh? Didn't you ever dream of any other life?"

I knew I'd gotten him. "Well, everyone has dreams," he admitted.

"Okay, so let me have mine a little longer. I'm not hurting anyone."

"How much longer?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll quit tomorrow. But not till I feel it's right for me."

He gave a sound halfway between a sigh and a grunt. "There's no nice girl who you're—"

I shook my head. "The only girl I was interested in just got married, to someone with a lot of dough."

To my surprise he grinned. "Yeah, they have a habit of doing that, don't they? Same thing happened to me once, before I met your mother."

"It did?" I was surprised. I knew just about nothing about his adolescence, what girls he had before Mom.

"I never mentioned this to your mother, but yes, there was someone, once, who just got tired of my making her wait. Then I met your mother and I decided not to make the same mistake twice. You must have plenty of girls, though."

"Sure, I have to beat them off."

"I thought you musicians—you always have girls hanging around backstage and all that."

"Yeah, but they're kind of . . . It isn't what I want, I guess. What I'd really like is someone—"

"Someone more stable, huh? Yeah, after a while a man needs that."

"Sex is easy to come by, but the rest is a lot trickier."

He smiled. "Well, it always was," he said. "It always was."

After that meeting with Dad, I walked around town some. It sure is an ugly town. Wind and dust. Boarded-up places. Vacant lots. Trash blowing in the street. Finally I saw a neon sign, "The Longhorn Saloon." I noticed under the sign it said, *Cody Blanks, Prop.* That rang a bell, kind of. I had gone to school with a girl named Cody. I went in.

The place was decorated cowboy style. Faded cowboy prints on the walls. Lights in wagon wheels hanging from the ceiling. Longhorns over the bar. A woman's voice called, "Be right with you!"

I twirled the rack of postcards. It squeaked. Then I walked over to the bar. Just as I did, a woman came out.

She looked at me. She had curly hair, and was wearing faded jeans and a shirt. It was the same Cody.

"Good Lord," she said.

"Hey, how've you been?"

She shook her head, went around the

bar and sat in one of the plastic chairs.

I sat down next to her. "It's been a long time," I said. "You look terrific."

She smiled a delighted smile. "When'd you get back?"

"Just today."

"How's Canada?"

I shrugged. "Well. How's Bushland?"

Cody laughed. "Why didn't you call or something? You want anything to eat?"

"How about some coffee?"

She headed back toward the room she'd been in when I entered. "Come on back here. I have a pot of coffee on."

I figured she lived back there. It wasn't so bad. One big room with bright-colored pillows and curtains.

"I like it here," I said.

"It's cheaper than a house," Cody said, "and I can keep an eye on things." She poured some coffee. "I've lived here since Wesley died. You remember Wesley Blanks? He was a year ahead of us in school."

"I remember. Why'd you marry him? He was a cowboy."

"Most everyone around here is. Inside, if not outside."

"Not me."

"You were different. You got out."

I raised my eyebrows. "Yeah, sort of. How'd he die?"

She hesitated. "An accident with a Brahman bull at the Range Rider's Rodeo. He was one of the pickup men."

I winced. "I'm sorry. Uh—how was your marriage?"

"Okay."

I laughed. "Just okay?"

"A mixture of good and bad like everyone else's. It's hard for me to talk about it, but I guess I kind of feel guilty. There are times I think he died just in time for our marriage, anyway. I don't know if we'd have made it together. But he never knew what I was feeling. So that's just as well."

She shrugged and changed the subject. "Have you been to see any of the old crowd yet?"

"Who's left?"

"Oh, a bunch stayed around. Ginger Ann and Hugh Bob are living up at the Brewster place. They have six kids." She grimaced. "It's a mess. Remember how pretty she used to be? You'd never believe the way she looks now."

"I guess six kids can take it out of you. *You're* still pretty, Cody."

She smiled. "Thanks. A few more wrinkles maybe, a couple of gray hairs. It doesn't bother me, though."

"Actually, you look better than you used to. Didn't you dye your hair?"

She grimaced. "Yeah, that ugly blond. I figured that to be a drum majorette in Bushland High you had to be blond. God, that seems a hundred years ago."

"You *do* look better this way."

"*I* think so. And whoever doesn't, tough."

"Take me as I am, huh?"

To my face all he ever says is I'm the biggest bum ever to hit Bushland.

"Right."

I smiled. "Okay, I'll take you as you are." I held out my arms.

"Not so quick, my friend!"

"But this is around our thirtieth date."

Cody laughed. "Oh, wow. I guess it is, isn't it? Are you glad we finally did it?"

"It wasn't one of the great performances of all time."

"I was so scared I didn't feel a thing."

"Did Wesley ever know?"

"Uh-uh. And it's probably just as well, he would have flipped. Listen, tell me about your singing. Your dad comes by and brags about you every once in a while. Is it all true? Are you really a big deal in the record business?"

"No. That's really funny though, his coming bragging about me. To my face all he ever says is I'm the biggest bum ever to hit Bushland."

"Parents are like that. Deep down he must be proud. He says you've recorded and everything."

"Only six singles. None of them sold enough to make back their cost. And singles don't cost much to make."

"Still—six records. That's terrific."

"I don't know. Just now, talking to my dad, I was into this whole routine about how I don't care about worldly success, I want to look inward, but deep down I think if I was really good, I'd have made it. Kate made me feel like I was doing it *for* someone."

"So, now you do it for yourself."

"Yeah, only that's harder. Listen, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to dump all this on you, Cody."

She smiled. "That's okay. How long're you in town?"

"I'm not sure. Can I see you again?"

"I reckon so."

It had been so easy and relaxed when we'd been talking, but all of a sudden it was awkward again. I thanked her for the coffee and left.

While I was walking home, I started remembering all those times we'd been together in high school, making out in the back seat of Dad's car. I don't think I ever talked as much with Cody in all those years we dated as we did today. She was right. I saw her as the majorette, the cute kid, twirling the baton. I don't know *what* she saw me as. Maybe kind of the oddball, not so much the cowboy type as the rest. The funny part is, much as Dad and Mom want me to fit in here, they don't totally fit in themselves. We never even had a TV while I was growing up. They didn't believe in it. Mom used to read quite a bit—she said it was her escape. She didn't go to college or anything, didn't even graduate high school because she had to quit school to work, but she always liked to read. And Dad always loved music. That was how I got interested in it, really. You'd think he'd have been so pleased, having a son who was going at least to try and make it as a musician. But I guess he figured—I don't know. Maybe he's jealous. Maybe he wishes he'd taken a chance. I knew Mom had said recently, she wished he'd at least given it a try. She says she wouldn't have cared so much. She could've gotten a job.

No one was home when I got there. I sat down and started playing the guitar. Then all of a sudden Mom and Jill came crashing in, loaded down with enough packages for a dozen Christmases. Jill fell into my lap. "Daddy!"

"What's up, kid?"

"I get to be in the choir, and I already have a friend and Grandma got me a two-wheeler with handbrakes!"

I looked over at Mom. "How're we going to get it home?"

"We'll leave it here," Jill said. "I'm coming back for the whole summer."

"You are? Who planned all this?"

"Only if it's all right with you, Sam," Mom said hastily.

"It's all right, isn't it?" Jill asked.

"We'll talk about it later," I said. "Why don't you go try your new bike?"

She jumped up and rushed out happily.

"I ran into Cody Blanks today, Mom. You remember her, I used to date her in high school. She runs the Longhorn Saloon now and I happened to be passing by and stopped in."

"That's no job for a woman," Mom said. "Dealing with all those drunks and who knows what."

"Why not?" I said. "Cody can handle herself."

Mom looked pensive. "I remember her, she was a real cute little thing, wasn't she?" She sighed. "Her mother's real worried, though. Sometimes I think it's just as well I never had a daughter. You worry more, or about different things. You wait till Jill's grown. You'll see how hard it is."

"I just want Jill to be happy, that's all. Doesn't she look happy to you, Mom?"

"Yes she does, Sam. She's such a little sweetheart. So mature for her age! That thoughtful little way she has. And she has a good voice too. Did you know that? She did just beautifully in the choir. I was so proud of her. Oh, I'm so glad you came!"

I sighed.

"How was your meeting with Dad?" Mom asked, looking anxious.

"Terrible."

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault, Mom. I love him. I know he loves me. But all we do is yell at each other. That's all we ever have done. I thought it'd get better, it's been so long. We're both grownups supposedly. But it's like I was still sixteen. Or six."

Jill came back. I was glad in a way. I

stood up. "Let's go see that dream machine of yours, woman."

We went outside to look at her bike. It was a beauty—bright red with gears and hand brakes. I lifted it out of the trunk of Mom's car.

I turned to Jill. "Mount up, cowboy."

"I don't know how to ride it."

"I know. I'm holding on to it."

With a suspicious look Jill started to climb on. "Don't let go, y'hear?"

"I'm *not* letting go, y'hear. Where did you get that y'hear garbage? You're sounding like Texas."

Jill's bike started wobbling. "I better get one with training wheels," she said.

"Come on. This is a super bike. You can do it."

"Don't let go!"

"I'm not."

I ran alongside Jill, hanging onto the seat. She was less wobbly with the steering, but stopped pedaling from time to time in panic. "You're making me go too fast!" she yelled. "I want to stop!"

I was panting. "It's easier to go fast."

I grabbed the handlebars and brought the bike to a stop, Jill climbed off.

"It's too hard," she said.

"You almost got it."

She looked grumpy. "I don't want to learn how to ride a two-wheeler yet." She started down the road.

I called her. "Jill, do it for me, okay?"

Reluctantly she came back and climbed on the bike again. This time she was much better, especially with the steering. "Keep pedaling!" I yelled.

"I am!" she said.

"I'm letting go now!"

"No!" she shrieked.

I let go, but ran alongside her. "I'm right beside you, baby."

"Are you holding on?"

"No! You're doing it."

Suddenly her face lit up. "I'm doing it? I'm doing it!"

I felt good that night. We all sat down to supper. Jill came over and tried to squeeze into the chair with me. "Daddy?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I go to school here?"

"You just got out of school in Canada."

"They go right up to Christmas here."

"Well, you can't go," I said, more harshly than I'd intended.

"Why not?"

"Because I said so."

She sniffed. "Then I'm going to go. That's not a reason."

"Jill!"

Just then Dad spoke. "And if you do well, there's going to be a surprise for you when school's over."

Jill's eyes lit up. "A surprise, Grandpa? Is it alive?"

"Might be."

"Does it eat oats and sleep in a stall and wear a bridle and—"

"Might."

There was a pause. I looked at Jill. "You want to go to school here till June? Since when?"

"Grandpa!" Jill squealed.

"Dad," I said, "*no pony*. If she goes to school the end of school is in two days. You've already got her a bike and a roomful of presents. You—"

"We're talking about June," Dad said.

There was a pause. I looked at Jill. "You want to go to school here till June? Since when?"

"Since I like it."

"You mean, and spend the summer?"

"Well, can't I?"

I looked at Dad. "Then, of course, in the fall we couldn't tear her away from her new friends, could we?" I got up. "Is that the plan, Dad? Turn the kid on, get rid of me, sue for custody? Is that it?"

"Sam—" Mom started.

I was furious. "Dad, you're not taking my baby away from me. I glared at Jill. "As for you, you traitor—"

Dad leaped up. "Don't you call that child names, not in my house."

"It's my child. *My child.*"

"She is not your child!"

"What?"

Dad reached out and slapped me across the face. I just stared at him. Then I walked out, stopping to get a beer on the way, slamming the refrigerator door. I went outside and sat on the stoop, drinking the beer, trying to cool off. The sky was full of stars.

Jill came out and sat down next to me. "Hey, Daddy."

"Hi, squirrel. You can go to school here. I don't know why I said no. I didn't mean no."

"I know. . . . I'm already signed up. My teacher's Miss Mallory."

I smiled.

"I love you."

I put my arms around her. "I love you more because I'm bigger."

After a minute Jill said, "If you want to go back to Canada, we can."

"You'd like to stay here though, wouldn't you?"

"I love it here. But I hate it when you yell at me."

"I won't do that again, hon."

She leaned her head on my shoulder.

"I've started seeing an old girlfriend who lives here," I said. "She's going to improve my disposition, I think."

"What's her name?"

"Cody. She runs the Longhorn Saloon. She used to twirl the baton at the Fourth of July parades, football games, everywhere. She was something. Still is."

"I'll check her out."

I smiled. "On a scale of one to ten, she's about a nine."

"Nora's the only nine in the world."

"Wait and see."

Suddenly she said, "Grandpa shouldn't have slapped you."

"I know."

"I guess he was mad because you called me a bad name."

"Huh?"

"You called me a traitor."

"Oh, yeah. Well, that was just the tip of the iceberg. Honey, maybe we will stay here."

"What would you do though? Could you sing?"

"Well, no, they don't have much use for singers around here, but I could—I could find something."

"Grandpa could get you a job," Jill said cheerfully, as though that solved everything.

I guess I was a little disappointed. I'd hoped she would put up a fuss at the idea of my giving up singing, considering how "great" she was always saying I was. "Maybe he can." I looked up at her. "Would you put yourself to bed? I'll kiss you here."

She leaned over and kissed me and then disappeared into the house. I sat out there a while longer. I hated to see my resolve crumbling so fast, under just one assault from Dad. But it wasn't just that. If anything, that alone would've made me want to do the opposite. But I couldn't see leaving Jill with them and going back to Vancouver, only seeing her a couple times a year. And she really seemed to like it here so much. Maybe I could hack it. It might take awhile to get used to it, but with Cody, if we were married, it'd be some kind of a life. Maybe a good one. I figured I owed it to Jill at least to give it a try.

When I went back inside, Dad had gone up to bed. Mom was sitting there reading. "I'm sorry, Sam," she said.

"You didn't do anything."

"He doesn't mean to steal your child away. He just wants to please her. I knew he'd love being a grandfather, and he does. So, he's going a little overboard. That's just human nature."

I sighed. "Yeah—well, maybe Jill would be happy here." I saw Mom looking at me hopefully. "But I can't see just leaving her here with you, not because you wouldn't do a good job. I just don't want to give her up."

"Sure," Mom said, "I can see that."

"So, I've been thinking. Maybe I'll try; I'll see what kind of a job I can get around here, try living here for a while."

Mom frowned. "But would you really be happy here, Sam?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. But it can't hurt to try, can it?"

"Oh, no. Dad would probably be glad to help you find something. Of course, *I'd* just love it, but that isn't what counts. You might find a nice girl, settle down."

I didn't feel like telling her that I thought I'd found one already. "Stranger things have happened. See you in the morning," and went up to bed.

I went by the saloon about nine the

next night. The evening crowd was there—guys in Stetsons and starched white shirts, open at the collar. Cody looked terrific. She was in her short cowgirl uniform, complete with hat and holster. As I came in, she was leaning on the pass-through window, giving an order.

"Two T-bone specials, medium well, soup, mashed, hold the salad, side of onion rings, extra gravy on one."

I put my arm around her. "I have to talk to you."

"I'm really jammed up, Sam. My busboy didn't show."

I followed her as she headed to a table of new customers. "Listen, Jill wants to stay here. She loves the school, she loves the whole scene."

"Small towns are good for little kids."

"So my father says."

"Well, he's right."

Cody was at the new table. "Howdy, folks, I'm Cody. What can I get you?"

"What's on special?"

Right behind her, trying to talk low, I said, "So, if I'm going to stay here, I want you to marry me."

Cody went on, without losing a step. "We have the T-bone on special tonight. It comes with baked, mashed or French fries, salad or soup, ice cream or sherbet, choice of beverage."

"Cody, did you hear me? I'm asking you to marry me!" I said.

"Okay, I'll have the special," the guy said, "medium rare with a salad."

"French, Italian or blue cheese?"

"Marry me!" I said, louder.

"Italian," said the guy.

Cody went on smoothly as if I weren't there. "Cody—"

"Tomatoes, cottage cheese or coleslaw?"

Finally I practically yelled, "Cody, for heaven's sake, marry me!"

The guy grinned. "Marry him, Cody, marry him."

Cody looked at me and shook her head. "Okay, I'll marry you. Now go clean some dishes for me."

"Cottage cheese," the guy said.

I grabbed her and kissed her.

I guess it was kind of a clownish way to propose. Big moments do that to me. I can't play them straight. But she forgave me. I stayed till around two. Then we went back to her room and over coffee she paid attention.

"You know, Sam," she said, "marriage is tricky business."

"It is?"

"Come on, I mean it."

"I was married, kid. I know the whole scene."

"I don't know, Sam. I can't see you here in Bushland."

"You don't know me. I'm stubborn, Cody. When I make up my mind to do something, I stick to it."

"*That* I can imagine. You really think you'll be happy here?"

"With you? Sure!"

Cody looked terrific. She was in her short cowgirl uniform, complete with hat and holster.

"Look, we've known each other for fifteen years. You can't exactly call this an overnight affair."

"But we've changed."

"For the better."

She still looked pensive. "Jill won't be jealous?"

"No, Jill likes you, and she's hard to please." Cody kissed me.

Actually I wasn't completely sure how Jill would take it. She always seemed eager to marry me off, but I just didn't know. I waited till I had her alone the next day to tell her.

"Hon?"

"Yeah?"

"What if I marry Cody Blanks? How'd you feel?"

"Fine."

"Really?"

"Sure."

"Because I really might. Maybe soon, even. Like in a few weeks. And then we could all settle down here."

"That's okay," Jill said. "Could I visit Grandma and Grandpa?"

"Sure."

"Will you have a fancy wedding—like Nora's?"

"No. Since it's the second time for both of us, just something simple."

"Can I wear the dress I wore to Nora's? And the hat?"

"Why not?"

Jill looked pleased. "Two weddings in one year—boy! Did you tell Grandma?"

I shook my head. "Not yet."

"Can I tell her?"

"Let's tell her together, okay?"

We went into the kitchen where Mom was clearing off the lunch dishes.

"Grandma, we have a surprise!" Jill yelled.

"A surprise! Now, what could that be?" Mom looked half anxious.

"Guess!" Jill said, excited at the game. "It's about Dad! We're getting married—to Cody Blanks!"

"No!" Mom said, totally surprised.

Jill jumped up and down and hugged Mom.

"Jill, take it easy. And when is this event to take place, if I may ask?"

"New Year's Eve," I said.

"Why that's barely over a week away," Mom looked shocked.

"Sure," I said. "What do you think?"

"Well, I think—it just seems sort of sudden. Why not wait a little, Sam?"

"Cody and I want it this way," I said. "We figure we're old enough to know what we're doing."

Mom looked flustered. "Oh, I know you're *old* enough. It's just . . . Has Cody told her folks yet, Sam?"

"I'm not sure. . . . She will soon. . . . But, Mom, we're not going to make it into a big deal, okay?"

"Okay. But I hope you're doing the right thing."

I stood there indecisively. "I guess I'll go tell Dad."

"Now, you know, Sam," Mom said, "there's no telling how he'll react. You need patience with him, that's all."

"I'll be patient." I said.

Down at the *Bugle* office Dad was yelling instructions at some teenage girls who were stacking and tying the papers. I stood leaning against the door, waiting. Finally he looked up.

"Did you need something?"

"A job."

He looked surprised.

"You told me about ten years ago that I could write for your paper anytime I wanted to turn respectable. . . . Well, I'm turning respectable."

"Why?" he asked.

"I've been thinking maybe you're right about it being healthier for Jill to grow up where everybody drinks milk and goes to church. And I was thinking maybe it wasn't too late for me to learn enough about all this to be of some use to you. Give me an assignment, Dad. Try me out. I need a job. I'm marrying Cody Blanks on New Year's Eve."

"Cody Blanks! I thought she had more sense than that."

"Apparently not."

"And you're staying here?"

"Yeah. Maybe . . . I'm ready to buckle down to it, Dad. Shoulder my responsibilities. Give my child some security—quote unquote."

"You're giving up your music?"

"Yeah."

He gave a soft whistle. "Well, I did the same thing myself a good number of years ago. Never regretted it."

Then, shaking his head skeptically, he gave me instructions and I headed off on my first "assignment."

I was supposed to meet Ray Griff at the Longhorn Saloon for a lunchtime interview about industrial safety. Ray was the foreman of the town's gravel pit. There'd been a man killed a week earlier at the pit as well as a few serious accidents before that. Dad wanted an article on the incidents.

When I got to the Longhorn, Hugh Bob and Stanley were at the bar. Cody looked up as we came in. We must have made quite a sight. Six huge guys, bruisers like Ray, with crew cuts and beer bellies and me, trying to figure out how to work the tape recorder and wondering how I'd ever gotten into this. There was a loud cacophony of: "Hey, doll, what's special? I'll lay you twenty to one on Sandies tonight. I want chili and steak, Cody. How's the chili today? I want that steak well done."

Cody just glared at me. I knew she figured I just had to get through it as best I could. I turned the recorder on.

"Mr. Griff, have you or have you not taken any safety precautions since a man was killed last week at your pit?"

Ray leaned into the mike. "Billy Anderson, the convicted murderer who was killed in the gravel pit, had long hair like you, Sam. It was his own fault. The inspectors saw that at once. It was his long hair got caught in the machinery."

That got a big laugh from the rowdy audience. I turned off the machine. "You want that in the paper?"

He downed his beer. "What I want in the paper is this: The gravel pit ain't no place for weakness. This part of our great United States is great and is going to stay great because the men are strong. It's women and chicken hippies that need safety precautions, not the men on my crew. The men in my crew are real men."

I almost thought I was in a John Wayne movie. The guys all began to laugh and cheer. Someone grabbed the tape recorder and threw it to another guy. I grabbed for it, caught it in midair and then was tripped by Griff. Finally I just felt as if I'd had it. I lunged at him, maybe not the wisest move ever, since he must have weighed over 200 pounds. The guys all hooted with delight, tipped back their chairs and guzzled their beer.

I don't remember too much about the fight. I think I got in a few good punches and I certainly did my best. But when I gave Griff one in his beer belly, he really got furious and belted me so hard I just crumpled up. I squinted up at Cody, anxiously bending over me. Then I saw Dad. I heard Griff say, "He did all right, Joe."

"He sure did," Dad said proudly. "I'm surprised."

"So'm I," Griff said.

"I'm buying drinks, Cody," Dad said. "For everybody, including the boy."

This was, I guess, the moment of glory. I'd gotten knocked around in some dumb fight with local bruisers and proven myself. Griff and Dad dumped me on the bed in Cody's room.

"He'll be okay," Griff said. To me he said, "Hey, anytime you want a job with me, son, you got one."

"Thanks . . . " I couldn't believe this whole scene.

He and Dad moved on out, leaving me alone with Cody, who said, "Do you know what that means, to be offered a job by Ray Griff? It's a real honor."

I grimaced. "I finally made it in Bushland, huh?"



> Jill said, "I love you." I put my arms around her. "I love you more," I said, "because I'm bigger."

She sat down next to me. "Wow, he really took you apart. It was awful . . . You were okay, though, Sam."

"Were you proud of me?" I tried to sound ironical.

"Well, I was . . . sure I was glad you showed them, but it's stupid, isn't it?"

"Stupid? No, I loved it. I'm going to do it every day from now on. To keep in shape."

"Your father set it up. To test you."

"I guess."

"You should have seen his face. He looked so proud."

I turned over and groaned.

Cody patted my arm. "Sweetie, I wish I could stay back here with you." She got up. "Just let me get that lunch crowd cleared out. You rest, you hear?" she said as she went out.

"I hear."

I lay there the rest of the afternoon trying to figure out exactly what I felt.

When I got home that evening, Mom had heard about the fight and was furious at Dad.

"Is supper soon?" I asked as I came in.

"In a minute. Your father said he may be late. Just as well or I'd dump this load of stew right over his head."

Jill burst out laughing. "Would you really, Grandma?"

"I ought to," she said grimly.

"Let it be, Mom," I said. "He's had his fun."

I stretched out on the couch until supper. When Dad came home, there was a silence. We were already up to dessert.

"Your stew's on the stove," Mom said curtly.

Dad was still in a fine mood. "Well, that looks good."

"It's more than you deserve."

He looked at her in surprise. "Huh?"

"Sending your own son down to be beaten up like that, Joe Hayden! I never heard of such a thing."

Dad began to eat. "Oh, Bertha, calm down . . . Sam did pretty darn well for himself. You should have seen it." he said with satisfaction, "Ray Griff is a big fellow . . . and Sam kept right on in there. Got some good swipes at him."

"Listen," I said, "It's definite with Cody and me—we're getting married."

"Well, if you're really willing to settle down and support her—" Dad said.

"I am . . . Only I want to have some rules around here, okay? You guys can come to the Longhorn once a week, Jill can come here once a week. She can accept presents on her birthday and Christmas, only. And no pony. Till she's ten."

"Sounds pretty fair," Dad conceded.

"No more cracks about my life or my work."

"Okay . . . it's a deal."

A kind of temporary peace seemed to have descended. But after Dad had gone upstairs, Mom said, "Sam, I just wonder if you're turning yourself into something you aren't. Jill wants to stay here. So you decided to stay."

"I want to stay, too. I'm going to love being the hard-fighting, card-playing, beer-drinking guy from the gravel pit."

"This isn't a joke, Sam."

"I'm not joking. Sounds like it, maybe, but I'm not joking."

"I thought you were a musician."

"I am what I say I am! Can't I change? Is it ordained that I have to be a second-rate musician all my life?"

But when I put Jill into bed, she looked up at me and said, "Aren't you ever going to play the guitar again?"

"Well, I'll probably . . . do it in the evenings, when I have time."

"Does Cody want you to give it up?"

I shook my head.

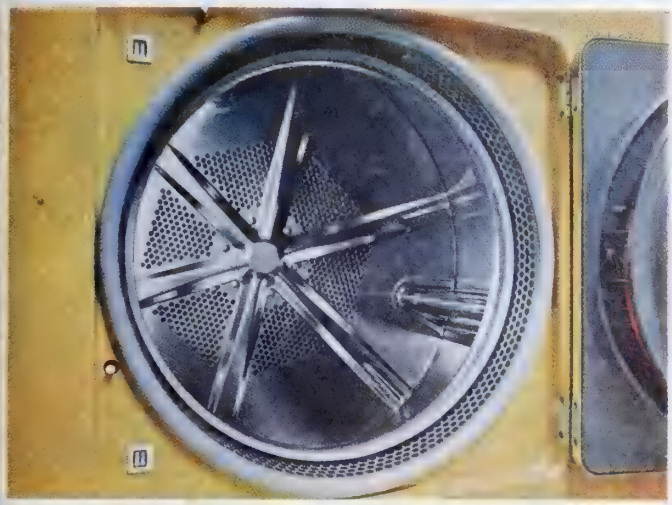
"So, why're you going to?"

"Because I want to try us living some other way for a while. Cody likes living here, you like it, I want to try to like it."

She kept staring at me. Finally she just said, "Okay."

(continued on page 171)

3 good reasons to buy a new Speed Queen dryer.



1. Lifetime stainless steel drum.

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Bounce makes clothes really soft.
Bounce controls static so synthetics don't cling.
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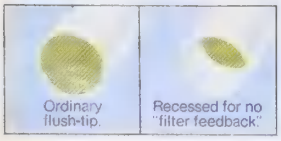
Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising.

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There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



10 mg Kings
12 mg 100's

More than just a low-tar number. **Parliament.**

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

TOP TWENTY

continued from page 122

ork with one quarter at a time, keeping emaining dough refrigerated. On oured surface, roll dough into 10-inch quare. With 3-inch round cookie cutter, ut out dough circles. Place 1 teaspoon reserves in center of each. Moisten dge, fold dough over preserves. Seal dge by pressing with tines of a fork ipped in flour; prick top. Place on ookie sheet. Repeat with remaining ough and bake 18 to 20 minutes or ntil golden brown. Remove to cooling ack. Cool. Makes about 3 dozen. About 25 calories each.

APRICOT FOLDOVERS

eminiscent of tiny Danish, these can be erved as a morning treat with coffee or a or as dessert.

illing
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 4 ounces (1 cup) dried apricots, chopped (see editor's note)

ough
- 1¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- Pinch salt
- 4 ounces cream cheese (½ 8-oz. package)
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon sour cream

laze
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 1 tablespoon water

or filling: In small saucepan, mix range juice, 6 tablespoons sugar and pricots. Heat to boiling; simmer, covred, for 10 minutes. Remove cover and immer 10 more minutes, stirring ocasionally or until most of liquid is abrbed. Set aside to cool.

or dough: In large bowl mix flour, ugar and salt. With pastry blender or knives used scissor fashion, cut in ream cheese and butter or margarine ntil mixture resembles cornmeal. With rk stir in sour cream until pastry just olds together. Form into a ball. Wrap nd refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 arge cookie sheets. Divide dough in alf; work with one half at a time keepng remaining dough refrigerated. On oured surface, roll half the dough into 0-inch square. Cut into 2-inch squares. lace ½ teaspoon apricot filling diagonal- on each square. Pull 2 opposite corners f dough up to center. Moisten underide of top corner and press firmly to eal. Place on cookie sheet. Repeat with emaining dough and filling. Bake 12 to 5 minutes or until lightly brown. Let ool on wire rack; dribble with glaze.

or glaze: Mix confectioners' sugar with tablespoon water, adding more water s needed to make a glaze that slowly uns off spoon. Dribble over cooled ookies. Makes 50 cookies. About 65 alories each. *(continued)*

Look what the Sun-Maid® made.

This golden loaf was a holiday treat back in the early 1900's. Your grandmother baked it with harvest apples and Sun-Maid Raisins, then warmed it on the hearth for her holiday guests.

Now you can recreate this delicious tradition with the same, naturally sweet raisins that started it all. Sun-Maid, America's favorite raisin—Seedless, Currants, Muscats and Goldens—for over three generations.



SUN-MAID® HOLIDAY HEARTH LOAVES



- 1/3 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbsp. milk
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1-1/2 cups peeled shredded apple
- 1 cup chopped SUN-MAID Raisins (Seedless, Currants, Muscats or Goldens)
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together butter, sugar, lemon peel and cinnamon. Beat in eggs until light and fluffy. Beat in milk and lemon juice. Stir together dry ingredients; add to creamed mixture, stirring until moistened. Fold in apple, raisins and nuts. Spoon batter into 3 greased miniature loaf pans, about 3 x 6 inches. Bake at 350°F., 40 to 45 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 3 loaves. Batter may be baked in 5 x 9 inch loaf pan. Increase baking time to about 1 hour.

For 14 additional raisin recipes, send your name and address plus 2 box tops from any carton of Sun-Maid Raisins (8 8 oz. size or larger) to The Sun-Maid's SWEET MEMORY COLLECTION, Dept. A 77 P.O. Box 2268, Menlo Park CA 94025.

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Because one great taste deserves another.

Serve Seasoned RyKrisp snack crackers as delicious party hors d'oeuvres with creamy cheese spread, ripe cherry tomatoes and wafer-thin beef. Or serve them plain, just for munching. Either way, the crispy taste of Seasoned RyKrisp with its salt and special seasoning is one you'll love. Snack after snack. Because Seasoned RyKrisp is specially packaged to stay fresh and crispy. Discover the taste of a great snack cracker.
Seasoned RyKrisp.





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TOP TWENTY

continued

Editor's note: An easy way to chop apricots is to snip them with a pair of scissors dipped in flour.

OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR COOKIES

A long-time favorite in our assistant food editor's family.

1 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs
1 cup salad oil
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
4¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon salt
Colored sugar (for decoration)

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugars. Beat in eggs, one at a time until light and fluffy. Add oil, vanilla extract and lemon peel. Beat until well mixed. In large bowl, combine flour, baking soda, cream of tartar and salt. Gradually add dry ingredients to creamed mixture and beat until well blended. Wrap and chill dough for several hours.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough into thirds. Form heaping teaspoonfuls of dough into a ball. Place on cookie sheet. Flatten dough to a 2-inch diameter with bottom of a glass dipped in granulated sugar. Sprinkle with colored sugar. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until just set. Let stand on baking sheet for 2 to 3 minutes before removing. Makes about 7 dozen cookies. About 80 calories each.

POPPY SEED COOKIES

An easy refrigerator cookie, this will delight poppy seed buffs.

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup (5 oz.) poppy seeds
2¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon salt

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Beat in egg and vanilla until light and fluffy. In medium bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Gradually add to creamed mixture and beat just until well blended. Divide dough in half.

On waxed paper, form each half into a roll 2 inches wide, 9 inches long. Wrap and refrigerate at least 2 hours or overnight.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Cut dough into ¼-inch thick slices. Place on cookie sheets. Bake about 10 to 12 minutes or until golden brown at the edges. Make 6 dozen. About 65 calories each.

CHEESECAKE DREAMS

This cookie we had to hide from our food editor. Fantastic, rich and addictive.

⅓ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup chopped walnuts
⅓ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease an 8-inch square baking pan. In small bowl mix first 3 ingredients. Stir in melted butter or margarine until well combined. Reserve ¼ cup crumbs. Pat remaining gently into pan. Bake 12 to 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, in small bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, beat cream cheese and sugar until smooth. Beat in remaining ingredients. Pour over crust; sprinkle on remaining crumbs. Bake 25 minutes more until set. Cool on wire rack. When cool, cut into 2-inch squares; cut each square diagonally in half. Makes 32 cookies. About 85 calories each.

(continued)

Apple Mallow Yam Yums

APPLE MALLOW YAMBAKE

- 2 apples, sliced
- ⅓ cup chopped pecans
- ½ cup brown sugar, packed
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 17-oz. cans Royal Prince or Princella yams, drained
- ¼ cup Parkay margarine
- 2 cups Kraft miniature marshmallows

Toss apples and nuts with combined brown sugar and cinnamon. Alternate layers of apples and yams in 1½ quart casserole. Dot with margarine. Cover. Bake at 350°, 35 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle marshmallows over yams and apples. Broil until lightly browned.

6 to 8 servings



TOP TWENTY

continued

CHRISTMAS SHORTBREAD

We've topped Scottish shortbread with chocolate and pistachio nuts for a new look, new flavor.

½ cup unsalted butter, softened
¼ cup sugar
1¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup semisweet chocolate pieces
2 tablespoons pistachio nuts, coarsely chopped

Preheat oven to 275°F. Grease an 8-inch square baking pan; set aside. In small bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in flour until well mixed. Pat dough evenly into bottom of pan. With tines of fork, prick dough all over to prevent bubbles from forming during baking. Bake for one hour or until pale and golden (do not allow to brown). Remove from oven.

Immediately sprinkle chocolate pieces on top. Let stand 3 to 5 minutes until chocolate melts. (The chocolate pieces do not lose their shape when they are melted in this way. To test, touch one to see if it is soft.) Spread evenly over top until smooth. Sprinkle with nuts. Refrigerate until chocolate sets. Cut into bars. Makes 24 cookies. About 95 calories each.

SARAH BERNHARDTS

We stumbled across this cookie in a bakery and loved it. So we made our own version. Don't ask us why the name but the Divine Sarah would have loved them.

Macaroons
1 can (8 oz.) almond paste
3 egg whites
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
Dash salt

Chocolate Truffles
9 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
½ cup (¼ lb.) sweet butter, softened
3 egg yolks
3 tablespoons rum

Chocolate Glaze
6 ounces confectioners' chocolate or 6 ounces (1½ bars) sweet cooking chocolate

To make macaroons: Preheat oven to 350°F. Line 2 large cookie sheets with foil; do not grease. Set aside.

Fit a pastry bag with a #8 star-shaped tip. In large mixer bowl, combine almond paste, egg whites, sugar, almond extract and salt. Beat with electric mixer at medium speed until well combined and smooth. Increase speed to high and beat 2 minutes. Spoon mixture into pastry bag. (We found it much easier to fill a pastry bag by supporting it in a tall container such as a blender jar.) Hold pastry bag at a 90° angle to foil-lined cookie sheet, press batter *(continued)*

DECEMBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

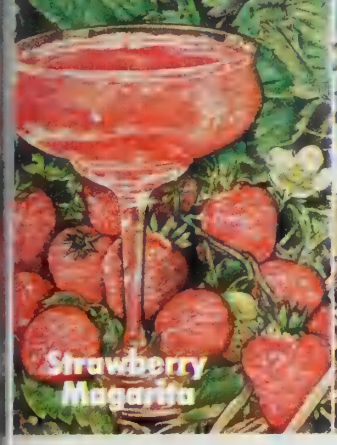
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When pain has you in its grip, break the grip of pain with Ben-Gay.

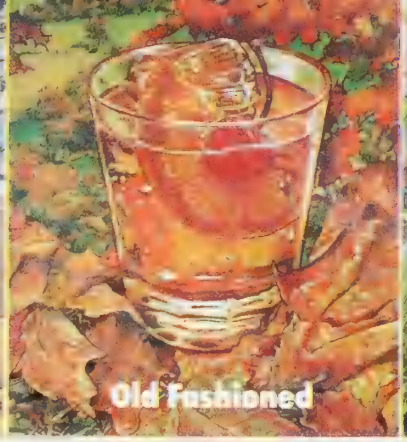
If you suffer from muscle aches or the minor pain of arthritis, turn to Ben-Gay for hours of relief. Millions do. In fact, Ben-Gay's deep-down relief has made it America's number one pain relief rub.



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THE HOLLAND HOUSE PROHIBITION LAW: A DULL DRINK IS A CRIME.

Is the most stirring thing about your drink the swizzle stick? Does your cup runneth over with the run-of-the-mill highball or scotch on the rocks?

Well, Holland House thinks drinks are one of America's greatest forms of home entertainment. And like any good entertainment, should be scintillating, exciting and downright fun.

You'll jump at the minty, frothy taste of our Grasshopper. Or wait until you experience the tropical bombshell we've concocted called a Mai Tai. And the commonplace drink pales in comparison to the taste and looks of our Strawberry Margarita.

What's more, Holland House offers a choice of 40 exciting mixes, liquid and dry. You simply add as much or as little of your favorite liquor as you want just seconds before sipping. This makes every Holland House drink a cinch to make, mistake-free and as fresh as can be.

So be a really good host. Make a pitcher full of one of our deliciously different drinks for a change.

In other words, invite some exciting drinks to your next party.



HOLLAND HOUSE COCKTAIL MIXES.

WORLD'S ORIGINAL AND LARGEST SELLING COCKTAIL MIX.









into about 1¼-inch rounds. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes until a very pale color. Slide foil from cookie sheet to wire racks to cool for about 2 minutes. Then, using knife, carefully remove cookies from foil. Makes about 60. Place macaroons on waxed paper-lined jelly-roll pan.

To make truffles: While cookies bake, prepare truffles. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler over hot, not boiling, water. Remove from heat. With wire whisk or wooden spoon, beat in butter until well mixed. Add egg yolks and rum and continue beating until smooth. Let stand 30 minutes or longer until slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. (Makes 1½ cups.) Spread 1 teaspoon truffles on bottom of each macaroon. Refrigerate inverted on jelly-roll pan until firm, about 1 hour.

For glaze: This is the tedious part. For best results, the chocolate should not be too hot. Work with small quantity at a time. Melt confectioners' chocolate in top of double boiler over hot, not boiling, water until smooth. Remove from heat. Spoon a small amount of chocolate into a small, flat bowl. (Keep remaining chocolate in pan over hot water, but keep pan off the heat.) Stir chocolate in small bowl until cool. Test by dabbing a small amount on your wrist. It should feel lukewarm. Dip cookies one at a time into chocolate, truffle side down, rotating each to coat completely. Quickly turn the cookie over and place on waxed paper-lined jelly-roll pan. Repeat dipping all cookies. Refrigerate until set. Then, store in tightly covered container in refrigerator. Makes 5 dozen. About 80 calories each.

BRANDY SNAPS

Delicate and crunchy—great with ice cream or holiday puddings. Be prepared to invest some time however—each must be individually rolled.

1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
⅔ cup sugar
1 teaspoon ground ginger
¼ cup light corn syrup
¼ cup dark corn syrup
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 teaspoons brandy

Preheat oven to 300°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In small bowl, combine dry ingredients; set aside. In medium saucepan heat corn syrups to boiling. Remove from heat; stir in butter or margarine until melted. Add dry ingredients, stirring constantly to corn syrup mixture; stir well. Stir in brandy.

Bake only 4 cookies at a time. Drop batter by measuring tablespoonfuls, at least 3 inches apart, on cookie sheet. Bake 10 minutes. Let cool on cookie sheet about 45 seconds. With metal spatula, remove each cookie and quickly roll around handle of a wooden spoon. (If cookie becomes too hard to roll, soften by returning to the oven briefly.) Repeat, baking remaining batter. Makes about 60 cookies. About 40 calories each.

MELTING MOMENTS

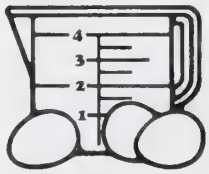
It's true. They really do melt in your mouth.

1 cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups confectioners' sugar
1¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup cornstarch
3 tablespoons orange juice
Grated orange peel (optional)

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and ½ cup confectioners' sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in flour and cornstarch until well mixed. Wrap and refrigerate dough at least 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Roll dough into 1-inch balls. Place on *ungreased* cookie sheets. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until firm but golden. Cool slightly and remove to wire racks to completely cool.

Meanwhile, in small bowl, mix remaining confectioners' sugar with orange juice. Makes 1 cup glaze. When cookies are cool, place waxed paper under racks to catch drips and spoon on glaze. Let dry on racks. Makes about 3½ dozen. About 85 calories each.



PECAN DELIGHTS

Like teenie pecan pies. Just as good but not quite as rich.

1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
1 egg
½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
6 tablespoons finely chopped pecans
Dash salt
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon melted butter or margarine
32 pecan halves, for garnish, if desired

In medium mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, combine first 3 ingredients. Divide dough and shape into 32 balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Make deep indentation with floured knuckle into each cookie and shape with fingers into bowl shape. Place in freezer for 10 to 15 minutes or in refrigerator for 1 hour to firm. Preheat oven to 350°F.

Meanwhile, in small bowl, mix egg and remaining ingredients except pecan halves. Set aside. After cookies are refrigerated, fill each indentation with about 1 teaspoon pecan mixture and top with an additional pecan half if desired. Bake 30 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool completely on wire racks. Makes 32, about 80 calories each.

GREEK COOKIE PUFFS

A version of the Greek favorite Kourabiedes (translated—butter cookie). We flavored it with anise and lemon peel.

1 cup butter or margarine, softened
¼ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
½ teaspoon anise extract
Confectioners' sugar

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar. Beat in eggs until light and fluffy. Stir in flour, baking powder, lemon peel and anise extract. Wrap and chill dough at least 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. Divide dough in half. Work with one half at a time; keep remaining refrigerated. Form dough into ¾-inch balls. Place 3 dough balls in a triangle on cookie sheet; press together gently. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes or until cookies are set but not brown. Cool 2 minutes before removing from cookie sheets. Cool completely on wire racks. To serve, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes 30 cookies. About 105 calories each.

FATTIGMAND

A deep-fried Norwegian cookie. Name translates to "poor man's cake."

3 eggs
¼ cup sugar
1½ tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
3 tablespoons orange-flavored liqueur or orange juice
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon ground cardamom
¼ cup heavy cream, whipped
3¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour (approximately)
Salad oil for frying
Confectioners' sugar

In large bowl, beat eggs and sugar until well combined. Mix in butter or margarine, orange liqueur or juice, salt and cardamom. Fold in heavy cream. Stir in 2½ cups flour. Stir in enough additional flour to make a stiff dough. Divide dough in half, wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate 15 minutes.

Keeping half of dough refrigerated, roll remaining dough on lightly floured board until paper thin. Cut into 2x4-inch rectangles. Make a 1-inch lengthwise slit in center of each. Pull one end completely through slit to form a bow tie. (See photograph on page 105.) In Dutch oven or large saucepot heat at least 1-inch salad oil to 375°F. Fry dough, a few at a time, until delicate brown, turning once (about 15 seconds). (To make a flatter cookie, place dough on pancake turner and immerse in hot oil until dough floats off.) Drain on paper towels. Repeat with remaining dough. Cool. To serve, dust with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 3½ dozen. About 65 calories each. **End**

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Because More is longer and burns slower. So there's more time for you to enjoy its smooth taste.

And More is styled leaner. In rich burnished brown. So you get good looks on the outside and mild, satisfying taste on the inside.

Get More going for you. It's like any really good cigarette. Only it's more.

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Flavor. That's our bit.

Gift Boxes

continued from page 99

The size of the container is more important than the color, so choose sizes that will hold the quantities you wish to pack into them. Small boxes, even when filled with your most delectable cookies, look ungenerous; those that are too large may keep you baking for weeks on end. Use small boxes only when stacking two or more together as one gift. Baskets, canisters, tin and wood boxes can be spray-painted the right color in minutes and cardboard gift boxes are easy to cover with flint papers from an art supply shop.

Cookies to decorate your containers should have a good silhouette—heart, shell, animal, letter—or an impressed design or pattern that gives texture. They don't have to be fresh, but they should not be so soft that they crumble.

Plan your color scheme or schemes—container color, cookie color and ribbon color, then purchase paints, flint papers and ribbons in those colors. Buy adhesives at the same time; we used Scotch Brand Super Strength Adhesive to glue cookies to container, and Scotch Brand SprayMount to attach flint paper to cardboard gift boxes.

Arrange a spot in which to spray-paint containers and cookies. Cover walls and surfaces with newspaper or drop cloths, and open windows for ventilation. Place several containers to be painted the same color on a layer of newspaper, with space between so you can reach all sides as you spray. When spraying more containers, lay a fresh layer of paper beneath them. When changing to another color, be sure that the containers already painted have been moved out of the range of the spray; a sudden breeze through the open window can divert it and mar your work.

Place cookies to be painted on newspaper covered trays (cookie sheets, box lids or sheets of cardboard) so the entire tray may be lifted and set aside to dry. Leave enough space between cookies so the thickness can be painted, too, and use a separate tray for each color. Allow painted containers and cookies to dry thoroughly before you begin to decorate the containers.

To cover a cardboard gift box with flint paper, remove the lid; each section must be done separately. Place a sheet of flint paper face down on a clean surface. Measure the outside depth of the box and, to that measurement, add ½" to turn down inside the box. Move the box to the corner of the paper, so it is exactly this total distance in from top and left side edges and placed straight. Draw the outline of the box on the paper. Measure the total depth out from the outline on the other two sides. Draw pencil lines, and cut off any paper not needed to cover the box. Use a ruler to extend the lines of the outline to the edges of the paper. Cut along those extended lines in to the short sides of the outline. Cut ¼" outside the lines on the paper to cover the long sides, allowing a bit to turn the corners. Place the flint paper face down on newspaper and spray with a light coat of SprayMount. Place the box bottom within the outline in the center, positioning it precisely; if it isn't straight, SprayMount allows lifting and repositioning. Lift box and paper, and press paper smoothly to the bottom of the box. Smooth and press paper over long sides and around corners before turning allowance over rim and pressing inside the edges. Smooth and press paper over short sides of box, turning allowance over the rim and pressing firmly inside the edges. Cover the lid of the box in the same way.

Before packaging home-baked cookies, all containers should be lined with waxed paper, foil or Saran Wrap; cardboard boxes and baskets should first be lined with Saran Wrap, a sheet going in each direction in the box or basket, to make it airtight. If cookies are particularly fragile, or if your container is a bit too large, fold tissue to fit bottom and sides, and cover with waxed paper. Place these bumper pads in the container before lining with waxed paper. You may want to use such pads between layers, too. Add whatever you want to make your package more attractive when opened. Cookies of one variety can be stacked in fluted paper liners; cut paper doilies can be tucked between lining paper and box, so that the decorative corners can be folded over the packed cookies.

Place the lid on the container and tie ribbon around it, making a handsome bow. Decide where sprayed cookies will be placed to decorate the container, spread Super Strength Adhesive on the backs of cookies and allow them to stand until they become tacky. Then press cookie in place and hold it for a few moments. If cookies slide, just push them into place and they'll take hold. **End**

Better! Not just smaller.

Presto® FryBaby™ deep fryer. It would have been easy to make it a little smaller. Instead, we made it a lot better.



Remember what a mess it was to french fry potatoes? What a bother to fix onion rings or deep fry shrimp?

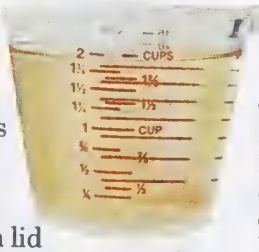
All that expensive oil to buy, the messy, drippy baskets, fryers that were clumsy and hard to store, and in the end the food was limp and soggy because the temperature was wrong. Remember?



Presto changed all that. Made deep frying fast, easy and inexpensive with the FryBaby™ deep fryer. "A serving or two in a jiffy or two.™"

Not a little fryer, it's a little marvel.

Only two cups of oil instead of two quarts. To save even more, there's a snap-on lid to store the oil for the next time and the next time.





Presto re-thought the whole idea of the basket. Made it better.

Baskets just hold food. Presto made something better, that dips, stirs, separates, turns, lifts, drains and even serves food.

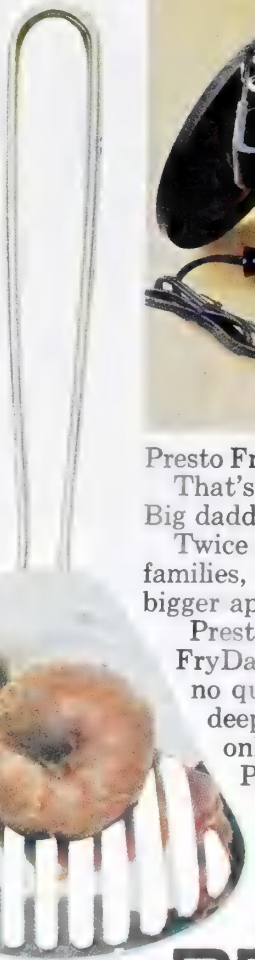
It's the Presto FryBaby big scoop. Puts more help in your hand. Better than a drippy, messy basket.

When you are through frying the scoop wipes clean. Try that with a basket.*

Next, Presto eliminated the old-fashioned control knob.

Presto set the perfect temperature for deep frying, automatically. Best results every time. No guessing, no control to set, no chance to be wrong.

Best of all, no more food that's limp or soggy. Just crisp, golden, delicious food every time.



Then Presto made the FryBaby deep fryer easy to clean, with a nonstick, hard surface inside and out. Just wipe the outside clean between uses. Easy!



Now Presto has taken all those great ideas that made deep frying so easy and created another way to help you.



Presto FryDaddy™ deep fryer. That's's right, FryDaddy! Big daddy to the little FryBaby.

Twice the capacity for bigger families, bigger servings and bigger appetites.

Presto FryBaby – Presto FryDaddy. There's really no question which brand of deep fryer you want – only which of the two Presto sizes you need.

*We're so sure you'll love the scoop Presto® makes this offer: Buy a FryBaby™ deep fryer, use the scoop. Agree it beats the basket or send us the scoop and the carton name flap and we'll send you a basket plus a dollar for your trouble. (Offer expires May 31, 1978.)

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Christmas dogs

By Roger Caras

Giving somebody a puppy for Christmas? Which will it be: a mutt or a purebred? Before you decide, read this expert advice.



Left to right: a West Highland White Terrier, a Fox Terrier—and a mutt!

"Let's give a puppy for Christmas." The thought seems to occur to thousands of people each year. And why not? If the prospective home is receptive and if a live gift is appropriate, a puppy is a loving and thoughtful gift for this special season. But with the thought come questions, especially: what kind of dog should we give? Here, I will examine one side of that question: whether to give a purebred (the mother and father are from the same breed and are of unmixed descent since recognition of the breed), or a random-bred dog, a so-called mongrel or mutt.

Is the random-bred dog more intelligent than the purebred? Not necessarily. Some breeds of dogs are more intelligent than others, so the intelligence of a mongrel will depend on what went into the mixture. Also, even dogs from the same litter have different levels of intelligence.

Are mongrels more resistant to disease than purebred animals? No. Disease and parasites strike random-breds as often as they do purebreds. Both types require the same health precautions, including veterinary care and shots.

Are random-bred dogs less fussy about food than purebreds and thus less expensive to feed? Absolutely not. Food requirements are based on weight, age and activity level, not on whether the breed is pure or mixed.

Is it true that purebred dogs should not roam free but mutts can? No. It is just as cruel, dangerous—and in most places illegal—to let a mongrel as a purebred run free.

What are the advantages of a random-bred dog? One is price. Random-bred dogs are either free or very inexpensive. Since there is always an enormous surplus of these dogs (and random-bred cats as well), homes are desperately needed. Also, when you obtain a random-bred animal, chances are you are saving its life. That is not a bad theme for Christmas.

Are there advantages to the purebred dog? Of course. A purebred dog is, or at least should be, a thing of beauty. Dogs have been bred along select lines for at least 10,000 years and they have been designed to suit almost any taste. When you obtain a random-bred puppy, about the only thing you can be sure of getting is love, and for millions of people that's enough. But for people who also like a certain "look" in their dogs, and want to be reasonably sure of getting it, the purebred is the answer.

Purebred dogs are also of considerable historical interest. The great sled dogs of the North have remained the same for thousands of years; the Norwegian Elkhound rode the seas with the Vikings; the terriers and hounds of Dickens' time look almost the same today. These breeds are a firm connection with an admired time, personality, or lifestyle—and, of course, all of this is an order only the purebred dog can fill.

If there is no real difference in pet quality between purebred and random-bred dogs, which should you get? You should get that which suits the tastes and fancies of the receiving family and that which you can afford. Don't give the wrong dog. A dog that is too fragile for a home full of active kids or one that requires much more coat care than it can be expected to receive is a mistake at Christmas or any other time.

Where do you get the gift dog? If it is to be a random-bred animal, adopt it from an humane shelter or pound. These agencies put thousands of animals up for adoption each year and usually ask for a minimal fee or donation. The male should be altered and the female spayed. It is a very nice idea to give a gift certificate for a pre-paid altering or spaying when you give the dog.

If you want to give a purebred, the only way to be reasonably sure of getting what you pay for is to buy from a breeder who is noted for producing quality puppies of the breed you desire.

To locate a reputable breeder in your area, write to your state breeders' association or to the American Kennel Club, 51 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Before you buy the purebred, meet its parents and perhaps its siblings. If the relatives are healthy and attractive, chances are your puppy will be too. Take advantage of the fact that the professional breeder knows his or her reputation is on the line every time a puppy leaves the kennel. The breeder who sells long-distance via pet shops will never know you, and doesn't care to. **End**

Photograph by Walter Chandoha.

Why you should be as careful choosing a puppy food as you are choosing a baby food.



Puppies, like babies, have special nutritional needs. But, unlike a baby, a puppy does 90% of his growing and developing in only a year.

So, if you want your puppy to become all the dog he can be, those first twelve months are critical. That's why you should know about Gaines® Puppy Choice.®

Puppy Choice is fortified with the extra protein a puppy needs for strong muscles and a shiny coat; calcium for strong bones and teeth; and a well-balanced blend of other essential vitamins and minerals.

It contains meat by-products and meat to give your puppy the taste he loves.

And the soft, moist formula of Puppy Choice is easy to digest.

Why not get your puppy off on the right paw. With the complete and balanced nutrition of Gaines Puppy Choice.

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SANTA SANTA

continued from page 89

streaks of mustard on them. Tony would never allow that to happen.

"There's there's Santa Santa Claus," said Joshua. He seemed to forget in a moment that he'd just seen a Santa; the profusion of men in stuffed red suits and cotton-y beards did nothing to shake Joshua's belief in his hero. How could the countless repetitions not arouse his suspicions? Was it simple-mindedness? Yet Joshua could see the salt shaker where the sugar bowl usually stood and ask, "What's wrong wrong?" He was a demon for order—yet he went from Santa to Santa, untroubled, aching to reveal his secret heart to each.

"I said we are late, Joshua," Judith said, struggling to speak the way she believed mothers ought to. Again, she tugged at his arm but this time she felt a good deal of resistance—he seemed to be digging his little heels in—and her heart quickened with panic. They were 12 blocks from home. The packages in her left hand were growing heavier.

They turned east on 54th Street. It was four in the afternoon and Judith thought the best thing would be to sit down for a while and wait for the crowds to thin. A soda shop called Wiley's was on 54th Street and she thought it would be a kindness to both of them to go in. Wiley's, of course, was guarded now by a Santa but she could tell from a distance that he was much shorter than Tony.

"Oh, good good," said Joshua as soon as he recognized Wiley's striped facade.

The soda shop—a fancy, overpriced place, going for the "small-town look"—was crowded but they found a table straight away. There were quite a few children, many of them in designer clothes, spooning ice cream into their little mouths and making faces of critical rapture, as if they were all little experts on ice cream. Joshua showed no signs of developing the oddly discerning tastes of a Manhattan child—he liked catsup, gum, anything that was advertised on TV. Judith couldn't dress him in any of the really charming clothes she saw in magazines or on the bodies of her friends' children because he had no idea of how to take care of his things. Not that she could afford any of the really nice things . . . But still . . .

"What kind of ice cream do you want?" Judith asked.

Joshua smiled. There was no real certainty that he understood the question. He liked all ice cream; he liked whatever was given to him. A sweet quality, really, but troublesome in a way. He was three years old; he was due for a few tantrums, a little tyranny and will.

"Do you want vanilla?" Judith asked.

Joshua nodded and Judith felt like a rat. She knew he'd agree to the first suggestion. She should have said cherry or chocolate, something more festive. She was about to suggest another flavor when she heard someone call her name. A man's voice, deep, confident, practiced. She turned quickly in the chair: it was the Jaffreys, Doug and Colette, looking absurdly affluent in matching furs, with snowflakes glistening like jewels in their soft, rich hair. Their baby, Woodrow, sat lolling in a green and red stroller decorated with candy canes and reindeer print. A special stroller for two weeks of his life.

The Jaffreys made their greetings, expressing proper surprise and delight at running into Judith . . . in Wiley's, of all places, how Christmasy. Colette's English seemed to have slipped a bit, perhaps the holiday season had awakened a nostalgia for home. Joshua and little Woodrow stared at each other in horror; it seemed that they suspected there could only be one child and one of them would have to be removed.

"Everything's gone from all the stores," said Doug, pulling two more chairs around Judith's table. "Literally gone. I've never seen anything like it."

"This is because a person from Texas has been to buy all the best things," said Colette. She shrugged out of her coat.

"That's ridiculous," said Judith.

Joshua turned away from Woodrow and stared at his mother. Doug and Colette exchanged glances. Doug leaned forward. Was he really that tan?

"Pretty tough?" he asked.

Judith had no choice. She nodded.

The waitress came, dressed like a servant in an old movie. Doug signaled her away with a wag of his finger. He got away with things like that; people just let him do it.

"It's all right to talk?" Doug asked.

"Yes," said Judith. "We just won't mention any names."

"Oh, I get it," said Doug. He cleared his throat. "We heard that T-o-n-y is in town. As a matter of fact, he called. But . . ." Doug sighed, his signal for the absurdities of life, "we weren't in and he didn't leave any number where we could reach him."

"That is *so* T-o-n-y," said Colette.

"Well," said Doug, "I assume his being out here means things didn't exactly work out in L.A."

Judith shrugged.

"Well, what did he expect?" said Doug. "I heard he was out there trying to get some totally impractical idea off the ground—a movie about the building of the first subway in New York, a musical I think.

"A movie about subways," said Colette. "That is so T-o-n-y."

"It only gets worse," said Doug. "I mean it. He's got his head in the clouds, or *somewhere* it doesn't belong. I hope you don't mind my saying so, but I think you got out *just* in time. I assume you're not planning to actually *see* him."

"He called this morning," said Judith. "He asked if he could come by but I said no, of course."

"But, of course," said Colette.

"That's when he hit me with it," said Judith.

"With what?" said Doug.

"What he's doing. He's ringing bells, if you follow me."

Doug shook his head and glanced at Colette. Colette shrugged.

Judith sighed impatiently. She would rather not have come out and said it. "He's gotten a job. He's on the street, dressed up like Mr. C-l-a-u-s."

"Oh, God," said Doug, pursing his lips to keep from smiling.

Colette took an extra moment or two to figure it out and then made a rather appealing little gasp.

"I've had to do my last-minute shopping," said Judith. "In the past hour alone I've seen a hundred S-a-n-t-a-s. At least half of them *could* have been him, or so I thought. It's been a nightmare. And you-know-who wants to talk to everything in red."

"The worst," said Colette.

"I can't even make it home. I can't take being on the streets any longer. There're no more cabs. I think I'll just stay here until eight, or whenever."

"It's only a couple of blocks," said Doug. "We'll walk you."

"It's not a couple of blocks. I moved. Months ago. There's no more money. He hasn't been able to send anything, of course. We're living in a little studio on sixty-fourth street. It's what they call reduced circumstances."

"Ah," said Doug, "broke," seemingly recalling his own leaner days.

"No, not broke. Poor. There's a difference. You know it was quite obvious that T. didn't really want to see us. He wanted to spare himself the guilt."

"T? T?" asked Joshua. His little forehead was creased.

"Just a friend," said Judith.

"Well you can't very well stay here," said Doug, trying to take charge. "It's Christmas Eve, practically. We're going to take you to our house. A lot of old friends. It'll be perfect."

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm not walking the streets."

"It's only a few blocks. I'll tell you what. I'll go back myself and get the car. Then I'll come back and take you."

"No, no," said Judith. She glanced at Colette—there seemed a flicker of relief in her large brown eyes. "I can't. I've got people coming over."

Doug sighed. More relief? Who knew? Anyhow, it didn't matter. "Then why don't we do this?" he said. "I'll get the car and take you home." *(continued)*



How to squeeze a lot more protection out of your dentist's fluoride treatments.

Crest has important new proof of its cavity-fighting effectiveness.

In a recent test one group got the most widely used dentists' fluoride treatments and brushed regularly with Crest. Another group got identical treatments and brushed with the same toothpaste without fluoride. There's no question that the treatments are excellent. But guess what?

Crest brushing plus the treatments provided an extra 19% cavity reduction over the dentists' treatments alone!

The clinical test was run by independent researchers on nearly 1,000 students in their most cavity-prone years. After two years the researchers analyzed their results and presented them at this year's meeting of The American Association for Dental Research.

The results of this test indicate Crest can help you fight cavities up to 19% better than dentists' fluoride treatments alone.

Of course, Crest can't do it all. You still have to watch treats and have regular dental checkups. But when it comes down to the choice of which toothpaste to use, you just can't beat Crest for fighting cavities.



We're working to help make cavities a thing of the past.

Accepted COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

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The ultra-low tar cigarette.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", .1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

SANTA SANTA

continued

"That's right," said Colette. She reached down and stroked Woodrow who immediately began to whine.

In moments, the Jaffreys were gone. Doug said he'd be back within 15 minutes. Judith ordered ice cream, coffee for herself, cherry-vanilla for Joshua. "It's good good," said Joshua. He licked his spoon thoroughly clean after each bite, as if each spoonful were his last.

"It's the best ice cream in New York," said Judith. She figured she might as well develop in him a taste for certain things, in case he would someday be able to afford them.

Joshua nodded.

"And do you know what you are?" she said.

"What what?"

"The best little boy in New York." If only you'd stop repeating everything; the child seemed to be living inside an echo chamber. If they'd been living together as a whole family, she thought, little quirks like saying everything twice would be harmless, even humorous, but since she was alone and responsible for everything all his little deficiencies terrified and accused her.

They finished their ice cream and then Judith paid the check. Fifteen minutes seemed about up. She looked out the window to see if Doug had arrived—though it wouldn't be Doug, of course, he would send his driver. He'd somehow made that clear, though Judith couldn't exactly say how.

"Let's go, darling," said Judith. Hurriedly, she buttoned his coat and placed his cap firmly on his head. Cute. Cute cute cute. Fatherless child. Maybe it's better. Didn't Sartre say that—a child without a father is a child without a super-ego. That sounded good, but it was really hard to say for sure. "Wait here for a minute," said Judith. "I'm going to make a telephone call."

"Okay okay."

She called the Jaffreys. Doug answered and said he was just on his way over. Judith said, "No Doug, never mind. I'm on my way home right now. I was really being silly."

"Sure?"

"Of course."

"Well, give us your new address."

Judith looked over at Joshua, who sat obediently with his hands folded on his little blue mittens. "Oh, God," she said into the phone, feigning panic, "Joshua is throwing packs of sugar all over the place. I have to go." Without waiting for a reply, she hung the phone up. A woman in an old-fashioned veiled hat, who'd been waiting to use the pay phone, looked over at Judith's child and saw the boy sitting practically motionless. The woman looked curious, then confused and finally she smiled at Judith. She apparently approved of the spontaneous fiction.

It was a long walk and it was completely dark and terribly cold by the time Judith and Joshua reached home. Though they passed hordes of Santas on the way, Joshua's interest in his red-suited hero seemed to have slackened a bit. The darker it got the less curious he seemed, and by the time they reached Second Avenue, Joshua was clinging to his mother's hand, as if hiding from the night and its innumerable creatures. True, it was the night before Christmas, but for Joshua it was mainly just dark. "Hurry hurry," he said, as Judith at one point stopped to stare at a six-foot Santa ringing a bell before a supermarket. Judith, without quite knowing why, stared boldly at the disguised stranger, looking into his shy, cold-blue eyes that floated over the horizon of white whiskers. Were Tony's eyes that blue? No: bluer.

They had an odd Christmas Eve dinner that Joshua seemed thoroughly to enjoy. Secure now, with the lights blazing in their tiny apartment, Joshua ate the fruitcake Judith's mother had sent from Racine, Wisconsin and a huge, lurid orange Judith's brother had sent from Key West. Judith boiled some spaghetti, which she flavored with catsup and garlic powder. Joshua loved it all; he even licked his plate.

Suddenly, Joshua looked up from his plate and said, "Where's Tony Tony?"

"I have no idea," said Judith, much, much too quickly.

Her heart began to pound; it had been months since Joshua had asked after his father. Tony had left when Joshua was two and Judith often believed that in some strange, impermanent way Joshua had forgotten his father—forgotten his face, his name, the scent of his cologne. Oh, no, not forgotten in the true sense—that would almost be asking too much—but she had hoped the memory of Tony could be stored away, put to rest until the time came when Joshua could think of his high-tailing father from a position of strength. But not now—please. The boy was too frail, too trusting; he believed in Santa Claus and elaborate rewards for being good; he believed that everybody loved him.

"Do you remember why Tony doesn't live with us anymore?" Judith asked. She hated to talk about it, but she feared leaving it to Joshua's imagination.

Joshua nodded.

"Why?" asked Judith.

Joshua was silent for a moment and then shook his head and shrugged.

"Okay. That's why I'm here. I'll tell you. Because Tony is a dreamer, that's why Joshua. Do you understand? A dreamer is someone who believes that all you have to do is wish for something and you get it. Tony is a little boy."

"Like me me?"

"In a way. But it's different when you're a man. When you're grown up you're supposed to help take care of other people. But Tony *(continued)*



"We'll just give your *allowance to your sister, okay?"*

SANTA SANTA

continued

didn't think it was important. He thought we could all live like children and everything could be fun, all the time. But there was no money, or only a little and then it was gone. Everyone had to forget about dreams and be very serious. You see, that's what Tony couldn't do. Tony only wanted to do things his way, no matter how they turned out. I know you don't understand all of this now, darling. Do you?"

Joshua nodded his head with a great burst of false enthusiasm. His eyes were a little glassy; he was receding. Judith bathed him and dressed him in his pajamas. Joshua's bed was tucked in the southern corner of the one-room apartment. There was a rug decorated with cowboys and Indians next to his bed—that was all that made it a child's area.

Judith kissed Joshua and stroked his silky brown hair. She always made it a point to be slightly careful in her expressions of affection. She didn't want to smother the boy. And she knew she was capable of it. Though she was, she thought, basically glad to be on her own, she lived with a huge, sometimes terrifying loneliness inside of her.

Judith sat at her desk in the north end of the apartment. She'd brought some work home—nothing awfully urgent, but it was good to have it around. In some unintentional and self-exaggerating way, she had chosen the world of work over Tony, and now she was stuck with it as if with a dim-witted ally. Her eyes grazed over the computer printouts showing quarterly sales. The columns wound around each other, as if in a braid. She rubbed her eyes to better focus on them, but then kept her eyes covered, with her elbows braced on the desk and her head tilted far forward.

Tony (she found herself thinking—it was like walking into the middle of a show that had been playing for hours) would never show up. Too guilty, too incredibly behind in his support payments and much too proud. Then why had he called? It would have been better—or at least easier—if he hadn't. He'd only asked once—in passing—if he could come to visit. And when Judith said no he gave it up, immediately. Had she blown it? Was it the tone of her voice—so guarded, so scrupulously polite? Tony adored sympathy and he probably felt there'd be none waiting for him.

It was so absurd. They should definitely get together. Just to talk. It didn't have to be anything major. An hour or two. And Tony should see his son. It didn't matter if it was easier not to. He should see him, and the small apartment they lived in, and he should hold her because it was Christmas and the night was so dense and bitter. Judith wished she knew where he was staying or the name of the group who had hired him to dress up as Santa and collect money. Or had he really not said? All she knew about Tony for certain was that he was leaving as soon as he could. *(continued)*



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Mr. Dealer: For payment of face value, plus 5¢ handling, send to Ralston Purina Company, P.O. Box 1107, St. Louis, Missouri 63188. Coupon will be honored only if it was honored by retailer consistent with the terms hereof and submitted by a retailer of our merchandise or a clearing house approved by us and acting for, and at the risk of such a retailer. The obligation to redeem this coupon is expressly conditioned on the retailer showing on request invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock within the past 90 days to cover coupons presented for redemption. Any other application constitutes fraud. This coupon is nontransferable, nonassignable and redemption is limited to one coupon per specified product and size. Any sales tax must be paid by customer. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Cash redemption 1/20 of 1¢. Limit one coupon per purchase of Meow Mix.® Any other use constitutes fraud. Coupon expires December 31, 1978.



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The New Waring Steam Chef™

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SANTA SANTA

continued

As he'd said that morning, "I came back thinking some of my old friends would steer me to a job. But you know what? I don't have any old friends. There's just a bunch of people who used to know me. Now all I've got to do is earn enough money to leave. New York is the worse place to be broke."

"I know," she'd answered, icily.

And Tony, who was expert at giving up said, "Then we both know."

Was that all? Was that all they'd really said? Judith stood at the window and looked down at the street. Snow vibrated in the yellow light of the streetlamp. An old woman in a parka swept the snow away from her doorway as quickly as it fell. Someone in the building was playing Christmas music on the radio. How to hear those corny carols and not picture Tony in his absurd disguise, freezing now to be sure, ringing his bell with all his heart (he was such a hard worker) and standing before a fake chimney with a slot too small to admit a human hand. God, what a rotten deal. And so talented. Maybe, with someone to believe in him, really support him, no matter how rough things got . . . ?

She felt something touch her. A hand? It was Joshua, his little face wrinkled and red. Had he been crying? No, it was only the creases of the bed. He blinked a couple of times and then, silently, raised his arms. She lifted him and held him in her arms.

"Is he there there?" he asked, looking down at the street.

"No, darling, not yet," said Judith, rubbing her cheek against his hair.

"When will he come?"

Judith shook her head. "I'm not sure. Much later, I guess."

"With my presents, too?"

"That was very good, darling. You didn't repeat. Yes, of course, your presents will be here."

"Oh good good."

The telephone rang. Judith jumped. It rang a second time, a third, and she carefully placed Joshua on the floor and went to answer it, scolding herself away from any hopes.

It was just as well. It was her brother Tim, calling from Key West.

"I saw on the news that you guys are having a white Christmas," he said. "It's about 500 degrees down here. And that's in the moonlight."

"Poor you," said Judith, hoping she sounded teasing and not just nasty.

Tim kept her on the phone for a couple of minutes. It was good of him to call; the only trouble was she couldn't follow anything he was saying. Her concentration was shot. They rang off with Tim promising a visit in the next few months. Judith placed the phone in its cradle as Joshua began to squeal.

"He's there there. It's Santa Santa." His face was pressed to the window.

Judith came to his side and looked down at the street. A taxi was discharging a passenger—Mr. Popkoff who lived downstairs. A couple of girls walked by with their collars up.

"Where?" said Judith.

"He ran ran," said Joshua, clenching and unclenching his fists. His breathing was fast, shallow.

"You must have just imagined it."

"*No*," Joshua said. "He was there there. He saw me. I saw him."

Judith thought: I have two seconds to decide.

"Okay," she said. "You wait right here." She ran to the closet and yanked her coat off its hanger. She was down the stairs and out onto the street in seconds. The snow fell quietly. She looked up and down the block, searching for a flash of red. She ran a few steps east and stopped. Something had caught the corner of her eye. She looked across the street and saw the white snowballish peak of a Santa's hat drop down behind a parked car.

Her heart was pounding with such lunatic force she was grateful she could walk. Slowly she crossed the street, still buttoning her coat. When she got close to the car, the man in the Santa Claus suit stood up and bolted. *(continued)*

ALMONDS GALOR-IOUS!

lere's a recipe for delicious, eye-catching chicken repes that's a lot easier than it looks. The ecret: tangy, easy-to-cook-with Miracle Vhip salad dressing, and crisp, versatile lue Diamond® Slivered Almonds.

CREPES ALMONDINE

3 eggs, beaten
⅔ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk

¾ cup MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1½ cups milk
1 cup (4-ozs.) shredded Swiss cheese
2 cups chopped, cooked chicken
1 cup chopped celery
¾ cup Blue Diamond Blanched Slivered Almonds, toasted
2 tablespoons chopped pimento
2 tablespoons green onion slices



KRAFT

Combine eggs, flour, salt and milk; beat until smooth. Let stand 30 minutes. For each crepe, pour ¼ cup batter into hot, lightly greased skillet. Cook on one side only. Combine Miracle Whip, flour and seasonings. Gradually add milk; cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add cheese; stir until melted. Stir in ½ cup almonds and remaining ingredients; fill each crepe with about ¼ cup of chicken mixture; roll up. Place crepes in 11⅜ x 7½-inch baking dish. Bake at 350° 20 minutes. Top with remaining sauce and almonds; continue baking 5 minutes. 4 servings

BLUE DIAMOND

SANTA SANTA

continued

"Tony," cried Judith, "for God's sake, please. Stop!"

He turned briefly. He looked like he still wanted to run, but he stopped. He was about 30 yards away. Half his face was lit by a streetlamp. There was a little rip in his stuffed red jacket. He was panting.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"I wanted to see where you lived." His voice sounded strained, unfamiliar.

"Well, you've seen it. Now what?"

"That's all. I don't plan to bother you."

"Bother me." She walked toward him. The new snow went into her shoes as powder and turned instantly to ice. "Is that what you're worried about?"

"Yes. That and everything else. I know I don't have any rights. It's just that it's Christmas and I'm Santa Claus and I'm lonely as hell."

Judith put her hand on Tony's sleeve and squeezed. It was all padding; there was no Tony to be felt. His flimsy beard hung slightly askew. A few strands of his dark hair straggled below the white trim of his cap. He smelled of the night.

"Are you angry that I came here?" said Tony.

"No. Let me ask the questions, okay?"

Tony nodded. He allowed himself to be tugged along and in a few moments he was walking with Judith, back toward her apartment.

"What are the questions?" he said.

"Do you like fruitcake? That's what I want to know. And oranges, the big juicy kind, those oranges you get from Florida that are as big as globes."

"Not really," said Tony. "I don't really like oranges and I don't like fruitcake."

"Well, that's too bad because that's what we're having. I think you'll enjoy it. I honestly do. I'd say we could order out for something but I don't think it's fair. Everyone's home with their family and if they're not then they want to be."

Tony shrugged. "Fruitcake and oranges."

They were beneath Judith's windows now and they both looked up. Joshua was staring down at them. Even two stories down, through the darkness and the snow, the wonder in his eyes burned like laser beams. His expression was absolutely serious. His forehead was pressed against the window and then, half in shyness and half in awe, he raised his hand and waved. **End**

Roses

continued from page 97

TISSUE PAPER ROSES

You will need: **tissue paper, wire stems, florists' stem wrap.**

Set out your materials on a work table, along with scissors, wire snips, a long pencil and a glue stick.

Divide one sheet of tissue lengthwise into four strips of equal width. For petal sections, place two of these widths together. Fold the paper end to end three times, then slash the folds about ⅝ way across. Open out these lengths. Take one length and your pencil; starting at a cut corner of one petal section, roll the tissue twice around the pencil, then push the ends of this rolled section toward the center to shirr. Remove the pencil. Do all the other open end corners of petals in the same way on both strips. Set aside until needed.

To make the center bud section of the rose, fold another strip of tissue in half lengthwise. Start rolling it loosely, gathering the lower part, to form a bud about 1" in diameter. You may not need the entire folded strip; cut off what is not needed; twist the bottom inch or so tightly. Twist a length of stem wire tightly around the twisted part three or four times. Wind the shirred petal strips curled end out, around this center bud, one petal one side, another the other. At first, the petals will fall in the right places, but as the rose gets larger, pleat in the tissue at the bottom edge to give contour to the petal, and place it slightly overlapping the previous petal. When both strips of petals have been wrapped around the bud, twist the tissue at the bottom end and start wrapping this section with stem wrap, continuing the stem wrap down over the stem. Your rose is made.

ROSE AND RIBBON WREATH

You will need: **1 artificial or real evergreen wreath, 22" dia.**
12 to 14 tissue paper roses
5 yds. each pink and rose satin ribbon, 3" wide
Florists' wire or extra wire flower stems

Twist stems of roses together to make bunches of two, three and five roses. Wire them to the wreath, placing some single roses between the bunches. Tie ribbon bowknots, using the two shades of ribbon, and wire them close to the bunches of flowers. Make one bow knot with extra long ends for the lower right bunch of flowers.

ROSE AND RIBBON GARLAND

You will need: **real or artificial evergreen garlands**
12 to 14 tissue roses for each 12' garland
6 to 8 yds. 1¼" wide green and white checked ribbon for each 12' lengtn of garland
Florists' wire or extra wire flower stems

Twist stems of roses together to make bunches of two, threes and fours. Use stems to twist bunch to the garland. Also use single roses placed strategically between multiple bloom bouquets. Tie bow knots of ribbon and wire them to the garland. Lastly, twine ribbon the length of the garland, spiraling it around the greenery and wiring it in place beneath the rose bouquets.

TOPIARY ROSE TREE

You will need: **Tin wastebasket, 9⅝" dia., 16" high, painted white**
48" length of 1¼" dowel or wooden curtain pole
2 Styrofoam discs, 12" dia., ¾" thick
1 12" dia. and 1 10" dia. Styrofoam ball
6 to 8 sheets of moss green tissue paper
Florists' stem wrap
90 to 100 tissue paper roses
10 yds. green and white checked ribbon, width #9 (1½" wide)
200 or so invisible hairpins

Trace the outline of the bottom of the wastebasket on both Styrofoam discs; cut discs to that size. Find the center and ream a 1¼" diameter hole through each disc. They will still be a bit large to fit into the wastebasket; pare the edges. They should be a tight fit, so take care to have them a little bit large so they can be wedged in place. Place one disc in the very bottom of the wastebasket and insert the end of the dowel into the hole in its center. Slip the other disc on the dowel and push it down into the basket until it is 1¾" below rim.

Ream a 1¼" dia. hole, 3" deep, in the 10" Styrofoam ball. Ream a 1¼" dia. hole straight through the 12" ball. We used a long shish kebab skewer as a reamer, but any sharp, long instrument will do. Push the 12" ball down on the dowel until it is 9" above the rim of the basket; place the 10" ball on the top end, pushing it down so that the dowel fits firmly into the 3" deep hole. Step back, and look at the tree from a distance, adjust the 12" ball if it isn't in the right position. Tape both balls to the dowel.

Wrap the dowel with florists' stem wrap between the two balls, and between the basket and the 12" ball, spiraling the wrap around until both sections are covered.

Cover the balls with moss green tissue, pleating and crushing it to conform to the rounded shape. Use hairpins to hold the tissue in place. Crush moss green tissue and cover the Styrofoam disc at the base of the dowel "tree trunk," using hairpins to hold it in place. Stud both Styrofoam balls with tissue paper roses, pinning them to the balls with hairpins. Shorten stems if necessary.

Tie bows of checked ribbon and place them between the roses, again using hairpins. Tie a checked ribbon bow around the trunk, just above the edge of the basket, and allow its ends to trail down.

TAPERING ROSE TREE

You will need: **1 Styrofoam cone, 36" high**
4 or 5 sheets of moss green tissue paper
200 or so invisible hairpins
90 to 100 tissue paper roses
10 yds. each of old rose and pink satin ribbon width #40 (3" wide)
30 to 40 sprigs of artificial evergreen

Place the cone with its flat base on a table, cover it with moss green tissue, crushing and pleating the tissue over the surface as you pin it to the cone with hairpins. Pin tissue paper roses all over the cone using hairpins pushed firmly in; clip ends of wire stems short, if necessary. When tree is covered with roses, insert ribbons at intervals.

Cut 12" lengths with ribbons placed back to back, satin side out; knot together at the center of the lengths, slip a hairpin over the ribbon close to the knot and push the hairpin into the Styrofoam cone. Trim ribbon ends fishtail fashion. Insert sprigs of evergreen at intervals between the roses.

Use the rose tree on a table, or place it atop a white painted wastebasket or white ceramic urn. **End**

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.





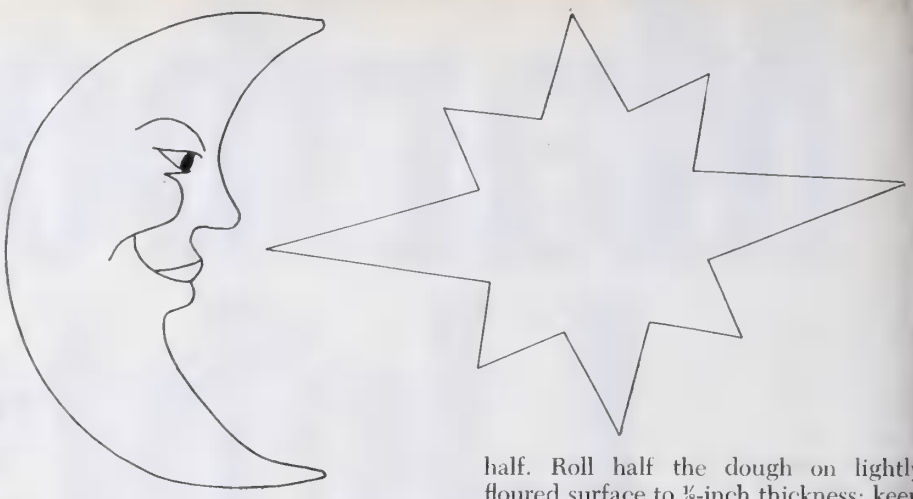
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12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

COOKIE CONSTELLATION

continued from page 101



STAR COOKIES

½ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
3 eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

In large mixer bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter, shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Stir in flour, baking powder and salt. Wrap and chill until firm.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Cut dough in half. Roll half the dough on lightly floured surface to ⅛-inch thickness; keep remaining half refrigerated. With 3-inch star-shaped cookie cutter, cut out dough. (Or make patterns of desired size and use a sharp knife to cut.) Place on ungreased cookie sheets and make a hole with a toothpick in the top of each star. Bake 10 minutes or until lightly brown around the edges. Cool on wire racks. Meanwhile, repeat with remaining dough. Decorate with icing. Use fine filament to hang stars. Makes about 5 dozen 3-inch cookies, about 70 calories each, uniced.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Patterns for Man in the Moon and Star of Bethlehem on this page. Patterns are shown half size and can be enlarged on graph paper or photostatically.

DECORATIVE ICING

3 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar
Assorted food colors

In large mixer bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Gradually add sugar and continue beating for 5 to 7 minutes until thick and smooth. Place in container with tight fitting lid until ready to use. Can be kept up to 2 weeks. Stir well before using. Once you begin working with the icing be sure to keep it covered. In small bowls, mix small portions of icing with food colors.

To pipe: Use decorating bag with small writing tip or use waxed paper cone.

To paint: Spread icing on cookies, let dry. Use small, clean brush and dip in undiluted liquid food color.

To get vivid colors we suggest liquid or paste colors from Wilton Enterprises (available in department and specialty stores, including Sears and J.C. Penney).

COLOR CHART

	Number of Drops Required Per 1 Tb. Icing			
Color	Red	Yellow	Green	Blue
Orange	1	3	–	–
Lavender	1	–	–	2
Purple	3	–	–	1
Olive Green	–	–	3	2
Chartreuse	–	12	1	–
Lime Green	–	6	1	–
Turquoise	–	–	1	3
Bright Red	7	1	–	–



Doctors recommend one pain reliever most: the one you get in Anacin.

The Cause: Muscle Tension Headache is so common because so many things can trigger it. Fatigue, noise, smoke—can cause neck and shoulder muscles to tense up.

A chain reaction starts as muscle tension spreads through your head, pressing on sensitive nerves until... you've got a Muscle Tension Headache. And it hurts.

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Grown cats also have very special needs. Your cat needs a good balanced diet to help stay healthy.

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It has all that's necessary for strong teeth and bones; for rich blood and good skin.

To help keep your cat healthy follow this rule—Cat Chow for health.

For your pet's health see your veterinarian regularly



Kitten Chow the First Year.

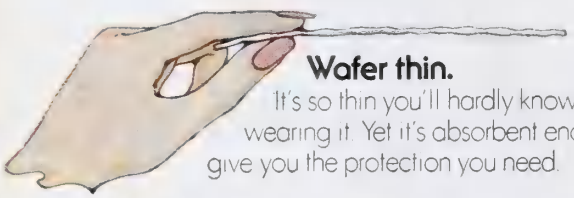
Cat Chow Forever.

New improved Kotex® Lightdays® oval pads.

Now with 3 strips of adhesive.



One in the center and one on either side will give you more security from bunching, slipping and sliding.



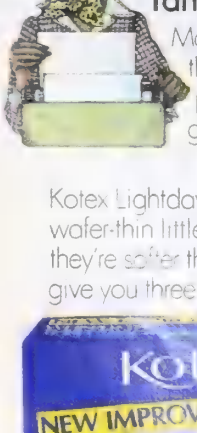
Wafer thin.
It's so thin you'll hardly know you're wearing it. Yet it's absorbent enough to give you the protection you need.



Just before and tapering off days.
When even the standard size mini is more than you need And not as comfortable as you'd want.

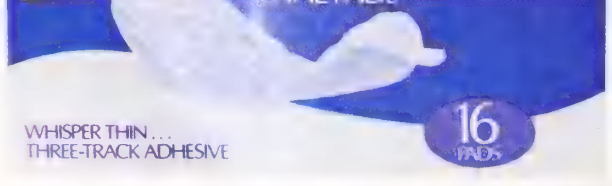
Discharge days.
Most women experience vaginal discharge and need a little something Especially during pregnancy.





Tampon days.
Many women who use tampons find there are days when they need a little extra protection. Kotex Lightdays oval pads give it without extra bulk.

Kotex Lightdays oval pads have always given you wafer-thin littleness. But now we've improved them so they're softer than ever. And added extra adhesive to give you three strips instead of one or two.



Another quality product from Kimberly-Clark Corporation

AMERICAN FAMILY

continued from page 87

sister's brood—and lived a joyous life with them. Or the wid owed grandfather who roomed with strangers but took a jo as part-time school janitor, making a hundred children pa of his "family."

I have watched scores of lonely persons who have bee unable to find an orderly structure for their lives withi a family. They grow petulant, selfish, out of touch wit the real world. And usually they die sooner than the should.

If I were a young person today, I would probably want t live in a commune when my education was completed, t savor group living, but by *commune* I do not mean some junk dive crammed with irresponsibilities. I would want a well ordered establishment populated by young people of bot sexes, who took themselves at least as seriously as I took my self. We would share costs, household chores and interests. would not care to bother with persons who showed little self respect, but I would be willing to surrender some of my free doms to live with those who were trying to know this world

At about 28, I'm sure I'd want to marry and assume th responsibilities of home and family. Why? For men at least those who marry and raise a family live longer than those wh don't. I would hope that the maturity I gained in the com mune would enable me to find someone of like interests wit whom I could build a lasting family.

I would be much concerned about the education of ou children, for when I taught in two of America's fine schools The Hill and The George, we teachers used to analyze edu cation and concluded that the most important educational ex perience a child could have was lively family conversatio around a dinner table, with a dictionary available and an al manac, so that one could say on the spur of the moment: "Let' look that up." Such humanizing participation beats schools o tutors or camps, for it involves the interaction of human be ings of different age, sex and knowledge. The pattern of child's education, and perhaps the limits of his accomplish ment, probably are established by the age of five. It's wha happens within the family that counts

During the long middle years of my life, I would live a millions like me have lived in past centuries. I would find n interest in being a swinger. I'd affiliate with a church an would be concerned with my town's schools. I would pay m taxes and complain about the government—and if my wif chanced to be in the women's movement, I would be de lighted.

When I reached 60, I would consider moving into a goo retirement home—not because I was quitting active life, bu because I think it folly for families with only two people t maintain large homes on their own. However, I'm aware o what a director of one of the best retirement centers warned "Almost never, when a couple comes to talk about movin into a retirement village, do they agree on the move. One al ways wants it more than the other. One always has doubt that it will work. Unanimity comes only after they move in and sometimes it doesn't come even then. Many couples mov out. For them a family must occupy its own home."

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

Starting in the 1960's, American patterns of courtship and marriage changed. My conservative neighbor Mrs. Ambler ex plains: "Oscar and I are good church people. We're college educated and try to keep up-to-date, but when our son Chip came home from college with this girl and said, 'Mother, this is Gloria. We'll use the back bedroom'—well, our world trembled."

It collapsed when their daughter Jenny wrote from Wy oming that she had fallen in love with a married cowbo and was living with him in Laramie.

(continued)



One minute, the gang's all there. The next minute, you're left with a houseful of memories. To keep those Christmas memories alive, clip the coupon at right. It'll get you 20¢ off on Sylvania Blue Dot™ Flash, the brand more people depend on to keep their families together in pictures. When they can't be together in person.

GTE SYLVANIA

20¢ SAVE ON SYLVANIA BLUE DOT FLASH 20¢

To the Dealer: GTE Sylvania will redeem this 20¢ coupon plus 5¢ handling charge when used by your customer on or before February 28, 1978, for the purchase of any Sylvania Blue Dot™ flash product. Any other use constitutes fraud. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons redeemed must be shown upon request. Coupon good only in U.S.A. Customer must pay any sales or similar tax applicable. Void wherever restricted or prohibited by law. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1¢. For redemption, mail to Sylvania Blue Dot, P.O. Box 1342 Clinton, Iowa 52734.

STORE COUPON

LHJ 12 77

20¢

Mrs. Ambler requires no information regarding the sexual revolution. It has engulfed her. (Chip is now married. So is Jenny. And each seems solidly started on a good life.)

The sexual revolution is here to stay. The freedoms won in the 1960's will not be reversed, and I for one am happy.

I support some change because of the stupid, archaic way I was reared—in a puritanical society where sex was publicly deplored and privately embraced. At one point, I played basketball for a benevolent dictator who laid down four rules: "Alcohol is bad. Cigarettes are bad. Fried foods are bad. And girls are very bad." We won championships, but the psychological cost was considerable.

The rules under which I grew up were calculated to postpone life, to keep humans in rigid patterns and to produce marriages that were flawed from the start. The rules, of course, had been promulgated in good faith. Religious leaders really believed that sexual exploration led to damnation, that young people should get into an approved harness early and stay there for life. The damage done to young people of my generation was mammoth, which is why so many of us support some of the recent changes.

But I think the limitations of the revolution must be recognized. It does little to help a woman or man face the real challenge of life: how to live so that the years from 25 to 65 are full and meaningful.

In those work years, the problems remain as they have been for the past 10,000 years: how to find a job that provides income and an opportunity to grow; how to find someone with whom one can build a life; how to educate children; how to fulfill these demands while maintaining a stable, balanced life.

One of the best strategies is to operate within the structure of a stable family; and young men and women who engage in sex before they've developed the maturity to handle intimacy, may damage their chances of founding a good family.

The sexual revolution presents one other problem. Women and men of my generation are appalled at the number of high school—and even grammar school—girls who become pregnant. The National Center for Health Statistics reports that the illegitimacy rates for the age group 15-17 years rose nearly 49 percent over 1966-75. For the group 18-19 years, the increase was 27 percent. This is a plague for which nothing good can be said. It is a moral disaster and should be dealt with as a major national problem—at every level. In a school near me, a group of 14-year-olds organized themselves into what they called "the Whore Corps" and distributed circulars to young businessmen, advising them of the Corps' existence. Something is badly out of balance. If society condones undisciplined behavior, teen pregnancies will continue to grow in numbers. Young women in trouble should not be abandoned, but indiscriminate, irresponsible sex must be discouraged.

In spite of these drawbacks to the revolution, the new patterns of courtship will prevail. Trial marriages will continue and perhaps even grow more common. Couples will be older when they marry, and this may result in fewer divorces.

THE CHANGES

Adoption. New patterns for handling unwanted children will be devised. Our present laws are too stringent, deprive many families of children they seek, and too often make it financially rewarding for orphanages to keep children rather than let them go to responsible families. I worked for many years with Pearl Buck, and watched the miracle she engineered in finding homes for children once deemed unadoptable. "There are no unwanted children," she told me. "If their natural parents don't want them, I can find someone who does." If family life is the good thing I believe it to be, infants ought to be moved into families as promptly as possible.

Public opinion will begin to encourage unmarried teenagers to surrender their babies. Black leaders will launch a major drive to entice young black families to adopt more readily than they now do. And with older people retiring at increasingly earlier ages, I would look to the courts to permit them to adopt children, where now they are forbidden.

Marriage and divorce. Given our nation's high divorce rate, one can't help but worry about the future of marriage. For many young men and women, marriage seems like a social and legal horror story; thus they take themselves out of the marriage market. I think this is deplorable. Yet despite the seemingly grim outlook, some current trends ought to produce sounder, longer-lasting marriages.

Partly because young women with good jobs will feel no rush to get married, people will marry at more mature ages. These later marriages probably will make better marriages, since the two people involved will have had the time to develop economic and emotional resources. And, the new couples will have more realistic expectations about marriage because, in their independent, single years, they'll have examined some of life's realities—like paying bills.

More and more, a husband and wife may ask for help in running a marriage. Before now, a couple requested aid only when their marriage was flagging or dead already. Today couples seek counseling at all phases of a relationship—even the pre-marriage and post-divorce stages. Marriage enrichment programs are another development to watch. Often sponsored by church groups, these programs are for the happily married who want to stay that way. Increasingly, society will take an interest in founding and preserving "good marriages."

At the same time that we work toward keeping marriages together, there also must be changes in our divorce laws. The current laws make the painful experience of divorce even harder to bear. In the great majority of cases, our alimony system places an economic squeeze on both men and women: men, because they often try to maintain two households where once there was one; women, because their employable skills may have rusted during the course of marriage, and after a divorce a good-paying job may become a necessity. Legislation now before Congress might relieve some of this economic strain. A proposal, called the Displaced Homemakers Act, provides women who are divorced or widowed with job counseling and training so that they can successfully enter—or re-enter—the business world. This is a step in the right direction; so is no-fault divorce, which cuts down legal expenses.

Although I support divorce reform, I am not promoting divorces. What I want is for young people to feel that they can marry without the prospect of a troublesome divorce hanging over their heads. Once in a marriage, I want a couple to stick with it—and I want society to help make that job easier. And if a marriage fails irredeemably, I do not want to see a family unduly burdened.

Housing. Whenever I become despondent about America's inability to provide moderately priced housing for young marrieds, I find solace by thinking about communist Russia and socialist Sweden, where the governments are incapable of providing much of anything. In Sweden, young couples have to wait nine or ten years to find a place of their own—and in Russia, they wait a lifetime. A basic responsibility of any society should be to provide its people with homes.

It seems impossible for private enterprise to build the homes needed, and I am distressed by what government accomplishes when it tries. The problem is so complex, so difficult that I see little chance for noticeable improvement.

On the other hand, it is reassuring to find communities showing imagination in converting unneeded school buildings into apartment houses, and the same should be done with outdated churches, factories and office buildings.

Urban homesteading, whereby couples can buy abandoned houses for one dollar and enjoy tax-free privileges for five years, providing they renovate and occupy the house, should be initiated immediately in all parts of the nation.

Finally, there is always the hope that technology will provide new *(continued)*

Q. Does Hoover pack a coupon for Tide in every new Spin-Drying washer?

A. Do kids still dig holes?



This Hoover Spin-Drying washer is a portable. Just hook it up to the sink and start washing. No special wiring or plumbing is required. This Hoover also has twin tubs so you can spin dry one load while you wash another.

Tide has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

The makers of 15 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

It's nice to know that some things never change. Hoover, for example, has been packing a Tide coupon for years...now it's worth 40 cents. Reason enough to try Tide. But you'll have to judge for yourself whether you're going to stick with Tide.

More women do. Because Tide gets out the really tough dirt that kids bring home. You see it every day, ground into elbows and bottoms. And if you use Tide, you'll see those same kids' clothes come beautifully clean. Try Tide. You'll find you can trust Tide to do the job on the rest of your wash, too.



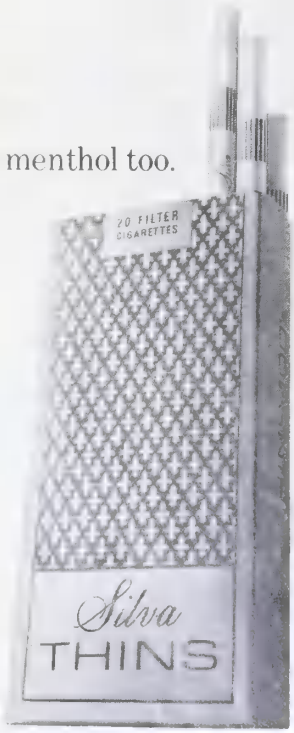
Here's another good reason why I'm a Thinner.

I started smoking Silva Thins for their looks. You know, long, lean and elegant.

Now they're lower too. Low in tar. Because Silva Thins lowered tar 5mg. Which is another good reason for being a Thinner.



In menthol too.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ways to build, but for the immediate future, prospects do not look bright.

Food. With more than half our families containing no more than two persons, old-style eating patterns cannot survive. When I worked in the university town of Kent, Ohio, I found not one traditional restaurant within city limits, but many fast-food chains. This occurs in city after city, and within a few years a majority of meals will be eaten outside the home and in such shops. Don Karas, publisher of *Restaurant Business*, makes this prediction for the future: "Our largest population group is 18-35 years, and eating out is their lifestyle. They start with lunches at school, move on to supper at MacDonald's, continue with the pizza parlor and end at '21.' The Sunday family dinner is vague to those youngsters when they marry. To them, eating out is a convenience, not some special event. And with more than 50 percent of American wives working, fast food becomes a necessity."

Food eaten at home is changing, too, as increasing numbers of families turn to frozen television dinners. The old-style meal consisting of soup, vegetables, meat, perhaps a salad, and dessert is vanishing. Such radical change poses a serious problem in nutrition—all carbohydrates, few proteins; all blandness, little roughage—and I would expect a national crusade to protect the family against downright deficiencies.

Today, it costs about twice as much to eat carbohydrates away from home as it does to eat protein at home. Hopefully, family members will return to the home-cooked meal because of its low cost and high nutritive value.

There will be startling changes in food. Krill, a small marine animal available in staggering quantity, may have to replace costly shrimp; new forms of protein will replace ultra-expensive beef; salads will be packaged centrally; if the price of coffee continues to be manipulated, new drinks will be marketed; new types of stores, or segments within supermarkets, may provide whole-week menus sold as a unit; and vitamin-mineral compounds will be offered to replenish deficiencies in the new diets.

It will taste better than it sounds; food experts will see to that. And it will be more nutritious; the government will insist on that.

Education. The family will have to assume greater responsibility for the education of its children, for what is happening in our schools is appalling. SAT scores show that today's high-school graduates are deficient in basics, verbal skill dropping from 478 to 429, mathematics from 502 to 470, and an A grade representing what a high C used to.

The scandal surfaced in *(continued)*



It can turn what you have into what you had.



t's amazing. You can weigh the same as ou did ten years ago but not look the ame. Especially from behind.

Because as you get older, your shape hanges. Spreads a little. Shifts a little. Redistributes in different places. Places ou never had before.

That's why you should know about ears Pretty Natural™ shaper.

It's not a girdle in the traditional ense. So, Pretty Natural shaper can't ack you in. Instead it softens you out.

Because it's made from a lightweight material specially molded to be like a woman's body. So you'll look round. Firm. Natural looking.

Sears Pretty Natural shaper. It can turn what you have into what you had.

Naturally.

THE FASHION PLACE

Sears

Pretty Natural shaper. It shapes you pretty. Naturally.

At most Sears larger stores and in the catalog. ©Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977

Washington, D.C. Several would-be mathematics teachers about to graduate from a local college could not add fractions, reduce them to decimals or solve simple equations. These aspiring teachers could not be certified, so they were flunked. But the authorities insisted that they be given their diplomas on the grounds that "they attended college for four years and have a right to graduate."

Families should not support schools that are incapable of educating children, that tolerate chaotic discipline, that impart no sense of our national heritage. Parents must grapple with one sad fact: because of declining enrollments, schools will have even fewer financial resources with which they can improve conditions. So families will have to allocate a constantly higher percentage of their income to pay tuition to private schools, religious or lay, to insure their children's getting an education that the public schools can no longer provide. Or, at the least, they must get involved with the improvement of their local school systems, either by working through their school boards or by strengthening ties with teachers and school administrators.

Older members of the family. Regarding age, a family should be viewed vertically, with children, a middle group, and the elderly. The good family cares for all its members.

The American family is weakest in the last category; it doesn't adjust to elderly members very well, and I see no likelihood of much improvement. Our families are not going to buy bigger houses so that grandparents and unattached aunts and uncles can move in. We shall probably continue pretty much as we are, with older people holding onto their isolated homes longer than is logical, then moving into rather bleak retirement centers, if they can afford to.

What can be done to improve the process? A good deal more money and attention must be spent on retirement facilities; families must assume greater responsibility for the welfare of their older members; and families should take special care to prevent breaking into competitive age groups: children vs. parents, parents vs. grandparents. It is possible to maintain contact among all age groups, and I expect to see real efforts made in this respect.

One aspect of our system appalls me. I believe that human beings of all ages lead richer lives if they are part of a structured society involving persons of the opposite sex. I cannot understand why our national government enforces a tax system that discourages widows and widowers past 65 from remarrying.

It works like this. If Widow A has Social Security income of $200 a month and Widower B has the same, they can live together and receive $400 a month—money to which they are entitled because of past productivity. But if they marry, Widow A loses her eligibility, and the couple is penalized for performing an act which all societies deem desirable.

In Colorado, an Episcopal minister approached me with this dilemma: "In my congregation, I have this lovely widow and this widower who serve on my vestry. They're fine Christians and they've fallen in love. But if they marry, the government takes away money I know they need. What to do?"

Without hesitation I said, "Tell them to live together."

"But they have a deep sense of sin, inherited from my sermons."

"Tell them there is indeed sin. But it's the government's, not theirs."

"Precisely what I did," the minister told me. He was disgusted that a clergyman should have to give such advice, and so am I.

Society should support family life, not disintegrate it, and I expect to see such silly laws changed.

Group living. In Israel I became familiar with *kibbutz* living, and while many people are unsuited to such life, I found it stimulating and amazingly productive. Less than five percent of Israelis lived in *kibbutzim* [collective farms], but more than 50 percent of the nation's political, business and military leaders came from there. David Ben-Gurion told me why: "Simple. The children live right in the midst of their elders, and every Friday night the entire *kibbutz* discusses really significant problems. 'Shall we provide money so that Esther can go to college?' 'Shall we budget for another barn?' You face such problems all the time, you become a leader."

Even as a young man, I would be willing to surrender my income and some of my personal freedom to participate in such a society, but I must report that most women I have talked with say they would resist moving their families into a *kibbutz*. However, I expect to see substantial experiments in this direction by married couples past the age of 55. Economics, scarcity of small apartments, detachment from children starting their own homes and common sense will dictate it, and when arrangements are better than they are now, such living will be found acceptable and even enjoyable.

Welfare. I am liberal on this issue, because as a child I lived on welfare. Three basic facts dominate my thinking.

First, America is rich enough to insure families a secure existence. Second, our system of producing goods is so efficient that we can produce all we need while employing only a part of the available work force, which means that some people will be permanently out of work, *if* we restrict our definition of work to what it has been in the past. If we become willing to include new kinds of service, we can employ everyone. But I fear we are not ready to pay people to tend a park. Third, all this means that we shall have a permanent percentage of our families on relief, and the problem becomes how to make that relief constructive.

When I say *relief*, I think of Helen, a superb young wife who lived in our town. At age 30, when she had four children, her husband was killed and she faced the awful prospect of raising them with no income. Family assistance gave her enough money to keep the family together, and her children were educated and now make a real contribution to our society. As soon as the kids were old enough to baby-sit for each other, she took a job, and such utilization of relief is essential to family continuance. It is interesting to note that far more white families than black receive such assistance.

I see tremendous changes in our patterns of relief. We will devise some plan whereby persons honestly unable to find jobs will receive direct assistance with few strings attached, but not so much that they refuse to take work when it becomes available. Work must be redefined so that it includes all types of service, including the betterment of America's physical appearance. As it becomes increasingly difficult for young people to land jobs, they should be drafted into public-service corps. And whatever is done must contribute to the solidarity of family life, not to its destruction.

We will continue to have millions of unemployed; there seems no escape. Therefore, to retain laws that provide a family with more money if the father is absent than if he is present is repugnant. We must prevent free-loading, but there is no social gain in keeping families separated for bureaucratic reasons.

Law. In almost every change mentioned, I've suggested the passage of new laws or the revoking of old ones. This should remind us that we live within a system of law. (Careless parents are astonished to find that society has as great a legal interest in their child as they do, and that the law may take the child away if it is treated in a way that might diminish its later contribution to society.)

In addition to the laws suggested, several others seem likely to be passed.

. . . If over 50 percent of newborn children are illegitimate, ancient laws adversely affecting the rights of such children will have to be modified.

. . . In the Lee Marvin case, California expanded domestic law to include unmarried couples. Basically, the ruling stated that if a man and woman live together and have a lasting relationship, the court may enforce expressed agreements between the couple, even though they are unmarried. The Marvin agreement was an exchange of homemaking services for a share of property acquired during the relationship. *(continued)*

How to eat well when you forgot to defrost.

Never mind the round steak. You can still be a good cook tonight. Because you remembered to keep the KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner on hand. Rich cheese taste. Economical, too. Add a few good-cook touches of your own. Necessity invents a great meal!



Kraft Dinners.

The good cook's way to make ends meet.

KRAFT



AMERICAN FAMILY

continued

. . . We cannot put young people and unemployed men and women to work on new kinds of projects unless we pass national service legislation. Unions must approve this legislation, and this means radical changes in union policy.

. . . I have been surprised at the vigorous opposition by many women to the Equal Rights Amendment. I thought it would be ratified almost automatically, but many thought that it might be used to imperil family life. Instinctively they drew back. The ERA's chance for ratification is endangered, and perhaps it will not become law, but this does not mean that more specific legislation helpful to women and the family will be rejected. Item by item necessary laws will be passed, and perhaps this is best.

National Mood. I am often depressed by the visible failures of the American family, but when I compare it with families in other nations, I find it performs rather better than average. It requires no radical overhauling, but it does deserve constant critical analysis to determine how it can function better.

The form a family takes depends in large part upon the psychological mood of the nations within which it functions. If the major agencies of national leadership unite to support a specific concept of what a family should be, that prescription will prevail.

In Pilgrim days, the family formed the core of life. Women were more precious than jewels, children were an economic asset. Education occurred principally at home, and the family formed the social and economic unit. Church, government, village custom and the threat of the wilderness combined to make the family the building block of the new nation.

I have been working recently in documents of that period and find accounts of the joy that swept a colonial settlement when some ship approached with a group of unmarried women. Rarely was sex mentioned as the cause for jubilation; always it was the fact that the new families could now be formed.

In the industrial age following the Civil War, our nation sponsored families in a different way. Stable units were needed to provide workers for the new mills. Women and children had economic value, and the family was seen as the bulwark on which the nation rested.

After World War I, a different kind of national mood developed, and the family was questioned from all angles, but it was after World War II that the real assault was launched. Divorce became accepted. Children moved away from family life. Living alone was made not only possible but attractive. The economic basis of the family was disrupted by strange new laws; housing patterns changed; society acted as if the perpetuation of the family was no longer a high priority.

Perhaps that period is ending. President Carter knows that he touches a responsive chord when he defends the family and proposes laws that will strengthen it. The decades ahead will witness the development of a national consensus that family life is so precious it must be preserved and protected.

If a family encourages a man and a woman to be creative and productive, if it educates even one child to avoid teenage disaster and become a continuing member of society, that family has justified itself. A strong family is one of the best investments a democracy can make. The cost is low. The rewards can be spectacular.

Church, media, Congress, novels and local gossip must unite to carry this message. People live best when they live in mutually supportive units, and the best so far devised is a family. We may be required, as this article indicates, to accept bold new definitions of what a "family" is—varied age groupings, new habits, new economic procedures, different sex attitudes—but as a haven for women and men in their productive years, and as a protective umbrella for the rearing of children, it can't be beat. **End**



"I'll never let my age keep me from being young."
Hilary Sinberg, Age 23



"Whatever your ambition, do it–and forget about your age!"
Millicent Brustein, Age 45



"You're young as long as you believe you are."
Cathy Witowski, Age 25



"I'm too busy to let things like birthdays bother me."
Wilma Brooks, Age 40



"What's my age? Just totally irrelevant."
Patricia Cowen, Age 38



"Your years have nothing to do with how young you are."
Madeline Amoroso, Age 54

They think young...they are young... even their hands say "young." And Ivory Liquid helps.

Listen to what these women are saying and you'll see why they're truly young–all of them. They know how to be young. And they all use Ivory Liquid for dishes. It's part of their young way of doing things. We think their young-looking hands show more clearly than words the difference Ivory Liquid's mildness can make.

Mild Ivory Liquid helps hands say "young"...at any age.





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Stamps & Stories. An easy-to-understand guide to stamp collecting. It covers all the U.S. stamps ever issued. And has fascinating stories about them. $3.50.

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Very special Christmas presents. At your post office.

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Your Family's Health

continued from page 80

somewhere!" one said—and fewer still know why it starts or stops. To many, the menses' main role is not reproduction, but to purge the body of impurities. These women tend to think of the uterus as a tightly closed hollow organ that fills up slowly through the month with tainted blood, then opens briefly to spill it. This leads to the erroneous belief that a woman is most likely to become pregnant just before her period, when the uterus begins to open.

Women should behave differently during menstruation, most subjects felt, and should forego sex while menstruating because it is immoral. Others said women should avoid water, cold air, exercise and climbing during menstruation, and should not eat citrus fruits, tomatoes and other nourishing foods. Several subjects warned that menstruating women run a high risk of being bitten by reptiles.

These beliefs are dangerous, say Drs. Johnson and Snow, because they promote unwanted pregnancies, damaging dietary practices and disease. "Why should we expect a woman to appear for a pap smear," they say, "if she believes that uterine cancer results from intercourse during menstruation, and since she never indulges in such a practice, she believes she is safe? Such beliefs certainly lend credence to the view that it is dangerous to be a woman."

ESTROGEN AND MENOPAUSE We recently described scientific findings that estrogen supplements used to relieve menopausal symptoms increase a woman's risk of cancer of the uterus. We also reported a Food and Drug Administration admonition to use these supplements in the smallest possible amounts, for the shortest possible time—if at all. Several readers wrote to ask if taking such supplements poses a risk to a woman who has had a hysterectomy, since, of course, her uterus is gone. We asked the FDA. Officials gave us long, evasive answers, whose gist—illogically—was that the warnings applied just the same. They suggested, however, that we write formally to the FDA to request a reconsideration—and we did.

The FDA now has published proposed wording for a new leaflet for women who take estrogen supplements. It says: "If you have had your uterus completely removed (total hysterectomy), there is no danger of developing cancer of the uterus." An FDA spokesman credits *Journal* readers' queries, in part, for this new note. However, even women with total hysterectomies should use the supplements only when medically necessary. The supplements could cause cancer or other disorders in body organs other than the uterus. **End**

Eyes

continued from page 24

more about your eye shape and eye makeup in general, you'll experiment with different colors that work well with your skin as well as your eyes. • If you have dry or crepey eyelid skin, moist creamy powders will stay in place better, won't make lid look wrinkled. Powdered shadows last longest because they're oil free. Eyeshadow sticks/pencils are good if you're in a hurry—but they must be soft enough to glide across your lid without pulling on your delicate skin. Experiment with different formulas until you hit on the method you like best. Here's a surprise: Some women with oily lids prefer cream. When it collects in the creases, a fingertip can easily smudge the line away—it's harder to rub powder off the crease.

CORRECTING NATURE'S MISTAKES

There are common, basic eye flaws that can be dramatically improved with makeup. Compare your eye shape with those below, and learn the correction step-by-steps.

Problem: Small eyes

Solution:

- Use pale lid color up to crease.
- Contour crease with a dark, smoky color, smudge to soften—this is your most important color area.
- Repeat pale lid color on brow bone just under eyebrow; apply from outer edge of iris to outer edge of brow.
- Line eyes with coordinated, smoky liner, using the "smudge" method previously explained; line upper lid completely, lower lid from just below pupil out to the edge. Caution: If you have small eyes, don't line inside the lower rim; this makes the eye look smaller.

Problem: Protruding, bulging eyes

Solution:

- Start with a murky, smoky lid shadow.
- Your contour color should be an even darker version of the above.
- If brow bone also protrudes, leave bare or cover with your smoky lid shadow.
- Never use frosted shadows or white highlight.
- Surround eye with smoky, dotted-on liner.
- Be especially generous with mascara.

Problem: Round eyes—saucer-shaped "leapin' lizard!" eyes that always have an innocent look of surprise.

Solution:

- Apply just one color of shadow over entire lid, starting above inner iris and working diagonally up and onto the brow bone. Where shadow meets lashes, extend it lightly beyond eye. Smudge your shadow under your lower lashes, along the outer half of your eye. The upper and lower shadow should meet in a sideways-V just beyond the outer corner of your eye.
- Line entire upper lid with a smoke color via the dot-and-smudge method; extend liner out just beyond outer edge of eye.

PUT A LID ON IT

The last three corrections are for those whose eye shape is fine, but whose eyelid is less than perfect and leaves something to be desired.

Problem: Narrow lid

Solution: You don't have much space to work with, so use one medium-tone eye shadow, extend almost (but not quite) to brow bone.

- Use this same shadow to outline around outer third of lower eyelid.
- Line inner rim of entire lower lid with pencil (blue makes the whites of your eyes look whiter) to draw attention away from narrow upper lid.
- Lots of mascara all around.

Problem: Overhanging upper lid causing you to look half asleep even when wide awake and your eyes to appear as mere slits. Plastic surgery might be necessary some day.

Solution: Compensate with makeup.

- Shadow with light color on lid proper, flush against lashes.
- Use dark color in crease right up to brow bone to make the overhang appear to recede.
- Smudge light shadow under lower lid, covering outer half of eye.
- Mascara.

Problem: Falling outer corner

Solution: When the outer upper lid starts succumbing to terminal droop, give a lift to your eye, if not your spirits by . . .

- Stopping your lid, contour and highlight shadows just before they reach outer corner.
- Give entire upper lid one coat of mascara; apply additional coats above iris to draw attention to center of eye rather than corner. **End**

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: RED DAZZLE

PAGE 90: SCOTT BARRIE draped evening gown of rayon matte jersey. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus; Claire Pearone, Troy, Mich. For more information write Barbara Pruzan, Scott Barrie, 530 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018.

PAGE 91: From left; SEARS two piece party pajama. Available at selected large Sears stores, and through Sears Christmas 1977 catalog. JEANNENE BOOHER FOR DAVID MORRIS accordian pleated party dress of polyester crepe de chine. Available at Martin's, Brooklyn; Name Dropper, Pittsburgh; The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. and Baltimore; Grace's, Nashville; Janessa Capri, Miami; Independent Clothing Co., Chicago; Robert Morris, Dallas; Neusteters, Colorado; Lou Rose, Santa Barbara.

PAGE 92: MOLLIE PARNIS BOUTIQUE dolman sleeved dinner dress of Jasco matte jersey. Available at Elizabeth Arden, all salons; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Charles Sumner, Boston.

PAGE 93: From left; HUBERT LATIMER evening dress with asymmetric yoke. At Lydia Kessler Ltd., N.Y.; Bette Carrey Inc., Paramus, N.J.; Saks Jandel, Watergate; Washington, D.C.; Graces, Nashville; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Johnston of Florida, Naples; Harold, Minneapolis; Margot, Mountain Brook, Alabama; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Joseph Magnin, West Coast. MIQUETTE belted shirtdress. Available at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus. For more information write, Seymour Nemeroff, Miquette, 530 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018.

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Wreaths of Plenty

continued from page 95

Our della Robbia wreath is made of play dough, an inedible mixture of flour, salt and water. Leaves, fruits and lengths of ribbon are shaped individually, then placed on a form of crushed aluminum foil, to build a wreath. After baking, the foil is removed and the cooled wreath is painted.

Before you start, be sure that you have on hand all of the materials and tools needed. Have sufficient flour and salt to mix more than the two batches of dough required to make the wreath and two candleholders, just in case you add too much water to the dough, or bake the wreath too brown. If you do not have a cookie sheet or pan (to invert and use the bottom as a cookie sheet), purchase a foil oven-liner pan to fit your oven and bake the wreath on it. Aluminum foil, waxed paper, a needlepoint needle to draw veins in the leaves, tubes of gouache in the colors needed to paint the wreath (or in colors that can be mixed together to obtain those colors), brushes with long tapering bristles—the type used for painting tole—are other necessities. A mist sprayer for plants and a spatula are helpful when you are making the wreath.

Play dough becomes too dry to shape after about four hours, and individual pieces, particularly those that are thin, dry even faster. For this reason, one mixes only one batch of dough at a time, and makes the motifs for only a section of the wreath at a time, finishing one portion completely before shaping motifs for the next. The dough will stick together only when it is moist, so when placing motifs, the mist sprayer is used to moisten the pieces already in place—but just mist them slightly.

Make a wreath form and forms for pieces of fruit of aluminum foil. On your oven-liner pan, crush and shape a long length of foil into a circle, 16" in diameter, 3" to 3½" wide and 2" high. Shape fruits of crushed aluminum foil, making sure that the center of the form is hollow. The reason for such forms is to make the dough for the fruits the same thickness as the dough for the leaves, allowing all to bake in the same length of time.

Set out on your work table all of the things you're going to need. Because a foil pan isn't sturdy enough to support the completed wreath, remove the rack from your oven, set the oven-liner pan holding the wreath form on it and build your wreath; then, lift rack to oven and slide it in. Set out fruit forms, needle, mist sprayer, spatula, large bowl and measuring cups.

PLAY DOUGH RECIPE
(Do not double or halve this recipe)

4 cups unsifted flour
1 cup salt
1½ cups water

Measure flour and salt into a large bowl. Add only 1 cup of water to the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly with your fingers, adding more water if necessary to make dough the consistency of pie crust. Remove the dough from the bowl and knead it 4 or 5 minutes on a sheet of waxed paper. Dough is now ready to shape.

To make leaves: Break off pieces of dough the size of walnuts, roll them between your hands to taper the two ends, then place on waxed paper and flatten into a leaf about ¼" thick. Draw veins with needle and transfer to wreath form.

To make fruits: Break off pieces of dough the size of plums, flatten on a sheet of waxed paper to the same thickness as leaves, then form over the aluminum fruit form, cutting off excess dough. Place the fruit on the wreath form with the dough touching the surrounding leaves. There should not be leaves beneath the fruit, they should just nestle in among the leaves. When making bunches of grapes, shape each grape individually, making it a half round, building these half rounds into a bunch.

To make ribbons: Break off a large piece of dough, roll it between your hands to make a snake, then flatten on waxed paper into a ribbon about 1½" wide and just under ¼" thick. Cut off the length necessary to band the wreath.

Place motifs just touching or overlapping slightly so that when baked all will be joined. Complete one section before making the motifs for the next. When placing a new motif, just mist the area so it is slightly moist and the new motif will stick to the others. Keep motifs the same thickness—just under ¼"—so all will bake at the same rate and tips of leaves will not be burned black.

To make candleholders: Shape ribbons as you did for wreath. Shape a section of the ribbon around a candle (we suggest using 1½" or 2" diameter candles; tapers look too skimpy), allowing the ends of the ribbon to curve and twist as fabric ribbon does. Cut leaves and assemble fruits just as you did in making the wreath, and place them around the ribbon holder. Flatten a tiny piece of dough and cut it to fit the diameter of the holder, fitting it in at the bottom.

Bake wreath and candleholders in a 350° oven for 1¼ hours—longer if necessary—until it is light brown: edges will be a darker brown. When done, remove from oven and let cool until you can handle. Turn wreath over carefully, remove the foil wreath form and the fruit forms, if you can reach them.

When wreath and candleholders are cold, paint with gouache colors, mixing to obtain the shades you want. Use the colors as a stain rather than a paint, allowing the baked dough to show through.

To protect and preserve your wreath so it can be used year after year, spray it with matte finish clear krylon. **End**

"HOW DO I LOVE THEE?"

By Nova Trimble Ashley

Elizabeth, you realize,
Had time to itemize
A list for Robert B.:
But with my job and P.T.A.
There's just no way
To write how I love thee:
But given leisure, you can bet,
That list would be the longest yet. . . .
The one to you from me.

Sunshine Christmas

continued from page 132

I went to bed feeling uncertain.

Christmas Eve in Bushland wasn't so bad. Maybe I was mellowing, maybe it was being with Cody or seeing Jill so happy, but I felt in a pretty good mood as we gathered at the Baptist Church for their choir sing. There were lots of parents, assorted people all dressed in down jackets and boots because the weather had turned really cold all of a sudden. Even the kids in the choir had jackets on under their red robes. After some hymns and carols we followed the kids across the highway toward the center of town. Then they stopped at the bandstand and stood in rows on the steps, holding candles that flickered in front of their faces.

"We'll sing 'The First Noel' " as soon as the bus lets us," Mom said.

The bus had stopped at the lighted but closed post office, then rumbled away. Three people got off and came over to the bandstand. One was tall and skinny with a black beard and dressed up like Santa Claus. The other was red-bearded, with a coonskin coat down to the ground and the other was a gorgeous lady who had to be Nora. . . . Only it couldn't be! It *couldn't* be Weaver, Corey and Nora in Bushland on Christmas Eve. I just stood there, stunned. Meanwhile all the kids were gathering around them.

"It's Santa, it really is!"

"Not till tomorrow!"

"He's too skinny."

"His beard's black."

"Santa Claus doesn't ride the *bus*!"

Then, before I could say anything. I heard Jill yell, "It's Corey and Weaver and Nora!" She pushed her way through to them. The other kids and adults were all in a state of total bewilderment. Jill threw her arms around Nora. Then Corey and Weaver got out their guitars and started singing "We Wish You a Merry Christmas." At which Corey reached into the pockets of his Santa Claus suit and began tossing out handfuls of candy. The kids shrieked and began scrambling for the candy. Then Weaver opened his coat and dropped it. There he was, dressed as the 1978 baby in nothing but jockey shorts with little hearts on them and a wide, white sash with red 1978 numbers on it from shoulder to hip. Squeals. Laughter. Flash photos. Weaver struck a stripper's pose, mugging as usual.

I heard Dad yell to his photographer, "Steve, are you getting this?" I couldn't help laughing, even though I was mad as hell.

"You freak! What're you doing? What's Nora doing? Is her marriage coming apart?"

Weaver began jumping up and down to keep warm, hugging himself. "No, man, it's cool. Her old man gave us the money to get here. He understood entirely that we had to check out your old lady. I mean, you can't get married to just anybody, Sam. She's got to, you know, pass inspection."

"How did you know I was getting married?"

"Jill the Mouth."

"Well, you can get back on the next bus, pal. What you think of Cody is beside the point. I'm not going back to Canada. I'm staying here."

"That's what Jill said. I didn't believe it."

All of a sudden Mom appeared with Weaver's coat. "Where's your manners, Sam?" She turned to Weaver. "You must be freezing. Would you like to come by the house for something warm to eat?"

"Mom, this clown just ruined your whole show."

"Ruined? What do you mean ruined? The children just loved it. Oh, you should have seen your father's face when —what's your name?"

"His name's Weaver."

"When Mr. Weaver took off his coat and appeared in his underpants. I thought he was going to faint right there and then. Wait till he finds out they're your friends, Sam."

"Well, Mom, why're you inviting him back to the house, then? You're crazy!"

"My house is my own, thank you! I'll invite who I please. Your poor friend. He's going to catch his death of cold . . . I already told Nora and Corey to meet us back there. My, Jill is certainly pleased to see Nora again. . . . Oh, and Sam—"

"Yeah?"

"I told Cody to come too."

Cody. I'd completely forgotten. She must have thought I was crazy tearing off like that. "Thanks, Mom. . . . Was she, uh, mad?"

"More confused, I'd say." She patted Weaver on the head. "Goodness, your hair. With this one around, Sam, you're going to look like a Republican."

On the way home, now that Mom was taking it so well, I started feeling more relaxed. Back at the house all was commotion and laughing.

"Daddy—look!" Jill said. She was sitting on Corey's lap, drinking hot chocolate. He was still dressed as Santa.

"I know, honey, I saw."

"Were you surprised?" she said. "I wrote them. That's how come they came."

"I forgot you said you'd write."

"How about me?" Corey said. "Wasn't I a great Santa?"

"Terrific," I said. "Where's Cody?"

"She called to say she's on her way over," Nora said. "She's nice, Sam." Nora looked, if anything, more beautiful.

Mom had come in with hot drinks.

"You know, we let this guy out of our sight for ten days and he's at the altar," Weaver said. "Love at first sight. I tell you, we can't trust him."

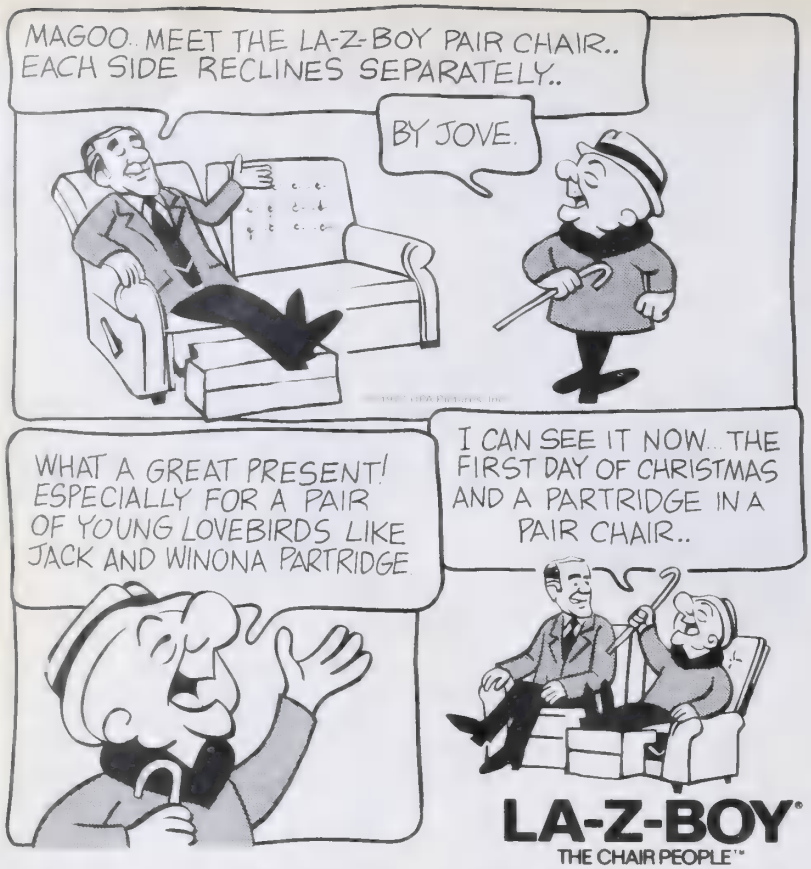
"It's not first sight," *(continued)*



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Sunshine Christmas

continued

Jill said. "He knew her in high school. They went out millions of times."

"Aha," Corey said, "childhood sweethearts."

"How's your marriage, Nora?" I asked hesitantly. "Going okay?"

She smiled. "Yeah, pretty good . . . I recommend it, Sam."

"Oh, I recommend anything if she's rich," Weaver said. "Is she rich?"

"Nope."

"Then I'd reconsider."

"A true romantic," Corey said.

"You're really going to give up music?" Nora asked. "I can't believe it, Sam. We're really going to miss you."

"Look, *you* changed the way you were living," I said to her. "Why can't I?"

"But giving up music?" Nora said. "How can you, Sam? When you've worked so hard to get where you are. You're just beginning to make it."

I sighed. "Yeah, only we've been just about to make it for practically ten years now. . . . How about after another ten?"

"But at least you'll know you gave it a good try," Nora said.

"Okay, listen, I'm glad you guys came and we can talk about this later, but for now let's cool it, okay?"

Just then Cody came in. I went to her. "What do you think of my friends?" I whispered. "They want to meet you. They came all this way just for that."

"I feel like I won't fit in, Sam. They're another part of your life."

"Don't be silly . . . Come over, Cody. Please. It means a lot to me."

"Okay . . ." I pulled her into the room and introduced her to everyone.

Actually, I felt more uneasy than I'd sounded. I wanted Cody to get along with the three of them but I just wasn't sure. I was afraid, despite myself, that she might seem like just a small-town girl to them, nice but sort of limited.

But everyone seemed happy to meet her. The place was jammed. Mom had invited some friends and their kids over. I reached down and gave her a long kiss. "It's a little wild around here, as you can see." Weaver was at the piano, pounding out a boogie-woogie version of "Joy to the World," his red hair flying. Corey was strumming on his banjo. I picked up my guitar and went over to them.

I suddenly realized that Cody had never heard me sing. It seemed funny—here we were, about to get married, and music the most important thing in my life, but the two things had always been separate. She knew I did it, but she'd never really seen me doing it. When I started playing, I looked at her and then I looked away and just played the way I usually do, getting lost in the music.

Mom was bustling around, handing out cookies and eggnog. I saw Nora go over to Cody and the two of them vanished into the kitchen.

After we'd played awhile I held up my hand for silence. "Friends, I'd like to introduce Corey Givits on the banjo and Billy Weaver on the piano. They've been riding the bus for seventy-two hours, from Vancouver, Canada, to be here tonight to entertain you."

Cheers.

"If there's anything you folks want to hear, keep it to yourself. We won't know it . . . The next song I'd like to dedicate to the blond monkey on my back, my daughter Jill." Jill had come over and was draped half on top of me.

It felt good to be playing again, too good. It was like eating or drinking or making love after not having done it for weeks. I couldn't believe how natural it felt to be doing it again, even here, even with Mom watching beaming from the kitchen and Cody sitting in the corner next to Nora. I gave up trying to piece the whole thing together and decided just to go with it for the moment. I'd figure it all out later. We played for hours. Every Christmas carol we could remember. When we finally ran out of breath, I looked around for Cody. I looked everywhere, but she'd gone. I didn't know why but she had just left without saying a word.

I woke up the next morning to a horrible rumpus downstairs. It sounded as if the house was coming down. I grabbed a robe and leaned over the stairs. I couldn't believe what I saw. There in the middle of the living room was a very old, very furry, very placid pony with a droopy bow around its neck, and dancing around her were Corey, in crazy pajamas, Weaver in a hole-ridden T-shirt and heart-speckled briefs, Jill in a filmy baby-doll nightgown and Nora in her slinky number.

I went downstairs. Jill came running over, jumping up and down in excitement. "Daddy! Grandma gave me a real live pony and she's a girl and I've named her Nora because she's thirty years old!"

"And furry and swaybacked," Nora put in dryly.

"We don't want that pony, Jill."

"What?" Dad said.

I felt furious. "I told you. No pony!" I turned to Mom. "I told you. I meant it. No pony."

Jill started to cry.

Nora said, "The pony can live here, Sam. There's even a fence."

"Please," Jill begged.

"No!"

"He's not giving her to you," Jill said, her voice quivering. "He's giving her to me. And I want her."

I tried to explain to her. "Don't you see he's trying to buy you from me? That the bike and the pony are down payments? That he's trying to lure you

away with all the stuff he can give you that I can't. Don't you see that?"

"They're not meant that way," Dad said. "I'm . . . giving her what I never gave you, son, I would be grateful if you'd let me."

I looked at him. Obviously it had been hard for him to choke that up. "Okay, well . . ."

When Weaver, Corey and I were alone —the others had taken the pony outside —Corey said, "You made such a big deal. It's just a pony."

"It's the principle of the thing."

"It makes them happy," Corey said.

"This is great. I never expected you to take their side."

"They're trying to atone," Corey said. "So let them. How's it going to hurt you?"

"They're trying to lure her—to stay here with them."

"I thought you were settling down here," Weaver said. "Aren't you?"

"I think so."

"The problem is you," Corey said. "I just can't see it. Sam, I think you're making a big mistake. Once you've got music in your soul, you can't just drop it. You'll dry up and shrivel away."

"He's got a point," Weaver said. "Look how last night—"

"Last night was good," I admitted.

"I mean, it just kind of works when we play together," Corey said.

"Yeah." I looked from one to the other. "But I've found true love."

"Bring her with you," Corey said.

"I don't know if she'll want to go."

"Have you asked her?"

"No," I admitted. "Anyway, it's Jill. She likes it here."

"So, let her stay summers. She always seemed pretty happy to me in Vancouver," Corey said.

"Here she can run around outside, she gets lots of fresh air—"

"Too much fresh air'll kill you," Weaver said.

"You live your life for yourself, not your kid," Corey said.



"Wait till you have one."

"Listen, if you're miserable, she's not going to be so happy. . . . I can see you lasting one week at that gravel pit. Go talk to Cody," Corey said. "She can come back with us."

"I will."

But I got up reluctantly. I just wasn't sure what kind of a reception I was going to get from her. I headed off down the road toward the Longhorn, but slowly, so I'd have time to think. It seemed as if every decision I made I kept reversing. Backing down on the pony seemed, on the face of it, a small thing to have done, but I felt the ground slipping from under me. Now the idea of staying here and giving up music didn't seem so hot. I realized Weaver and Corey were right. Trying to make myself into something I wasn't, something I never would've been good at. I just would've ended up despising myself. Maybe they saved my life. But what about Cody?

She was at the sink, scrubbing a pan when I came in. Not looking up, she started saying, "I'm closed. I—" Then she saw me. "Lock the door, will you?" She stopped scrubbing and just stared at me. "Nora sure is pretty."

"So're you."

"She's like a movie star or something."

"Is that why you ran off?"

She turned back to the pans in the sink. "No. I don't know."

There were tears running down her cheeks. I went over to her and held her. "Don't cry, Cody. Why're you crying?"

"I thought you were what I wanted. Turning into what I wanted. A kind of cowboy who'd treat me decently. But you're not . . . You're really a musician."

After a minute I said, "I know. I want you to come back to Canada with me."

"Sam, I can't."

"Sure, you can. Just—"

"Sam, listen to me." She wiped away her tears. "You haven't been listening. When I was sixteen, they sent me to Dallas for the baton twirling finals. Bushland's best. And I flubbed *(continued)*



"If you want me, I'll be in my room making out my last will and testament."



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LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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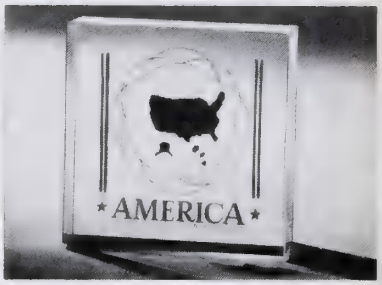
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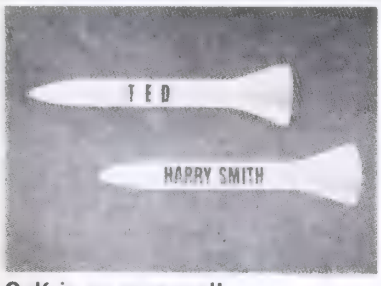
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Sunshine Christmas

continued

t. I hated myself. Then I was Mrs. Wesey Blanks. And I hated myself more. Then it all fell in on me. I had to start being—somebody to deal with the crisis, pay the bills, carry the keys. It's not much, Sam, but it's real and it's me and I don't hate myself anymore. I've got *my* dream right here in the palm of my hand. . . If you could've stayed here, it might have worked. You're different. I could have married you and been happy here. But I realize now, Sam, you don't belong here any more than I belong in Canada . . I can't take the risk. And you've got to go."

"I don't want to give you up."

"Oh, Sam, don't. It's better this way."

"That isn't just a way of saying you regret the whole thing anyhow?"

"Uh-uh . . . I wanted to marry you, I really did."

"It wasn't that after you saw Corey and Weaver and Nora, you felt differently about me?"

"I did feel differently, but not the way you're thinking. I saw how you fitted in with them, what a bond there was among you. And I didn't feel like I'd fit in, ever."

"Sure you would have."

"I'd always be an outsider . . . I don't know anything about music, Sam."

"Neither did Kate."

"I feel like if I lived there, that would be my world . . . but it couldn't be. I wouldn't feel it was *my* world."

I sat down. "We would've been good together."

"I think so too. But in a way, I'm really glad Cora and Weaver and Nora came. They rescued you."

"I wish we hadn't met," I said, almost to myself.

"Do you? Really?"

"In a way. Then I'd have no regrets."

She took my hand and kissed it. "I'm glad we did . . . I don't regret it at all."

I kissed her. "Maybe you're right but I'm going to miss you like crazy."

"Me too. What about Jill?"

"I don't know. I've been wondering if I shouldn't leave her here with them."

"Leave Jill?"

"Yeah . . . I mean, so I don't fit in here. She does. She loves it."

"But without you?"

"They'd treat her well. I could visit."

"I don't know, Sam."

"Me neither. I just feel lousy bringing her here, getting her hopes up about living here and then whisking her away."

"Your parents would love it."

"Oh, I know. They'd be in seventh heaven. I just don't know what to do."

"Why not let Jill decide?"

"I will, I guess. I really want her to do what she wants. I feel like I owe it to her to have part of her life be—well, normal."

(continued)

Read this and cry.



Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



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Sunshine Christmas

continued

Cody kissed me. "Hey."

"What?"

"I love you."

I hugged her.

I felt as if I had to be crazy, finding what I wanted and then throwing it away. When I walked away from the Longhorn, I felt like dropping through the bottom of the earth. I walked around town, just kind of wandering, went down to the gravel pit which was deserted, down by the schoolhouse, then walked slowly home, wondering if I'd made the right decision.

I found Weaver, Corey and Nora in the living room.

"I've decided to go back to Vancouver with you guys," I announced.

"I think you made the right decision," Nora said.

"Yeah, I couldn't see it," Weaver said. "It was, like, temporary insanity, the whole gravel pit idea."

"You may be right . . . Anyway, I'll go back by bike. You'll take the bus?"

Corey nodded. "Is, uh, Cody coming?"

I shook my head.

Nora frowned. "I'm sorry, Sam."

"Yeah." I looked down. "Well . . ."

"How about Jill?" Nora said. "Is she going or staying?"

"Staying, I think," I said.

Corey said, "You're leaving her here with your folks? That's crazy!"

"What's so crazy about it?"

"You hated this town. How come you want to leave your kid here?"

"I didn't hate it. Anyway, Jill loves it. She's made friends, she likes the school, she gets along with my parents better than I ever did. I'm seriously thinking of leaving her here."

"Look, whatever decision you make isn't irrevocable," Corey said. "You can try one thing and if it doesn't work out, you can try the other."

"Oh, Sam." Mom had tears in her eyes when I told her later that I had discussed it with Jill and we decided that it was probably for the best that Jill stay in Texas. "I'm so happy. We're going to take such good care of her. You'll see. We won't spoil her or anything."

"Sure."

"No, I mean it . . . we'll be just right, just in the middle. This is the best Christmas present anyone ever gave me."

"It's not like Vancouver is that far away," Dad said. "You can just hop on a bus like these three did."

"Yeah." I got up. "Well, I guess I'll say good night to Jill."

When I went upstairs, she was in her nightgown already. I sat on the side of the bed and started to braid her hair.

"I think I'll let you stay," I said. "It seems to be what you want to do. But it's just temporary. It's not like I was giving you to them or anything. I'm just lending you to them."

"I know," Jill said. "You will visit me, won't you? Often?"

"Sure . . . whenever I can get away, and you can call me on the telephone."

"I guess it'll be okay," she said.

"Then quit looking so forlorn."

She slid into bed. I tucked her in.

"You're the one who's looking forlorn," she said.

"Grandma's a better cook than I am. This is a real house. You have a bike. You have a pony. It's going to be a fine adventure." Somehow I had the feeling I wasn't fooling either of us.

"I don't want to live without you, Daddy," Jill blurted out suddenly. "I don't care about the bike and the pony."

I sighed. "Oh, honey . . . We've set it all up. Let's just try it, okay? We'll see how it goes. Whenever you want to come join me, you just let out a yell."

"But you'll be so far away!"

"Pick up the phone and yell into it. Okay?"

"Okay," Jill said softly.

I kissed her. "I miss you already."

She wrapped her arms around my neck and held me. "Silly old bear," she said.

Weaver, Corey and Nora took off in the morning. We all went down to the bus depot to see them off.

"Now you come again," Mom said. "We're expecting you. You promise?"

"Thanks a lot for putting us up," Corey said. "We really appreciated it."

"Oh, it wasn't anything," Mom said. "We were glad to do it. And I'm so glad I finally heard you sing and play. Now when I play your records, I can imagine it better."

"Thanks, Mrs. Hayden," Weaver said.

Jill hugged all of them, but saved Nora for last.

"You come visit me," Nora said, "okay? You tell Grandma to put you on a bus. We can fix up that dollhouse."

"Okay," Jill said. She even hugged Weaver.

We stood and waved as they rode off on the bus. To my surprise Mom was crying softly.

I'd figured on leaving around eleven. I'd packed all my gear the night before. I figured the longer I stayed around, the more doubts I'd have, so I'd better just get on out. Jill climbed into my arms while Mom and Dad stood there, giving me instructions.

"Call when you get there," Dad said.

"And don't worry about Jill," Mom said. "She'll be fine."

"I love you, Daddy," Jill said.

"I love you more, Squirrel, because I'm bigger."

I set her down and got on my bike.

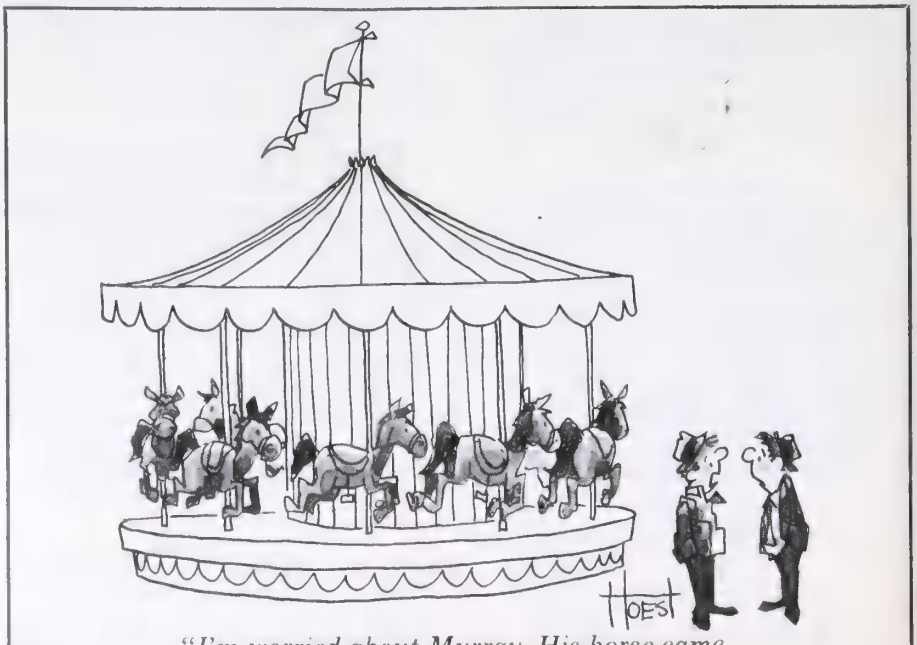
I couldn't look back at them. I was afraid I'd start bawling. I felt about as rotten as I'd ever felt in my life. Then all of a sudden the bike hit a pothole in the shoulder of the road. I felt myself rising up into the air. A minute later I was sitting in a pile of tumbleweeds at the fence line. No one could see me. I just sat down in the dust with my arms around my knees and howled. "Jill!"

Then very distantly, so soft I almost could not hear it, I heard this voice way off: "Daddy!"

I looked up slowly and turned toward the sound. There, down the empty prairie highway, came this tiny figure dragging a duffel bag, trudging along. This time I could hear her.

"Wait for me, Daddy!" **End**

"Sunshine Christmas" has been made into a two-hour film that will be broadcast by NBC on December 12.



"I'm worried about Murray. His horse came back without him."